

# The Hillsborough Recorder

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**JAMES B. GATTIS,** Hillsboro, N. C.

**KNEW HER BUSINESS.**

**MR. MAXON GETS ELECTED--HOW HIS WIFE FOUND IT OUT.**

James Maxon is a duly initiated and vaillant Knight of Pythias, residing on Fourth street. The other night he left home, telling Mrs. Maxon that he was going to the lodge. About halfpast eight o'clock two well-dressed men rang the door-bell, and when Mrs. Maxon appeared they introduced themselves as companion Knights of Pythias. They said the lodge had just held an election, and that Mr. Maxon had been unanimously called to the Chancellor's chair--the highest position in the lodge. They had been duly appointed, in accordance with the custom which is peculiar to the Order, to inform her of the distinguished honor that had been conferred on her husband, and to solicit her consent to his acceptance of the office, another stipulation peculiar only to the Knights of Pythias. Mr. Maxon, they said, according to their rules, would hold the office for three years, and would receive an annual salary of \$1,162, this being the exact amount according to the tribute levied on each knight by the superior council. Mrs. Maxon was over-joyed, and thanked the courteous gentlemen--who had meanwhile seated themselves in the parlor--and gave her free consent to the acceptance of the high and lucrative office conferred upon her worthy husband. The visitors rose to leave, and, as they were about to withdraw with all the thoughtful etiquette of thorough gentlemen, one of them suddenly remarked: "Oh! by the way, Mrs. Maxon, I almost forgot to give you this note: Mr. Maxon especially impressed upon me not to forget its delivery." A hurriedly written note was handed Mrs. M., and excusing herself, she retired to the lighter parlor and read:

"Dear Wife: I have been selected from among the 375 members of my lodge to act as Chancellor, a flattering office worth nearly \$1,200 a year. It is always customary for the newly elected Chancellor to furnish refreshments for the knights. I have only \$5 with me. Please send me at least \$50, for I must do the thing up well. Send \$100 if you have it handy, or borrow it of the neighbors. It will all come back when I get my first month's salary--\$100. Yours loving husband,

**JAMES MAXON.**

Mrs. Maxon's eyes opened and she thought a moment. Then she went to a wardrobe, plucked her hand into the pocket of her silk dress, pulled out a Russia leather purse, and from its snugly tucked-up corner took a bill. It looked nice and fresh and had in big figures upon it, "\$100." Going to the door she inquired of the waiting gentlemen, "Will you take the money to him?" The kind-looking fellow who handed her the note professing not to know what was in it, spoke, up, "Oh certainly, certainly, I'll see that he gets it safely. Glad to accommodate you, madam."

"Said Mrs. Maxon, "I have only a \$100 bill, and James wants but fifty, and besides that I don't want to send the whole of it. Will you get it changed for me, please?"

The two gentlemen consulted a moment and then said, "Oh, we have change, and straightway made up fifty dollars and gave it to Mrs. M. in exchange for the bill, and wishing her a very good night retired with all the elegant grace and manliness characteristic of the noble Pythian Knights.

In about twenty minutes Mr. Maxon came home. "Why," said his wife, "I thought you were entertaining your knightly associates. I didn't expect you before midnight, considering the amount of money you wanted for your feast."

"What you mean," inquired Mr. Maxon, "I don't understand you."

"Why, didn't you send me this?" said Mrs. M.; as she handed him the note. "Right after you left two very clever-looking gentlemen called and said you had been elected to some high office--Chancellor, I think--and I, of course--Maxon, who had glanced over the note and discovered its complexion, ejaculated, 'You gave it to them?--Why it's a diabolical swindle. Did you give them any money? How much?'"

"Why I gave them a hundred dollar bill and they gave me fifty dollars in change. Here it is."

Mr. Maxon in a despairing way took the money and carelessly glanced it over at first, then more eagerly scanning each bill carefully. "Well, well, said he at last, 'this is a double outrage. Why, all this money is counterfeit except two five dollar notes! But where in the name of common sense did you ever get a \$100 bill. You didn't borrow that of the neighbors, did you?'"

"No," said Mrs. Maxon, who appeared to her husband to be strangely undisturbed. "I took that \$100 note you gave me a year ago. Don't you remember? You told me to look out and not to spend it."

"Why, that's counterfeit!" said the husband.

"I knew it was. Did you suppose I

didn't see through their stupid game. Mr. Maxon? Your wife isn't a fool if she is a woman. Give me them two good \$5 bills, if you please, I just want a new bonnet."

**ABOUT PEARLS.**

The pearl is a very beautiful as well as costly ornament and is as much prized as any article of jewelry. There have been several theories advanced in regard to the formation of the pearl, but none are quite satisfactory. This is one of the mysteries that nature has kept hidden from us; The ocean and mountains are her work shops. The latter men have excavated and tunneled until they have discovered many things not before thought of, but she reposes securely in the deep blue sea. Many treasures are stored far down in the green and glassy brine, but few are venturesome enough to fathom the depths and bear away the rich spoil. It is very dangerous work, for although we have now the diving bell, making it possible for men to stay under the water for some time, they suffer if they go down very often or stay long. But some enterprises are attended with danger and not all as profitable as the pearl fishery.

The divers are provided with bags, in which to put the shells taken from the bottom of the ocean. These are then broken up and the pearls drilled and strung. Black people are generally employed for this purpose, as they are very expert but, although they are very carefully watched, they sometimes succeed in secreting a valuable pearl.

The best fishery in the East is near the Isle of Ceylon, where the season commences in February and lasts until April. A gun is fired as a signal for the boats. A gun is fired as a signal for the boats. A gun is fired as a signal for the boats.

Twenty men go in each boat, ten of whom are divers; the remainder row and assist their companions in rescuing. They go out at sunrise, remain busy engaged until noon, when they return, and are relieved of their precarious cargo, and are ready for another trip. This is the way that the pearls which the people highly prize are obtained.

Pearls possess an advantage over precious stones taken from rocks in that they are found with that appearance which gives them their value. They are perfectly polished and finished before they are taken from their ocean home, while stones obtained from the different kinds of rocks need cutting and polishing before they are fit for the use of the jeweler. Nature gives them their rough form, and leaves it to art to give it the finishing touches.

White pearls are most prized, although some persons prefer those delicately tinted. The Oriental pearls are the finest on account of largeness and beauty. They are of a silver white.

Pearls have been used as ornaments from the earliest ages, and among all nations. Even the Indians esteemed them before the discovery of America, for when the Spaniards first came over they found quantities of them stowed away; but they were inferior, being of a yellowish, because the Indians used fire to open the shells. Cortes describes Montezuma, the Mexican Emperor, at their first interview (1577) as wearing garments embroidered with pearls, and the natives also wore necklaces and bracelets of them.--N. Y. Observer.

**TRUE POLITENESS--HAVE YOUR HEART IN THE RIGHT PLACE.**

One cannot be polite and well-mannered without kind feelings and a good heart. All the rules for etiquette, all the hand books and "Guides to Society" in the world are worthless, if you have nothing within your soul which teaches you to do unto others as you would have them to do unto you.

You may learn to bow and to shake hands according to the best rules of deportment; you may pay calls at exactly the right time, and understand the corners of your visiting cards thoroughly; but if you have spite in your heart, and envy in your soul, you will never be truly well-mannered.

If you desire to boast, to be conspicuous to monopolize, to hurt the feelings of innocent people, and to sow dissension between friends, you cannot make a lady or a gentleman of yourself by any number of airs and graces.

If you are kind and good, and wish people well, and prefer to say pleasant things when you can, you will be polite without trying to be, and only silly people will criticise any hearty form of welcome, any effort to make them comfortable, that may occur.

Of course you may learn much by observation and by associating with cultivated people; but true politeness can never be taught by one whose heart is not in the right place.

**A GEORGIA WEDDING.**

For some reason or other the minister could not officiate at this wedding, and so a young limb of the law, a newly appointed Justice of the Peace, was called in to tie the hymeneal knot.

This was something new to him, never been to a wedding in his life, and knowing not the first thought about the formula made use of on such festive occasions. Besides this, he was called upon so suddenly that he had no time to "read up." So he set himself to thinking with all his might. The friends, the bride and groom, were waiting, and all ready. The poor lawyer thought of everything he had ever heard, from

"Thirty days hath September, April, June, and November," to the story of George Washington and his little hatchet; but all to no purpose--he couldn't think of anything that covered the ground.

Finally the bride and groom stood up facing the bowered justice, and the friends formed a circle around them, each holding a tallow candle to throw light upon the scene. The justice groaned, and some of the men began to chaff him, seeing his nervousness and perplexity. But he braced himself, resolved to do his best or die by the tale. He began:

"Know all men by these presents, but here he paused. This, somehow, didn't seem just the thing, and some one in the room said he was drawing a dead, and then there was a laugh. He began again:

"In the name of God, Amen," and somebody said he was going to make his will, whereas there was another titter, and an awkward pause. The bride was almost ready to faint, and the groom felt like putting a more sensible head on the fellow. "Now I lay me down to sleep. I--"

This was his third attempt, and, of course, a third shout of laughter followed. The bride's father crowded closer up, and began to look inquiringly at the perplexed lawyer, and to roll up his sleeve.

"Come into court," suggested some wag. "But the justice was a plucky fellow, and was not easily choked off when he took hold of a thing. Without paying any attention to the merriment, he returned again to the task in hand.

"Hold up your right hands," said he, and amid considerable curiosity, the would-be married ones complied.

"You, and each of you, solemnly swear, in the presence of these witnesses, that you will perform to each other, all and singular, the duties of husband and wife, to the best of your knowledge and ability, so help you God?"

"We do," was the response. "Then I pronounce you man and wife." "Good enough," said the bridegroom. "Good as wheat!" put in the bride's father, delighted at the result of the affair, and a general hand shaking was indulged in, and the new Justice of the Peace came in for a generous share of it.

**THE PILGRIM AND THE KNIGHT.**

In a noble castle there once resided a very rich knight. He expended much money in adorning and beautifying his dwelling, but he gave very little to the poor. A weary pilgrim came to the castle and asked for a night's lodging. The knight haughtily refused him and said, "This castle is not an inn."

The pilgrim replied, "Permit me to ask two questions, and I will depart." "Upon this condition speak," replied the knight; "I will readily answer you." The pilgrim then said to him, "Who dwelt in this before you?"

"My father," replied the knight. "And who will dwell here after you?" still asked the pilgrim.

The knight said, "With God's will my son."

"Well," said the pilgrim, "if each dwells but a short time in the castle, and in time must depart and make way for another, what are you here otherwise than guests? The castle, then, is truly an inn. Why, then, spend so much money in adorning a dwelling which you will occupy but a short time? Be charitable, for he that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that which he hath given he will pay him again.

**POSITION IN SLEEPING.**

It is better to go to sleep on the right side, for the stomach is very much in the position of a bottle turned upside down, and the contents of it are aided in passing out by gravitation. If one goes to sleep on the left side, the operation of emptying the stomach of its contents is more like drawing water from a well. After going to sleep, let the body take its own position. If you sleep on your back, especially soon after a hearty meal the weight of the digestive organs and of the food resting on the great vein of the body, near the backbone compresses it and arrests the flow of the blood more or less. If the arrest is partial, the sleep is disturbed, and there are unpleasant dreams. If the arrest is more recent and heavy, the arrest is more decided, and the various sensations, such as falling over a precipice, or the pursuit of a wild beast, or other impending dangers, and the desperate effort to get rid of it, arouse us, and send on the stagnating blood and we wake in fright, or trembling, or in a perspiration, or feeling exhausted, according to the degree of stagnation and the length and strength of the efforts made to escape the danger.

But when we are unable to escape the danger--when we do fall over the precipice when the tumbling building crushes us--what then? That is death! That is the death of those whom it is said, when found lifeless in the morning; "That they were as well as ever they were the day before;" and often it is added, and "a heartier than common!" This last, as a frequent cause of death to those who have gone to bed to wake no more, the writer gives merely as a private opinion. The possibility of this truth is enough to deter any rational man from a late and hearty meal. This we do know with certainty, and waking up in the night with painful diarrheas, or cholera, or bilious colic, ending in death in a short time, is probably traceable to the late large meal. The truly wise will take the safe side. For persons to eat three times a day, it is amply sufficient to make the best meal of cold bread and butter, and a cup of some warm drink. No one can starve on it; while a perseverance soon begets a vigorous appetite for breakfast, so promising of a day's comfort.

**THE SULTAN AND SATAN.**

There is an Eastern story of a Sultan who overslept himself, so as not to awaken at the hour of prayer. So the devil came and waked him, and told him to pray: "Who are you?" said the Sultan. "O, no matter," replied the other; "my act is good, is it not? No matter who does the good action, so long as it is good." Yes," replied the Sultan, "but I think you are Satan; I know your face. You have some bad motive." But," said the other, "I am not so bad as I am painted. You see I have left off my horns and tail. I am a pretty good fellow, after all. I was an angel once, and I still keep some of my original goodness." "That's all very well," replied the sagacious and prudent Caliph, "but you are the tempter; that's your business, and I wish to know why you want me to get up and pray."

"Well," said the devil, with a flint of impatience, "if you must know, I will tell you. If you had slept and forgotten your prayers you would have been sorry for it afterwards, and penitent; but, if you go on, as now, and do not neglect a single prayer for ten years, you will be so satisfied with yourself that it will be worse for you than if you had missed one or sometimes and repented of it. God loves your fault mixed with penitence more than your virtue seasoned with pride."

**SIZE OF COUNTRIES.**

Greece is the size of Vermont. Palestine is one-fourth the size of New York. Hindostan is more than a hundred times as large as Palestine. The great desert of Africa has nearly the dimensions of the United States. The Red Sea would reach from Washington to Colorado, and it is three times as wide as Lake Ontario. The English Channel is nearly as wide as Lake Superior. The Mediterranean, if placed across North America, would make sea navigation from San Diego to Baltimore.

The Caspian Sea would stretch from New York to St. Augustine, and is as wide as New York to Rochester. Great Britain is two-thirds the size of Japan, one-twelfth the size of Hindostan, one-twentieth of China, and one twenty-fifth of the United States.

The Gulf of Mexico is about ten times the size of Lake Superior, and about as large as the Sea of Kamchatka, Bay of Bengal, China Sea, Okhotsk or Japan Sea. Lake Ontario would go into either of them more than fifty times.

The following bodies of water are nearly equal in size; German Ocean, Black Sea, Yellow Sea, Hindon's Bay is rather larger, the Baltic, Adriatic, Persian Gulf, and Aegean Sea about half as large, and somewhat larger than Lake Superior.

**THE BROKEN TOYS.**

It is now only a few weeks after the holidays, and yet the most of the toys that made their appearance on Christmas morning have been mutilated beyond repair. You find scattered in different parts of the house the ears and eyes and feet and tails of horses, and wagons broken down and demolished. The jumping jack has lost its agility, the dog its bark, the tool chest its hammer, the acrobat has taken its last swing, and the doll refuses to shut its eyes when it goes to sleep. What was the use of spending so much money for toys to be destroyed so soon? We answer; they fulfilled their mission, and it was time for them to cease. They went into the exuberant life of the child, and will break forth in the laughter of the next thirty years. Anything done for the child is done for the adult. You can see in the looks of a man at forty years of age whether or not he had a playful childhood. We think the little ones will do better in life for the back-ground of bobby-horses and kites. Say not, "There is no use in providing toys for entertaining my children; I will give them something more permanent." Dear madams and sirs, forty years after you are dead the glee and sportiveness of last Christmas will be blossoming in the cheerful disposition of your children and grandchildren--Christian at Work.

**HOSPITALITY.**

One day Tommy rushed into the kitchen crying out, "Mother, mother, there is an old woman down in the road sitting on a log; shall I set Pompey on her?"

"Set Pompey on her!" said his sister, "what for?"

"Oh! because," answered Tommy, looking a little ashamed, "because--perhaps she is a thief." "Go out Esther, and see if the poor woman wants anything. Perhaps she's tired with a hard day's travel among the mountains," said the mother.

Esther ran down the green, and peeping through the gate saw the woman resting under the shade of the old oak tree.

"Should you like anything?" asked Esther. "Thank you," said the old woman; "I should be very thankful for a drink of water."

Esther scampered back to the house, and soon procured some cold water from the well, and hasted with it to the poor traveler.

"I thank you," said she after drinking. "It tastes very good. Do you know what the Lord Jesus once said about a cup of cold water?"

Esther was silent. "I will tell you. He said, Whosoever shall give to one of his people a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple he shall in no wise lose his reward. May the Lord himself bless you, little girl, as I am sure I do."

And a happy feeling stole into the child's bosom at the old woman's words, for the blessings of the poor upon her.--Children's Friend, Richmond.

A bad little boy in Portland lit a pack of shooting crackers, and threw them into the street to see them "go off." One of the Batmans' mules came along and swallowed them before they "went off." The mule walked about fifteen feet and stopped. Things wasn't acting right inside. He began to taste the smoke of the fire-crackers. He laid his left ear around against his ribs, and heard something. It was them crackers having fun. The mule picked out about three and a half miles of stricket road and started. A negro met him about a mile the other side of the old-house going south, white with perspiration, with streams of smoke shooting out of his nostrils, mouth and ears, while his tail stuck straight up, and a stream of blue and green smoke about ten feet long followed in the rear. He found his mule sticking half way through a farm-house near Paddy's Run, still smoking. The man had got his family out and put 'em up into a lot of trees. Ike hauled his mule home, when he got cool enough on us dray. The man is going to remove his house further back off the road, and his wife and oldest daughter will be baptized when the water gets warm.--Louisville Courier-Journal.

If you want your boy to make a mark in the world give him a piece of chalk.

The young lady who thought she could make her voice clear by straining it, made a great mistake.

Why is a railroad conductor like a systematic drinker? Because he takes his punch at stated intervals.

What is the difference between a helle and a burglar? One carries false locks and the other false keys.

"Hanging man's" played out in New York? No; but the art of hanging has, judging from the last exhibition.

It is rumored that Tim Leo will soon succeed Holden as postmaster. Shad is selling in Wilmington at 75¢ a pair.