

# The Hillsborough Recorder.

J. D. CAMERON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. TRUTH FEARS NO FOE, AND SHUNS NO SCRUTINY. TERMS—\$2 00 A YEAR, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. New Series—Vol. 4 No 12. HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., JANUARY 26, 1876. Old Series, Vol. 55.

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OLD STANDING DISEASES OF EVERY KIND CURED. [Testimonial from Rev. J. C. Baxter, of Galveston.]

Olden, an offensive disease in the nose—I had a miserable disease in my nose for nineteen years. Some physicians call it purulent catarrh. It commenced with a little soreness in the upper part of the nose, some pain and burning a discharge of yellow matter; finally scabs, the shape of the inside of the nose, began to come out, which relieved me a few hours. It polluted my breath, and made the room unbearable. It finally destroyed the partition bone, letting my nose sink in. In this condition I went to Dr. Jones, who gave me medicine which quite destroyed the offensive smell in an hour, and cured the disease in three months. As there are many with the same offensive disease, I write you this testimonial, which you may use as you like J. C. BAXTER.

Dr. Jones is now practicing at the Humphrey House, Goldsboro, N. C. where he can be consulted on all difficult and delicate diseases until Feb. 2nd.

Charivari tells of a negro named Domingo, in one of the French colonies, who, speaking of the advantages of the Christian religion, said: 'There was a time when I knew nothing of God or the devil, but now I know and love them both.'

Editors Telegraph and Messenger: Allow me to tell the readers of the Telegraph and Messenger that I was an intense sufferer with vertigo, sick headache and general female complaints for thirty years, until a month ago I placed myself in the professional care of Dr. Jones, at the Humphrey House, who has cured me and to whom I would recommend all who are suffering with this terrible disease.

Mrs. Mary Mottery, Second St. Wilmington.

## A DARK BIT OF HISTORY.

When that tempest of madness I was speaking of just now first swept through the streets of Paris (in the reign of Louis XVI.), it drove the crazed people in herds to their vengeance upon those who were keeping captives in chains within the great prison of the Bastille. It was indeed a grim and dismal-looking building upon the borders of Paris, with slugs of water around it, and its door was opened by a drawbridge. Toward the frowning walls of this prison (there is only a tall bronze column upon the spot now) the populace of the city rushed headlong, with whatever weapons they could lay hands upon. Butchers took their cleavers, stambled their forks, cutters their heavy oaken stakes, carpenters their axes; and there were thousands with guns and cutlasses, and there were brawny women with heavy pistols. The soldiers who guarded the prison were frightened by the sights and sounds of the tempest of the people's fury, that they could hardly make any opposing fight at all. The governor of the prison, seeing what mad rage he must encounter, would have blown up the huge building altogether, and had actually laid the match to do so, but the soldiers rebelled and forced him to surrender. Then the raging mob flowed in, and those who wore the uniform of the king were smitten to death, and dungeon gates were unlocked, and prisoners staggered out who had not seen the day for dozens and scores of years.

A beautiful girl was caught sight of flying down one of the great stairways, and she was straightway seized upon by those who believe her to be a daughter of the governor, and would have been burned in the courtyard had not a few generous soldiers stolen her away and secured her until the sack was over. As for the governor, who was a marquis and the king's friend, they cut off his head and bore it bleeding from the top of a pike staff all down the street; and all down the street poured the mad, rejoicing rabble, slaying many another as they went, and carrying the trophies with them—gory heads on pikes, or gory heads on chafing dishes carried by women.

As it was on that day so it was on many a day thereafter, and for many a week and month; and for years whoever was a noble, or friend of the hated nobles—or rich, or friend of the hated rich—lived, if he lived at all in that city of revolution, in great dread and danger.

There was not much feeling at the first against Louis XVI; for he was a far better king than those who had gone before him. He was kindly at heart, and what we might call nowadays, a gentlemanly, amiable man, with not much force of character, and disposed to yield to the opinions of those who had been his old advisers. These, by their obstinacy, brought him very soon to grief. The people forced him to trial, and there was a forced condemnation. His head, too, fell before the fury of the enraged people, and was held up by the executioner upon the scaffold for the thronging mob to look upon.

This poor king had left behind him in the prison a son, whom he had taught, as he best could in those dreary prison hours, arithmetic and geography. Do you think the boy ever forgot those lessons, or ever forgot the sorrow and the loud wailing of his mother, the queen, when the king went out to his bloody death?

A little after this, those crazy ones, who were governing France so wadly in this time, gave over this boy to the care of a shoemaker and his wife, to whom they furnished a lodgment in the prison for this purpose; and they did this in order, as they said, that the bringing up of the boy might be as low as that of the lowest of the people. Poor boy! poor prince!

A little later, Marie Antoinette, the queen, was taken out of her dungeon to go to trial. They called it a trial, for the sake of decency; but I think they knew how it would end before they called on her to appear. If the judges before whom she stood had said she was innocent and must go free, I am sure that the wives of the wine-sellers, and the fish women, and the hags of Paris would have snatched her away and carried her off to execution, if they had not slain her with their own bread knives in the street.

It was better, perhaps, that the judges should say the queen must be beheaded (as they did); than that these wild women should cut her in pieces. She certainly died an easier death by the guillotine!

You don't know what the guillotine is? It is simply a great knife sliding in grooves between two upright posts, which by its fall severs the head from the body in an instant; and it is the most humane way of executing capital punishment—if there be any humanity about it.

The machine was called guillotine, after a Dr. Guillotine, who, in the French Assembly in 1791, proposed a better way of cutting off people's heads than the old way of doing it by an ax; which he said

was a clumsy way, and clumsy hands men sometimes made bad work of it. But Dr. Guillotine was not the inventor, as some books will tell you; nor did he lose his own head by it, as other books will tell you.—Scientific American.

BRONCHITIS AND CATARRH.—The following extract of a letter from a grateful patient speaks for itself: Editors Telegraph and Messenger: Seeing your recommendations of Dr. Jones, and being a dreadful sufferer with catarrh and bronchitis, I availed myself of his peculiar treatment a month ago, and I have thanked you and him, ever since, for I feel his skill has saved my life—the good he has done me I cannot describe.

Mrs. JULIA RANSBAU, Near Elijah, Gilmer Co. Ga. Dr. Jones who cured this lady is now restoring the diseased to health and the blind to sight straightening deformed eyes and limbs at the Humphrey House Goldsboro, N. C. where he remains until Feb. 2nd.

## STICK TO YOUR BUSINESS.

There is nothing which should be more frequently impressed upon the minds of young men than the importance of steadily pursuing some one business. The frequent changing from one employment to another is one of the most common errors committed, and to it may be traced more than half the failures of men in business, and much of the discontent and disappointment that render life uncomfortable. It is a very common thing for a man to be dissatisfied with his business, and to desire to change it for some other, which it seems to him, will prove a more lucrative employment; but in nine cases out of ten it is a mistake. Look round you, and you will find among your acquaintances abundant verification of our assertion.

Here is a young man who commenced life as a mechanic, but from some cause imagined that he ought to have been a doctor, and after a hasty and shallow preparation, he has taken up the saddle bags only to find that work is still work, and that his patient are no more profitable than his work bench, and the occupation not a whit more agreeable.

Here are two young men, clerks; one of them is content, when his first term of service is over, to continue a clerk till he shall have saved enough to commence business on his own account; the other can't wait, but starts off without capital, and with a limited experience, and brings up, after a few years, in a court of insolvency, while his former comrade, by patient perseverance, comes at last with a fortune.

That young lawyer, who became disheartened because briefs and cases did not crowd upon him while he was yet redolent of calf-bound volumes, and had staid use for red tape, who concluded he had mistaken his calling, and so plunged into politics, finally settled down into the character of a middling pettyfogger, scrambling for his daily bread.

There is an honest farmer who has tilled a few years, got his farm paid for, but does not grow rich very rapidly, as much for lack of content mingled with his industry as anything, though he is not aware of it. He hears the wonderful stories of California, and how fortunes may be had for the trouble of picking them up; mortgages his farm to raise money, goes away to the land of gold, and after many months of hard toil, sits home to commence again at the bottom of the hill for a more weary and less successful climbing up again.

Mark the men in every community who are notorious for ability and equally notorious for never getting ahead, and you will usually find them to be those who never stick to any one business long, but are always forsaking their occupation just when it begins to be profitable.

Young man, stick to your business! It may be you have mistaken your calling, if so, find it out as quick as possible; and change it; but don't let any uneasy desire to get along fast, or a dialike of your honest calling lead you to abandon it. Have some honest occupation, and then stick to it; if you are sticking types, stick away at them; if you are selling oysters, keep on selling them; if you are at the law, hold fast to that profession; pursue the business you have chosen, persistently, industriously and hopefully, and if there is anything of you it will appear and turn to account in that as well as or better than in any other calling; only, if you are a loafer, forsake that line as speedily as possible, for the longer you stick to it, the worse it will "stick" you.—Scientific American.

A "maiden speech"—Yes. Lavender says his wife is always ready to tell her rage.

Any young miss would rather have her cousin fight than her "feller."

A man with a big nose isn't always handsome, but he's toby.

## CONDUCT OF FUNERALS.

By the present system of conducting funerals the poor are serious sufferers. The head of a family dies, whose life has been one continued struggle for the bare necessities of life. He leaves a widow and a number of children totally unprovided for. The widow and family go deeply into debt to obtain the necessary dress in order to comply with the custom of demanding mourning for the deceased; and that debt will seriously cripple the family for years. To them therefore, death comes armed with a double terror; as the old Scotch proverb well indicates—"a full sorrow is better than a fasting one;" and the question arises, could not the greater part of this expenditure at funerals be done away with? The only strictly necessary expense is that for the coffin and the ground and ought to be a matter for our sociologists to consider how best they may reduce funeral costs to these two items. In such a matter our clergymen and philanthropists could do a great deal. The custom of expensive funerals and extravagant mourning dresses does not rest upon argument, but springs out of sentiment, and the only way to overcome sentiment, is by example. Let our more intelligent and wealthy classes eschew ostentation in regard to such matters, and lower classes will soon follow suit. Honor may be done the dead in other ways than by purchasing expensive mourning which the survivors can ill afford. Grief can be as well exhibited by a band and as by a whole suit—a black veil as by the most expensive craps dress—if society wills it.

AN AGED MAN, TOTALLY BLIND FOR TWELVE YEARS, RESTORED TO SIGHT BY DR. JONES—AGRESTVILLE, Putnam county, Mo.—Dr. Jones—Sir: This is to certify that you operated on the eyes of Jacob GARRIOTT (my father-in-law) for cataract, with complete success. From total blindness he can see to pick up a pin on the ground, and can see everything with tolerable accuracy. JACOB GARRIOTT, aged 56. RR. T. L. Martin.

Dr. Jones is now restoring the blind and deaf straightening crows and curing chronic diseases at the Humphrey House Goldsboro, N. C. where he remains until Feb. 2nd.

## THE MAELSTROM.

Nearly midway in London strait, a huge naked rock, which might fairly be called an island, lifts itself above the waters, broasting the conflicting currents caused by the wind and tides. Between this rock and the Cape on Huskong is the famous maelstrom, which fertile imaginations have clothed with many terrors. Its geographical position is such as to expose it to fierce tidal currents, and when these are assisted by high westerly winds, they are no doubt terrific. The bottom of the strait is strewn with immense bowlders which are so arranged as to give the current a spiral motion, directed toward the isolated rock from the northern side, which is much increased in times of high tides or storms, when it whirls quite around the island rock.

Then it is that it becomes really difficult for boats and vessels without steam power to keep clear of the rocks against which the wayward currents would dash them.

While there are at times vast and powerful eddies, which give objects floating upon them a fearful spiral motion, there is nothing like a vortex produced by a subterranean discharge of the water; although the tumbling and boiling character of the spiral current may submerge temporarily objects drifting on the surface.

No doubt in the course of time the action of the water has tended to level down the bed of rocks, some of which, we may presume, showed themselves above the surface. This may have made the maelstrom much more terrific than it now is, and better justified the ancient fable.

As it is, in ordinary times, and in favorable weather, the fishermen do not hesitate to seek for fires throughout these waters, which to strangers are suggestive of the most terrible dangers.

Among the famous comic reports of the Detroit Free Press occasionally appears a picture that is really pathetic. Here is one:

An old woman, whose face was full of time's reynegale lines, whose hair was white with snow, whose sight was hardly strong enough to enable her to see the deck to which she tremblingly stood. And his honor said:

'God help such as you when second childhood robs them of strength of mind! Poor old woman, you may go.'

She hesitated, and seeming to feel that some explanation was necessary, she replied:

'It was either drink or drown myself. My troubles are too much for my old heart.'

He pointed to the door and softly said: 'My heart aches to see one so aged, and weak, and tender brought here. If you have a home, go to it. If your heart is troubled, sit down; and I will talk to you after the court closes.'

She walked feebly out, tears in her eyes, and when 'Jim Fig.' the newsboy, offered her a score of pennies, hoping to lighten her burden, she shook her head and said— 'It's my old heart that aches, and money can't ease it, Lord bless you, boy.'

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