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## THE BOSS SNORER.

AN INCIDENT OF A WASHING LODGING HOUSE.

After the first old man Bullard found lodging on South C. street. He got a bed in a large room containing two other beds that were occupied. Mr. Bullard is a huge, fat, good natured and very entertaining man. The proprietor of the lodging house was much pleased with Bullard, and laughed at his jokes the first evening of his arrival at his place till tears rolled down his cheeks. The men who were to be Bullard's room-mates also thought well of him--that evening. The next morning, however, they looked sad and red-eyed. Then they went to the landlord and told him that he must find some other place for Mr. Bullard, as he was such a terrible snorer they couldn't stand him. The landlord's rooms were all occupied, and he had no place for Bullard but just where he was. The complaining lodgers left, and in two or three weeks two other men were put into the vacant beds. Bullard made short work of them; one night let them out. The landlord sought an interview with Bullard and remonstrated with him. Bullard stoutly asserted that he did not snore--had never been known to snore. The landlord had to give Bullard up as a bad bargain, and turned his attention to looking up lodgers with which to fill his vacant beds. He found men to take the beds, but again Bullard cleared them out in a single night. Growing desperate, the landlord again went to Bullard. He told him he must either leave the house or pay rent for all the beds in the room--\$45 per month. Bullard said a bargain was a bargain; he had paid \$15 for his bed, and he intended keeping it until his month was up, and he didn't propose to pay for beds he had no use for; he didn't snore, and the man who asserted to the contrary was a "liar and a horse thief." The landlord felt very much depressed after this last interview with Bullard, as he saw determined not to be removed from his quarters. A morning or two after, as Bullard's landlord was going down town, he saw standing in his door a brother lodging house man.

"Thank heaven he's gone!" said the man as Bullard's landlord came up.

"Thank heaven, I'm rid of him at last!"

"Rid of whom?"

"Why, of the big fat man you see yonder waddling down the street."

"What of him?"

"Enough of him! He cleaned nearly every man out of my house before he left. They wouldn't stop in the same block with that snorting, Falstaffian porpoise, sir!"

"He's a good one, is he?"

"A good one? He's a perfect terror! He's more different kinds of a snorer than any man I ever heard of, and every time he changes his key it is for the worse. While I had him here crowds were gathering in front of the house nightly wondering what was the matter within, and the police came in one night thinking some one was being murdered. My dog ran away, and all the cat cats left the house, sir!"

"And the man you pined out to me is this snorer?"

"Yes, sir, he is, and may he burst!"

"Good day, sir!" and Bullard's landlord hastened down the street.

The next morning with the first peep of day, Bullard, puffing and blowing, rushed in the presence of his landlord.

"What are you trying to play upon me?" cried he; "I never slept a wink all night. Of all the infernal noises I ever heard that man in my room got off the worst. Is he going to stay here?"

"Stay? Of course he is. Hain't he got the bed for a month?"

"Then I leave!" And Bullard was as good as his word.

An hour afterwards the man who had ousted Bullard arose and waddled serenely into the presence of the landlord.

"You've cleaned him out," said the landlord. "You roused him; he's gone for good!" and the landlord gleefully rubbed his hands.

"Now," continued the landlord, "I'll give you a good, square breakfast, and then you can go."

"Go," said the fat man, "not much I don't. Didn't you say last evening in the presence of Bullard and half a dozen others that I was to stay here a month?"

"But that you knew was only to--"

"I know nothing of the kind, and I shall stay here! I am human; I must have some place in which to repose!"

The landlord is now trying to get some man to set up some kind of machine in his house that will out boss snorer, who now has the whole place to himself except a small room in a corner of the third story, where he and his wife spent their nights in a miserable way.

Talk about the extravagance in dress of women!" cries Martha Jane, exclaiming; "what do you say to Tacy's six million suit, I'd like to know? He isn't a woman, I guess!"

## THE NEWEST THING IN GUNS.

Mounted on a long, wooden trough shaped gun carriage, a singular looking weapon was lying in the mud in the back yard of Mr. J. R. Haskell, of Passaic, yesterday. "It might be an infernal machine," said the many who had curiously eyed it from time to time, "and it might be one of the most wonderful pieces of ordnance ever invented." The owner and inventor, who has spent fifteen years and \$100,000 in perfecting the gun, takes the latter view, and asserts that his invention will revolutionize the system of offensive armament. He calls it an "accelerating gun," and it is planned on the novel principle of boosting the projectile along by secondary, tertiary and quaternary explosions after it has received its first impetus by the explosion at the breech.

The barrel is about twelve feet long, and is made of steel, tapering from the muzzle, that is two or three inches thick to the breech, which is a round piece of steel three or four inches through. On the under side of the barrel at equal intervals are small brazen globes opening through narrow necks into the bore of the barrel.

These are designed to hold loose powder, and they are charged through small holes in the bottom, into which brass screws are tightly fitted. The bore is made to accommodate a half-inch, finely tempered steel projectile. In firing the gun, the chamber in the barrel is filled with powder, and then the steel missile, which is about nine inches long, is pressed firmly against the charge. The pockets are next charged and screws are replaced in their buses. The nipple is at the base of the breech, and the first charge is fired by means of a cap placed on the nipple. As the projectile is shot forward followed by a stream of fire, it ignites the powder in each of the pockets at the instant it passes over the neck. It receives a new impulse by the explosion of each pocket of powder, and it is at length shot from the muzzle with an extraordinary velocity and power. The amount of powder that is expended at a single discharge, Mr. Haskell says, is sufficient, if it were all placed in the gun tube, to fill the gun to the muzzle and to blow the barrels to atoms. To utilize all the force of the different explosions the pockets are placed at such an angle with the barrel that little of the explosive impulses are wasted against the upper surface of the barrel.

Mr. Haskell worked hard and enthusiastically with his invention, and he asserts for its unlimited possibilities. He says that with the little imperfect trial gun, which has only a smooth bore, that he can throw a steel projectile over twelve miles, and that at a moderate distance he can pierce the steel armor of any ship of war. With a weapon of greater weight, rifled bore, and more powerful ball, the imagination of the inventor shrinks from the conjecture of what it can achieve.

Mr. Haskell gathered a few of his neighbors together on last Saturday, and shouldered his gun, the party repaired to the stone quarry of Mr. Paulson in the suburbs. The weapon was charged and everything was gotten ready. Mr. Haskell advanced to discharge the cap, and then the valor of most of the spectators yielded to discretion, and they ran and hid among the stones. Mr. Haskell with perfect confidence discharged the piece several times, and with wonderful effect. The first target, which had been placed but a few feet from the gun, was a solid piece of monitor iron, four inches thick. The steel missile passed through it as through a piece of pine board, and pinned it to a hard wood block, which was also pierced for several inches. The next target was made of nine thicknesses of locomotive boiler iron securely bolted together, and the ball cut through this as though it were pasteboard. The explosion was but little louder than that of a heavy rifle, and the recoil was so light that Mr. Haskell said that it would not produce a severe shock if the gun were held at the shoulder. Mr. Haskell has taken out patents for his gun in nearly every country in the world, and he says that there are millions and millions in it. He has constructed two similar weapons that are to be tested by the Government; one of them has a 1 1/2 inch bore, and the bore of the other is about six inches. The latter piece, it is thought, will throw a ball from fifteen to twenty miles. Mr. C. P. Young, of New York, is interested with Mr. Haskell in the invention.

Though Mr. Haskell does not consider that he is the inventor of the gun, it is, however, his genius and ingenuity that have brought it to the standard of practical utility. A Mr. Lyman, after whom the weapon has been named, first discovered the principle on which it is constructed. The power of the gun may be understood from the assertion that it will send forth a ball at the rate of 8,000 feet a second, while the greatest velocity hitherto attained was that of about 1,500 feet to the second. A trial of the gun was announced for Thursday at Sandy Hook, at the Government yard, but through the delay in mounting the cannon it was not made. A long and thorough test will soon be given.

## HOW TO SAVE.

The way to save is to begin with little matters--and to begin at once. No one ever made his way from poverty to riches who scorned economy in small things, and could not comprehend the value of a single cent. The poor man, who would get ahead pecuniarily, must learn that to save cent after cent--one at a time, if he can do no more--till he gets a hundred of them, and so has a dollar, is a wise and noble thing for him to do. Having thus actually saved his first dollar, he will have acquired with it a power of self-denial and a tenacity of purpose which will enable him to save one dollar after another till he gets a hundred. And then he can save on indefinitely, and become independent in fortune.

But, says some one who has lived all his life without saving, "how am I to save. My habit are fixed. How can I learn to lay by something for old age?"

You must do as to money matters what a certain ancient school of philosophers did as to morals. Those old sages used every night, to review their actions for the day, and see what they ought not to have done that they had done, and what they might have done better of the things which it had been necessary for them to do. So, too, must you, every night, review the outlays of the day, and see what you have spent and how you might have got more economically whatever it was necessary for you to obtain. Any one who faithfully makes such a review of his expenditures will be apt to discover many opportunities for retrenchment and reform. And then, if he will, he can at once begin to save, and may acquire economical habits which will secure his future prosperity.

## BRINE BUTTER.

Among the many devices for keeping butter in a manner that preserves the rich, rosy flavor of new, with all its sweetness, is the following from the Dutchess Farmer, which is said to be entirely successful: To three gallons of brine strong enough to bear an egg, add a quarter of a pound of nice white sugar, and one tablespoonful of salt-petre. Boil the brine, and when it is cold strain carefully--Make your butter into rolls, and wrap each separately in a clean white muslin cloth, tying up with a string. Pack a large jar full, weigh the butter down and pour the brine until all is submerged. This will keep really good butter perfectly sweet and fresh for a whole year. Be careful not to put upon ice butter that you wish to keep for any length of time. In summer, when the heat will not admit of butter being made into rolls, pack closely in small jars, and using the same brine, allow it to cover the butter to the depth of at least four inches. This excludes the air, and answers very nearly as well as the first method suggested.

The following extract is from a very interesting address delivered by Maj. W. J. Sykes, at Brownsville, Tenn.

To be a perfect farmer a man should combine reading, observation and practice. A man may work in the fields all his life and be a poor farmer. We should gain knowledge by reading and study, and also by what we see around us, and then this knowledge must be put into practice. Our views, if they will not stand the test of actual experiments, are worthless. All sound theory is based upon practice, and all sensible practice is the result of well grounded information, whether learned by our own observation or from the experience of others. That theory which will not stand the test of experience is worthless, and that practice which is not based upon sound theory is equally worthless.

## PARALLEL OF THE SEXES.

The North American says there is an admirable partition of the qualities between the sexes which the Author of being has distributed to each with a wisdom that challenges our unbounded admiration:

Man is strong--woman is beautiful.

Man is daring and confident--woman is diffident and un-assuming.

Man is great in action--woman in suffering.

Man shines abroad--woman at home.

Man talks to convince--woman to persuade and please.

Man has a rugged heart--woman a soft and tender one.

Man prevents misery--woman relieves.

Man has science--woman has taste.

Man has judgment--woman sensibility.

Man is a being of justice--woman an angel of mercy.

When a man in Wisconsin, who was running for the office of Lieutenant Governor, was asked by a friend if he thought his experience was such as to qualify him in the discharge of his office, he said he thought he ought to be--he had been Lieutenant Governor in his own family ever since he was married.

A white boy upon meeting a colored boy asked him what he had so short a nose for upon which the darker replied: "I speed it so I won't be poking my nose into other folk's business."

It is a happy moment in a young girl's life when she discovers that her lover's moustache and her hair are exactly the same shade.

## HOW MANY WOULD BE LEFT?

A writer asks the following pungent questions: When the following classes are taken out of our churches, how many would be left?

All who will not pay just debts.

All who are hypocritical.

All who are deceitful, and talk about others behind their backs.

All who get into debt without a prospect of paying the same.

All who are proud and scornful, holding themselves above their fellow men, and shun those less fortunate than themselves.

All who worship money more than they do their Creator.

All who speculate on the ignorance of others.

All who are tattlers.

All who think more of wicked rich men than they do of a pious poor one.

All who oppress the poor.

All who make long prayers for the sake of being heard and seen of men.

All who are vain and self-conceited.

When these, and a good many others that could be mentioned, are taken out, the church will be left without a member. The religion of Jesus does not have any of the above defects. It makes the true convert cheerful, hopeful and charitable; disposed to visit the widow and orphan, and to keep unspotted from the world. It does not make one proud, scornful, but on the contrary, makes one desirous of doing good to be meek and humble, and to be kind to all, as opportunity may offer. Oh! that we had less pretension in our churches, and more genuine Christianity.

The New York World denounces Mr. Blaine as a hypocrite in his political sympathies and professions. Speaking of his maneuvers on the floor of the House last week, it says: "It was an attempt to wriggle out of his original proposition to inflict a peculiar and public disgrace upon Jefferson Davis by representing it to be merely opposition to a proposition to pay him pecuniary honor; as if it were not absurd to describe as an honor that which everybody possesses by being born and growing up to be twenty-one years old in the United States. If he had succeeded in what he set out to do, he would have succeeded by an appeal to sectarian hate and sectional hate, which are as low passions as any low politician ever tried to stir up. If he had succeeded, therefore, he would have become infamous. But he has failed to do anything but waste four days of good time, and nobody in his senses will be likely to pick up Mr. Blaine, of Maine, for a political leader again."

[From the New York Sun.]

The republican leader have at least the virtue of taking care of their own household--at the public expense. Grant has pensioned all his kindred and connections of every kind. Frelinghuysen, Howe, and the principal Senators, convert their sons or their relatives into clerks of committees, with high pay and nothing to do. Mr. Blaine has a brother in the Senate's employ and another as paymaster in the army, and others of his family are said to be taken care of elsewhere. Mr. Fish has a son, secretary of legation at Berlin. Bancroft Davis has a son, clerk of the Alabama commission. Even the immaculate Washburne, who recently revived his old-fashioned notions as a bid for the nomination, has just had his son appointed secretary of legation at St. Petersburg. So they go. The families are getting established in diplomacy as they are in the army and navy.

John N. Clayton is a large Delaware peach-grower, and very successful. He says that lime is the best manure he ever applied to peach trees. He scrapes off the dirt, and then applies from three to a dozen shovelfuls of lime fresh from the kiln to the naked roots. It kills the grubs and favors the growth of fruit. Sometimes the larvae of the curculio under peach trees can be killed by a heavy dressing of fresh slaked lime.--Southern Farmer.

The Atlanta Herald is enthusiastic in its admiration of Mr. Hill. It says: "It does not weaken our faith in his effort one whit, to hear that certain Democratic members think Mr. Hill went too far and said exactly what Mr. Blaine wished him to say." We have been perfectly well aware that certain Democratic members were sitting on their envious haunches, patiently waiting the opening of Mr. Hill's mouth, in order that they might make this very remark. Mr. Hill has plenty of enemies. He is too great a man to be without them. It is fortunate for him that he has a personal character sterling enough to surround him with devoted friends, and a genius powerful enough to compel the admiration of even those who hate him.

Wasting sweetness--Putting your arm about a pretty woman.

Never lost but often found--A verdict. An article you can always borrow--Trouble, and never return it.

Why is your shadow like false friends? Because it follows you only in sunshine.

One handsome girl in a dry-goods store will make every man in town feel like buying his wife a dress.

## NOT IN THE FAMILY.

An old Detroitier brought home two jugs the other day, one labeled 'turpentine' and the other 'turpentine.' They were placed in the barn, and pretty soon it was noticed that the old man had business there at regular intervals. His oldest son slyly followed him and saw him taking a deep draught from one of the jugs. The old man heard a step outside, and before going out he arranged those jugs according to his artistic taste. He was hardly gone when the son skipped in and took a drink from the jug out of which he supposed his father drank. The next moment we was snuffering, coughing, gasping, and the old man entered and asked: "Turpentine doesn't agree with you, does it?"

"But I saw you drinking it!" exclaimed the injured and indignant son.

"That is true, said the old man, while a beautiful smile played over his face, 'but it doesn't necessarily follow that the rest of the family must relish turpentine because I do!'--Detroit Press.

A few weeks ago a gentleman of Baltimore wished to obtain a live red bird, and bearing that one was in the possession of a gentleman in this city visited the latter and purchased the bird. While the sale was being made the bird's owner, who had recently recovered from an attack of variola, took the bird from its cage, when it pecked at his finger. The purchaser took the bird to Baltimore, and as it was a very handsome one, took great pride in it. He was therefore much pained to see it, a few days after reaching its new home, begin to droop as if ill. In a day or two more a rash appeared on its body, displacing the feathers, and the next day its head became swollen and covered with scab, and it died. At a loss to know what the peculiar symptoms meant, the gentleman called in his medical adviser, a prominent physician of Baltimore, who, after examining the dead bird, pronounced that it had died of small-pox! Then the bereaved owner recalled the fact that the bird had pecked at its first owner's hand, as stated above, and it was concluded that it had contracted variola at that moment.--Cumberland News.

The messing system has been in successful operation at Richmond College for several years. Two students are appointed by the faculty to act as commissaries. It is their duty to buy provisions and to furnish whatever is necessary for the mess. This they are able to do with little or no loss of time from their studies. A dining room and kitchen are furnished by the faculty. A lady is employed as housekeeper, who takes charge of the table and cooking arrangements. She presides in the dining-hall, and with the aid of the commissaries see that order is preserved and that the servants do their duty. Each member of the system is required to pay into the common fund \$10 per month, and at the end of each month a strict account is rendered and a settlement made by the commissaries according as the average has exceeded or fallen short of \$10. The main feature of the system is that board is furnished at actual cost, and no one makes a percentage. The Messing Club now numbers between fifty and sixty students. Thus far the board has averaged \$882 per month; this amount includes all expenses, matron's salary, provisions, &c.--N.Y. Times.

The burial of Capt. A. G. Moore, who met his death, as elsewhere recited, took place in the village graveyard, at this place last Saturday. The remains were brought from the residence of Col. T. M. Holt, the brother in law of the deceased followed by an immense concourse of relatives and friends. From all parts of the county many had assembled in the town to pay their last respects by being present at the last rites and duties, which the living can bestow on the dead. The funeral services were conducted in the Presbyterian church, by Rev. A. Currie and were appropriate and impressive. From the church to the grave yard, a distance of about a quarter of a mile, the cortege passed. It was by far the largest ever seen in our town. The employees of the late firm, of which deceased was a member were in attendance in large numbers, and with bowed heads and grief stricken faces they testified the affection and esteem in which they held their late employer. We should estimate the number in the procession at not less, certainly, than a thousand, while it may have been many more.--Gleaner.

## Leap Year.

The Western Sentinel says: It is stated that in a work entitled, "Courtship, Love, Matrimony," published in 1860, ten years before the death of Shakespeare, is this explanation regarding ladies' privileges in leap year.

"Alas! it is now because a part of the common laws, in regard to social relations of life, that as often as every bissextile year doth return, the ladies have the sole privilege, during the time it continueth, of making unto the men which they do, either by words or looks, as to them it seemeth proper; and moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefit of clergy who doth in any wise treat her proposal with lighter countenance."