

The Hillsborough Recorder

D. CAMERON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TRUTH FEARS NO FOE, AND SHUNS NO SCRUTINY

TERMS—\$1.50 A YEAR, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE

New Series—Vol. 5, No. 3—

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C. DECEMBER 13, 1876

Old Series, Vol. 56.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

On the 16th day of November, 1876, and in the city of Raleigh, the undersigned will commence the publication of THE OBSERVER, a daily and weekly Democratic newspaper.

Of long experience in their profession as editors, respectively of the Fayetteville Observer and the Wilmington Journal, they do not affect to doubt the soundness of the general judgment which assigns them ability to furnish a newspaper suited to the needs and adapted to the tastes of the people of North Carolina. Differing in politics in the older times, there was never a difference between the Observer and the Journal in zeal for the interests and honor of North Carolina. To promote the one, and to uphold and add to the other will be the object of the Observer now.

Of very decided opinions on questions of public interest, and apt to give their opinions plain expression, they deem it the duty of a newspaper to furnish its readers with the information of their opinions, to publish all the news, and their purpose is to make THE OBSERVER now, as of old, a truthful, accurate, condensed history of the times in which we live. It was thus that the old Observer was held upon the people of North Carolina, enjoying the affection of its party friends, receiving the respect and confidence of its bitterest political foes, and commanding in its comparatively isolated location a circulation larger than has ever been attained by any other North Carolina newspaper, and it is thus, by like dignity, and fairness that the editors of THE OBSERVER, transferred to the State Capital, hope it will deserve, and soon equal, and then surpass its former circulation and prosperity.

It will be their high aim to deserve the public confidence by earnest efforts to promote the public welfare, first and foremost of North Carolina, next of all the Southern States, and finally, and through these, of the whole Union. They think that this can only be effected by the prevalence of Democratic principles and the dismissal of the Radical party from the places and power which they have so greatly abused, and under whose baleful rule the South has been impoverished and disgraced.

PETER M. HALE,
W. L. SAUNDERS.

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A SHORT TEMPERANCE STORY.

From the Asheville Expositor.

"Do you never take a dram?"
"No, under no circumstances, whatever, have I been known to take a dram. I have been in company of all kinds, traveled through wet, cold, hot, and have been persuaded, jeered and threatened, but have never taken a dram."

"Well, it is so strange. Do you dislike the taste?" "O no. As well as I can remember, when I was a child, a little was given me a time or two as a medicine, and I think it was the best thing I ever tasted. I know I would like it, but I never intended to take a dram—I am afraid I have seen so many young men ruined; so many fond hopes blasted by intoxicating drinks, that I set a resolution in my youth never to fall in that way."

My interviewer on this subject was a lady with whom I had just become acquainted. We were sitting at her own table at dinner, and the conversation brought suddenly to my mind many thrilling incidents and sad recollections of the past. Among them the following: When I was quite young, I became acquainted with two boys, the pride of their fond mother, and the hope of a doting father. They were bright boys, and their opportunities were good, for their father was a thorough business man, and was very wealthy. "How bright! I used to think, are their prospects in this world, compared to many, especially to my own. I did not envy them, for I liked them. About the time they had reached manhood, I first sight of them for several years, but the news came occasionally that they were "sowing their wild oats"—that they frequently stole to their room at a late hour, in a state of intoxication. But in process of time, their degenerated revels drove all shame away, and they might be seen in broad day, reviling on the streets. Friends interfered, and used every means to induce them to reform, which had a salutary effect on the youngest. About this time, I met them on a pleasure excursion with several other young men. The company had plenty of spirits with them, but the youngest of my two friends I noticed, would not drink. He told me that he had signed a pledge never to touch anything intoxicating again. But his brother was intoxicated every day. He told me privately, that he intended, when he returned home, to become a sober man like his brother, and get married. He told me that he had fallen in love with a beautiful young lady of refinement, whom he desired to make his wife."

Five years afterward, I met him again, and he had been married three years. He had done as he said he would—reformed, was accepted by the one he loved, and was now a drunkard again.
His reformation was hoped to be in reality, and the high standing of his family, as in two other cases, caused an indiscreet, confiding girl to become a drunkard's wife.

But what of the younger brother, whom we left a sober man? Where was he? O, that I could write it in a whisper, that his kindred might not hear—that his heart-broken mother might not remember her child, and his tottering, aged father might not think of his dark-eyed boy again—he was dead—died in a fit of delirium tremens.
Did the sad death of the younger have no effect on the elder brother? Would not the tears and entreaties of the woman who had looked up her happiness in his own heart, restrain him? Could not the fond embraces of his innocent children, move him to swear by Him that liveth forever, that he would walk his last step no more? Ah, no! Nothing could check him! His parents had given him his portion of goods, and they were melting away. Drink! drink! drink! and his family was fast becoming beggars. Time sped onward, and our hero—such heroes, the number of which should low the world in tears to-day—sped downward still, and helter-skelter in a drunkard's grave.

His sorrowing widow and her children were now driven forth into an uncharitable world, to be crushed by that heavy weight that is bearing so heavily on thousands of others, whose beginning promised better things.
I have given the facts of the sad end of only two of my early acquaintances, while many others are now crowding on my memory, and urging to set forth as a warning to others who are now beginning to walk in the same road to degradation and ruin.

"Is it not time that you paid me that five dollars?"
"Tain't due," was the reply.
"But," said the farmer, "you promised to pay when you got back from New York."
"Well, I hain't been," was the reply.
"Why does a sailor know there is a man in the moon? Because he has been to sea."

AGYPSY'S LIFE.

I was quite young when I received my first lesson in fortune telling, sayable who recently escaped from a gypsy camp. For the first season I was only to tell fortunes for young girls. I was to judge them and say most about love subjects. Afterward I was allowed to tell anybody. If I could lay my hands on anything worth having I would do so, but it was no business of anybody's where I got it. I was never asked where I got things. I was pleased at the idea of telling fortunes, and did very well at the business. I picked up fast, and before the first season closed I knew how to read human nature very well and could read character tolerably. I will not say much about stealing, for I am ashamed. Some of our wagons have false bottoms, so that whenever the camp was scoured nothing could be found. If the officers came they were given full privilege to search all around, and in this way they were led to believe, many times, that we were really innocent. There is no truth at all in fortune telling. We said just what came into our minds. One time a young man, in Tennessee came to me and told me to go to a certain house and induce a young girl to have her fortune told. He told me what to say. He was in love with her and wanted to marry her. I understood him, and carried out my part very well. I sang her a song about the young lover, and the beautiful girl got as white as snow, then red, and then gave me five dollars. She could well afford it. I got ten dollars from the man. He had been discarded, but before we left the place I saw the pair out driving.

There's any amount of trickery like this among the gypsies. I liked the life at first, it was free and romantic; but finally I tired of it, because I was ill-treated. I always wanted to keep up my appearance, which made some of the other women jealous. They commenced to spread evil reports about, and said that I was guilty of crime that I had fought hard to overcome and escape. Business got bad, and all my money was either lost or stolen from the wagon. It was not easy to make my escape, for the men watched me closely; but I managed it at last. Talk about women being drudges among decent white people, that's nothing! Women who are compelled to live wandering lives in this country are compelled to lie, cheat, steal and commit almost any crime to obtain money. There are plenty of women who are scolded the same as I was, and who are but waiting for a good chance to get off.

GO FOR HIM.

He's a poor, hardworking man trying to pay his honest debts and support his family by honest toil; but "go for him," because he cannot pay you a few dollars he owes. He is poor and entitled to no consideration. Keep him down!

Help him! He's a rich man, who robbed a bank or made an assignment. Lives in a fine mansion and walks leisurely, enjoying life, while his wife and children are deprived of none of the luxuries of wealth or the enjoyment of society. He's smart, an enterprising business man, and it's a pity he's robbed his creditors. Don't say anything to hurt his tender feelings, nor expect him to sell his delicate fingers by toil. He compounded with creditors at twenty-five or thirty per cent, and now lives in luxurious ease, an honored, respected citizen and a prominent man.

Go for him! He's poor—he's trying to pay cent for cent, with interest, and his hands are hampered by toil—his wife and children feel the pangs of poverty and the tightness of the times—he lives in a small house and fires scantily, but it is not his fault—he has no business to be poor nor honest. He's a fool for not robbing a bank or stealing from those who would have trusted him in prosperous days. He ought to be poor! Go for him! Keep him down—pile upon him such a weight of obloquy and pecuniary embarrassment that he will never be able to rise.

WHAT HE ADMITTED.

Yesterday forenoon, while Republicans were claiming that the Presidential election was still in doubt, a man in a saloon on Monroe avenue called out:

"I'll bet that Tilden is elected!"
"I'll bet you are a liar!" replied a voice.
The two clenched, rolled on the floor, and tussled around, and the Tildenite finally had the other at a disadvantage.

"Now will you admit that Tilden is elected?" he asked, letting up on the other a little.

"No I won't!" gasped the undermost, but I'll admit large Democratic gains all over the country!"

That was good enough, and he was lifted up and taken out.

A woman out West. In describing her runaway husband, said—Daniel may be known by a scar on his nose where I scratched him.

ONLY A WOMAN.

Only a woman, she called and said,
The cry of the wind and the cry of the cold!
Cheeks that are shrunken,
Eyes that are sunken,
Lips that were never defrosted;
Only a woman, forsaken and poor,
Asking an alms at the bronze church door,
Hunk to the organ! roll upon roll
The waves of its music go over the soul!
Silks rustle past her,
Thicker and faster,
The great bell ceases its toll,
Fain would she enter, but not for the poor
Swingeth wide open the bronze church door.

Only a woman, waiting alone,
Lidly cold on an ice cold throne.
What do they care for her,
Murmuring a prayer for her,
Giving out bread but a stone.
Under gold lozes their haughty heart beat,
Mocking the woes of their kin in the street.
Only a woman! In other days
Hope enrolled to her happiest lay;
Somebody missed her,
Somebody kissed her,
Somebody crowned her with praise
Somebody faced up the battles of life,
Strung for her sake, who was mother or wife.

Somebody lies with a tress of her hair
Light on his heart where the death shadows are.
Somebody waits for her,
Opening the gates for her,
Giving delight for despair.
Only a woman—nevermore poor—
Dead in the snow, at the bronze church door.

KEEP A SLATE.

If farmers would keep a slate banging up in their barns or workshops with a pencil attached by a string, so as to note down work to be done on rainy or stormy days, when the hired men could not work out of doors, it would be found to be of great advantage. Have it understood that whenever rain comes the slate is to be referred to for orders, so that if you are away from home the work can go on. There are scores of things that can be profitably done at such times and just so much time saved in good weather. All the wagons and carriages can be greased, the harness oiled and repaired, the axes, hoes and spades ground or cleaned, floor of barns outhouse cleaned or repaired, tools or implements repaired or painted, beehives, chickens, coops and other things made, hen-houses cleaned or fumigated with sulphur if fowls are lousy, cellar cleaned, apples and potatoes assorted, and all such work to be done, and without the loss of time. Farmers, keep a slate and make a note of what work can be done at such times.

TOBACCO AND LIQUOR.

Our countrymen spend more money for the luxuries than for the necessities of life. It is no wonder that many people are poor when their hard earnings are wasted on indulgences which do harm instead of good. Bread is the great staple of food, and \$200,000,000 were spent last year for flour to feed our people. But the tobacco sold in the country for chewing and smoking and snuff, cost \$350,000,000; about \$9 for every man, woman and child.

This is bad enough, but the cost of intoxicating liquors consumed in 1870, was \$600,000,000, averaging nearly \$20 for every man, woman and child. A large amount of this is used in poor families, and reduces them to want and wretchedness.
If the young people of the land would refuse to touch tobacco or liquor this fearful extravagance would soon cease, and the wealth of the country increase with marvelous rapidity.—Farmers and Mechanics Journal.

DANISH PROVERBS.

"One must bear his cross with patience," said the man, as he carried his wife on his back.

"Much of the lip and little wool," said the peasant as he sheared his sow. (More show than reality—applied to a speech that is more eloquent than logical.)

One's own residence is better than gold; it is warm, even if it be poor.

The stone cast from our hand and the word spoken is no longer in our power. Liberty is better than gold or the precious stones.

Teach the wolf "paternoster" (the Lord's prayer) he will erie "Lamb lamb!" It is too late to close the well when the child is drowned.

A Minnesota man has adopted a new method of doing business. No books are kept. When a customer desires credit, he goes to the desk and borrows the money; for which he gives notes payable with interest. He then buys his goods and pays for them.

"Speaking of shaving," said a pretty girl to an obdurate old bachelor, "I should think that a pair of handsome eyes would be the best mirror to shave by." "Yes, many a poor fellow has been 'shaved' by them," replied the wretch.

RELICS OF THE BUILDERS.

A party of scientific explorers made some very interesting discoveries in the neighborhood of Milton, Wisconsin. There are there a number of mounds which recent archaeological investigation has referred to that mysterious race which inhabited the central portion of North America long before the present aborigines obtained a foothold here. Selecting the largest of these mounds the explorers dug a trench from its outer edge to the center, thirty feet long, five feet wide, and at the center attaining a depth of ten feet. About a foot from the bottom, and the deepest part of the excavation, a layer of ashes and decayed wood was laid bare. A few inches below this was a hard deposit resembling mortar, and beneath were found the remains of four adults and two children. That they belonged to the race of mound-builders is inferred from the fact that there had previously been examined, only eighteen inches below the surface, a complete Indian skeleton.

The other, and vastly more important relics, were eight and a half feet lower down. The first of these, the skeleton of a man, lay with the head to the west in a reclining position. At the knees, near each hand, were two ornaments, composed of the teeth of some wild animal, about four inches long, and having holes bored through for the string which attached them to the wrists. Close by was the skull, but so badly decayed as to prevent removal. A little to the south of the skull were four perfect flint arrow-heads, as clearly cut as if the work had been done by the best modern machinery. Lying around and under the shoulders were twenty-nine leads, manufactured from small shells, and perforated so as to be worn as a necklace. Evidently this was the skeleton of some famous personage, for among the bones of the five others no ornaments whatever were found. The chief's companions were arranged about him to the west, northwest and east. In the jaw bone of one was a partly developed wisdom tooth, and most of the jaw bones and teeth were in good preservation.

WHO WAS CAIN'S WIFE?

The Rev. C. P. McCarthy, who preaches every Sabbath in the University Building, Washington square, as pastor of what is called the American Free Church, endeavored to answer the question, "Who was Cain's Wife?" last evening. He took his text from the fourth chapter of Genesis and the 17th verse. The preacher said that he had selected the peculiar subject announced at the request of several members of his congregation. Maintaining that old theories as to the meaning of the Bible stories had ceased to be tenable because of the increased light of science, he said that the theory held by him as to Cain's wife would also have to be abandoned. "The orthodox to the question," said he, "is perhaps Cain married his sister." Well, I don't think he did.—Now, I am not going to shirk the answering of this question, I have a theory of our race which others do not believe in. Nine out of ten believe that the human race came from one pair.—I don't believe it. Do you say that is heretical? Perhaps it is, but this is not a question to be answered by those who cling to the old theory. That old theory can never answer it. In the first place, Cain could not have married his sister when he departed to the land of Nod, because he had no sister. When Seth was born Adam was only 130 years old, a very young man for those days, and Seth was his third child. There is no mention of daughters. In the second place, Cain departed to a country where there were people, and he feared these people would slay him because of his crime, and the Lord recognized the reality of this danger and set a mark on him that he might be saved. The Bible nowhere states that there were only two people originally created. Adam was the generic name for the human race, and male and female created he them. Do you believe that negroes and Chinese are the descendants of the same progenitors with ourselves? I don't. Cain went over to the land of Nod, and there became the chief of a race which he found there. He built a city. He couldn't have done this alone. This, then, must be my answer to the question: there were races of people upon the earth at the time Cain was race Cain took his wife."

The preacher dwelt at great length on the lessons to be drawn from the life of Cain, and exhorted all to avoid the little sins, for even Cain did not become a murderer all at once, but was led up to that great crime by envy and jealous feelings.—New York World.

SLEEPING BY FAITH.

We need faith to sleep sweetly. Worry is the parent of restlessness; but he that believeth enters into rest. "The just live by faith; they work, wait, toil, rest and sleep well when they believe firmly. Follow the soul of the assurance that the Lord cares for us, and works all things for our good, and the pillowed head rests in comfort. Refreshing sleep prolongs life; the physical thus profits by the spiritual. Many believe that Christ will save at last, but doubt his care in little things; they trust him for the greater, but distrust in small concerns, and hence worry and chafe. The Lord is our keeper in the little, everyday trifles of life, the affairs of the shop, farm, office, kitchen, nursery, parlor, temporal and spiritual, individual and social, and invites to cast all our cares on him; and when we do he giveth his beloved sleep," and that enable them to work and prosper.

NOTES ON THE FASHIONS.

A new fabric for over-dresses is of silk and wool in slanting figures with a rough knobby surface.
One thousand dollars is the price of a fine "crown sable" set, mull and bon, but the finest sets bring \$1,000.

Black is the favorite color for dolmans, but lighter ones for mild weather are made of gray or dark camel's hair clothes. A fan-like effect is given to the back of dress skirts by running a draw string in a casing across the back breadth just below the knee.

Mourning cloaks are trimmed with titan or basket woven, braids, but heavy lusterless silk bands, cut bias, are preferred by conservative ladies.

For second mourning, or when trape and bonazine are discarded, the hat or bonnet is of plain, lusterless black silk or felt, trimmed with satin silk.

New felt bonnets have no platts or gathers around the waist; they fit smoothly around over the hips, with a slight fulling, made by a draw string in the back.

A pretty, new turtleneck in sleeve trimmings is to place a band of ribbon or galloon just above the elbow, fastening it down with a button, a loop, and two short ends.

For mourning handkerchiefs there is do departure from the plain linen cambric ones, with plain black hems or borders, and the initial or monogram in black at one corner.

Dress skirts are not lined; modestus use horse hair facings that are very strong but not stiff. These facings are half a yard deep, covered half way up from the bottom with an alpaca facing.

Dress skirts are bound with braids this winter, but faced with a wide alpaca galloon, which peeps below the bottom of the skirt like a piping. It requires two rows of stitching to keep this braid in its place.

Polonaises that are to be worn in both the house and street are provided with an extra lining, extending below the hips, of gray, red or white flannel, which is basted in for street wear. The lower edge of this lining is simply pinked.

TALKING AT TABLE.

This is one of the very best digesters; there is no tonic known equal to it, as it is of the kind calculated to promote bilarity and good feeling generally. Most parents are prone to prohibit their children from laughing and talking at the table; it is unphysiological; it is a orceity.

Joyousness promotes the circulation of the blood, enlivens it, invigorates it, sends it tingling to the remotest part of the system, carrying with it animation, vigor, and life. The louder the little ones laugh the better; the faster they talk the better, for then they eat less in a given time, consequently eliev their food more thoroughly.

Discard controversy from the dining table. Discourage all subjects which invite political or religious rancor. Let every topic introduced be calculated to instruct, to interest, or amuse. Do not let the mind run on business or previous mishaps, or past disappointments. Never tell bad news at the table, nor for an hour before. Let everything you have to communicate be, if possible, of a gladsome, joyous, hilarious character, calculated to bring out pleasant remarks or agreeable associations. On the other hand, never administer a reproof at the social board to either servant or child; find fault with nothing; speak unkindly to no one. If remarks are made of the absent, let them contain some word of commendation which, if repeated in their hearing afterwards, will kindly feelings, and thus will thoughts of the family table come across the memory in after years, when we have been scattered and some laid in their final rest-place, bring with them a sweetness of emotion which makes it a pleasure to dwell upon them.—Hall's Journal of Health.

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