

The Hillsborough Recorder.

J. D. CAMERON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TRUTH FEARS NO FOE, AND SHUNS NO SCRUTINY.

TERMS—\$1 50 A YEAR, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

NEW Series—Vol. 6, No. 1—

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., NOVEMBER 28, 1877.

—Old Series, Vol. 57.

MORNING NEWS
PRIZE STORIES.
The Weekly News.
—UP—
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10th.
Will contain the first chapters of an intensely interesting and well written story.
THE
Marable Family,
BY S. G. HILLYER, JR.,
Of Cuthbert, Ga.
To which was awarded the First Prize of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, offered for the best story founded on incidents of the late war.

THE Weekly News, in addition to the Agricultural and Literary Departments recently introduced, still maintains its distinctive features as a medium for STATE, POLITICAL and General News, and every effort will be devoted to making it a comprehensive medium of information for the people. Its MARKET Reports are complete and reliable.

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Can be made by Post Office order, Registered Letter, or Express, at my risk. Letters should be addressed,
J. D. CAMERON,
Savannah, Ga.

The South-Atlantic.
A MONTHLY Magazine devoted to Literature, Science and Art, published in Wilmington, N. C. The corps of contributors in their several departments is distinguished by the "Prominent day." A series of "Forum" articles, Reviews, scientific and historical articles will appear in every number. This Magazine will contain only original literature.
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All communications should be addressed to
Mrs. CICERO W. HARRIS,
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HILLSBORO, N. C.

J. LAWS & SON.
HILLSBORO, N. C.
DEALERS IN
Tin-Ware, Stoves, Sheet Iron, Copper Work &c.
ROOFING AND GUTTERING DONE IN THE BEST STYLE.
Relief, find some of our prices: Roofing \$7.50 per square, gutters 15 cents per foot.
Tinware, 25 cents.
Fruit Cans, (quarts), 100 cents per dozen.
Sheet Iron work, at very low prices.
All kinds of work in our line done in the best style by experienced workmen.
Give us a call before trying elsewhere, as we mean business.
aug. 14, 77.

TIMELY WARNING.
NOTICE is hereby given that all violations of the Town Ordinance, prohibiting the hitching of horses, mules or any animal whatever to the fence around the Court House square will be rigidly enforced.
The fine is one dollar for each and every offence.
By order of the Commissioners of the town of Hillsboro.
Sept. 12, 77.

The Patron of Husbandry
PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
MEMPHIS, TENN.
The Only Strictly GRANGE Paper Published in the South-west.
THE PATRON is a large FORTY column paper, devoted exclusively to the interests of the Order. It numbers among its contributors some of the leading officials of the Order. Gives more reading matter pertaining to the Grange than any other five Grange papers published. IT IS THE GRANGE'S Subscription price, single copy, TWO FIFTY per annum; club of five or more, \$2.15 per copy. Send money in registered letters, or Post Office money order. Address: W. H. WORTHINGTON, Sept. 4, 1877, 229 Second Street, Memphis, Tenn.

ST. JAMES HOTEL,
12th, Opposite Bank St. & Capitol Square
Richmond, Va.
T. W. Hoenniger,
PROPRIETOR.
A new and first class Hotel, furnished in 1874 equal to any in the United States. The Property has recently acquired by the travelling public.
Charges reduced to \$2.50 and \$3 per day, according to the rate of location of rooms with uniformity in every other respect.

REMEMBER THE DEAD.
I DEAL IN
American & Italian Marble
Monuments, and Headstones.
Laborious inducements offered to clubs, and an application will forward designs, &c., or visit them in person.
S. C. ROBERTSON,
Oct. 21, GREENSBORO, N. C.

DR. WARNER'S
HEALTH
CORSET,
With Skirt Supporter & Self-Adjusting PADS.

This Corset is fitted to the natural form, and not to artificial and distorted models, thus conforming to the highest degree.

GRACE AND BEAUTY
OF FORM, WITH
HEALTH AND COMFORT
OF BODY.
Ladies are invited to call and examine this
CORSET,
AND ALSO
DR. WARNER'S NURSING CORSET.
FOR SALE BY
J. P. GULLEY,
RALEIGH, N. C.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
DRY GOODS, SHOES & CLOTHING.
227 Agent for Frank Leslie's Cut Paper Patterns.
Nov. 1th.

THE SUN.
1878. NEW YORK, 1878.

AS the time approaches for the renewal of subscriptions, THE SUN would remind its friends and well-wishers everywhere, that it is again a candidate for their considerations and support. Upon its record for the past ten years it relies for a continuance of the hearty sympathy and generous co-operation which have hitherto extended to it from every quarter of the Union.

THE DAILY SUN is a four page-sheet of 28 columns, price by mail, post paid, 35 cents a month, or \$6.00 per year.
THE SUNDAY edition of THE SUN is an eight-page sheet of 32 columns. While giving the news of the day, it also contains a large amount of literary and miscellaneous matter, especially prepared for it. THE SUNDAY SUN has met with great success. Post-paid \$1.20 a year.

THE WEEKLY SUN
Who does not know THE WEEKLY SUN? It circulates throughout the United States, in Canada, and beyond Ninety thousand families read its welcome pages weekly, and regard it in the light of guide, comforter, and friend. Its news, editorial, agricultural, and literary departments make it essentially a journal for the family and fireside. Terms: ONE DOLLAR a year, post paid. The price, quality considered, makes it the cheapest newspaper published. For copies of ten, with \$10 cash, we will send an extra copy free. Address
PUBLISHER OF THE SUN,
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

State of North Carolina, Superior Court
ORANGE COUNTY, Nov. 5th '77.
Duncan Davis, John Garden and wife Frances Carden—Plaintiffs,
against
Christopher Davis, Nathan Carlton and wife Nancy Carlton, John W. Trice and Charles G. Trice, the last two being heirs of Milly Trice—Defendants.
Petition for Partition of Land

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that John W. Trice and Charles G. Trice, heirs at law of Milly Trice are non-residents of the State of North Carolina. It is therefore ordered by the Court that publication be made in the Hillsboro Recorder, a paper published in the town of Hillsboro, for six successive weeks, notifying the said defendants to be and appear before the Clerk of the Superior Court of Orange County at his office in Hillsboro, on Monday the 24th day of December 1877 and answer or demur to the complaint filed in the above entitled action or the Plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.
Witness George Laws, Clerk Superior Court, at Hillsboro, 18th November 1877.
GEO. LAWS, Clerk
Superior Court.
Nov. 14 6t.

State of North Carolina, Superior Court
ORANGE COUNTY, Nov. 13th '77.
Joseph W. Latta in behalf of himself and all other creditors of Benton Ray dec'd—Plaintiff,
against
Addison Mangum as Administrator of Benton Ray dec'd—Defendants.
THE Plaintiff in the above action having instituted this special proceeding against the defendant as Administrator of the late Benton Ray, in behalf of himself and all other creditors of the said Benton Ray, to compel him to do account of his administration and to pay the creditors of said estate what may be payable to them respectively. THE COURT is hereby given to all creditors of the said Benton Ray to appear before me at my office in the Court House in Hillsboro, on or before the 20th day of December 1877 the return day of this writ and to file the evidence of their claims. 12th November 1877.
GEO. LAWS, Clerk
Superior Court.
Nov. 14.

CO-PARTNERSHIP.
THE RUMSELLER'S PROPOSAL TO THE DEVIL.
DEAR SIR:—I have opened apartments fitted up with all the enticements of luxury, for the sale of Rum, Brandy, Gin, Wine, Beer and all their compounds. Our objects though different can be best obtained by united action. I therefore propose a Co-partnership. All I want of men is their money. All else shall be yours.
Bring me the industrious, the sober, the respectable, and I will return them to you drunkards, paupers and beggars.
Bring me the child and I will dash to the earth the dearest hopes of the father and mother.
Bring me the FATHER and MOTHER and I will plant discord between them and make them a reproach to their children.
Bring me the YOUNG MEN, and I will ruin his emfancier, shorten his life, and blot out forever the highest and purest hopes of youth.
Bring me the mechanic and laborer, and his own money, the hard earned fruits of his toil shall be made to plant poverty, vice and ignorance in his once happy home.
Bring me the warm-hearted sailor and I will send him on a sea shore and make shipwreck of all fond hopes forevermore.
Bring me the professed followers of Christ and I will blight and wither every fond hope and feeling of the heart. I will corrupt the MINISTERS of religion and defile the purity of the church.
Bring me the patronage of the city and the courts of justice, let the magistrates of the state and of the nation become my patrons, let the lawmakers themselves meet at my table and participate in violation of law, and the name of law shall become a hissing and a by-word in the streets.
Bring me, above all, the moral, respectable man, if possible bring me the moderate temperance man, though he may not drink yet his presence will countenance the pretext under which his business must be marked. Bring him to our stores, oyster saloons, eating houses and hotels, and the more timid of our victims will then enter without alarm.
Yours faithfully,
RUMSELLER.

REPLY.
MR DEAR BROTHER:—I address you by this endearing appellation because of the great work we are both engaged in—the work of destruction. I most cordially accept your proposals. For five thousand years I sought in vain for a man fully equal to my own heart to do my work among men. I even reached the lowest depths of hell for a devil who could and would do for me the whole work of destruction. But little success attended their efforts. My opinions always made some mistake or too soon showed the cloven foot.
I sent out the demon Murder and slew a few thousand, most generally the helpless and innocent. Men turned away with loathing from him, and his mission was comparatively a failure.
I made my servant Lust go forth. He led innocent youths and beautiful maidens into chains, destroying virtue, wrecking happiness, blasting character, and causing untimely deaths and dishonored graves. But even then many of his victims escaped through the power of God my enemy.
I sent out Avarice, and in his golden chains some were bound, and men learned to hate him for his meanness, and comparatively few fell by him.
The twin brothers, Pestilence and War went forth, and famine stole behind them, but these three indiscriminately slew old and the young men, women and children, the good as well as the bad, and heaven received as many accessions as hell.
In sadness my Satanic heart mourned over the probable loss of my crown and kingdom, as I contemplated the tremendous strides which the Gospel of Jesus was making in saving men from my clutches. But when I received your kind letter I shouted till the welkin of hell echoed the shout, "Eureka! Eureka! I have found it! I have found it!" Yes, my dear brother, I could have embraced you a thousand times, and given orders to reserve for you a place nearest my person the most honorable seat in my kingdom. In you are combined all the qualifications of just such a friend and partner as I have long wished for, and in your business are all the elements of success. Now shall my throne be forever established. Only carry out your designs and you shall have money, though it be wrung from the broken hearts of helpless women, and from the mouths of hungry, perishing children. Though you fill the jails, work-houses and poor-houses, though you crowd the insane asylums, though you make murder, incest and arson to abound, and erect a scaffold and gallows in every village, town and city, you shall have money. I will also harden your heart so that your conscience will not trouble you. You shall look upon blood, and even shed it, without shade or anguish. You shall think yourself a gentleman, though men and women

your victims, shall call you a demon. You shall be devoid of the fear of God, the horrors of the grave, and the solemnities of eternity, and when you come to me your work shall produce a reward forever. All I claim is the souls of the victims.
Yours to the very last,
DIABOLUS.
—Randolph Regulator

TOO FAST.
MR Tilden was too fast in the opinion he gave that there was as yet no real danger to France because the Government had declined to falsify the election returns. He confined his observations to Paris and some of the larger towns, and thus made a big mistake. The regular ballot stuffing is not unknown to the powers that be, and intimidation at the polls was resorted to in many parts of the Republic during the late elections. The New York Herald gives this description of recent scenes that were visible during the contest:
"In the more enlightened districts fraud of this kind was not possible, but in the remote districts of the southwest, where the population is most ignorant, a state of things was kept up which the rashly caucusing-tongues who so lightly talked out Southern States could not improve on."
The war on the rural Republican newspapers extended to such representative details as surrounding the presses with guard-dogs and not allowing a copy to be struck off until the official had seen the proof and cut out all that he considered objectionable. In spite of all this the papers were seized regularly on the finest pretext and heavy fines declared against the editors. All this, too, in direct violation of the law. Troops and artillery were paraded through the districts by the Prefects as the United States troops were not as long ago by the United States marshals in the South. Arrests were made without any charge and wholly with a view to frightening the ignorant into the belief that it was dangerous to be a Republican; false news of pretended arrests was promulgated by the authorities with the same object. At the voting places the intimidation was shameless. Peasants who feared to boldly vote the Republican ticket resorted to the use of what we call "pasters," but in making the count all such were rejected. Citizens who had a perfect right to be present at the balloting an counting were hustled out of the polling places. Every mean and sly trick to swindle the Republican peasants out of their votes was resorted to, and lastly cases are coming to light where, as in that of the Louisiana carpet-baggers, actual frauds in the count were so clumsily made that they could not be concealed."

So Mr Tilden saw through a glass darkly. It is a great mistake to enter a country and judge of it by what you see from car windows and the porticoes of hotels in cities. We have often seen in our own country how English travellers have misjudged the character of Americans by the snobs and "codfish aristocracy" they chance to meet in a half dozen Northern cities.—Wilmington Star.

ALLEGED CURE FOR DIPHTHERIA.
Diphtheria is a disease which springs from the growth of a real fungus on some of the mucous surfaces of the system, more generally of the throat. It may be spread by contagion of the mucous surface of a diseased, with that of a healthy person, as in kissing, and is to a limited degree epidemic. From the local parts affected it spreads to the whole body, affecting the muscular and nervous systems, vitiating the lymph and nutrient fluids and producing paralysis. As soon as the bacterium or fungus appears in white patches on the throat, it should no longer be neglected than a bleeding gash or a broken arm, and there is almost a little need of a fatal termination of one incident as of the other. It has been found by actual experiment, both in and out of the human system, that this bacterium is killed by several drugs, the safest and most certain of which is chlorine water, diluted with the addition of from two to four times the volume of water. This wash is harmless, even when swallowed, and is pretty certain to arrest the disease. A well known physician in this city, who has pursued the treatment for fifteen years, has found it effective almost without exception, and has in that period often broken up the disease in localities where it had raged violently and defied treatment. Prior to its use he lost three cases out of six, but has since used it with scarcely a failure during the above mentioned period.—Springfield Rep.

When Dr. Bradon was rector of Eltham, in Kent, England, the text he one day took to preach, was: "Who art thou?" After reading the text, he made (as was his custom) a pause, for the congregation to reflect upon the words, when a gentleman in a military dress, who at that instant was marching very sedately up the middle aisle of the church, supposing it to be a question addressed to him, to the surprise of all present, replied: "I am sir, an officer of the Seventh Foot, on a recruiting party here; and, having brought my wife and family with me, I wish to be acquainted with the neighboring clergy and gentry." This so deranged the divine and astonished the congregation that, though they attempted to listen with decorum, the discourse was not proceeded in without considerable difficulty.

There isn't much difference between a grasshopper and a grass widow, after all. Either will jump at the first chance.

STREET EDUCATION.
A gentleman visited an unhappy man in jail awaiting his trial. "Sir," said the prisoner, tears running down his cheeks, "I had a good home education; it was my street education that ruined me. I used to slip out of the house and go off with the boys in the street. In the streets I learned to lounge; in the streets I learned to swear; in the streets I learned to smoke; in the streets I learned to gamble; in the streets I learned to pilfer. O, sir, it is in the street the devil lurks to work the ruin of the young!"—Evelings.

A good deal is said about the importance of one vote, but it is one eye that counts. At Lexington, Mo., lately, there were three men in a wagon drawn by two blind mules. The driver had but one eye and the other two men were totally blind. The amount of responsibility that rested upon the one eye in the wagon can scarcely be estimated.
"We find," said a coroner's jury at West, "that Bill Thompson came to his death by holding five axes when Jack Smith held four. And we find nine axes too many in any pack."

THE CURSE IS THERE.
"No man will ever prosper who has the curse of a ruined woman upon him." The murderer of the body can be tried and executed by the world's laws, but the murderer of the soul is tried by heaven's laws, and the execution is sure as divine justice. Aunt Betsey said this as she folded the white hands of a beautiful girl, and put white flowers and green leaves about the marble cold forehead. There was a tiny babe beside the girl mother. The house was hushed, and there was mourning such as few know. Half glad that the mother and child were dead, the rest of the family must perform the last office of burial and bear the family shame. A haunted house! A ruined home! God the architect and man the spoiler. The curse is there, and the destroyer cannot escape.—Woman's Journal.

COULDN'T QUARREL.
In the depths of the forest there lived two foxes who never had a cross word with each other. One of them said one day in the politest fox language:
"Let's quarrel."
"Very well," said the other, "as you please, dear friend; but how shall we set about it?"
"It cannot be difficult," said number one. "Two legged people fall out, why should not we?"
So they tried all sorts of ways, but it could not be done, because each would give way. At last number one brought two stones.
"There," said he, "you say they are yours and I'll say they are mine, and we will quarrel and fight and scratch. Now I'll begin. Those stones are mine."
"Very well," answered the other gently, "you are welcome to them."
"But we shall never quarrel at this rate," cried the other jumping up and licking his face.
"You simpleton, don't you know that it takes two to make a quarrel?"—Christian Weekly.

TRUE LOVE GONE OUT OF FASHION.
The country never possessed so many beautiful marriageable young women as it does at the present time. And why do we not have more marriages? We answer, because marriage for life is the exception and not the rule. The young people of this age have gone fashion and money mad. If the dandy clerk who pays one-half of his income for board and the other half for clothes cannot improve his condition he will not marry. The shop girl who earns good wages and cannot be distinguished by her dress from the baker's daughter certainly will not plunge into matrimony unless she can better her condition in life. If a man is fortunate enough to possess money, it matters not how old or ugly he may be, hundreds of intelligent handsome young women can be found only too willing to become his wife. Love is an after consideration. They marry to be supported and dressed extravagantly. How often do we hear the remark: "Better to be an old man's darling than a poor man's slave." Alas! too many of them are not satisfied to be darlings. They will persist in loving other men after they are married.
It cannot be denied that a great number of the unmarried men and adventuresses looking for wives who can keep them without working for a living. The peace and contentment of a happy home is not taken into consideration. They are willing to suffer a hell upon earth if they can be kept in idleness. If young people do not abandon this extravagance of dress and greed for money our country will be filled with old bachelors and old maids. We must have more genuine courtship and marriages to have prosperity and happiness in this world. Too many marry for money only to be disappointed and unhappy the rest of their lives.

The cartridge manufactory at Bridgeport, Connecticut, is kept busy supplying material for both parties in the Eastern war. The company is now making from six to seven hundred thousand cartridges per day; forty millions have already been turned out for Russia, and seventy millions for Turkey. And now the Italian government has sent for eighty millions. Inspecting officers from three governments work side by side to see that the goods are perfect.

"Lend me see, you know'd the captain? Well, now; 'w'at he a man as could stain 'up under trouble 'e'ual to anybody you ever see? When he come home from his third wife's funeral he didn't go terrin' round, spillin' his hat an' makin' his eyes red, but he jest sot hisself down on the back stoop; an' says he to the hired gal, says he: 'M'randy, is there any cold meat in the house?'"

A lawyer in Turin, returning home lately at night, had his pocket-book, containing \$20, stolen. The next day it was returned to him, enclosing only the following note with a photograph: "I return your pocket-book as I suppose you prize the picture that was in it. I would not have pressed your pocket if I had recognized you as the excellent lawyer who saved me from the galleys."

"Ma," said a thoughtful boy, "I don't think Solomon was so rich as they say he was." "Why, my dear, what could he've put that into your head?" "Why, the Bible says he slept with his fathers, and I think if he had been so very rich he would have had a bed of his own."

A young dandy sent twenty-five cents and a postage stamp in reply to an advertisement that appeared in an Eastern paper of "how to make an impression" and get for an answer. "Sit down in a fan of dough."

There is a dead editor out West. He died suddenly. The cause of his death was this paragraph:
"Cows, elephants, rhinoceroses, and hippopotamuses may run gracefully; but a woman never."

"That settled it. Next morning he was found a corpse, with a gory libel stick planted through his heart."
Woman, now-a-days, rises to any emergency.
"My dear," said a wife to her husband, "we haven't chairs enough for our company." "Plenty of chairs, my dear. But too much company," responded the husband.
A little boy, whose sprained wrist had been relieved by bathing in whiskey, surprised his mother by asking if papa had a sprained throat?
A few sporadic cases of yellow fever have occurred in the outskirts of Jacksonville, Fla.
Jno. Morrissey sailed from New York Thursday for Savannah, in the steamship, "San Jacinto," to regain his health.
The intelligent farmer never waits for something to turn up. He takes a plough to the ground, and turns it up.

ASHY YOUNG MAN.
Mr. Kilpatrick selected as the hero of his story ashy young man of Scotland, who for fourteen years has wooed the lassie of his heart. One night Jamie, for that was the young man's name, called to see Jennie, and there was a terrible look about his eyes—just as there is when they've made up their minds to pop the question. And Jamie came in and sat down by the fire just as he had done every Tuesday and Friday night for fourteen long years, and he talked of the weather, and the cattle, and the crops, and the stock market "I was going to say—but no, they did not talk about that. And finally Jamie says: 'Jennie, I've known you for a long time.' 'Yes, Jamie,' she says. 'And I've thought I'd always like to know you, Jennie.' 'Yes, Jamie.' 'And so I've bought—a lot—Jennie.' 'Yes, Jamie.' 'So—that—when—' 'Yes—Jamie—yes.' 'We're dead we can lay our bones together.' The fool has gone and bought a lot in a grave yard. But Jennie was not discouraged. She knew her man well after fourteen years she ought to—and so she said gently: 'Jamie.' 'Yes, Jennie.' 'Don't you think 'twould be better to lay our bones together while we're alive.'"

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