

Stephen Coles

# Hillsborough Recorder.

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## HOPE FOR ALL

Consumption is generally supposed to be an incurable disease. Why? Because medical men, whose only aim has been to kill the patient, have treated it with a poisonous arsenic which has done more to hasten its progress than to arrest it. We used the term "incurable" advisedly, for what can be more depressing and injurious to the consumptive than knowing every day that his lungs are being destroyed, and that his life is being slowly but surely slipping away from him? It is not until the patient has reached the last stage of the disease, when he is unable to stand upon his legs, that he is told that he is cured. This is the only cure that is given, and it is a cure that is only a temporary relief, and the patient is left to die.

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## THE Undersigned will open WEBB'S WAREHOUSE FOR THE SALE OF LEAF-TOBACCO

On Thursday and Friday Nov. 1st & 2nd. Regular Sale days will be Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of each week. We have here two factories and several Leaf Dealers, and there will be a steady demand for both Plug and Smoking Tobacco at regular Market Prices.

Of what use is it to strike for higher wages? Every employee gets his wages. A house-hold in Boston has a servant to let to gentlemen furnished with gas. It is a pity that when he started for the dentist, the other day, he took a tooth-ache with him. A mosquito cannot fly like an eagle, but he can bully all the Christian graces out of a man. An Iowa justice refused to fine a man for kissing a girl against her consent. He thought she ought to have consented. Why is a drunkard like a bad politician, because he is always poking his nose into measures that spoil the constitution.

## OUR FASHION LETTER.

New York, Jan 1st 1878. Fashionable milliner said to me, "Wear your hair higher, and then put your bun up on the top!" She gave me a friendly push, and triumphantly placed a high-crowned hat upon her head. "Now you look stylish!" With an exceedingly dissatisfied feeling, I could hear, and remarked sensibly, that I thought I looked "foolish." "Oh, never mind," was the answer, "it's stylish." To my regret I find she was right. Extraneous do just as she would have had me do. They wear their hair in lofty fortifications far away at the back of their heads, and like a turret on a battlement, the bouffant is perched above. Fortunately, however, they are in the minority, and such absurdity is not a necessity. Shapes are "nothing in particular." That is to say, there is no one feature, or features which stand prominently forth. Crowns are neither high nor low, nor are brims either wide or narrow. Nevertheless, we have to do with a variety of styles, and as to brims, they speak at least a dozen different languages. We have sunny brims, tender brims, severe brims, elegant brims, brims turning up, and brims going down, etc; etc; to say nothing of dignified brims, poetical brims, very youthful brims, full fledged young lady brims, untroubled brims, and elderly brims. But the last mentioned are few and far between, for as a rule, New York ladies do not grow old. This does not mean that they are a short lived race. Far from it. Youth here, extended almost, if not fully, as far as the days allotted to man's entire pilgrimage upon this planet, nor do silvered locks oppose any obstacle to young lady brims filled in with all the colors of the rainbow. For just now all the colors of the rainbow are in favor, not only in millinery, but in dress goods. Not in plain material, however, for here without exception the colors are dark, but in the bouffant fabrics (which combined with plain goods are the rage) we find the brightest and most varied hues mixed up in the most indiscriminate and haphazard way. For a black costume, ladies now prefer the Telford silks above all others, since with unexcelled beauty of finish and durability, they are full twenty four inches wide, this being a gain of from three to four inches on every yard.—Made of fine silk only, they are free from changing and are warranted not to turn green with wear.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS. Bonnet goods are as popular for school girls as for ladies, but are hardly as apt for young children. For misses, a favorite selection is dark bouffant goods piped with bright red, and exquisitely finished here and there with a bright red bow to match. While for small children, plain dark materials are chosen, and these in like manner are brightened by gay additions. Pinnings of blue or yellow are also seen, but are not in as great favor as red. In consequence of such preferences, we find that such shades are seldom worn, but in lieu thereof are small shepherd's checks, finished with bright pinnings, and sometimes combined with black velvet sleeves. In this case, white bands of black velvet afford a pleasing harmony in the way of ornamentation. For girls between the ages of four and twelve, the Breton dress, of the robe Princesse afford charming models. The Breton is likewise extremely pretty, being especially adapted to combination suits, while the Mildred, always very stylish, is usually selected for costumes of check with velvet.

THE WOMAN'S HOTEL. Ladies will be interested in the announcement that about New Year, Stewart's Hotel for the accommodation of women, will be opened. Although designed especially for self-supporting women, who as a class are condemned to live upon scanty incomes, the appointments in every respect are equal to first class hotels, while the prices will be less than those charged in third class boarding houses. The cooking department will be under the superintendence of an accomplished chef d' cuisine, and the best of service will be furnished not only to the inmates, but to outside parties.—While every material want is thus cared for, provision is made for improvement and entertainment, since in addition to many well chosen pictures and engravings, there will be a large library and handsome parlors in the parlors. Persons outside the city can hardly realize the cruel hardships undergone by hundreds of self-supporting women here.—As a rule, they dig out lives of dreary martyrdom, and to provide a way of comfortable living within their means, is to accomplish a work of the noblest philanthropy. Writing of pianos reminds me of the upright piano made by Haines Bros, Fifth Avenue and Twenty First St, which is extremely popular.—All the instruments manufactured

## THE COLLISION.

It was one of the sultriest days in August that Ernest Merton sat fanning himself with a large palm-leaf in his dusty law office. He had only passed the bar a few months ago, but already gave promise of future success. As he sat reading, and the fan, with gentle breathings, lifted his sunburnt hair, no one could fail to mark the intellect stamped upon his brow, or picture anything but a career of usefulness and success from his appearance.—But his studies were suddenly brought to an end by the entrance of a young man, the very antipode of Ernest, in every respect. Gay and trifling in the extreme, Harry Sherwood lived a butterfly existence of thoughtless pleasure. Good natured and rich, of course he had "traps" of friends, ready to follow him into any amount of dissipation and extravagance. Harry existed only for the passing hour, and followed the poet Longfellow's advice:—"Look not mournfully into the past; it cannot be again," but he did not wisely improve the present, but went "bobbing" to meet the future, as all persons do with unthinking minds.

"Well, old fellow," he exclaimed, "still plodding over those rusty books; you look pale, and need sea air; what say you to a trip to Cape May?" "Oh! I have no time just now for a trip," said the young lawyer; "you know that case of Bolman's comes up in a day or two, and I think there is money in it; I must be in town until after the trial."

The entrance of the postman put an end to the conversation, and Ernest read four business letters before speaking, but on glancing over the fifth, hurriedly exclaimed:—"By Jove! I wish I had received this sooner; my aunt is ill, and wants me to draw up her will; I am to start in the four o'clock train to meet the carriage, which will be waiting for me at the depot. It is now half-past three and I have not dined."

"You can easily catch the train, if you hurry, Ernest; I will fly down to the restaurant at the corner, and have a lunch boxed up for you of devilled crabs, while you pack your valise; I'll be back in a twinkling."

So saying, Harry Sherwood disappeared, and his friends commenced examining a few necessary articles into an old Russia-leather valise. At the expiration of ten minutes Harry returned, with a large box of crabs, and thrusting them into Ernest's hands, declared he had just twenty minutes to catch the train.

Off he flew, valise, in one hand and crabs in the other, when just as he rapidly crossed the corner, he came with such sudden force against a young girl, who was walking pretty fast in the opposite direction, that the crabs were scattered broadcast upon the pavement, and the breath nearly knocked out of one of the prettiest girls Ernest had ever seen.

"The clumsiest man I ever saw in my life," muttered the young girl, as soon as she recovered breath, and looked with sorrow at the beautiful China vase shattered to pieces on the pavement at her feet. "I beg your pardon a thousand times, but I really did not see you," and Ernest for the first time glanced up at her lovely face, then he dug down the street, leaving beauty, crabs and China to their fate. Arriving at the depot just in time to catch the train, he was whirled swiftly a long and midnight laded safely in New York, where a carriage and servants in livery were waiting to take him to his aunt's country-seat, a distance of ten miles from the city. As he entered the hall on alighting, he was met by the family physician, who told him his aunt was better, but wanted to see him at once. So according the wide staircase, he was soon in the presence of his relative.

and conducted by her, he reached his apartment. A very comfortable, of finished and bright, with India matting and snowy muslin curtains, and white covered bed, with lavender-scented room, deep window seats, cushioned with yellow damask, dressing cases and easy chairs in gilt and ebony, rare China vases and statuettes, in every corner, and pictures, writing-desk and book shelves. The wide open windows admitted the fragrance of "jessamine and honeysuckle; the moonlight shone brightly through the vine-trimmed porches.

Altogether, Ernest was charmed. What a relief from the hot, glaring city. After a refreshing supper, he spent an hour watching the beauties of nature from his window, and at the end of the third cigar, threw himself on the bed to dream of beauty and China ceramic crabs and collisions.

All night the fair face haunted him, but the morning light and breakfast bell woke him from his delightful night-dreams, to day and reality. About eleven o'clock his aunt desired to see him, and as he stood by her bedside, told him she had sent for him to make her will; but as she might yet live many years longer, she would not do so. She had intended to make him a present of a hundred thousand dollars, the rest of her property to be willed to charitable institutions; but said the old lady, "Your promptness in obeying my wishes and coming by the very train I indicated, has pleased me so much, that I now hand you these papers, making you the possessor of the sum I should have willed to you."

Ernest received the extended documents with bewildered delight. Acquainted from childhood to struggle with the world, a penniless orphan, to be made rich and independent in an instant, was almost overpowering. He tried to utter his thanks, and his aunt seemed to understand his unspoken gratitude, for placing her hand on his head, she gave him her blessing.

"It is my wish that you remain, Ernest, until I entirely recover, it has been so long since you were here; you look pale and thin; a few weeks in the country will do you good; and if you tire of an old lady's company, I will send for little Elsie to entertain you."

Of course his aunt was vehemently assured of his entire willingness to pass as much of his time with her as she desired. What mattered Kalmus's case to him? Was he not in quiet possession of one hundred thousand dollars? So he roamed through the spacious house, lounged in the comfortable library, fished in the trout stream, rowed on the lake, drove the fat, sleek old coach buttes thin, and delighted his aunt by looking bronzed and healthy.

He wrote to his friend Harry, relative to his good fortune, and received a reply full of congratulations. Thus everything passed quietly; each day repeating itself; the same pleasures and pursuits, until one day Ernest began to think of returning to the city and his favorite law books, when one day returning from a gunning tramp of six miles through the woods, he entered the house hastily to go to his room and change his dress for dinner.

As he passed the drawing-room he thought he heard voices, and concluding it was some of his aunt's old country friends, threw open the door and entered, when to his utter surprise and manifest confusion, he should be seated on the sofa beside his aunt but the fair vision of his dreams—the young girl he had never known—was in his very arms to catch the train. "Come here, Ernest, and let me present you to my little friend Elsie."

"note of time." The aunt, well satisfied that her two favorites would be pleased with one another left them very much to themselves, and was not at all surprised (though the wily old lady pretended to be so) when one morning Ernest told her Elsie had completed his curacy medicine of bliss by promising to be his wife.

"I am delighted to hear it, my dear boy; why is just the girl to make you happy; I trust that the wedding shall come off here in my house, and at no distant date; I never believed in long engagements."

"The sooner the better, as far as I am concerned," said the impatient lover. "I will speak to Elsie about it at once." So the wedding was celebrated a month from that time, and a good old-fashioned wedding. Elsie being an orphan, without brothers or sisters, had no one to consult, but her kind old friend, who gave her the love-lornest trousseau, and on the wedding morning, presented her with the pearl necklace and earrings, worn in her own youthful days.

Ernest gave his bride a pair of costly Sevres China Vases; and Henry Sherwood, who was best man on the momentous occasion, bestowed in her wedding dress a brooch of diamonds in the form of a crab, and ever after this shell-fish was regarded with affectionate remembrance by the young couple.

NEW YEAR AT THE WHITE HOUSE. The New York Sun says: The close of the year has been set apart by common consent as a time for sober self-examination, for repentance, and the making of good resolutions. Let HAYES avail himself of the gracious opportunity. The lamp holds out to burn even for him. He has stained his soul with a great crime, and the measure of punishment already meted out to him; bitter as it is, is only a foretaste of what is in store for him if he perseveres in transgression. But it is not yet too late for repentance and restitution.

The office into which he climbed as a thief and a robber—has he found it a bed of roses? Has it brought him anything but remorse and vexation? While he was still an honest man he may have dreamed of the sweets of power; but, if he fancied that stolen power would be sweet, he has had a rude awakening. The very men who helped him to fish the Presidency have turned against him; their fierce reproaches and menaces fill the air. Without a party, without friends except among men who are more dangerous to a public man as friends than as enemies, with the difficulties of a false position multiplying from hour to hour, what has he to look forward to? If his way is hard now, is it likely to become softer to his feet as he pursues it?

More terrifying than the angry voices without is the voice within. He may shut his ears to it in the day, but in the long watches of the night it compels a hearing. Over and over, with merciless fidelity, it reminds him of what he has done, and tells him what he is. As he values his well being here and hereafter, we counsel HAYES to at last heed this voice. There is only one way in which he can escape its reproaches and its menaces. Let him repent and forsake his sin. Let him make a public act of contrition and restitution. Let him, so far as in him lies, undo the great wrong he has done. Then let him return to Ohio, and try by the rectitude of his after life to win the forgiveness of the people and the charity of history.

To wish HAYES, where he is and as he is, a Happy New Year, would be a mockery. Fraud and happiness do not go together. The New York Times says: "You might as well forget your churches and school houses as to forget your local paper." It speaks to ten times the audience your ministers do. It is read eagerly each week from the beginning to the end. It reaches you all, and, if it has a lower spirit and less wisdom than a sermon, it has a thousand times better chance at you, going as it does to almost every house. You owe it to yourself to rally liberally to its support, exact from it as able and high toned a character as you do from an educator in your midst. It is not beneath your notice and care, for it is your representative. Indeed, in its character, it is the consummation of importance, interest and welfare of you all, in the aggregate of your acquaintance, and you cannot ignore it without miserably depreciating yourself. Two things in nature are detestable—A girl who is trying to be a woman, and a woman trying to be a girl.

A. W. GRAHAM, Attorney at Law, Hillsboro, N. C. PRACTICES in the counties of Orange, Albemarle, Person, Chatham and Granville. Claims collected in any part of the State.