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 10-- HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., FEBUARY 6, 1878 ---Old Series, Vol. 57.

MARK THESE FACTS!

THE TESTIMONY OF THE WHOLE WORLD.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

☞ Let the suffering and diseased read the following.
☞ Let all who have been given up by Doctors, and spoken of as incurable, read the following.
☞ Let all who can believe facts, and can have faith in evidence, read the following.

Know all men by these presents, That, on this, the Twentieth day of June, in the year of Our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-six, personally came Joseph Hardcock to me known as such and being duly sworn, deposed as follows: That he is the sole general agent for the United States and dependencies thereof, for preparations or medicines known as Dr. Holloway's Pills and Ointment, and that the following certificates are verbatim copies to the best of his knowledge and belief.

JAMES SMEITRE,
Notary Public,
14 Wall Street, New York.

[L. S.]

June 1st, 1866.

DR. HOLLOWAY: I take my pen to write you of my great relief, and that the awful pain in my side has left me of late—thanks to your Pills. Oh, Doctor, how thankful I am that I can get some sleep. I can never write it enough. I thank you again and again, and am sure you are really the friend of all sufferers. I could not help writing to you, and hope you will not take it amiss.

JAMES MYERS,
116 Avenue D.

This is to certify that I was discharged from the army with Chronic Diarrhœa, and have been cured by Dr. Holloway's Pills. WILSON HARVEY,
New York, April 7, 1866. 21 Pitt Street.

The following is an interesting case of a man employed in an Iron Foundry, who, in pouring melted iron into a flask that was damp and wet, caused an explosion. The melted iron was thrown around and on him in a perfect shower, and he was burned dreadfully. The following certificate was given to me, by him, about eight weeks after the accident:

New York, Jan. 11, 1866.

My name is Jacob Hardy: I am an Iron Founder. I was badly burnt by hot iron in November last; the burns healed, but I had a running sore on my leg that would not heal. I tried Holloway's Ointment and it cured me in a few weeks. This is all true, and anybody can see me at Jackson's Iron Works, 3d Avenue. J. HARDY, 129 Goerck Street.

Extracts from Various Letters.

"I had no appetite: Holloway's Pills gave me a hearty one."
"Your Pills are marvellous."
"I send for another box, and keep them in the house."
"Holloway has cured my headache that was chronic."
"I gave one of your Pills to my babe for cholera morbus. The dear little thing got well in a day."
"My nausea of a morning is now cured."
"Your box of Holloway's Ointment cured me of noises in the head. I rubbed some of your Ointment behind the ears, and the noise has left."
"Send me two Boxes, I want one for a poor family."
"I enclose a dollar, your price is 25 cents, but the medicine to me is worth a dollar."
"Send me five boxes of your Pills."
"Let me have three boxes of your Pills by return mail, for Chills and Fever."

I have over 200 such Testimonials as these,

but want of space compels me to conclude.

FOR CUTANEOUS DISORDERS,

And all eruptions of the skin, this ointment is most valuable. It does not heal externally alone, but penetrates with the most searching effects to the very root of the evil.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

Invariably cure the following diseases:

Disorders of the Kidneys.

In all diseases affecting these organs, whether they secrete too much or too little water; or whether they be afflicted with stone or gravel, or with aches and pains settled in the loins over the regions of the kidneys, these Pills should be taken according to the printed directions, and the Ointment should be well rubbed into the small of the back at bed-time. This treatment will give almost immediate relief when all other means have failed.

For Stomachs out of Order.

No medicine will so effectually improve the tone of the stomach as these Pills; they remove all acidity, occasioned either by intemperance or improper diet. They reach the liver and reduce it to a healthy action; they are wonderfully efficacious in cases of spasm—in fact, they never fail in curing all disorders of the liver and stomach.

Holloway's Pills are the best remedy known in the world for the following diseases.

Ague,	Dropsy,	Inflammation,	Stone and Gravel,
Asthma,	Dysentery,	Jaundice,	Secondary Symptoms,
Bilious Complaints,	Erysipelas,	Liver Complaints,	Tic-Douloureux,
Blotches on the Skin,	Female Irregularities,	Lumbago,	Tumors,
Bowel Complaints,	Fevers of all kinds,	Piles,	Ulcers,
Colics,	Fits,	Rheumatism,	Venereal Affections,
Constipation of the Bowels,	Gout,	Retention of Urine,	Worms of all Kinds,
	Headache,	Scrofula, or King's Evil,	Weakness from any cause, &c.
Consumption,	Indigestion,	Sore Throats,	
Debility,			

IMPORTANT CAUTION.

None are genuine unless the signature of J. HAYDOCK, Sole Agent for the United States, surrounds each box of Pills and Ointment. A handsome reward will be given to any one rendering such information as may lead to the detection of any party or parties counterfeiting the medicine or vending the same, knowing them to spurious.

Sold at the Manufactory of Professor HOLLOWAY & Co., New York, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the civilized world, in boxes at 25 cents, 62 cents, and $1 each.

☞ There is considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each box.

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Are Planted by a Million People in America. See Vick's Catalogue,—300 Illustrations, only 2 cts.

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Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden 50 cents in paper covers; with elegant cloth covers $1,00.

All my publications are printed in English and German. Address, JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

Administrator's Notice.

HAVING qualified as Administrator upon the estate of Dr. Francis J. Smith, dec'd, I give notice to all creditors of the estate to present their claims within the time prescribed by law; and to all debtors to the estate to make payment of their indebtedness.

A. MICKLE, Adm'r.
Chapel Hill, Dec. 26th '77-6t.

A. W. GRAHAM,

Attorney at Law.

HILLSBORO, N. C.

PRACTICES in the counties of Orange, Alamance, Person, Chatham and Granville. Claims collected in any part of the State.

Prospectus Weekly Ledger,

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

JOS. A. HARRIS, D. C. McDADE

THE undersigned propose publishing in the town of Chapel Hill, Orange county, commencing January 10, 1878, a twenty column weekly newspaper to be entitled "THE WEEKLY LEDGER." The Ledger will be devoted to Education Agriculture, the news of the day &c. In politics it will be Democratic. The editorial columns will be presided over by able writers and each week competent pens will contribute short and interesting articles on various subjects. Chapel Hill being the seat of the University of North Carolina each one of its citizens should take a pride in circulating the LEDGER. As an advertising medium the Ledger will not be surpassed. The University being in session for 10 months, and the Normal school for 6 weeks of each year it is at all times the headquarters of intelligence of the state. The LEDGER will publish everything of interest concerning the University. It will publish each week the latest markets of Orange and Wake. It will contain in a condensed form State news, general news, &c.

Terms of subscription $1.50 per year. Six months $1. Subscription payable in advance or on receipt of 1st copy of paper.

Rates of advertisements as usual in weekly papers.

Papers in the State will confer a favor by copying prospectus.

Address, HARRIS & McDADE,
Chapel Hill, N. C.

THE Undersigned will open

WEBBS' 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 five Factories and several Leaf Dealers, and there will be a steady demand for both Plug and Smoking Stock, at regular Market Price.

We will see that those who bring their Tobacco here shall have its full value.

E. H. FOGUE, & CO.
Oct. 10 '77. Hillsboro, N. C.

MY WIFE'S NEW FRIEND.

Mrs. Jones has quite a habit of cultivating new friendships, which have every appearance of blooming eternally, but which soon wither in the world's cold blasts. I used to think this characteristic was confined to school-girls, who sweet immortal fidelity in letters crossed and recrossed, but forget each other as soon as they have caught a lover.

My wife's last acquisition in the way of a bosom friend is Mrs Mortimer Mowbray, with whom she became acquainted last summer, while we were boarding out of town. Mrs Mortimer Mowbray had her carriage with her, and created quite a sensation—in fact, every lady in the house was eager to become her confidante; but the amiable deportment of Mrs. Jones, combined, I doubt not, with her intellectual accomplishments, rendered her the favorite, and she it was who occupied the spare seat in the coach, and had the honor of advising Mrs Mortimer Mowbray in those thousand grave perplexities under which women suffer.

We returned to the city after the Mowbrays; but my wife, though usually very firm on questions of etiquette waived her privileges on this occasion, and made the first call. She was graciously received, and came home in high spirits. All that evening she could do nothing but talk of Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray. 'Such an elegant establishment,' she said. 'A footman, with manners like a prince, waited at the door. The drawing room was the perfection of luxury and taste. Mrs. Mowbray had on such a sweet cap, and altogether looked so ladylike. Her manners were, indeed, most aristocratic, just what those of a Countess are supposed to be.'

In a few days Mrs. Mowbray returned my wife's call coming in a shining new carriage, and with a new span of horses. Her equipage created quite a sensation in our street.

Mrs. Jones, soon after this began to act as if brooding over some vast design, which not being matured, she deemed it wisest to be silent respecting. At last the mighty secret was broached.

'I was thinking, Jones,' she said, one night, just as I was composing myself to sleep on my pillow, 'that we ought to give a party. Not a regular ball, indeed, but a select entertainment, where a few congenial minds may be brought together. I should like to introduce my dear Mrs Mowbray to some of the choicest of our set.'

Now, I detest parties, small or large; but, as the delicacy of my wife's nerves does not allow of her being thwarted, I made no objection to the proposal, though I sighed to myself.

'Of course, my dear,' I said. 'You know best.'

'Well, about thirty,' continued my wife, warming with the subject. 'There's Mrs. Wharton, and Mrs. Horace Shinn, and Mrs. Price, and the Misses Trelawney,' and thus the dear creature ran on, until she had mentioned about forty names, and I saw that her 'select party of congenial souls' was going to be, after all, a crowded rout.

'You have forgotten the two Misses Howell,' I said at last, when my wife stopped for want of breath.

The two Misses Howell were amiable, intelligent, and pretty girls, in whom I took particular interest, because their father had once been an extensive shipping merchant, but, having become reduced and died bankrupt, the sisters were obliged to earn a livelihood by standing in a store. They had numerous rich relations on whom they might have billeted themselves, but with a spirit of proper independence, they preferred to work for their maintenance instead of eating the bread of charity. I had long nourished a romantic idea of seeing them married well, and had consequently made it a point always to invite them to our parties; to praise them highly to the young gentlemen there, and, in every other indirect way, to assist in realizing my pet scheme.

My wife, heretofore, had seconded me in my benevolent plan; but on the present occasion she hesitated to reply and I knew at once there was something the matter.

'Ahem!' she said at last, clearing her throat. 'Ahem! The Misses Howell are very nice girls, to be sure—that is, in their place—but as it is to be a select party, and as I have already mentioned rather too many, and as Mrs. Mowbray many not want to meet all sorts of people, and as'—

'Stop, my dear,' said I, with a sigh, for I saw that my favorites were not to be invited, 'you have given good reasons enough. It is a great pity though.' And I sighed again—a sigh eloquent of passive resignation.

My wife heard my sighs, and her tender heart was touched. She paused a moment in embarrassment, and perhaps even revolved the idea of yielding to my wishes; but in the end she raised herself on her elbow, and said:

'Mr. Jones, do listen to reason. You don't know how foolish you make yourself about those Howell girls. They've been unfortunate to be sure, and they're very passable, indeed; but there's prejudice, you are aware, against girls who stand in stores; and who knows but Mrs. Mowbray would take offence at my inviting such persons to meet her. I should'nt like to do it, indeed, without first asking her; and I can't do that this time. She is very particular, and so excessively high bred.'

'Then I don't think she'd regard you the less, my dear,' I ventured to say, 'for being acquainted with two such excellent girls as Patty and Lizzy Howell.'

'Mr. Jones, don't be a child,' replied my wife, flinging herself to the other side of the bed. 'At your age you should know something of the world. Exclusive people, like Mrs. Mowbray, don't care to meet nobodies. She will very choice, as you saw, whom she admitted to her acquaintance this summer; I may say, indeed, that I am the only one, of all she met, whom she recognizes.'

To have protracted the conversation would have excited my wife's nerves and deprived her of sleep, so I said no more, but closed my eyes and courted slumber anew. I have no recollection of anything after that till I woke up next morning, and leaving Mrs. Jones abed, as usual, went down to see that the fires were all right and to do the marketing while breakfast was being prepared.

The invitations to the party were issued that week, Mrs. Mowbray graciously promising to attend.

When the important evening arrived my wife was all nerves. At every ring of the bell, the color rose to her face with expectation, but guest after guest entered without Mrs. Mowbray appearing. Her nervousness soon began to change to anxiety, and this, as the hours wore on, to disappointment and dismay. She delayed the supper for a full hour, thinking that the new friend might yet arrive, but in vain.

'What can the matter be?' she said to me, as soon as we were alone. 'I hope the dear babe is well. Perhaps, however, Mrs. Mowbray is herself sick. Dear me, I am afraid I shall not sleep for anxiety. The first thing I'll do to-morrow will be to call on Mrs. Mowbray and see what is the matter.'

'Wouldn't that be against etiquette?' I ventured to ask. 'It seems to me that Mrs Mowbray should send you a note or message, or something of that sort, to apologise for her absence.'

Mrs. Jones did not reply in words, but she did give me a look. And such a look! It expressed all the indignation which her outraged bosom felt at having the slightest suspicion cast upon her friend.

When I came home to dinner that day I saw a glance that something had occurred to ruffle my wife's nerves. She had nothing whatever to say to me but she scolded the servants and children incessantly. I was too wise to inquire what was wrong. I knew that Mrs. Jones, if she thought proper, would tell me; and if not, that idle questions would only aggravate her secret troubles.

But the next day having heard something that cast light on Mrs. Mowbray's absence from our party, I could not contain myself when I came home.

'Did you ever hear, my love,' said I as I began to carve the turkey at dinner, 'that the Misses Howell had a married sister?'

Mrs. Jones looked sharply up, as if she suspected I meant more than I said and then answered laconically:

'I heard it casually, but never asked further.'

'It seems,' I continued, 'that Mrs Mowbray is that sister.'

'I've heard so since,' said Mrs. Jones sharply; and turning to our second child, who was asking for the wingbone, rapped him over the head, exclaiming, 'Haven't I told you to wait till you're helped? Take that, now, and learn manners.'

I allowed a minute or more to elapse, in order that my wife's ebullition might subside, when I remarked:

'Mrs. Mowbray, it seems expected to meet her sister here.'

'I shouldn't wonder if she did,' snappishly said Mrs. Jones, looking down into her plate, and apparently absorbed in parting a wing joint.

'When she found,' I continued, 'that her sisters were not asked, she grew indignant. She heard the reason, it seems. Your friend Mrs. Wharton, whom you have made a confidante, told some lady, who told her, and hence her anger.'

'I'm sure I don't care if I ever see the proud thing again,' said my wife, reddening very much, but still without looking up. 'One would not have supposed that she was a sister to the Misses Howell.'

After another pause passed I said.

'Did you call her Mrs. Mowbray, as you intended?'

Mrs. Jones was silent for a full minute, and seemed half disposed to decline answering altogether; but finally she blurted out her reply as follows:

'Yes, I did, since you must know. She was not at home—so, at least the footman said, but if I didn't see her at the drawing-room window,' and here she burst into tears of mortification and rage, 'may I never eat another mouthful.'

I saw that it would not do to continue the conversation; so I quietly ate my dinner, kissed the children, and went my way.

Of course the intimacy of my wife with Mrs. Mowbray ceased from that fatal party; and I am sorry to say that the Misses Howell have, as the phrase goes, 'cut our acquaintance.'

TURKS SACK A TOWN.

We are Elena at last a sharp day's fighting, characterized, I am glad to say, by few of those acts of ferocity which have disgraced so many Turkish successes. There is not a stauncher opponent to the Bashi-Bazouks system than Suleiman Pasha, but these Turkish and Circassian free lances have been raised by the central government into a situation quite beyond control, and any attempt at suppression would transform them into even less controllable brigands. We are in Elena, and the sack of the place is now in full swing. From the window of the house in which I have sought a few minutes of quiet to jot down these notes, and which overlooks the long main street of this little town, I see the ruin progressing fast. To give an idea of the scene in this street it needs to be photographed in panorama and thus present in its *ensemble*. Word painting gives but a feeble notion of it, because the simultaneity of the incidents is lost. Thus, if I say that the Bashi-Bazouks and Circassians are battering doors and shutters with the butt ends of their muskets slashing windows frames to pieces with their yataghans, blowing off locks with their revolvers, throwing the contents of houses and shops into the streets, still it is only two or three houses that the readers pictures to himself, while what I want to describe is going on, on both sides of the way all down the main street of Elena, which is a good deal more than a mile long. In the byways, too, so far as they lend themselves to such work, the depredators are at work howling and hooting, drunk with the joys of spoliation, and red hot with the excitement of destruction.

It had been intended to take precautions to prevent the sack of the town by the irregulars. Three companies were to have been told off to protect the spoil from the hands of those who had done nothing to entitle them to participate in the loot; but in the excitement of the victory it was not carried out, and thus the irregulars are securing for themselves, or recklessly wasting, the great bulk of the booty. I was in so soon after the troops that when up the street, it was comparatively empty. On a little bridge over a rivulet which crosses one end of the town lay three Russians dead and the way was almost barred by a dead horse lying still harnessed to a broken fourgon; but as I went on the Bashis came rushing past, and soon the street was filled. Shop after shop was burst open. Now a grocer's from which skins and bladders filled with cheese and Russian butter were thrown into the street; here sugar was the attraction, and the Bashis thrust the white sugar lumps by handfuls into their breasts and into the folds of their turbans, and when they were stuffed, scattered the rest about the street.

It must have been a Bulgarian feast day yesterday, for in all the grocer's and bakers' shops there was holiday cake, upon which the Bashis pounced with childish delight. Now a draper's shop was tapped, and the yarns and rougher goods were thrown out to be trampled under foot, while the long yards of calico and cloth were dragged forth, the pillagers chopping off with their yataghans such lengths as they could secure. From the vintners the casks of wine were rolled into the street and the heads stove in; bottles were hurled into the air and came smashing down among the crowd by the score. From time to time a troop of scared pigs would come rushing into the street hounded out of their styes by the side currents of the looters. Then there was a shout and a chase, and the poor beasts were bayoneted or shot by rifles and revolvers recklessly fired amid the crowd. Before a silk store lay an old Bulgar, shot through the chest, lying as he fell, and a little farther, laid out stiff and straight under the protecting front of a cook's shop, was the body of a Russian, clad in shirt and drawers, clean and fine of texture, apparently the remains of some civil functionary.—*London Times*.

SETTLING WITH THEM.

1st Business Man—"How are you, John, have not seen you for a long time, how are things with you?"

2d B. M.—"Well, about the same as they are with a great many. I am settling with my creditors."

1st B. M. (sympathizingly)—"You don't say so. I am sorry to hear you are in trouble. How much have you been able to pay?"

2d B. M.—"One hundred cents on a dollar!"

If the short suit ever feels overdone with an intense desire to be full it is when he finds himself on the outside of a crowd at a dog fight.

A SOLID CAUSE AT LAST.

An Irish matron enters a lawyer's office. "Is this the place, sur, where people git divorces?"

"Yes, occasionally we engage in that kind of business. What can we do for you, madam?"

"Faith, sur, I'd loike to git a divorce from me husband Patrick."

"What is the matter with Patrick, madam?"

"Shure and Patrick gits dhrunk, sur."

"That's bad. But I hardly think that alone will be a sufficient cause. Have you another complaint?"

"Indade I hate, sur; Patrick bates me."

"Yes, yes, I see. That adds cruelty to drunkness. But, madam, you do not seem to suffer much in your appearance from Patrick's cruelty. I think you must find a stronger reason before the court will grant you a divorce."

"Well, sur, besides all that, I fear, sur that Patrick isn't thrue to me."

"Ah! now, madam, you begin to talk business. What reason have you for thinking that Patrick is unfaithful to you?"

"Well, sur, I may say that it's meself that has strong suspicion that Patrick is not the father of me last choild!"—*Hartford Times*.

THE "BROWNEST" WEDDING

The brownest wedding we have heard of took place in Tuscaloosa a few days ago. The groom and bride were Mr. Brown and Miss Minnie Brown, and the ceremony was performed by Rev. John Brown, and the reception was given by Mr. Henry Brown. Miss Minnie Brown has brown eyes and was attired in brown autrousse, while Mr. David Brown was likewise dressed in a brown suit. Altogether, the occasion was a brown affair, and the *Gazette* of Oak City in extending congratulations to M. Brown confidently expresses a hope that the "name of Brown may ever be perpetuated."

THE CHILD'S LAUGH.—There is no day so sacred but that the laugh of a child will make it holier still. Strike with hand of fire, O weird musician, the lyre strung with Apollo's golden hair. Fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ keys. Blow, bugler, blow, until your silver notes do touch and kiss the moon-lit vine-clad shores; but know, your sweetest strains are discord all, compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light. Oh rippling river of laughter, thou art the blessed boundary line between the beast and man, and every wayward ward of thine doth drown some fretful fiend of care. Laughter should make dimples of joy enough in the cheeks of the world to catch and hold and glorify the tears of grief.

PERSEVERANCE A GREAT POWER.—A lady hired an old negro woman named Charlotte, who had the most exalted opinion of her own individuality. Whenever a subject was under discussion in the family, Charlotte would be sure to state her own superior method of proceeding in such matters. On one occasion the lady was talking of sending the children to school, when Charlotte put in her oar as usual:

'Ise I missus,' she said; 'what mek you pay money for to send the child to school? I got me smart boy name Jonus, but I larns him myself.'

'But, Aunt Charlotte,' replied the lady, 'how can you teach your child when you don't know one letter from another?'

'How I teach him? I jest mek him tek de book an' set down on de flo, and den I say, "Jonus, you tek ye eye from dat book, much less legs him, an' I skin you alive!"'—*Denver News*.

FRAUD AND FAILURE.—According to the Washington Post an ingenious member of the Mississippi Senate has contrived to slay two Presidential birds with one stone. Somebody having introduced into that body a memorial on the Presidency fraud, similar to that presented in the Maryland Legislature by Montgomery Blair, Senator Berry, a leading Democrat, killed the thing dead by an amendment reading:

Resolved, That Rutherford B Hayes is a fraud and Samuel J. Tilden is a failure.

Squibbles, an old bachelor, shows his socks, which he has just darned, to a maiden lady, who contemptuously remarks, "Pretty good for a man darned." Whereupon Squibbles rejoined, "Yes, good enough for a woman, darn her!"

A popular clergyman in England recently gave a lecture on 'Fools.' The Tickets of admission were inscribed, 'Lecture on Fools. Admit one.' There was a large audience.

'Before I was married,' said young Grippins, 'everybody told me it did not cost as much to support two as it did one, but somehow or other it doesn't pan out that way with me.'

A handsome youth being questioned by a rather stylish lady as to his occupation, replied that he was "an adjuster of movable alphabets." He was a printer.