

# The Hillsborough Recorder.

J. D. CAMERON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., APRIL 17, 1878.

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UNDER the Revised Statutes of the U. S., sections 3232, 3237, 3238 and 3239, every person engaged in any business, avocation, or employment which renders him liable to a SPECIAL TAX, is required to procure and keep CONSPICUOUSLY in his establishment or place of business, A STAMP denoting the payment of said SPECIAL TAX by the Special Tax Year beginning May 1, 1878, before commencing or continuing business on or after April 30, 1878. A return, as prescribed on Form II, is also required by law of every person liable to special tax as above.

Receipts for the following: Retail dealers in wine or spirits, wholesale and retail, 25.00; Retail dealers in malt liquors, wholesale and retail, 10.00; Retail dealers in wine or spirits, 25.00; Retail dealers in tobacco, 25.00; Retail dealers in leaf tobacco, 50.00; And on sales of over \$1,000, fifty cents for every dollar in excess of \$1,000.

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GREEN B. RAUM, Com. of Office of Internal Revenue, Washington, D. C., Feb. 1st, 1878.

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## THE SILVER KING.

There is a man alive at this present moment who, if he were so minded, could give his daughter a marriage portion of one hundred and fifty million dollars: He would then have about fifty millions left for himself. He lives half way up a mountain-side in Nevada, and his daughter lives with him. Seven years ago he was a poor man; to-day he is the silver king of America. He has dug two hundred million dollars' worth of silver out of the hill he is living on, and has about two hundred millions more yet to dig. If he lives three years longer he will be the richest man in the world. His name is James Fair; he is the manager, superintendent, chief partner, and principal shareholder in the consolidated Virginia and California Silver Mines, known to men as the "big bonanza." He has an array of men toiling for him day and night, down in the very depths of the earth, digging, picking, blasting and crushing a thousand tons of rock every twenty-four hours. He works as hard as any man of them. The man who, by his own unaided exertions, can rise to such marvelous wealth in so short a time is worth knowing something about. It is worth while to learn how such a fabulous fortune can be accumulated.

Seven years ago there were two little Irishmen in the city of San Francisco, keeping a drinking-bar of very modest pretensions, close to one of the principal business thoroughfares. Their customers were of all kinds. Among them was an unusually large proportion of stock and share-dealers, mining-brokers and the like, who, in the intervals of speculation, rushed out to the neighboring exchange five or six times a day for drinks. Whiskey being almost the religion of California, and the two little barkeepers being careful to sell nothing but the best article, their bar soon became a place of popular resort. And as no Irish Californian could ever swallow a drink of whiskey under any circumstances without talking about silver-mines or gold-mines or shares in mines, it soon fell out that, next to the stock-exchange itself, there was no place in San Francisco where so much mining-talk went on as in the saloon of Messrs. Flood & O'Brien, which were the names of the two little Irishmen. Keeping their ears wide open, and sitting the mass of gossip that they listened to every day, these two gentlemen picked up a good many crumbs of useful information, besides getting now and then a direct confidential tip; and they turned some of them in such good account by a few quiet little speculations, that they shortly had a comfortable sum of money lying at their bankers'. Instead of throwing it away heading in wild extravagant ventures, which was the joyous custom of the average Californian in those days, they let it where it was, waiting, with commendable patience, till they knew of something good to put it into. They soon heard of something good enough. On Fair's advice they bought shares in a mine called the Hale and Norcross, and were specially taking out of it fifteen thousand pounds sterling a month in dividends. This mine was the property of a company, and though it had at one time paid large and continuous dividends, it was now supposed to be worked out and worthless. Mr. Fair, however, held a different opinion; and when he came to examine it carefully, he found just what he expected to find—a large deposit of silver-ore. Thereupon he and Flood and O'Brien together bought up all the shares they could lay their hands upon, and obtained complete control of the mine. It was immediately put under Fair's management, and it prospered, and the three partners waxed very rich.

Mr. Fair, being an experienced and clever practical miner, spent most of his time down in the mine; laying out and directing the work for his partners. It was necessary that he should know all there was to be known, and see all there was to be seen, about the property; and he made such constant and thorough explorations of it, that he very soon got it by heart. In a little time there was not an inch with which he was not thoroughly acquainted, not a trace of mineral in shaft or tunnel of which he was not personally aware. By and by, being a reflective kind of man, who noticed everything and forgot nothing, he took to thinking over things, and putting odds and ends of observation together, and comparing notes, and rummaging in old out-of-the-way corners of the mine, and making all sorts of examinations in all sorts of abandoned places, and generally carrying on in a curious way, until he finally persuaded himself that somewhere, close by the Hale and Norcross, there ran a gigantic vein of silver-bearing ore, whose value he could only calculate in figures that frightened him to look at. Week after week he hunted for this vein without success, and under difficulties that would have daunted an ordinary man; but he stuck to the search, and ultimately found a clue. He followed

it up for ten days, and then struck the Bonanza, a huge sheet of glittering stephanite, one hundred feet wide, of unknown length and depth, and of the estimated value of six hundred millions of dollars—the mightiest fortune that ever dazzled the eyes of man. In a week he and his partners were the absolute owners of three-fourths of it, the prospective possessors of four hundred and fifty million dollars! Figure life these out the imagination. In the excitement caused by this astounding discovery it is scarcely more than the hard truth to say that San Francisco went raving mad. The vein in which the bonanza was found was known to run straight through the consolidated Virginia and California mines, dipping down as it went, and could not be traced any further. But that fact was nothing to people who were bent on having mining stock; and, vein or no vein, the stock they would have. Consequently they bought into every mine in the neighborhood, good and bad alike, sending prices up to unheard-of limits, and investing millions in worthless properties that have never yielded a shilling in dividends, and never will. When Flood had bought a large quantity of the bonanza stock, and had assured to himself and his partners the controlling interest in the mines, he recommended all his friends to buy a little, and O'Brien did the same. Those who took the advice are now drawing their proportionate share of dividends, amounting to about two million five hundred thousand dollars a month. The majority of those who bought into other mines are, in California parlance, "busted." What these three men and their latest partner, Mackay, are going to do with their money is a curious problem, the solution of which will be watched with great interest in a year or two to come. The money they hold now is yielding them returns so enormous that their mindless extravagances could make no impression on the amount. Every year they are earning more, saving more, and investing more. They have organized a bank with a capital of ten millions of dollars; they control nearly all the mining interests of Nevada and California; they have a strong grip on the commercial, financial, and farming interests all along the Pacific slope; and by a single word they can at any moment raise a disastrous panic, and plunge thousands of men into hopeless ruin. It will be an interesting thing to wait and watch how this terrible power for good or evil is to be wielded.—Home Journal.

In calm and truthful confidence the missionary sat. While the energetic sexton was passing round the hat. The services were over, and now had come the pause. To give an opportunity to help along the cause; But vainly went the sexton teetering up and down the aisle.—In all that congregation no one recognized the title. The missionary's hat returned as empty as his wallet. He'd been preaching to an audience that wouldn't pay a cent. Over the parson's face there flitted a disappointed look. As from the solemn sexton his empty hat he took; Then smiling on the audience, he returned it to the rack. With the words, "I'm very thankful that I've got my beaver back."—Harper's Monthly.

Killing Children in England for the Sake of Insurance Money.—The disclosures that have been made on one or two occasions lately at inquests on the bodies of children whose lives have been insured go to justify the prevalent suspicion of a close connection between infant mortality and life insurance. At an inquest held a few days ago at the death of two children at Low Spennymoor, Durham, which was adjourned for evidence as to the result of an analytical examination, a startling statement was made by Dr. O'Hanlon, medical officer to the local board. "In the last few years," he said, "ever since there had been such an enormous business going on among insurance companies, there had been a wonderful increase in the mortality among children." As a rule, he found that the children were always insured. The temptation to get rid of a child rather than maintain it is to many parents very great at all times; and when in addition to being relieved of the burden of its maintenance they actually gain hard cash by its death, the temptation may become irresistible.—Fall Mail Gazette.

A St. Louis man, visiting in Pittsburgh, was crossing a lonely bridge, when a well-dressed lady met him, knocked him down and took from his pockets every cent. He was frightened nearly to death, made complaint, and had the woman arrested. It transpired that she was his wife, and knew that he could not go to Pittsburgh without getting drunk and wasting his substance. He snubbed and withdrew the complaint.

## MORE TO BE HONORED.

It cannot be denied that it seems somewhat of a stepping down for a man who has once been a United States Senator to become a candidate for Doorkeeper of the House of Representatives. James Shields, formerly a Senator from Illinois, and the colleague of Stephen A. Douglas, who now offers himself for this comparatively humble position, has also been distinguished as an officer in the army. We suppose his poverty, not his will, consents. Well, notwithstanding Doorkeeper seems so much lower than Senator, we are not sure that Gen. Shields, in becoming a candidate, who he is elected or not, has not achieved the most honorable distinction of his life. To be the noblest work of God is what any one may feel proud of. Now Gen. Shields must be poor, or he would not at this stage of his career be a candidate for Doorkeeper. He would not be poor if he were not honest; for he was in the Senate at a time when it was easy for a Senator to put money in his purse. Behold, then, in Gen. Shields the noblest work of God!

How much more is the honest poverty of this old man to be honored than the wealth of John Sherman, who was in the Senate with him? How much more honorable, too, is the office of Doorkeeper, if lawfully obtained, than the Presidency, if won by treachery, perjury, forgery and fraud! Advance, Honest James Shields! If not a bigger man than Old Grant, as one of your predecessors in the office rated himself, you are certainly far more deserving of honor than the man who now occupies the office of Secretary of the Treasury, or the man who occupies the office of President! N. Y. Sun.

## THE WRONG MAN.

In the city of Glasgow, late one night, an Irishman entered a crowded inn and asked for a night's lodging. He was told of the crowded condition of the inn, and that there was no hope of obtaining a bed unless he consented to pass the night with a negro.—He, wearied by a day's travel, made no objection; and having dispatched his supper, he was soon sleeping by the side of his "strange bed-fellow," having left stringent orders with a landlord to awaken him at day-light, as he wished to depart on an early train. Now the landlord seeing the raw condition of his guest, determined to have some fun at his expense. So repeating to the bedroom with a few of his friends, he called on the Irishman's snoring sounded loud and long, he carefully but completely choked his face. In the morning the Irishman according to his agreement, was awakened, and finding it already late, he determined upon immediate departure. "Would he not wait for breakfast?" the landlord asked. "No!" would he have some water to wash? "No!" and away he went. He had not proceeded far before his eye was attracted by his image in a mirror, which stood in a large show window. He stopped and gazed, and was entirely perplexed, until he solved the problem satisfactorily in this wise:—"Faix!" he exclaimed, "they've awakened the wrong man!"

It was Saturday night and Wm. Gilles was strolling pensively along Broadway, when there flashed before him a vision in crimped hair, and cardinal ribbons which gazed upon him for a moment; and suddenly three two arms about his neck and discharged a kiss just below his moustache. William was not an impressionable man, but this sudden burst of affection overwhelmed him. He had gotten but a short distance from the vision when he discovered that she had absorbed his watch and chain at the moment of their meeting. In anger and dismay William sought the services of officer Houghton, who discovered cardinal ribbons and crimped hair to be traits of Miss Nellie Smith, and brought that young lady to the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday, where she was held in \$1,000.—N. Y. Herald.

## CHUCK.

Why that's no name for it. He was an itinerant vender of lamp-burners, this one, and he generally gained his end wherever he was permitted to enter a house. Yesterday, while travelling about the city, he wandered into a home in the southern part of town, where sorrow evidently reigned. The lamp man finding the door open, walked right in; and there found a poor woman in tears, with a friend or two trying to console her for the loss of her husband, who lay dead in the same room. "Can I sell you my new patent lamp-burner, ma'am?" said the vender. "No, sir," replied the woman between her sobs. "I don't wish anything of the kind."

"Please let me explain it, beauties, ma'am," said he, "and I'm sure you'd take one. You see this—"

"But I don't want it, sir," she said. "I wish you would go away. Don't, you see my poor dear husband lying here. Leave me with my sorrow."

"Oh! yes, ma'am, and I sympathize deeply with you, ma'am. Excuse me—I can't keep back these tears. Oh! ma'am if you only knew what a great consolation these patent lamp-burners of mine are on such occasions as these you would not be without one a single minute. Why, ma'am put one of these in his hand and it would light him through all the darkness he has to pass through without any trouble; and when you come to die, he could hold the lamp for you when you go to attend the golden stairs. The precious accident! kept on in that strain until he had sold half a dozen to every female in the room. Chuck! Oh! no.—Louisville Commercial.

In the midst of life we are in Death.—The other day a correspondent stated that he had quoted the sentence, "In the midst of life we are in death," but when asked whence it came he could not tell. We regret that it occurs in the Book of Common Prayer, in the Burial Service, taken from the part to be read at the grave. A number of correspondents, commenting on this answer, now ask us if it can be traced to no other source. We answer that it can. It is derived from a Latin antiphon very widely known seven or eight hundred years ago, and said to have been composed by Notker, a monk of St. Gall, in 911, while watching some workmen building a bridge at Marinsbruck, in peril of their lives. This Latin composition forms the groundwork of Luther's celebrated antiphon De Morte, prepared by in 1526, from whence we suppose the Church of England borrowed the phrase for its service.—Journal of Commerce.

A warning to young smokers.—Another death is reported from excessive tobacco smoking. The deceased was fourteen years of age, and resided with his parents at No. 9 Grove Place, Waterloo Road. For some time past he had been in the habit of smoking tobacco to such an extent as to make him delirious. On Wednesday last he complained to his mother of feeling unwell. On being questioned he said that he had been smoking all the morning, and that he felt a tremendous pain in his chest. He was put to bed, and on the following morning he was found dead. The medical testimony went to show that death resulted from nicotine, an oil extracted from tobacco, and a vegetable that that effect was returned.—Charlottetown (P. E. I.) Patriot, 16th.

What queer things men will make for money!—As an old woman said, when she saw a monkey.

The table of life is abundantly supplied. If we don't eat too fast, it will taste the better; if we don't eat too much, we shall be better nourished; if we don't watch, there will be enough for all.

We can always tell when a man comes into the office with his first article for publication.—He walks in on tip-toe and looks as though he had just passed a five dollar counterfeit bill, or had strangled a poor sick baby.

The following obituary appeared in a Memphis paper on a man killed by a circus-lar saw: "He was an upright Christian, a good citizen, and an ardent patriot, but of a limited information with regard to circulars."

A celebrated lawyer once said, "that the three most troublesome clients he ever had, were—a young lady who wanted to be married, a married lady who wanted a divorce, and an old maid who didn't know what she wanted."

There are lots of curious folk in this world. They encourage a young lady to devote three or four years to music, because she may have to teach it some day; but neglects to encourage her to learn anything of house work, never dreaming that she may be a wife some day.—Free Press.

A Vicksburg negro fell from the deck of a steamer about the other day, was swept over a gun-boat, came up in time to catch his breath before he slid under a raft a mile long, and finally, seen without ashore down at Warrington, about seven miles below, with the remark, "No see tryin', y'kaint drown a deep water Baptis'!"