

The Hillsborough Recorder.

J. D. CAMERON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., MAY 22, 1878.

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NORTH CAROLINA AT GETTYSBURG.

Applications are constantly made for copies of THE OBSERVER containing the articles in regard to the conduct of North Carolina troops at Gettysburg. The number of requests for these, from the Northern States especially, has latterly become so great that, being unable to supply them otherwise, it has been determined to publish them in book form.

The papers on the subject, on both sides will be reprinted just as they appeared in THE OBSERVER, and will make a volume of some two hundred pages.

The book will be printed on fair white paper, with good, clear type, and in paper covers will be sold at 25 cents; to dealers and canvassers at \$1.50 per hundred.

A library edition will also be made, printed on superior and handsomely bound, which will be sold at \$1 each; to dealers and canvassers at the rate of \$6 per hundred.

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Address: THE OBSERVER, Raleigh, N. C.

An elderly maiden lady, having for the first time that matches were made in heaven, declared that she didn't care a straw how soon she left this sinful world for a better land.

Her husband (Ah, miss, I—I omitted to see your father, I've some important matters to propose to him.) Benevolent young lady: Well, I'm sorry father is not in—but can't you make the proposal to me? The wedding cards soon followed.

Leaves—How do you identify this handkerchief? Witness—By its general appearance and the fact that I have others like it. Counsel—That no proof, for I have got one just like it in my pocket. Witness—I don't doubt that, as I have had more than one of the same sort before.

The Normal School.

Prof. J. J. Ladd will be Superintendent of the school. He will lecture daily on school discipline, methods of teaching, &c. Prof. Ladd has visited other Normal Colleges recently, and is prepared to give the very latest improvements in the teachers work.

Prof. S. H. Owens now in charge of the schools of Shelbyville, Tenn; will teach and lecture in the school. Prof. Owens is a man of great ability, and his work is thorough and masterly.

Prof. McIver will have charge of the department of Mathematics, and will give lectures on Physiology. Prof. McIver has the reputation of being one of the best teachers in the South.

Prof. J. L. Tomlinson was invited to take part in the management of the Normal School. He has written expressing great interest in the school and regrets that he cannot be present, as he has determined to make a tour in Europe during the summer and fall. He will devote himself to the study of the systems of education in Europe.

Col. Hotchkiss, of Staunton, Va. highly recommended by Prof. Ladd and Dr. Sears, the brilliant lecturer on Geography, has been employed in that department. He will lecture particularly on the geography of North Carolina and the adjacent States.

It has been determined to organize a class in English Philology, and Mr. Walter H. Page, of Cary, who has studied in Europe, and who won, by his great merit, a fellowship at the Johns-Hopkins University, has been invited to take charge of that department.

Prof. E. H. Wilson, assisted by his brothers, will take charge of the Vocal Music. Prof. Wilson has no superior as a teacher of vocal music in the State. Besides being possessed of a thorough knowledge of music, he has a fine voice thereby adding greatly to his qualifications as a teacher.

Mr. C. S. Noble, of the University of North Carolina, will teach Latin. Mr. Noble was a student at the Higham School, where his ability and application promoted him to a tutorship in that institution. He is taking an advanced course in Latin in the University. If the Latin class is too large for one teacher Prof. Geo. T. Winston has agreed to cooperate with Mr. Noble.

President Battle is corresponding with a distinguished educationist of New York, with a view of procuring his services for instruction in Oratory.

Promises of Kindergarten material have been made, and an expert in Kindergarten teaching will be procured from the North if one cannot be found South.

We will probably be able to announce the teachers in Chatham, Pamlico, and other branches, in our next.

Prof. W. C. Kerr will deliver a series of lectures on the Geology of North Carolina.

President Battle is constantly receiving letters from applicants, and we can safely put the attendance upon the next Normal School at 400.

Pecuniary aid will be given to indigent teachers. Letters under this head should be addressed to President Battle.

Teachers and scholars are invited to attend. Every one is invited to join the next Normal School—Chapel Hill Ledger.

FOREWARNED, FOREWARNED.

The following special dispatch of the 5th, from Washington to the New York Herald, is commended to the attention of Southern Democrats. It unfolds anew the Republican programme for the congressional campaign this fall:

The Republican plan of campaign for the fall elections includes the sending of speakers to the Southern congressional districts which are close or which have within a recent period sent Republican representatives to Congress. It is argued that in these districts the President's policy has prompted ambitious Democrats to take the field for congressional honors, and that it will be easy to slip in a Republican candidate.

Again, any refusal to allow such speakers to be heard, and especially any violence that might be offered them, would have a telling effect against the Democrats in doubtful or close districts at the North. In the cloak room of the House the other day, when the Republicans asked some Southern Democratic members how they would treat any such speakers who might go South, the Democrats wisely and good naturedly answered: "Let them; they shall make all the speeches they want to."

This narrative teaches. That independent Democratic candidates must be discouraged; it further teaches that every man who runs on the stump in the Southern States this fall must have "a fair shake."

In the close Democratic districts there is no time for foolishness.—Charlotte Observer.

Mr. W. S. Primrose, the retiring assistant cashier of the State National Bank, of Raleigh, was presented with a splendid silver pitcher and goblets by his colleagues in the bank. The ceremony took place Thursday.

TRIED AND TRUE.

It was the Carnival season in Paris, and Col. Eugene Merville, an attaché of the great Napoleon's staff, who had won his way to distinction with his own sword, found himself at the masked ball in the French opera house. Better adapted in his tastes to the field than the boudoir, he flirts but little with the gay figures that cover the floor and joins but seldom in the waltz. But at last, while standing thoughtfully and regarding the assembled throng with a vacant eye, his attention was suddenly aroused by the appearance of a person in a white satin domino, the universal elegance of whose figure, manner and bearing convinced all that her face and mind must be equal to her person in grace and loveliness.

Though in so mixed an assembly, still there was a dignity and reserve in the manner of the white domino that rather repelled the idea of a familiar address, and it was some time before the young soldier found courage to speak to her.

Some alarm being given, there was a violent rush of the throng towards the door; when, unless assisted, the lady would have materially suffered. Eugene Merville offers his arm, and with his broad shoulders and stout frame wards off the danger. It was a delightful moment; the lady spoke the purest French, was witty, fanciful and captivating.

"Ah! lady, pray raise that mask, and reveal to me the charms of a creature that must accompany so sweet a voice and so graceful a form as you possess?"

"You would, perhaps, be disappointed. 'No, I am sure not.' 'Are you so very confident?' 'Yes! I feel that you are beautiful—it cannot be otherwise!'"

"Don't be too sure of that," said the domino. "Have you ever heard of the Irish poet Moore's story of the veiled prophet of Khorassan—how, when he disclosed his countenance, his hideous aspect killed his beloved one. How do you know that I shall not turn out a veiled prophet of Khorassan?"

"Ah, lady, your every word convinces me to the contrary," replied the enraptured soldier, whose heart had begun to feel as it never felt before; he was in love.

She eludes efforts at discovery, but permits him to hand her carriage, which drives off in the darkness, and though he throws himself upon the fleetest horse, he is unable to overtake her.

The young French Colonel becomes rosy; he has lost his heart, and knows not what to do. He wanders hither and thither, shuns his former places of amusement, avoids his military companions, and, in short, is miserable as a lover; cast well be, thus disappointed. One night, just as he had left his hotel on foot, a figure, muffled to the very ears, stopped him:

"Well, monsieur, what would you do with me?" asked the soldier.

"You would know the name of the white domino?" was the reply.

"I would, indeed," replied the officer hastily. "How can it be done?"

"Follow me."

"To the end of the earth, if it will bring me to her."

"But you must be blindfolded."

"Very well."

"Step into this vehicle."

"I am at your command."

And away rattled the youthful soldier and his strange companion. "This may be a trick," reasoned Eugene Merville, "but I have no fear of personal injury. I am armed with this trusty sword, and take care of myself." But there was no cause for fear since he soon found the vehicle stop, and he was led blindfolded into the house. When the banlage was removed from his eyes, he found himself in a richly furnished boudoir, and before him stood the white domino just as he met her at the masked ball. To fall upon her knees and tell her how much he thought of her since their separation, that his thoughts had never left her, that he loved her devotedly, was as natural as to breathe, and he did so gallantly and sincerely.

"Shall I believe all you say?"

"Lady, let me prove it by any test you may put upon me!"

"Know, then, that the feelings you avow are mutual. Nay, untie your arm from my waist. I have something more to say."

"Talk no longer, lady! Your voice is music to my heart and ears."

"Would you marry me, knowing to more of me than you now do?"

"Yes, if you were to go to the very altar masked!" he replied.

"Then I will not you."

"How lady?"

"For you are faithful to the love you have professed, and I will be yours—as truly as heaven shall spare my life."

"Oh, cruel suspense!"

"You deny?"

"Nay, lady, I shall fulfil your injunction as I promised."

"But the expiration of a year you do not see how we then the contract shall

be null and void. Take this half ring," she continued, "and when I supply the broken portion I will be yours."

He kneeed the little emblem, swore again and again to be faithful, and presenting her hand to his lips bade her adieu.

It was conducted away as mysteriously as he had been brought thither; nor could he by any possible means discover where he had been, his companion rejecting all bribes, and ever refusing to answer the simplest questions.

Months rolled on. Colonel Merville is true to his vows, and happy in the anticipation of love. Suddenly he was ordered on an embassy to Vienna, the gayest of all the European capitals, about the time Napoleon was planning to marry the Archduchess Maria Louisa. The young Colonel is handsome, manly, and steady distinguished in arms, and becomes at once a great favorite at court, every effort being made by the women to captivate him—but in vain; he is constant and true to his vow.

But his heart is not made of stone; the very fact that he had entertained such tender feelings for the white domino had doubtless made him more susceptible than before.

At last in met the young Baroness Caroline Von Waldroff, and in spite of his vows she captivates him, and he secretly curses the engagement, he had so blindly made at Paris. She seemed to wonder at what she believes to be his devotion—and yet the distance he maintains! The truth was, that his sense of honor was so great that, though he felt he loved the young baroness, and even she returned his affection, still he had given his word and it was sacred.

The satin domino is no longer the ideal of his heart, but assumes the most repulsive form of his imagination, and becomes in place of his good angel, his evil genius! "Well, time rolls on; he is to return in a few days—it is once more five carnival weeks; and in Vienna, too, that gay city. He joins in the festivities of the masked ball, and wonder fills his brain, when, about the middle of the evening, the white domino steals before him in the same white satin dress he had seen her wear a year before at the French opera house in Paris. Was it not a fancy?"

"Loose, Col. Eugene Merville, to hold you to your promise," she said, laying her hand lightly upon his arm.

"Is this a reality or a dream?" asked the amazed soldier.

"Come, follow me, and you shall see that it is a reality," continued the mask, pleasantly.

"I will."

"Have you been faithful to your promise?" asked the domino, as they retired into a saloon.

"Most truly in act; but, alas, I fear not in heart!"

"Indeed?"

"It is too true, lady, that I have seen and loved another, though my vow to you has kept me from saying so to her."

"And who is it that you love?"

"I will be frank with you, and you will keep my secret?"

"Most religiously."

"It is the Baroness Von Waldroff," he said, with a sigh.

"And you really love her?"

"Alas! only too dearly," said the soldier, sadly.

"Nevertheless, I must hold you to your promise. Here is the other half of the ring, can you produce its mate?"

"Here it is," said Eugene Merville.

"Then I, too, keep my promise!" said the domino, raising her mask, and showing to his astonished view the face of the Baroness Von Waldroff!

She had seen and loved him for his manly spirit and character, and having found by inquiry that he was worthy of her love, she had managed this delicate intrigue, and had tested him, and now gave him her wealth, title and everything.

They were married with great pomp, and accompanied the archduchess to Paris. Napoleon to crown the happiness of his favorite, made him at once a general of division.

They had been engaged for a long time, and one evening were reading together.

"Look, love," he exclaimed, "only \$15 for a suit of clothes!" Is it a wedding suit? she asked, looking wistfully at her lover.

"Oh, no," he answered; "it is a business suit." Well, I mean business," she replied.

A minister telling a beautiful young girl, who was about to become a bride, that she must remember that the man and wife are one. "Lord," said she, "if you were under my father and mother's window when they are quarrelling, you would think they were at least half a dozen."

There are three things which can no wise be used for good—malice, envy and folly; and there are three things that can by no means be employed for evil—humility, contentment and liberality.

A CHINESE CRUCIFIXION.

The following account of a crucifixion in China, interesting because of its resemblance to those mentioned in scripture, is by Mr. Jones, of Amoy, who witnessed it on the 28th of October, 1868.

The victim was a well known thief, whose principal offense was that of stealing young girls, and selling them for prostitutes. This cross was of the Latin form, the foot being inserted in a stout plank, and the criminal standing on a board, and nails driven through his feet, his hands stretched and nailed to the cross beam. His legs were fastened to the cross with an iron chain, his arms bound with a cord, and in the cord around his waist was inserted a piece of wood, on which was written his name and offence. A piece on his right arm contained his sentence, namely—to remain day and night on the cross until he died.

Another on his left arm had the name of the judge with his title and office.

The criminal was nailed to the cross inside the Yamen, in the presence of the magistrate, and then carried by four coolies to one of the principal thoroughfares leading from the city, where he was left during the day, but removed at night inside the prison, for fear of his friends attempting to rescue him; and again carried forth at daylight in charge of two soldiers.

He was crucified at noon on Wednesday, and Mr. Jones conversed with him at five in the evening. He complained of pain in his chest and thirst. On Thursday he slept for some hours, when the cross was laid down in the jail compound. No one was allowed to supply him with food or drink; and during the day there was quite a fair in front of the cross, people being attracted from the distance, and the sweetmeat vendors driving a large trade.

On Saturday he was still alive, when the Tota was appealed to by a foreigner to put an end to the wretch's suffering; and he immediately gave orders that vinegar should be administered, which he expected would produce immediate death. But the result was otherwise; and at sunset, when the cross was taken within the jail, two soldiers with stout bamboo, broke both of his legs, and then strangled him.—Charlotte Observer.

BEAUTIFUL FIGURE OF LIFE.

Bishop Heber, upon departing for India, said in his farewell sermon: "Life bears our use like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first goes down the mighty channel—through the playful murmuring of the little brook, and the willows upon its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young buds, the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider, deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving pictures of enjoyment and industry passing us; we are excited by our short-lived enjoyments. The stream bears us on, and joy and grief are left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot be delayed; for, rough or smooth, the river hastens toward its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the waves beneath our feet, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until our further voyage there is no witness save the infinite and eternal."

THE NEW KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

The new secret league called the Knights of Labor, whose formation was first reported three weeks ago, has completed its organization and is in working order throughout the country. It is an anti-bond brotherhood, with signs and passwords that are bonds of fraternity among some 500,000 members. Their by-law set forth that "the purpose of the association is the elevation of labor by means of electing members of Congress and State Legislatures." Acknowledging no party fealty, they support any nominee who is pledged to their objects. But certain facts go to show that the association is also an ally of the socialist organizations, whose aims have attracted considerable attention in the West; that it is the parent organization of many of the minor labor leagues, and that it is, above all, the chief instigator, director or supporter of labor strikes all over the country. The Knights of Labor grew out of the recent virtual abandonment of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.—New York Herald.

Look not mournfully into the past; it cannot be brought again. Wisely improve the present—it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.

A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

There is no merit where there is no trial, and till experience stamps the mark of strength, onwards may pass for heroes, faith for falsehood.

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