

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. 36—

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., AUGUST 14, 1878.

—Old Series, Vol. 58.

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THE WORLD RENOWNED WILSON SEWING MACHINE

In workmanship is equal to a Chronometer Watch, and as elegantly finished as a first-class Piano. It received the highest awards at the Vienna and Centennial Expositions. IT SEWS ONE-FOURTH FASTER than other machines. Its capacity is unlimited. There are more WILSON MACHINES sold in the United States than the combined sales of all the others. The WILSON MENDING ATTACHMENT for doing all kinds of repairing WITHOUT PATCHING, given FREE with each machine.

AGENTS WANTED: WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.

627 & 629 Broadway, New York; New Orleans, La.; Cor. State & Madison Sts., Chicago, Ill.; and San Francisco, Cal.

Seldom equaled! Never excelled!

ALLISON & ADDISON'S,



COMPLETE MANURE FOR TOBACCO

STANDARD GUARANTEE.

WE make manure that we believe to be the best. It will be of your interest to use it on your crop this year.

BECAUSE it is made by experienced and responsible men, of the best materials known, and in the most thorough and careful manner.

BECAUSE it is RICH in Ammonia, Soluble Phosphate, and REAL Bone Phosphate of Lime derived from bones of animals.

BECAUSE it is so pure and of the best quality, and so long-lasting. It starts the plant quickly and sustains it to maturity.

BECAUSE it is a restorative of worn-out lands. BECAUSE it has been tried for five years, and the general verdict is: "It is all in name implies." "A Complete Tobacco Manure." "The best I ever used."

Price as low and terms as liberal as those of any other standard, high grade Fertilizer. We solicit your patronage.

ALLISON & ADDISON, Manufacturers of THE STAR BRAND COMPLETE MANURES, Richmond, Va. Branch Office, Petersburg, Va.

SEEDS! SEEDS!!! We beg to call the special attention of our friends in North Carolina, to our large assortment of all varieties of FIELD and GARDEN SEEDS, which are pure and of the best quality, send for an agricultural annual descriptive of these grasses. Orders and correspondence solicited on all subjects connected with our business. Address: ALLISON & ADDISON, Richmond, Va. Mar 17.

Use manure more liberally for us than at anything else. Capital not required; we will start you \$12 per day at home made by the industries. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. Costly outfit and terms free. Address: T. W. & Co., Augusta, Maine.

State of North Carolina, Superior Court PERSON COUNTY.

Alex. Whitfield, Susan J. Gregory, Thos. Whitfield, Edwin Whitfield, Emily M. O'Braun and her husband Alex. O'Braun, Charlie Elliot and Weldon Whitfield minors, by their next friend Espe- rau Whitfield, Jane Pleasant and her husband Wm. Pleasant, Francis Long and her husband Alex. Long, Preston Whitfield, Caroline Morgan and her husband Hainey Morgan, Mary Rimmer and her husband William Rimmer, Laura J. Whitfield, Para Lee Whitfield and Parthenia E. and James E. Whitfield minors by their next friend Elizabeth Whitfield, Albert Whitfield, Martha Blalock and her husband William Blalock, Parham Whitfield, Angalet Whitfield, Jennie Jones and her husband — Jones, Nat. Whitfield, Pink Whitfield, John D. Whitfield, Cora Whitfield and Robt. Jeff. Cornelia and — Whitfield by their next friend Stella Whitfield.

Legra Whitfield, Martha Moore and her husband William Moore, Leo Ben M. Whitfield, Mazon Whitfield, Wm. G. Whitfield, Lucreea Hodgins a boy living at law name unknown, Richard White- hold, Wm. Whitfield, John Whitfield, Thomas Whitfield, D. F. Whitfield, Geo. Whitfield, Susan Pantner and her husband John Pantner or their heirs, names unknown, Catharine Rimmer and her husband James Rimmer and the heirs at law, whose names are unknown, of Wm. Milroy, John James and Jefferson Whitfield deceased.

Summons for Relief. WHEREAS the said proceeding is the division of the land devised by the last will and testament of James C. Whitfield, dec'd., for a settlement among the devisees of said deceased and their legal representatives; and it appearing to the court that Legra Whitfield, Martha Moore and her husband William Moore, Leo Ben M. Whitfield, Mazon Whitfield, Wm. G. Whitfield, Lucreea Hodgins, a boy living at law name unknown, Richard White- hold, Wm. Whitfield, John Whitfield, Thomas Whitfield, D. F. Whitfield, Geo. Whitfield, Susan Pantner and her husband John Pantner or their heirs, names unknown, Catharine Rimmer and her husband James Rimmer and the heirs at law, whose names are unknown, of Wm. Milroy, John James and Jefferson Whitfield deceased, are non-residents of the State of North Carolina, they are hereby notified to appear at the Clerk's office of said Court, at Roxboro, in said county, on or before the 14th day of September next, and answer or demur to the complaint which will be deposited in said office within ten days from the date hereof, or judgment will be taken pro- ceed as to them.

Witness J. J. Lunsell, Clerk of said Court, at Roxboro, this 14th day of July 1878.

J. J. LANSDELL, C. C. C.

Riches are gotten with pain, kept with care, and lost with grief. The cares of riches lie heavier upon a good man than the inconvenience of an honest poverty.

We esteem others not so much for what they are worth, as for what they are worth to us.

Edgar Lovecraft wishes that "man could make love like a bird." He does Edgar, he does, like a goose.

A clear conscience is best law, and temperance the best physio.

It is good to be deaf when the slanderer begins to talk.

Studios old Lady. "Did you ever read all about that great plague in London, dear- ists? Affectionate Husband—"No, nor I don't want to; but it is enough to 'ave a plague in my own case?"

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THE BERLIN TREATY.

By the Berlin Treaty Russia obtains a great deal less than would have satisfied her previous to the war. Religious liberty, however, to all christians in the East has been secured. Bulgaria gains its autonomy as a tributary principality, under the suzerainty of the Sultan. Her relations with the Porte will be precisely the same as those that have hitherto existed between Roumania and Turkey. Her future Prince is to be elected by the people, and is to belong to any reigning European dynasty.

The province of Eastern Rumelia, which formed the South of Balkans, will be nominally under the direct political authority of the Sultan, but virtually will have a administrative autonomy and a Christian governor. In the formation of the militia of the country the religion of inhabitants will be taken into account, and the Christians will be 1/3 the Majority there being two of that faith to one of Mohammedan.

Bosnia and Herzegovina are to be occupied by Austria. The acquisition of these two provinces will secure for Austria very important military positions, and especially gives the advantage of a backing of solid territory to that narrow strip of land which extends along the sea coast, under the name of Dalmatia.

Montenegro and Servia are declared independent States; the former annexes the part of Autivari, war ships of all nations. The latter is to get an extension to her frontier. Both States, however, are to bear a share of the Turkish public Debt, in proportion to that territory they acquire.

Roumania is declared independent by returning to Russia that part of Bessarabia which she took under the treaty of Paris, and receiving the Dobruddschia in return.

To all these changes the Sultan has given his submission. With European residents or consuls to make up mixed commissions, the checks that can be applied will be sufficient to put an end to the secular side of Mohammedanism.

Greece gets nothing; but the Porte is engaged to supply to Crete the plan of Government of 1868.

England gains by the splendid diplomacy of Beaconsfield more than the mere occupation of Cyprus or the protectorate of Asia Minor, and time can only develop the immense advantages which are to result to her from the meeting of the Berlin Congress.

THE LEGEND OF "EL DORADO."

When the Spaniards first discovered Guyana and established communications with the natives, the latter very soon became aware of the ardent affection which their visitors entertained for gold. They related to the new comers the history of a great chief who in the interior, on the banks of a vast lake called Parime, who possessed palaces with walls of the precious metal, and who every day powdered himself from head to foot with gold dust. The imagination of the adventurers was at once fired, and they determined to visit the Cross whom, in their language, they called "El Dorado," the gilded man. The tale was not wholly baseless, as some such mysterious personage did exist, and daily performed a toilet somewhat resembling that described in the native account. But, instead of using real gold dust for his decoration, he employed a substance, well known to miners, called golden sand, which is, in fact, only an ore of iron in minute particles, utterly valueless, but which glitters like gold. Many attempts were fruitlessly made to penetrate to El Dorado, and, among others, Sir Walter Raleigh. At last some adventurers reached one of the palaces situated on the Courouapi, an affluent of the Yari, but which turned out to be nothing more than a natural grotto, the walls of which were formed of micaeous rocks. Mica is one of the constituents of granite, and has a yellowish metallic glitter, which, under a strong light, makes it resemble gold. As for the famous lake Parime, some foundation also existed for the legend, as the region inhabited by the Indian chief is situated on the alluvial lands at the foot of a mountain range called Tomuc-Homac, and every year, during the rainy season, the ground is covered by an inundation of an immense extent, and the natives are able to navigate the vast forests in their canoes.

The stock toast drunk at Orange Jinness on July 12, runs as follows: "Here is to the great, good, pious and immortal memory of William, Prince of Orange, who delivered us from Pope, Popery, wooden shops, brass money and slavery! May he who will not drink this toast be jammed, rammed and crammed into the great gun of Athlone and fired over the hills of Tyrone, and made sparables of for Protestant's shoes." Sparables are long shoe pegs for the ologs which they wear around the logs.

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A THRILLING RIDE FOR LIFE.

Andy Baker arrived here on Saturday evening with the mail. He furnishes further particulars of the death of George McCutchan, the driver, at the hands of the savages. When he saw the hand of Indians making towards him he wheeled round in an instant and put his horses on the direction of Dry Creek. It was a race for life. Although the horses were the best stock on the road, it could not be expected that they would maintain the ascendancy in speed with such a heavy load to pull and the savages pursuing them on horse back. But the driver and his passenger, knowing the fate that was in store for them if they fell into savage hands, pushed along for a few minutes at a lightning rate. The bullets of the pursuing savages were whizzing round them thick and fast, but they heeded them not. They were appalled, however, at the fact that the distance was gradually lessening between the pursuers and the pursued, but in this dire emergency their coolness did not desert them. The demoniac yells of the savages were now heard close to their rear. The distance ahead was about three miles, and then began a new phase of the struggle for life. It was but the work of an instant for driver and passenger to jump from the stage and cut loose the leaders. They did, and each man mounting a horse sped onward, leaving stage and the other two horses behind them. They now seemed in a fair way to escape. The savages kept right on after them, seeming not satisfied with the booty that had been left them. About two miles had been made when an unlooked for accident occurred. The horses were still carrying all their harness, and being thus encumbered, the one ridden by the driver stumbled and fell. He did not drag the other horse down with him, although the horses were still connected with the harness as when attached to the wagon. The horse ridden by young Hamilton detached himself, and he was left to keep up the race alone. Poor McCutchan had not time to get his horse up and mount him. The driver immediately began his brutal and torturing work, killing him by slow process and mutilating his body. One of his eyes was gouged out. The fiends took his watch, rifled his pocket and left the disfigured body near by. The mail sacks on the stage were subsequently cut open and their contents either appropriated or destroyed. Hamilton was pursued a short distance, but the chase was given up. He ran his horse several miles, father taking to the sage brush. When opposite Dry Creek the animal sank from exhaustion. Hamilton waded his way on foot to the Dry Creek station, got a fresh horse, and he and the stock tender started on, warning the few settlers along the road of the impending danger.

IRONAULT ATKINSON'S DEATH.

A dispatch to the Chicago Times from Elmwood, Ill., says: "Over 2,000 persons had collected near the railroad station here on Saturday evening last to see a balloon ascension by Prof. B. D. Atkinson. The balloon, inflated with hot air, having been cut loose, the ascension, holding on to the trapeze with one hand, waved an adieu to the people, saying, as he went up, 'It is the poorest ascension I ever made, but I'll do the best I can.' As it rose, Atkinson swung his feet over the bar, and hooking on by the knee joint, hung with his head down. He next looked his feet at the junction of the rope where it was fastened to the bar, suspending himself at full length. The balloon by this time had ascended in the quiet evening air between two hundred and three hundred feet. Atkinson, then righting himself, suspended himself from the bar by one arm, but suddenly, as though paralyzed, he let go his hold and fell, still holding up his arm. Women screamed and fainted, children shrieked, and men hid their faces to shut out the awful spectacle. The crowd left on his back with a shocking thud about a yard outside of the railway track. When he was taken up was found dead. The mangled corpse was carried to the Leola House, to await the order of his widowed mother, who dwells in Burlington, Iowa. Atkinson was in the employ of J. A. Whetstone, one of the well known Whetstone Bros. acrobats. He had been making a-cents daily since last April, along the narrow gauge railroad from St. Louis to Cairo, and back to Peoria and Mazon, and his little company of five was now on its way to Galesburg. Atkinson took the place of Donaldson under Barnum's management, when that performance disappeared. Three years ago, in making an ascent from Calhoun, Ky. the balloon caught fire, and Atkinson fell one thousand feet, striking the branch of a tree, which broke the fall. He escaped with a few fractures, and went into the business again.

A GIFTED EXPERT.

One of the most skillful experts in America is J. F. Tandy, coin examiner at the treasury, to whom I am indebted for much valuable information. He is a most remarkable gift for discerning the slightest fraud in specie, and yet he can hardly tell how it is done. If a counterfeit piece be concealed in a heap of money he will detect it blindfolded. All that is required is to run his fingers through the mass, and in a few moments every one is tested. This is the result of that remarkable power of touch which is only perfected by long practice. Such a man is of immense value in a place like the treasury. Coin in this institution is handled in large sums, and it is wheeled on trucks like other merchandise, but in weighing a bag the loss of a single piece would be noticed. The treasury is floored with marble tile, but these would soon be destroyed by the heavy trucks that roll through the specie department. For this reason the strongest wooden floor is used, being made of maple strips set in edgewise and fastened in the most secure manner. Even such a bottom is none too solid for the incessant trituration of iron wheels and heavy burdens.

A BOY'S DELIRIOUS VISIONS.

The Milwaukee (Wis.) Sentinel says: "William Elliott, a lad about eleven years of age, resident on Fourth street, between Wiet and Cherry streets, is exciting the interest of the neighborhood on account of a singular delirium that he has become subject to within the past few weeks. Having expressed a wish to earn enough during his school vacation to buy a small printing press, his father procured him employment in a brewery, and it was while engaged in stamping corks that he became ill, and manifested an extraordinary abnormal condition. William's confinement to his bed does not bear him from observing what is transpiring in his neighborhood. On one occasion his mother requested one of the children to ascertain the condition of a little girl who had been quite seriously ill for some time. William immediately advised the mother not to send his sister on the errand, since the child she was so solicitous about had died. He had seen her go to Heaven. Inquiry revealed the fact that the little girl had breathed her last. In a strange voice and singular manner he declares that he, too, is about to go to Heaven—that he will be translated like Elijah of old—in a chariot of fire. The odd behavior of the boy and his mysterious communications have been carefully noted by physicians, and the phases of his peculiar delirium have become a study as well as a matter of interest to the friends and neighbors of the family.

A Rochester wife opened a telegraphic message addressed to her husband, and read: 'Jenny will meet you in Syracuse this evening.' Thus she did everything that a jealous woman could do, only to find that Jenny was a lawyer, and the message was to arrange for consultation in an important case.

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Two negroes entered the store and dwelling of Mr. Mosley Henley in Goodland county fifteen miles west of Richmond, for the purpose of robbery, but were frightened off. Mr. Henley went to the window with a gun, and while leaning out was shot in the face. This was followed by another shot through a panel of the door the ball striking Mrs. Dimard's (Henley's mother-in-law) in the abdomen. After this the thieves without entering the house demanded money and bows giving the sizes they wanted, and other articles, all of which were given them by Henley's wife, whereupon they left. Henley recognized the man who shot him, as a son of two negroes seen loitering about the neighborhood for several days. The country people are astir and after them Henley's wound though serious is not considered fatal, but Mrs. Dimard will probably die.

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WHICH WAS THE WISER?

There was an intelligent educated, wealthy gentleman, who had a poor, ignorant, simple minded neighbor. Being near neighbors, the two often met in social converse. Justly the gentleman of intelligence would often laugh at his poor ignorant neighbor on account of his stupid ignorance. Finally, in just and good humor one day he said to him: "John, take this case; I give it to you; keep it, and use it till you meet with a bigger fool than yourself, then give it to him." John took the case, returning expressions of thankfulness to his kind neighbor for the gift. A few years had slipped away off into eternity, when the gentleman was taken sick, and lay upon his bed of death. John called to see him. Said he to the sick man, "Neighbor, how do you feel to-day?" "Ah, John, I am very sick! John, I am about to go to that far off country whence no traveler ever returns!" "Well, neighbor," said John, "if you are going to take such a long journey, and into such a strange land, I suppose you have made preparation to be happily located when you arrive there. I suppose you have employed some one able and willing to prepare a mansion for your reception and habitation in that strange country. Have you prepared for your journey?" "Oh, John, I have neglected that!" "What!" said John, "are you going to take such a long journey into a strange land, and have made no preparation for peaceful employment there? As big a fool as I am, and as you have so often told me I was, it has been the earnest business of my life to prepare for this long journey—to prepare for death! Neighbor, you remember you gave me this case, and told me to keep it until I met with a bigger fool than myself, then give it to him. I am sorry to tell you, but by neglecting your son's salvation, you prove yourself to be a bigger fool than I am. Here, sir, I give you this case by your own direction; you are the rightful owner of it."

DON'T WORRY.

Men and women give over to worry, they will worry about the strangest, the most out-of-the-way, the most unheard-of, the most ridiculous things that can be conceived. It matters very little what are the outward circumstances—the will can find something in them to remind it of its own limitation or power, and to provoke its consequent resentment. It is curious to see how people of this habit will take anything that first comes to hand—good bad or indifferent—and instantly begin to find in it something to grow anxious and impatient over, and to pull about on this side and then on that, until an exciting consciousness of their own inability to do anything in the matter, and an irritating feeling, in consequence of it, get the upper hand of their own good sense.—What we have to say on this subject by way of practical suggestion, it is just what everybody says, and says to little or no purpose. Worry doesn't do you the least good. It relieves from nothing, it helps nothing, it qualifies for no work, it conduces to no desired result. It very gratuitously puts an amount of wear and tear upon the nervous system without in the slightest degree obtaining in return any compensatory satisfaction. It is neither a duty nor a pleasure; and yet men almost invite, certainly entertain it, as if it were both