

REAMS' WAREHOUSE, DUNHAM, N. C. has sold more of Farmers Tobacco during 1878 than any one in the State, and can show highest averages. Fine New Wrappers selling high.

# 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 51--

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., NOVEMBER 27, 1878.

---Old Series, Vol. 58.

**SIMPLICITY! SUPERIORITY!**  
**SIMPLIFIED! MAINTAINED!**  
Improvements September, 1878!



## NEW VICTOR

**Important Improvements.**  
Notwithstanding the VICTOR has long been the peer of any machine in the market--a fact supported by a host of voluntary witnesses--we now confidently claim for it greater simplicity, a wonderful reduction of friction, and altogether a more combination of desirable qualities. For sale by Merchants and others.

Don't buy until you have seen the lightest running machine in the World--the Ever Reliable "VICTOR."

**VICTOR SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,**  
MIDDLETOWN, CONN., and Nos. 129 and 201 Washburn Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

State of North Carolina, Superior Court  
**ORANGE COUNTY.** 1st Nov. 1878  
Addison Mangum in behalf of himself and all other creditors of John A. McManis vs. J. H. H. H.

Augustus W. Graham, Adm'r. of John A. McManis, Dec'd.

**A PETITION** has this day been filed before me as Clerk of the Superior Court of said county by Addison Mangum, in behalf of himself and all other creditors of John A. McManis, dec'd, against his personal representative, to compel a final settlement of said estate, and to pay to the plaintiff his claim against said estate.

The creditors of the said John A. McManis are hereby notified to appear before me at my office in Hillsboro, on or before the 15th day of December 1878, and file in the Clerk's office the evidences of their claims against the said estate, and make themselves parties to this proceeding.

Witness George Laws, Clerk of the Superior Court.  
**GEO. LAWS, Clerk**  
Nov. 1-78. 6.

State of North Carolina, Superior Court  
**ORANGE COUNTY.** 25th Oct. 1878.

**Order of Publication.**  
Cave M. Conklin, Adm'r. of Abner Conklin Dec'd.

William Conklin, John Conklin, Holton Conklin, Mangum Cates and Sallie his wife, William Cates and Jane his wife, William Crawford and Margaret his wife, and Alfred Conklin.

**THIS** is a proceeding by the Administrator to pay the debts of the deceased and to distribute the residue of his estate to the persons entitled to the same in accordance with the provisions of the will.

Witness George Laws, Clerk of the Superior Court.  
**GEO. LAWS, Clerk**  
Oct. 25-78.

Largest Establishment in the State

**Book and Job Printing**

**BOOK BINDING**

Done in the very best style and at prices that defy competition.

Supplied with

Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Memoranda of Account, Price Lists, Circulars and Cards.

At short notice, and prices guaranteed to be as low as any first class house, North or South.

**BOOK BINDING**

**BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURING**

of every kind done neatly, quickly and cheaply.

**EDWARDS & BROUGHTON,**  
Blairfield, N. C.

**ST. JAMES HOTEL,**  
12th, Opposite Bank St. & Capitol Square  
Richmond, Va.

**T. W. Hoenninger,**  
PROPRIETOR.

A new and first class Hotel, furnished in 1874 equal to any in the United States.

Adm'r. If you want to MAKE MONEY plentifully and address, FINLEY, HARVEY & Co. Atlanta Ga.

**Barber's Infallible CURE.**

The remedy of the 18th Century. Barber's Infallible CURE.

Prepared by the Boston Hair Dressing Co., Boston, U. S.

It cures itching humors, itching scalp, itching eyes, itching ears, itching nose, itching throat, itching chest, itching stomach, itching bowels, itching skin, itching all over the body.

**THEY ALL WANT IT,**  
It is used in a family as a paper of pure, so called reading for old and young, and it contains a reliable and complete summary of the important news.

**THE NEW YORK OBSERVER**

**THE BEST FAMILY NEWS PAPER.**

Published both the religious and secular news that is desired in a family, while all that is likely to do honor to a citizen.

**THE 57th VOLUME**  
will contain all the important news that can interest or instruct; as that any one who reads it will be thoroughly posted.

We do not run a benevolent institution, and we do not ask for the support of charity. We propose to make the NEW YORK OBSERVER as cheap as any paper that can be afforded.

**JOAN THE MAID.**  
By Mrs. Charles author of Chronicles of the Oeloberg-outta Family.

**NEW YORK OBSERVER!**  
one year post-paid for \$2.12. Any one sending us their own subscription the names of NEW subscribers, shall have commutation allowed in proportion to the number sent.

**FREE FOR 1878!**

**THE EXAMINER AND CHRONICLE,**  
[ESTABLISHED IN 1823.]  
LEADING HARTFORD NEWS PAPER.

Is now delivered by Mail, Postage Prepaid to New Subscribers.

From Nov. 1, 1878, to Jan. 1, 1880.

**FOR \$2.50.**

The price of ONE year's Subscription.

Clubs of Ten, \$22; with a Free Paper.

The Examiner and Chronicle is distinguishedly a Family Newspaper.

It is published by the co-operation of the best newspaper writers of its own denomination.

It contains the most valuable contributions, in special departments of writing of acknowledged ability in other countries.

**IT COMPRISES**

A Current event Exposition  
A Living Pageant and Platform  
A Religious and Rapid Report Board  
A Sunday School Institute  
An Educational Advocate  
A Literary, Theological, Scientific and Art Review

A Popular Family Page Family Miscellany and Puzzler's Realm;

A Household and Housekeeper's Helper;  
A Household and Housekeeper's Helper;

All conducted in an enterprising, wide awake and popular manner.

Energetic Canvasers are wanted, and will be paid a liberal cash Commission.

For sample copies and terms to canvassers address P. O. Box 3833, New York.

A newly wedded couple from the country went to Pittsburgh, and for the first time in their lives saw and bought some peanuts.

"There, Marry," exclaimed the bridegroom, after a few moments of vehement suction, "I know'd we'd be sold; I've been suckin' that darned thing for five minutes, an' there ain't a bit of juice in it! Come on, let's go!"

Gov. Hampton lay for ten hours this evening with his leg broken in two places. He used his horn and kept shouting with his gun until he was heard by some of the sportsmen. He amused himself by shooting at a target, hitting the bull's-eye every time, during the long two hours spent in solitude and suffering.--Wilmington Star.

## THE SUN.

1879. FOR 1879.

The Sun will be printed every day during the year to come. Its purpose and mission will be the same as in the past. To present all the news in a readable shape, and to tell the truth though the heavens fall.

The Sun has been, and will continue to be independent of every body and every thing save the truth and the conscience of a true citizen. That is the only policy which an honest newspaper should have. This is the policy which has won for this newspaper the confidence and friendship of a vast constituency that was never enjoyed by any other American journal.

The Sun is the newspaper for the people. It is not for the rich man against the poor man, or for the poor man against the rich man, but it speaks to no equal justice to all interests in the community. It is not the organ of any person, class, sect or party. There need be no mystery about its loves and hates. It is for the honest man against the rascal every time. It is for the honest Democrat against the dishonest Republican, and for the honest Republican against the dishonest Democrat. It does not take its cue from the utterances of any particular political organization. It gives its support unreservedly when men or measures are in agreement with the Constitution and with the principles upon which this Republic was founded to the people. Whenever the Constitution and constitutional principles are violated--as in the outrageous conspiracy of 1876, by which a man not elected was placed in the President's office, where he still remains--it speaks out for the right. That is the Sun's idea of independence. In this respect there will be no change in its programme for 1879.

The Sun has fairly earned the hearty hatred of rascals, traitors, and humbugs of all sorts and hues. It hopes to deserve that hatred not less in the year 1879, than in 1878, 1877, or any year gone by. The Sun will continue to shine on the wicked with unmitigated brightness.

While the lessons of the past should be constantly kept before the people, the Sun does not propose to make itself in 1879 a magazine of ancient history. It is printed for the men and women of to-day, whose concern is chiefly with the affairs of today. It has both the disposition and ability to afford its readers the promptest, fullest, and most accurate intelligence of whatever in the wide world is worth attention. To this end the resources belonging to well-established prosperity will be liberally employed.

The present disjointed condition of parties in this country, and the uncertainty of the future, lend an extraordinary significance to the events of the coming year. The discussions of the press, the debates and acts of Congress, and the movements of the leaders in every section of the Republic will have a direct bearing on the Presidential election of 1880--an event which must be regarded with the most anxious interest by every patriotic American, whatever his political ideas or allegiance. To those elements of interest may be added the probability that the Democrats will control both houses of Congress, the increase of feebleness of the fraudulent Administration, and the spread and strengthening everywhere of a healthy abhorrence of fraud in any form. To present with accuracy and clearness the exact situation in each of its varying phases, and to expound, according to its well-known methods, the principles that should guide us through the labyrinth, will be an important part of The Sun's work for 1879.

We have the means of making The Sun, as a political, a historical and a moral newspaper, more interesting and more useful than ever before; and we mean to apply them freely.

Our rates of subscription remain unchanged. For the DAILY SUN, a four page sheet of twenty-eight columns, the price by mail, postpaid, is \$5 cent a month, or \$6 50 a year; or, including the Sunday paper, an eight-page sheet of fifty-six columns, the price is 65 cents a month, or \$7 70 a year, postage paid.

The price of the WEEKLY SUN, eight pages, fifty-six columns, is \$1 a year, postage paid. For clubs of ten sending \$10 we will send an extra copy free. Address L. W. ENGLAND, Publisher of THE SUN, New York City.

It was the opinion of a distinguished philosopher of the last century that "politics is money." Wonder how long it would take the hotel clerk of the period to get enough of that sort of money together to buy himself a diamond pin!

When an actor makes a great hit he forcibly strikes the whole audience, and very often brings down the house.

A new grocery clerk never feels prepared for business, unless he has a lead pencil anchored behind his left ear.

Medical examination: "What is there besides ether and chloroform to produce unconsciousness?" Visiting boy: "A club."

If the following comments on our agricultural journals were prepared for the local columns of the Recorder, but were crowded out, and therefore appear unavoidably among miscellaneous reading matter.

### Our Agricultural Journals.

The number of good agricultural papers in the State is one sign of a growing demand for information on the important subject of agriculture; and while we are fully aware that not one of these journals is sustained as it ought to be by reason of the large majority which the farming class constitutes, and by their ability, yet there is one source of information in the fact that three such excellent journals have been called into existence. There is, hope, since they have been originated that they will grow and receive due support under the admitted truth that the prejudices against what has been erroneously stigmatized as look farming are dying out under just appreciation of the character of farm literature. Really, as we have had occasion frequently to repeat, there is nothing that savors of book farming, in the periodical work engaged in agricultural enlightenment, if, by that term, is meant to be conveyed the idea of abstract theories without practical application; of scientific deductions from the experience to give them value; of arrogant assumption of the superior wisdom that reading or learning gives over the crude practices endeared to custom and tradition. None of these do we find in the works we refer to, which are nothing more than the records of the observations, practice and experience of intelligent practical men; the very men above all others entitled to lead, and worthy to be followed.

Among these journals is the Carolina Farmer, published in Wilmington by W. H. Bernard, monthly, in pamphlet form. It is a splendid collation from the best agricultural works of the country, together with the experience of the best farmers on the management of lands, crops, stock, etc., with much delightful horticultural reading, and such very pleasant and instructive editorial gossip.

The North Carolina Farmer published monthly by James H. Ennis is developing steadily into one of the most useful of its kind in the State. Mr. Ennis has keen observation, great sagacity in the perception of the useful, and remarkable for habits of system by which he pours the results of his research and industry with a striking vividness that throws a graceful charm around the dry reading of a homely subject. This journal, grows in value with each successive issue, and we believe is now substantially rooted in the estimation of its many subscribers.

The Farmer and Mechanic, to which, until the 1st of October, we had been a contributing editor, is now under the sole control of Capt. R. A. Shotwell. He has, in the control of his department of the paper, always displayed tact, brilliancy and judgment, making the Farmer and Mechanic as popular for its literary merits as for its practical uses. Now that he has full control he will be freed from much that restrained him. The paper will continue to be the organ of the State Agricultural Society, and will be enriched with valuable articles from the State Geologist, the Agricultural Chemist, and other scientific sources. It is regarded by its readers as a most successful enterprise, and we hope it will continue to grow in favor until it is recognized as a permanent institution.

**IN A FEVER-STRIKEN TOWN.**  
SCENES THAT CAUSED STRONG MEN TO WEEP--A PREACHER'S PAINFUL EXPERIENCE.

New York Sun, 12th.

The Rev. William G. McCracken, of St. Mark's church on Sunday evening, said that his head had hardly yet recovered from its many stabs, and that it was painful to recall his experience in Grenada, Miss; but, because once, while he was a missionary, the Ladies' Aid Society of St. Mark's had upheld his hands when he needed support, he felt compelled to comply with the request of the rector, the Rev. Dr. Bylance, to relate, his experience there. The fever lay upon the little town for seventy-five long days. Of the forty or fifty persons present in his church on the Sabbath when the yellow fever first broke out, thirty are now dead. It was decided not to hold another service in the church, but his organist, a good woman, whose memory he loved to dwell on, begged him to have one more. He yielded, and he was glad that he did, because it was the last that she heard. In her innocent and beautiful simplicity she thought that her rector was going to suffer privation and hardship on account of the outbreak of the fever. She did not know of the North's generosity. She died too soon. While sick she begged the rector to take a little money she had saved. It was all in a small purse. She grew sicker

rapidly. He took the purse, saying to her, "Now, I have it. Be satisfied and get well." Within a few hours she died. That purse was to him a sacred thing. Her desire had been to have a cross placed on the altar. By accident he had told the circumstance of her death to a clergyman in New York. "Go," he said, "and buy such a cross as she desired, but do not let it be a cheap one. Use her money if you will so far as it will go, and I will pay for the rest." The next week after that last service in the church, one-half of those who had attended died.

"Then," Mr. McCracken said, "we held service in the Court House. I remember that it was the only time in my life that I broke down in the service. When I came to the prayer, 'In time of great sickness and mortality,' a gentleman began to cry, and in a few minutes we were all sobbing. I was for a time unable to proceed, but I remained on my knees and strength came to me. I finished the prayer, but that ended the service. The next week half of those that attended that service were dead. I will remember the first funerals in my parish. Three sisters and their mother were stricken down. I could not get a female to attend them. At last I asked a man who had had a bad character, but who had been converted, to go and wait at the bedside of the sickest of these women. He did so. She died and at her funeral were only that man, the undertaker, and myself. Soon another sister died, and at her funeral were only the undertaker and I. The third sister was buried without a service. At 9 o'clock one evening I talked with her. I thought that she would recover. Early the next morning, while riding in from a suburb, I passed an undertaker's wagon containing a coffin. When I arrived in town I learned that the coffin was hers. The third who died in my church was a beautiful girl. I loved her for her Christian character. Her mother had been stricken down. We did not dare to let her know of her daughter's death. We had to carry the body in a coffin up stairs, and put it down a rear staircase outside of the building. I was troubled to know where to hold the service. At last I told the undertaker to set the coffin on the sidewalk. As I began to read the service several persons who were passing stopped and, baring their heads, reverently knelt. Tears filled my eyes. I did not see the book I held. I looked through the book and the coffin lid at the girl herself. None who knelt about that coffin now survive. I saw men break down like children. They acted like children and died like children, but without the beautiful faith of children. And I saw brave girls go from house to house till the stroke came upon them, and then saw them die without repining. From my experience in Grenada I have learned that 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.'

**HE HAD HIS SUSPICIONS.**  
An elderly man wearing blue jeans, spectacles and a puzzled expression, stood on the corner of Fourth and Olive Tuesday afternoon for nearly an hour, gazing around abstractedly. Finally he stopped a gentleman who was passing and inquired:

"Stranger, who am I; or, rather, where am I?"

"You are on Fourth street."

"I had my suspicions. This isn't the right place. You see, I'm a stranger in the city--never was in St. Louis before."

And he started off, saying he had promised to meet a man on Fourteenth and Olive--"a splendid chap."

"Look here," said the gentleman, "do you know the man well?"

"Just met him this morning--not intimately acquainted, you see; but he's one of the nicest fellows I ever saw." And he trudged away.

About six o'clock in the evening the gentleman happened to run across his spectacled friend again and inquired whether or not he had found his new acquaintance, whereupon the old fellow raised his glasses slowly and remarked:

"Stranger, I have my suspicions. I lent this man twenty-five dollars this morning, and he promised to meet me on Fourteenth and Olive at five o'clock this afternoon and return the money, but he wasn't there, and the worst of it is, he is a minister of the gospel, at least he told me so, and he had a Bible. Good evidence, hey?"

"Well, my friend, you'll never get your money. You've been swindled by a sharper."

"Think so? I've had my suspicions. Fact is, however, I don't care so much about losing the money as meeting the old woman--she's up there in a boarding-house, pointing over his shoulder with his thumb. I tell you, she's a mouser and will find it out. Then won't there be a muss, though? I have my suspicions."--St. Louis Republican.

The young man who has any prudence about him will write his love letters in cypher and forget the key.

### HE WANTED TO FORGET ELECTION.

"Judge Mills, I want you to send me to jail for five days," said an intelligent-looking man in the Second Precinct Police Court, in Newark, yesterday afternoon. The man had apparently just come from a barber's shop, for his face was clean shaven, and his hair was neatly combed. His shaven coat was carefully brushed, and his shirt front was white and well starched.

"He had been on a spree. Election, eh?" asked the Justice.

"It's been election with me for three weeks, Judge, and I want you to put me where I can forget it. I voted for Billy Brown for Sheriff, and he wasn't elected. Then I went on the hill and worked all day for Pete Mellick, and he was beaten by Major O'Connor. Judge, things were mixed, and I'll be hanged if I don't seem mixed ever since."

"And you want a quiet place to ruminate in until things get straight?"

"Judge you're a brick, and you've hit it exactly. Wife thinks the same. She brushed up my clothes, bought me some tobacco, and gave me a clean shirt this morning, and told me to go to jail. I'm bound to forget the election somehow or other, and I want you to know that I go to jail voluntarily. I have the tobacco, a pipe, and a 'box of matches, so leave ahead."

Justice Mills wrote out a commitment and the man said, "I am 63 years old, and I'm Republican clean through. Send an officer with me to the jail for fear I might weaken on the way."

A police officer was detailed to assist the old gentleman, who said as he passed out of the court room, "I'm bound to get sober, for I ain't been all right since Hayes went back on us."--N. Y. Sun.

### THE TRADE DOLLAR AS A LEGAL TENDER.

Senator Voorhes, in a published interview, declares that one of the first acts, upon the re-assembling of Congress, will be a movement to make the trade dollar a legal tender.

"That," said he "will add at once something over \$20,000,000 to the circulation. It is a swindle as it now is--a low, mean swindle. Here they have been paying these things out at a dollar till they got them in the people's hands; then they shut down suddenly and cut the holders ten percent."

He was asked if the proposed act would not simply commensurate the swindle by giving the brokers, in whose hands the trade dollars are, the benefit of the rise. "O, no," said he; "but whether they are or not, it simply won't do to have two kinds of dollars out, both bearing the stamp of the government, but one a legal tender, and the other worth ten cents less in law, and containing more silver in fact. It is ridiculous; it brings the government into contempt, and swindles the nobody."

When asked if he would provide that for every new silver dollar a greenback dollar should be retired, he replied: "By no means. Rather that a new one shall be issued. There never was a truer thing than Governor William Allen's about specie-payment. It is a--harren identity indeed. We never had it, and won't have it after January. There will be a juggle between the banks and the government, and the most of those who want gold won't get it, or if they do, and insist upon it, specie-payments will stop again very suddenly."

A special dispatch from Cincinnati, Ohio, says that further conversation with the Senator and other prominent Democrats of Indiana revealed the fact that the next financial fight in that State will be for the free and unlimited coinage of silver.

"Stop that car!" cried old Mr. Nosegale, chasing a flying car up the street. The car fresh as a daisy and Mr. Nosegale badly blown, and the distance pole not a minute away.

"Stop that car!" he shouted to a distant but fleeting boy.

"Certainly," shrieked back the obliging boy, "what shall I stop it with?"

"Tell it to hold on!" shouted the abandoned passenger.

"Hold on to what?" yelled the boy.

"Make it wait for me?" puff'd Mr. Nosegale.

"You've got too much weight now, said the boy, 'that's what's the trouble with you?'"

"All the driver" gasped the perspiring citizen, and as the car rounded the corner and passed out of sight, the maddening echoes of the obliging answer came fluting back:

"All right, you Gal-lumper, what shall I call him?"

A New Jersey wife did not attempt to commit suicide until she had measured the depth of the water and found it only twenty-two inches.

"Don't worry about my going away, my darling. Absence, you know, makes the heart grow fonder." "Of somebody else," added the darling.