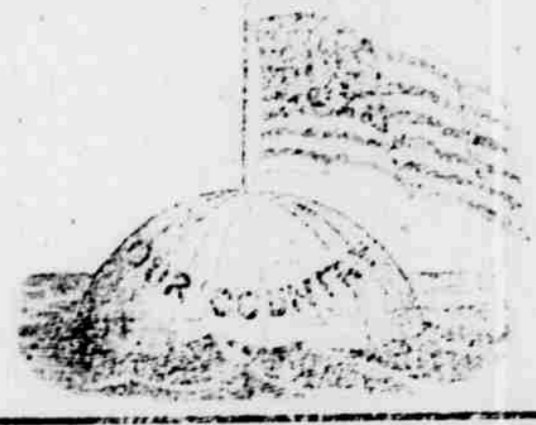


[Entered at the Post Office at Hillsboro, N. C., as second class matter.]



HIGH SCHOOL AT HILLSBORO.—It seems now a settled fact that the old Military Academy at Hillsboro, after long disuse, is to be soon again brought into service as a high school of high grade.

We can give no definite information when the school will be opened, but suppose advertisement will be made of the facts.—Durham Recorder.

We had hoped that the above was true, but information of a later date dispels our hopes. We learn that the gentlemen who contemplated establishing the school sought the advice of some Washington friends and were by them dissuaded from the undertaking, on the ground that nothing of that kind (high schools) could yet succeed in the South.

While we are extremely sorry that such advice has been given, and taken, yet we feel a pride in pointing the gentlemen and also their advisers to the educational record of Orange County. For nearly a century Orange has been the educational center, the seat of learning, of North Carolina—and not of our own State only, for the fame of the University at Chapel Hill, the Caldwell Institute at Hillsboro, Tow's Military Academy at Hillsboro, the well-known English School, the Hughes Academy, and the Female School of Messrs Nash & Kollock, have drawn into her borders numbers of the youth of every Southern State to drink of her fountains of wisdom and of learning.

As to location: Hillsboro's advantages are of the best, situated immediately on the Central North Carolina Railroad, twelve miles from the University, in a region of country unsurpassed for healthfulness, in easy reach of Raleigh the Capital, in a community of high social development, and above all, a people who would have received them with open arms, and encouraged their undertaking to its fullest development.

But alas, we fear that politics may have operated, not upon the minds of the gentlemen who proposed founding the school, but upon their advisers. Of one thing we would assure them: we are not all Bourbon down here. The election is over, its animosities, its hopes, its disappointments are all gone and we bow to the inevitable, the will of the people, in the same spirit in which we accepted the results of the war. Gen. Garfield is President elect, is our President, although we hoped and voted for another, and we shall feel it our duty to applaud him when right, as well as to condemn him when wrong. So far as election are concerned, we could refer you to every leading Republican in the County, and we venture the assertion that not one among them could be found, but would say that every election in Orange is peaceable, fair, honest, that "bulldozing" has no place amongst us, but every voter, white and black, Democrat or Republican, goes to the polls and votes precisely as he wishes, and his vote is fairly and honestly counted. No community in the country enjoys a larger political liberty than ours. Speakers of either side are listened to with respect and attention; and any man who would advise otherwise would quickly feel the indignation of both parties.

We have said this much in justice to Hillsboro and Orange County and its people. If the school is not to be amongst us, no one will regret more than ourself. And we still hope the gentlemen may seek other advisers, who know more of us and our ways; and we feel assured if they do, that they will yet come.

DURING this severe weather, forget not the poor.

HELPING A FELLOW UP.—Tommy is tugging away at another person who is pitifully crying on the ground.

"What are you doing, Tommy?" "Oh, only helping a fellow up!"

That is right, Tommy. Now take that as your motto, through life, to help a fellow up.

There is that drunkard who is down through drink, and there is that man that is poor, or sick, or tempted, give each a hand, and help a fellow up.

What would have become of Martin Luther, when he was a young man singing in the streets for his bread, if some one who had an eye to observe him and a heart to feel for him, had not put out a hand and helped a fellow up? There are thousands to day, who never could have stood where they now are, if friendly souls had not extended aid and helped a fellow up.

How different are the people nowadays in comparison with the youth that we read about in the paragraphs above? Instead of helping a fellow up, many are never better pleased than when pulling or keeping a fellow down. It every man and woman and child would attend to their own business and not be meddling with that of others, what a happy people we would be. Now let us all try for the next four weeks, say until Christmas, to attend to our business and see how pleasantly the holidays will pass away. Not only will we all feel better, but we will thus be enabled to enter the New Year with new hope.

We learn that the book of John D. Cameron, Esq., editor of the Durham Recorder, entitled "Sketches of the Tobacco Interests of North Carolina," will soon be issued. The price of the book will be 50 cents per copy, and it will contain 150 to 175 pages of useful information.

North Carolina News.

Winston Sentinel: Our town is making preparation to handsomely entertain the Methodist Conference when it meets.—Robert Long, aged 65, was sentenced to the penitentiary for twenty years at Stokes Court last week, for stealing a horse.

Toisnot Sunny Home: A murder was committed at Eason's Store, in Nash county, on last Saturday evening. Two negroes, Ed Robinson and Redmond Batts, got into a draw, which led Robinson to draw his knife and cut Batts on the arm just below the shoulder, from which Batts bled to death in a very few minutes. Robinson escaped.

Edenton Clarion: Isaac Louthier, a colored man on W. Y. Warren's farm, adjoining Edenton, has raised nine 500 lb bales of cotton, 75 barrels of corn and 15 hogs, all within himself and his children, having paid out only \$3 for labor; 4 bales of cotton pays his rent, leaving him 5 bales of cotton, 200 bushels potatoes, 75 barrels of corn and 15 hogs to live on for the year to come.

Greensboro Patriot: At Winston yesterday, before the United States Commissioner's Court, one John Beasley, white, and Jack Thompson, colored, were committed to jail in default of bail, on the charge of manufacturing and passing counterfeit coin. Two more candidates for the Albany penitentiary—just where they ought to be. Jack Hilton, a white man, is on trial to-day before the United States Commissioner at Winston for the same offence.

Enfield Sentinel: A negro at Halifax, was shot in the face by an unknown person one night last week, under the following circumstances: He was passing through a corn field of Mr. John Gregor's, and hearing some one near him he called to know who it was, when the discharge of a gun followed, the contents taking effect in his face, tearing his teeth out and making an ugly wound in the nose and face. The next day a bag was found where the rogue had been stealing corn. After firing the gun he fled leaving his bag and the corn he had gathered behind.

Laurinburg Enterprise: The Governor has also pardoned George Clodtelter, a convict on the C. F. & Y. V. R. R., who had both eyes blown out a few months ago while blasting rock.—The old man by the name of Sykes, who killed a colored man named Morgan in Fayetteville, two or three years ago, and was sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of years, has been pardoned and liberated. Sykes did the killing while intoxicated and had no recollection concerning the deed when arrested several hours thereafter. He is now in a hospital condition and he was pardoned on account thereof.

Wilmington Star: A party of about six or eight little colored boys and girls were on the search yesterday afternoon for the Radical Candle Depot where they said candles were being given out to those who wanted to illuminate their houses in honor of Garfield's election. In the course of their peregrinations they called at the City Hall and wanted

to know if that was the place where they were to obtain the necessary material to light up the pathway of the Radical procession; and, upon finding that they were in the wrong place there, they next went to the Court House, where, entering the office of the Judge of Probate, who was hearing a case, they stopped the argument of counsel by the question, "Say, mister, is you the man that gives out de candles?" "What candles?" replied the Judge, startled from his usual dignity. "Wey, the candles what you illuminate with," answered the spokesman of the party, a boy who carried a large sack in which to take his Radical illuminators. At this point they were hustled out of the Court room, and at last accounts they were making their way in the direction of the Custom House, where some one told them they could get all the candles they wanted.

A WASP IN AN OLD MAN'S SLIPPER.

There are times in the life of the small boy when he feels very sad from the use of a slipper or swivel upon him. If anything happens to the person who has thus afflicted him, his joy is great, as will be seen from the following incident: A gentleman returned from his daily toil and had pulled off his boots and was going to put on his slippers, when a bowl of intense agony resounded through the hall. The affrighted family rushed to the door, and beheld their papa heaving the shadows with wild gestures and frantic gyrations. "Take it off!" he shouted and made a grab at his foot, but missing it, went on with his war dance. "Water!" he shrieked and started up stairs, three at a step, and, turning, came back in a single stride. "Oh, I'm stabbed!" and sank to the floor and held his right leg high above his head; then he rose to his feet with a bound, and screamed for the boot jack, and held his foot out towards his terrified family. "Oh, bring the arnica," he yelled, and with one despairing effort he reached his slipper and got it off, and with a groan as deep as a well and as hollow as a drum, sank into a chair and clasped his foot in both hands. "Look out for the scorpion," he whispered hoarsely; "I'm a dead man!"

The small boy was by this time out in the woods rolling in the kindling in an ecstasy of glee, and pausing from time to time to explain to the son of a neighbor, who had dropped in to see if there was any innocent sport going on in which he could share. "Oh, Billy! Billy!" he cried, "you wouldn't believe; sometime to-day, somehow or other a big blue wasp got into the old man's slipper, and when he came home and put them on—oh, Bill, you don't know what fun I've had."

A TEXAS MULE STORY.—Not long since a Texas man read in a paper that if a string were tied tightly around the root of a mule's tail it would, in cases of colic, give the animal instant relief. He tried the remedy on one of his own mules, and the doctor's say that the portion of the tail thus isolated was soon swelled up bigger than the mule. The Texas man says the mule turned its head and saw his monstrous tail and got alarmed and began to kick. The first kick drove the mule's tail away out behind, but the tail immediately swung back and knocked the mule forward a little as the tail was so heavy. That made the mule madder'n ever and he kicked like fury. That only gave the tail more momentum, and on its return it knocked the mule about a rod. The mule looked around and didn't see anybody and kicked again. The tail was there as calm and regular as a pendulum and it came back like a steamboat running a race. That time it lifted the mule over the barn yard fence. But the mule lit on its feet and struck out again—game as ever. The tail fairly laughed as it caught the mule on its hanches and drove it down the lane a mile and a half at every whack. It looked like destruction to the mule as mule and tail disappeared in the distance. But after three or four hours, a returning cloud of dust was seen and soon the mule emerged therefrom kicking as briskly as ever—but the tail was totally used up and gone. Not being able to offer any more resistance, of course the mule kicked himself back to the starting point. This is not a campaign lie.—New Orleans Times.

ONLY JOKING.—A good joke is told us of a certain old colored brother. During a recent revival the enthusiasm seemed to lag, when the old fellow went out under a pine tree and prayed thus: "O Lord, rain down a shower of brick-bats and send de beads ob dese sinful niggers." A mischievous boy near by threw a stone at the old darkey, which hit him on the head and knocked him over. After he had recovered from the shock, he went on, "Lord, can't you at dis nigger joke wid you wadout stunting his devotions?"

H. RICHARDSON, Sac and Fox Agency, Indian Territory, says:—"The 'Only Lung Pad,' has resorted me to health, and I shall be glad to recommend it to any one.—See Adc.

Remember the poor.

PRESSING HER SUIT WITH A KNIFE.

AN INSANE GIRL TRYING TO SEDUCE THE MAN WHO REFUSED TO MARRY HER.

Abram Smedes, aged 27, works for C. S. Owen, near Walden, N. Y. Sarah Williams, aged 19, was a servant in the same house. One day last week Smedes and the girl were left alone in the house, the rest of the family being away on a visit. While the young man and Miss Williams were eating supper the latter said:

"Abram, I want a husband and you!" Abram laughed. He said that it would require two to make such a bargain. He thought the girl was joking. But she insisted on pressing her suit. When Smedes positively refused his consent to become her husband she grew exceedingly angry. "You won't marry me? Then you'll never see the sun rise again!" she exclaimed.

Smedes went to bed at about nine o'clock. Some time in the night he was awakened. Miss Williams stood over him. In one hand she had a lamp and in the other a large butcher knife, which she held as though in the act of striking. Smedes sprang up and seized the girl by the wrist. "For Heaven's sake, what do you mean?" he exclaimed.

"I mean to cut your throat!" the girl replied.

Smedes tried to take the knife from her. A struggle ensued. The girl dropped the lamp. Smedes succeeded in putting her out of his room, but she retained the knife. He closed the door, but there was no lock to it. The girl remained standing close on the outside.

"I'll wait till you come out," she said. "I'm bound to kill you."

Smedes remained the rest of the night holding the door. When day broke he heard the girl go down stairs. He then went stealthily down and let the house. The girl was taken into custody and found to be insane.

A LITTLE RED THING.

On a certain occasion an old gentleman was invited to a fashionable dinner, and on the table a large pyramid of fruit had been placed, near the top of which there had been inserted a few red peppers by way of ornament. Our friend, not recognizing the pepper, and thinking it was a rare species of fruit, helped himself to one of the little pods, and without examining it closely, began to chew it. The first bite revealed its nature, but knowing it would not be exactly in accordance with the strict rules of politeness to make any noise about it, he heroically kept it in his mouth, determined to take advantage of the first opportunity to dispose of it. In the meantime the heat from the cayenne became intolerable. Tears coursed down the old gentleman's cheeks, and his agony was intense. "At length unable to stand it any longer, he took the offending pod between his fingers, and with a voice trembling with emotion, said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, with your permission, I'll put that d—d red thing back.'—Exchange.

A North Carolinian tried the same thing. Many years ago when the Legislature first met in Raleigh, one of the legislators stopped at a hotel—the first hotel he ever was in. A dish of red pepper was sitting on the table, and the Legislature man seeing everybody else helping themselves to it, he thought he would try it, although he knew not what it was. The very first time his mouth came together on the pod he found out his mistake. With tears streaming down his cheeks he slowly pulled it out of his mouth, turned it over and over, and as he laid it by his plate, he exclaimed: "D—n you, Lay there and cool."

15 STOP ORGANS, SUB BASS AND COUPLER ONLY \$65.—BEST IN THE U. S.—Open your eyes wide before you send North for instruments. Spread eagle advertisements do not always tell the exact truth. Better instruments at same or less prices can be had nearer home. See these offers: ORGANS—15 Stops, 4 Sets Reeds, Sub Bass and Coupler, Beautiful Case, Only \$95; 9 Stops, 4 Sets Reeds, only \$59. 7 Stops, 3 Sets Reeds, \$55. Stool and Book included. PIANOS—7 Oct., large size, Rich Rosewood Case, only \$179; 7 1/3 Oct., largest size, only \$200; 7 1/3 Oct., Square Grand, extra large, Magnificent Case, only \$250. Stool and Cover included. All from old and reliable makers, and fully guaranteed; 15 days test trial. We pay freight if not satisfactory. Positively the best bargains in the U. S. No mistake about this. We mean business and competition with the world. Send for Fall Prices 1880. It will pay you. Address, LUDDEN & BATES, Southern Music House, Savannah, Ga.

CHRIST, GERBER, Wholesale Hardware, Toledo, Ohio, says:—"The Excelsior Kidney Pad has accomplished more for my wife in three weeks than all the medicine she has taken in three years. Refer all skeptics to me.—See Adc.

A rumor comes from Paris that bonnets are to be worn on the head hereafter.

THE LIGHT-RUNNING

PEOPLE'S SEWING MACHINE.

The People's Sewing Machine is light running—has simple tensions, a large, easily-threaded shuttle—winds the bobbin without running the works of the machine, and is so simple in its construction that it is easily understood.

The People's Sewing Machine is the best sewing machine ever made for all kinds of family sewing.

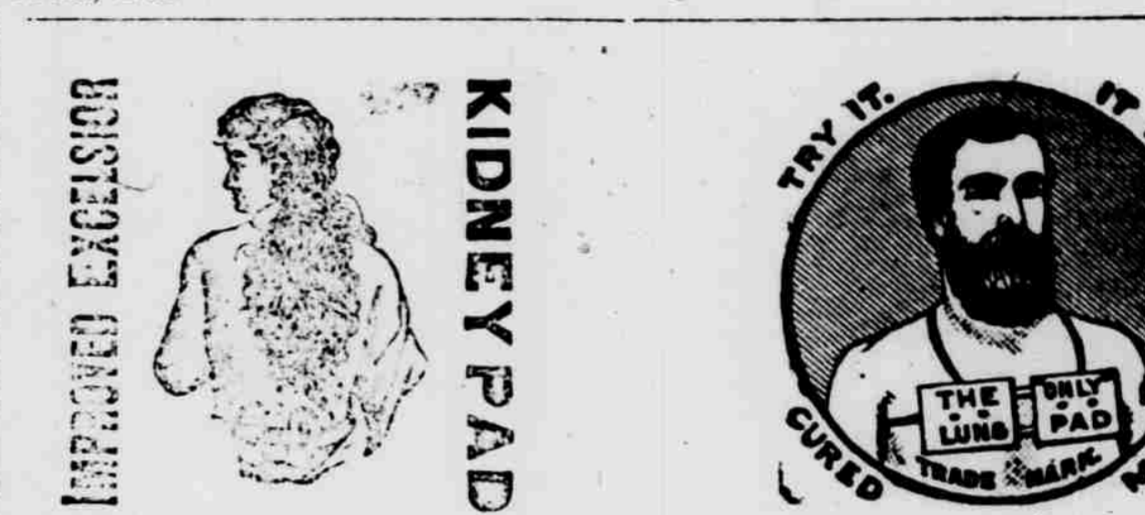
We want active agents where our sewing machines are not represented, and we offer the most liberal inducements. Send for Illustrated Circulars to the PHILADELPHIA SEWING MACHINE CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.



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IMPROVED EXERCISOR KIDNEY PAD. Cures by ABSORPTION (Nature's way) ALL LUNG DISEASES, THROAT DISEASES, BREATHING TROUBLES.

It DRIVES INTO the system curative agents and healing medicines. IT DRAWS FROM the diseased parts the poisons that cause death. THOUSANDS TESTIFY TO ITS VIRTUES.

YOU CAN BE RELIEVED AND CURED. Don't despair until you have tried this Specific, Easily Applied and RAPIDLY EFFECTUAL Remedy.

Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of Price, \$2, by THE "ONLY" LUNG PAD CO., Williams Block, Detroit, Mich.

Send for Testimonials and our book, "Three Millions a Year." Sent free.

DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM

Cures Colds, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all diseases of the Breathing Organs. It soothes and heals the Membrane of the Lungs, inflamed and poisoned by the disease, and prevents the night sweats and tightness across the chest which accompany it. CONSUMPTION is not an incurable malady. It is only necessary to have the right remedy, and HALL'S BALSAM is that remedy. DON'T DESPAIR OF RELIEF, for this balsam specific will cure you, even though professional aid fails.

Special Offer—Fall, 1880! Cash Prices, with THREE MONTHS CREDIT! During the months of August, September and October we will sell

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PAVART & Co. sell on a PIANO, or \$10 on an ORGAN, and the balance in three months. WITHOUT INTEREST.

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