

WEST-CAROLINA RECORD.

THE STRONGEST BULWARK OF OUR COUNTRY—THE POPULAR HEART.

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RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

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STATIONS	PASSENGER	FREIGHT
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GOING EAST.

STATIONS	PASSENGER	FREIGHT
Leave Lenoirville,	7:40 A. M.	12:00 P. M.
Arrive Wilmington,	4:35 P. M.	5:00 P. M.

WESTERN DIVISION.

STATIONS	PASSENGER
Leave Charlotte,	8:00 A. M.
Arrive at Buffalo,	11:30 "

RETURNING.

STATIONS	PASSENGER
Leave Buffalo,	1:30 P. M.
Arrive Charlotte,	5:30 "

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GOING WEST.

STATIONS	PASSENGER	FREIGHT
Leave Salisbury at	5:00 a. m.	
Arrive at Marion,	12:48 p. m.	
Arrive at Old Fort	1:32 "	

GOING EAST.

STATIONS	PASSENGER	FREIGHT
Leave Old Fort,	7:15 a. m.	
Leave Marion at	8:04 "	
Arrive at Salisbury,	3:32 p. m.	

RICHMOND AND DANVILLE RAIL ROAD COMPANY.

NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION: GOING NORTH.

STATIONS	MAIL	EXPRESS.
Leave Charlotte,	7:10 p. m.	6:25 a. m.
Arrive Greensboro,	12:50 a. m.	10:10 "
Leave Greensboro,	1:45 "	11:10 "
Arrive Goldsboro,	11:05 a. m.	

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS	MAIL	EXPRESS.
Leave Goldsboro,	4:00 p. m.	
Arrive Greensboro,	1:30 a. m.	5:30 p. m.
Leave Greensboro,	2:15 "	4:00 "
Arrive Charlotte,	7:20 "	8:30 "

All passenger trains connect at Greensboro with trains to and from Richmond.

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GOING WEST.

STATIONS	PASSENGER	FREIGHT
Leave Charlotte,	7:30 a. m.	
Arrive Black's,	11:25 "	

In Passenger and Freight, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

GOING EAST.

STATIONS	PASSENGER	FREIGHT
Leave Black's,	2:00 p. m.	
Arrive Charlotte,	5:55 "	

B. Y. SAGE, Engineer and Superintendent.

From Smith's Dollar Magazine.
A Quarrel.

My wife and I once quarreled,
And what was it all about?
Nothing, only I was bilious,
And she was tired out.

My dinner, somehow, didn't suit me,
And I know that I looked very glum,
My wife was disappointed,
And wished that she was home.

I said something not very loving;
And she, something just as bad;
And then, for about two minutes,
An ugly time we had.

That was the reason we quarreled;
"And a foolish one," you say,
Very true; but then that same thing
Is happening every day.

I went out to the wood-pile,
And pulled off my coat and vest,
And chopped away at some hickory,
Till the sun was in the west.

My wife washed up the dishes,
And putting on a nice clean gown
Went home to visit her mother,
At the other end of the town.

When I had finished my chopping
I went to the house for tea,
And found it shut up and empty
And nobody waiting for me.

In a moment my conscience smote
me,
And my heart came up in my throat,
For on the table before me
I noticed a little note.

I thought she had left me forever—
"Oh, why did I treat her so!"
Said I, as I picked up the letter,
"My temper has made her go."

"Dear John," read I, "don't be frightened,
Because you don't find me,
I am going over to mother's,
And you must come to tea."

At once I started off for mother's,
Dressed up in my Sunday best;
My wife in the door-way met me,
And—you can imagine the rest.

THE MIDNIGHT PERIL;
OR,
Saved by a Phantom.

The night of the 17th October—
shall I ever forget its pitchy
darkness, the roar of the autumnal
wind through the forest, and
the incessant downpour of rain?

"This comes of short cuts," I
muttered petulantly to myself, as
I plodded along, keeping close to
the trunks of the trees to avoid
the deep ravine through which I
could hear the roar of a turbulent
stream forty or fifty feet below.
My blood ran cold as I thought
of the possible consequences of a
miststep or wrong direction. Why
had I not been contented to keep
in the right road?

Hold on! Was that a light,
or are my eyes playing me false?
I stopped, holding on to the
low resinous boughs of a hemlock
that grew on the edge of the
bank; for it actually seemed as if
the wind would seize me bodily
and hurl me down the precipitous
descent.

It was a light—thank Providence—
it was a light, and no
ignis fatuus to lure me on to destruction
and death.

"Halloo-o-o!"
My voice rang through the
woods like a clarion. I plunged
onward through tangled vines,
dense briars and rocky banks
until gradually nearing, I could
perceive a figure wrapped in an
oilcloth cape, or cloak; carrying
a lantern. As the dim light fell
upon his face I almost recoiled.
Would not solitude in the woods
be preferable to the companionship
of the withered, wrinkled
old man? But it was too late to
recede now.

"What's wanting," he snarled
forth, with a peculiar motion of
the lips that seemed to leave his
yellow teeth all bare.

"I am lost in the woods; can
you direct me to R— station?"
"Yes; R— station is twelve
miles from here."
"Twelve miles!"
I stood aghast.

"Can you tell me of any shelter
I could obtain for the night?"

"No."
"Where are you going?"
"To Drew's, down here by the
maple swamp."
"Is it a tavern?"
"No."
"Would they take me for a
night? I could pay them well."
His eyes gleamed; the yellow
stumps stood revealed once more.

"I guess so; folks do stop
there sometimes."
"Is it far from here?"
"Not very; about half a mile."
"Then let us make haste and
reach it. I am drenched to the
skin."

We plodded on, my companion
more than keeping pace with me.
Presently we left the edge of the
ravine, entered what seemed like
trackless woods, and keeping
straight on until lights gleamed
fitfully through the wet foliage.

It was a ruinous old place, with
the windows all drawn to one side,
as if the foundation had settled,
and the pillars of a rude porch
nearly rotted away.

A woman answered my fellow
traveller's knock. My companion
whispered a word or two to
her, and she turned to me with
smooth, voluble words of wel-
come.

She regretted the poverty of
their accommodations; but I was
welcome to them such as they
were.

"Where is Isaac?" demanded
my guide.
"He has not come in yet."
I sat down on a wooden bench
beside the fire, and ate a few
mouthfuls of bread.

"I should like to retire as soon
as possible," said I, for my weariness
was excessive.

"Certainly," the woman started
up with alacrity.
"Where are you going to put
him?" asked my guide.
"Up chamber."
"Put him in Isaac's room."
"No."
"It's the most comfortable."
"I tell you no."

But here I interrupted the
whispered colloquy.
"I am not particular—I don't
care where you lodge me; only
make haste, please."

So I was conducted up a steep
ladder that stood in a corner of
the room, into an apartment ceiled
with sloping beams and ventilated
by one small window, where a
cot bedstead, crowded closely
against the board partition, and a
pin table, with two chairs,
formed the sole attempts at furni-
ture.

The woman set the light—an
oil lamp—on the table.
"Anything more I can get you,
sir?" said she.

"Nothing, thank you."
"I hope you'll sleep well, sir.
When shall I call you?"

"At four o'clock in the morning,
if you please. I must walk to
R— station in time for the
seven o'clock express."

"I'll be sure to call you, sir."
She withdrew, leaving me alone
in the gloomy little apartment.
I sat down and looked around me
with no very agreeable sensations.

"I will sit down and write to
Alice," I thought; "that will
soothe my nerves and quiet me,
perhaps."

I decended the ladder. The
fire still glowed redly on the stone
hearth; my companion and the
woman sat beside it, talking in a
low tone, and a third person sat
at the table, eating—a short,
stout, villainous-looking man, in
a red flannel shirt and very muddy
pantaloons.

I asked for writing materials,
and returned to my room to write
to my wife.

"My darling Alice."
I paused, and laid down my
pen as I concluded the words,
half smiling to think what she
would say, could she know of my
strange quarters.

Not until both sheets were covered
did I lay aside my pen and
prepare for slumber. As I folded
my paper, I happened to glance
toward my couch.

Was it the gleam of a human

eye observing me through the
board partition, or was it but my
fancy? There was a crack there,
but only black darkness beyond;
yet I could have sworn that some-
thing had sparkled palefully at
me.

I took out my watch—it was
only 1 o'clock. It was scarcely
worth while for me to undress
for three hours' sleep; I would lie
down in my clothes and snatch
what slumber I could. So, placing
my valise close to the head of
my bed, and barricading the
lockless doors with two chairs, I
extinguished the light and lay
down.

At first I was very wakeful,
but gradually a soft drowsiness
seemed to steal over me, like a
misty mantle, until all of a sudden
some startling electric thrill
coursed through my veins, and I
sat up, excited and trembling.

A luminous softness seemed
to glow through the room—no
light of the moon or stars was
ever so penetrating—and by the
little window I saw Alice, my
wife dressed in floating garments
of white, with her long golden
hair knotted back by a blue ribbon.
Apparently she was beckon-
ing to me with outstretched
hands and eyes full of wild, an-
xious tenderness.

I sprang to my feet and rushed
toward her, but as I reached the
window, the fair apparition seemed
to vanish into the stormy dark-
ness, and I was left alone. In
the self same instant the sharp
report of a pistol sounded—I
could see the jagged stream of
fire above the pillow, straight
through the very spot where ten
seconds since my head had lain.

With an instantaneous realization
of my danger, I swung myself
over the edge of the window,
jumped some eight or ten feet
into tangled bushes below, and
as I crouched there recovering
my breath, I heard the tramp of
footsteps into my room.

"Is he dead?" cried a voice up
the ladder—the smooth, deceitful
voice of the woman.

"Of course he is," growled a
voice back, "that charge would
have killed ten men. A light
there quick, and tell Tom to be
ready."

A cold, agonized shudder ran
through me. What den of mid-
night murderers had I fallen into?
And how fearfully narrow had
been my escape!

With the speed that only mortal
terror and deadly peril can
give, I rushed through the woods,
now illuminated by a faint glim-
mer of starlight. I know not
what impulse guided my footsteps
—I shall never know how many
times I crossed my own track, or
how close I stood to the brink of
the deadly ravine, but a merciful
Providence encompassed me with
a guiding and protecting care, for
when the morning dawned, with
faint red bars of orient light
against the eastern sky, I was close
to the high road, some seven
miles from R—.

Once at the town, I told my
story to the police, and a detach-
ment was sent with me to the
spot.

After much searching and many
false alarms, we succeeded in
finding the ruinous old house;
but it was empty, our birds had
 flown; nor did I recover my valise
and chain, which latter I had left
under my pillow.

"It's Drew's gang," said the
leader of the police; "and they've
troubled us these two years. I
don't think, though, that they'll
come back here at present."

Nor did they.

But the strangest part of my
story is to come yet. Some three
weeks subsequently I received a
letter from my sister who was
with Alice in her English home
—a letter whose intelligence filled
me with surprise.

"I must tell you something very
strange," wrote my sister, "that
happened to us on the night of
the 17th of October. Alice had
not been well for some time; in
fact, she had been confined to her

bed nearly a week, and I was sit-
ting beside her reading. It was
late; the clock had just struck
one, when all of a sudden she
seemed to faint away, growing
white and rigid as a corpse. I
hastened to call assistance, but all
our effort seemed vain to restore
her to life or animation. I was
just about to send for the doctor
when her senses returned as sud-
denly as they had left her, and
she sat up in bed, pushing back
her hair and looking wildly around
her.

"Alice!" I exclaimed, "how
you terrified us all. Are you ill?"
"Not ill," she answered, "but
I feel so strange. Gracie, I have
been with my husband!"

All our reasoning failed to con-
vince her of the impossibility of
her assertions. She persists to
this moment that she saw you
and was with you on the 17th of
October, or rather on the morning
of the 18th—where and how
she cannot tell—but we think
it must have been some dream.
She is better now, and I wish you
could see how fast she is improv-
ing.

This is my plain, unvarnished
tale. I do not pretend to explain
or account for its mysteries. I
simply relate facts. Let psychol-
ogists unravel the labyrinthical
skein. I am not superstitious,
neither do I believe in ghosts,
wraiths or apparitions; but this
thing I do know—that although
my wife was in England, in body
on the morning of October 18, her
spirit surely stood before me in
New York at the moment of the
deadly peril that menaced
me. It may be that to the subtle
instinct and strength of a wife's
love, all things are possible,
but Alice surely saved my life.

A Brave Boy.

A few years ago a lad, who was
left without father and mother,
went to New York alone and
friendly, to get a situation in a
store as errand boy, until he could
command a higher position; but
this boy had been in bad company,
and got in the habit of calling for
'bitters' and cheap cigars.

On looking over the paper he
noticed that a merchant in Pearl
street wanted a lad of his age, and
he called there and made his busi-
ness known.

"Walk in my office, my lad,"
said the merchant, "I'll attend to
you soon."

When he had waited upon his
customer, he took a seat near the
lad, and espied a cigar in his hat.
This was enough. "My boy,"
said he, "I want a smart honest,
faithful lad but I see you smoke
cigars, and in my experience of
many years, I have found cigar-
smoking lads to be connected with
various evil habits, and if I am
not mistaken you are not an ex-
ception. You can leave; you will
not suit me."

John held down his head and
left the store; and as he walked
along the street, a stranger and
friendly, the counsel of his poor
mother came forcibly to his mind,
who, upon her death-bed, called
him to her side, and placing her
enlaced hand upon his head,
said, "Johnny, my dear boy, I am
going to leave you. You will
know what disgrace and misery
your father brought upon us be-
fore his death, and I want you to
promise me before I die, that you
will never taste one drop of the
accursed poison that killed your
father, nor tobacco.—Promise me
this and be a good boy, Johnny,
and I shall die in peace."

The scalding tears trickled
down Johnny's cheek. He went
to his lodgings, and throwing
himself upon his bed, gave vent
to his feelings in sobs that were
heard all over the house.

But John had moral courage,
and ere an hour had passed he
made up his mind never to taste
another drop of liquor or smoke
cigar.

He went straight back to the
merchant. Said he, "Sir, you

very properly sent me away this
morning for habits I have been
guilty of; but, sir, I have neither
father nor mother, and though I
have occasionally done what I
ought not to do, and have not fol-
lowed the advice of my mother on
her death-bed, yet I have now
made a solemn vow never to drink
another drop of liquor nor smoke
another cigar; and if you, sir,
will only try me, it is all I ask."

The merchant was struck with
the decision and energy of the
boy, and at once employed him.
At the expiration of five years,
this lad was a partner in the busi-
ness, and is now worth ten thou-
sand.—Exchange.

A Bill to be Entitled An Act for Amnesty and Pardon.

WHEREAS, It is believed that a
strict enforcement of the criminal
law in reference to many offences
committed within the limits of the
State since the close of the late
civil war would result in greater
detriment to the State of North
Carolina than a policy based upon
mercy and forgiveness: There-
fore,

SECTION 1. The General Assembly of North Carolina do enact, That no person who may have com- mitted any crime against or viola- tion of the laws of the State of North Carolina while a member of, or officer or pretended officer of the Heroes of America, Loyal Union League, Red Strings, Con- stitutional Union Guard, White Brotherhood, Invisible Empire, Ku-Klux Klan, North Carolina State Troops, North Carolina Mil- itia, Jay Hawks, or any other organization, association, or as- sembly, secret or otherwise, polit- ical or otherwise, by whatever name known or called, in obedi- ence to the commands, decrees or determinations, by whatever name called, of such organizations, as- semblies, or in obedience to the commands, orders or requests of any one exercising or pretending to exercise any authority, or pre- tended authority, by reason of his connection or attachment to any such organization, association or assembly, shall be held to answer criminally for any such crime against or violation of the laws of North Carolina in fact committed or charged to have been com- mitted previous to the first day of September, A. D., one thousand eight hundred and seventy-one, but every such person shall have full and complete amnesty and pardon therefor.

SEC. 2. That no person who may have been a member, officer, or pretended officer of any one of the organizations or assemblies refer- red to in section one of this act shall be held to answer therefor, but every such person shall have full and complete amnesty and pardon therefor.

SEC. 3. That no person shall be held to answer criminally as ac- cessory either before or after the fact for any crime against or viola- tion of the laws of this State for which amnesty and pardon are provided in the preceding sections of this Act, but every such per- son shall have full and com- plete amnesty and pardon there- for.

SEC. 4. That all presentments, indictments or criminal proceed- ings, of whatsoever nature or kind, now pending for any of the crimes against or violations of the laws of this State for which amnesty and pardon are provided in the preceding sections of this Act, shall be forthwith dismissed, and no further criminal proceedings shall be had against such persons or any of them, for any of said crimes against or violations of the laws of this State.

SEC. 5. That this Act shall be in force from its ratification.

Why do honest ducks dip their
heads under water? To liquidate
their little bills.

When is a newspaper the sharp-
est? When it's filed.