

WEST-CAROLINA RECORD.

THE STRONGEST BULWARK OF OUR COUNTRY—THE POPULAR HEART.

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RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

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E. Y. SAGE,
Engineer and Superintendent.

Under the Moon.

Under the moon two lovers walked—
The silver moon, the round full moon—
Under its beams they softly talked
Of youth and love and June.
And they plighted their vows in the
silvery light,
For their hearts, like moon, were full
that night.

Under the moon they walked again—
The setting moon, the waning
moon—
And scarcely a word was said by the
twain;
Oh, moon, you set too soon.
And love in one of the hearts, like the
rim
Of the waning moon, grew faint and
dim.

Under the skies a maiden stood—
The cold night skies, the moonless
skies—
She heard the owl in the lonely wood,
And she heard her own deep sighs.
'Heart and skies devoid of light,
'God,' she cried, 'what a dreary
night!'

Under the skies is a narrow mound—
The watchful skies, the starry
skies—
And the rays of the moon, so full and
round,
Shine down where the maiden lies,
And they shine on the fickle lover who
Walks with another and woes anew.

Courage and Cowardice.

John Allday and Joseph Freeth had a quarrel when they were at school together, and some of their more wicked playmates tried hard to get up a battle between them. All day was ready enough to pull off his jacket, but Freeth would not fight. Their teacher heard of the affair, so he took him to task. "Tell me John," said he, "why you want to fight with Freeth."
"Because, sir," replied Allday, "the boys will call me a coward if I refuse."
"Oh! Oh!" said the teacher, "and so you had rather do wrong than be called a coward: John, I am ashamed of you."
The teacher next questioned Freeth. "Joseph," said he, "what reason have you for not fighting with Allday?"
"I have many reasons, sir," replied Joseph.

"Then let me hear them all," said the teacher, "that I may judge what they are worth."
"In the first place, sir," said Freeth, "if I were to fight Allday, I should hurt him, I know I should, and I do not want to hurt him."
"Very good," said the teacher.

"In the next place, sir, if I did not hurt him, he would be sure to hurt me."
"No doubt of it," said the teacher.

"And then, sir I had rather be called a coward, than to do that which I know to be wrong."
"Very good again," said the teacher.

"And lastly, sir, to fight with one another is not only against the rules of the school, but also against the commands of our Saviour, who has told us to love and forgive one another. The text last Sunday morning was, 'Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice: and be kind to one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.' Eph. iv: 31, 32.

The teacher commended Joseph Freeth for the prudent answer he had given, and hoped he would be able always to act upon his principles. "In my opinion," said he, "you have shown more true courage in declining to fight, than you would have done in fighting with Allday, even had you won the victory."

About a week after the quarrel which had taken place, the cottage of poor old Margery Jenkins, by some accident or other, took fire. Margery made her escape, and her daughter was absent from home, but an infant granddaughter was sleeping in a little cot up stairs, while the flames were rising to the stairs. At this time there were present several of the school-boys, and one of them boldly dashed through the fire and smoke, made his way up the narrow staircase, dropped the child through the window into the arms of a man who stood ready to receive it, and then made his own escape to the ground.

But who was the boy who thus showed his bravery and saved the life of a child? was it the brave All-day, who was so forward to fight? No, it was Joseph Freeth, he who by many had been called a coward. This kind and daring act of his raised him in the minds of all, and no one any longer called his courage in question.

The following day some of the school-boys went to bathe in the river, and Allday and Freeth were among them. Allday, who could not swim, soon got out of his depth, and would no doubt have drowned, had not Freeth, who was a good swimmer, plunged headlong from the bank to his rescue. Seizing hold of the arm of his drowning companion, he dragged him to land.

If the affair of the fire had shown the calm courage of Joseph Freeth, this of the water went still further to convince the minds of his play mates.

On the return of Joseph Freeth to the school-room, all the boys received him with upraised hands. "Let the conduct of Joseph Freeth," said the teacher, when a short time after speaking to the boys, "be an example to you, so that you may be able to distinguish between idle boasting and true courage. Joseph Freeth has proved himself worthy, by going through fire and through water for the benefit of others. Remember that he who dares to do what is right, though it draws down upon him an ill name, is truly courageous; while he who is afraid to pursue an upright course, lest those around should mock him, must be in heart a coward."—*The Children's Friend.*

Kant and the Robbers.

John Kant was Professor and Doctor of Divinity at Craeoc. He was a pious man, with a spirit peculiarly gentle and guileless, and he at times would have preferred to suffer injustice rather than exercise it. For many years he had conscientiously followed his duties as spiritual teacher of the place to which he had been appointed by God. His head was covered with the snows of age, when he was seized with an ardent desire to revisit the scenes of his youth in his native country, Silesia. The journey appeared fraught with peril to one at his advanced age; but he set his affairs in order, and started on his way, commencing himself to the care of God. He rode slowly along, attired in his black robe, with long beard and hair, according to the fashion of the time. Then he pursued his way through the gloomy woods of Poland, which scarcely a sunbeam could pierce; but there was a light in his soul, for God's Spirit irradiated it.

One evening, as he was thus journeying along, holding communion with God, and taking no heed of objects beside him, on reaching an opening in the thick forest, a tramp noise was suddenly heard, and he was instantly surrounded by figures, some on horseback and some on foot. Knives and swords glittered in the moonlight, and the pious man saw that he was at the mercy of a band of robbers. Scarcely conscious of what passed, he alighted from his horse and offered his property to the gang. He gave them a purse filled with silver coins, unclasped the chain from his neck, took the gold lace from his cap, drew a ring from his finger, and took from his pocket his book of prayer, which was clasped with silver. Not till he had yielded all he possessed, and seen his horse led away, did Kant intercede for his life.

"Have you given us all?" cried the robber chief threateningly.—
"Have you no more money?"
In his alarm and terror, the trembling doctor answered that he had given them every coin in his possession; and on receiving this assurance, he was allowed to proceed on his journey.

Quickly he hastened onward, rejoicing at his escape, when suddenly his hand felt something hard in the hem of his robe. It was his gold, which, having been stashed within the lining of his dress, had thus escaped discovery. The good man, in his alarm, had forgotten the secret store. His heart, therefore, again beat with joy, for the money would bear him home to his friends and kindred; and he saw rest and shelter in prospect, instead of a long and painful wandering, with the necessity of begging his way. But his conscience was a peculiarly tender one, and he suddenly stop-

ped to listen to its voice. It cried in disturbed tones: "Tell not a lie! tell not a lie!" These words burned in his heart. Joy, kindred, home, all were forgotten. Some writers on moral philosophy have held that promises made under such circumstances are not binding, and few men certainly would have been troubled with such scruples on the occasion. But Kant did not stop to reason. He hastily retraced his steps, and entering into the midst of the robbers, who were still in the same place, said meekly:

"I have told you what is not the truth; but it was unintentional—fear and anxiety confused me; therefore, pardon me."
With these words, he held forth the glittering gold; but to his surprise, not one of the robbers would take it! A strange feeling was at work in their hearts. They could not laugh at this pious man. "Thou shalt not steal," said a voice within them. All were deeply moved. Then, as if seized by a sudden impulse, one went and brought back his purse; another restored the book of prayer, while still another led his horse toward him, and helped him to remount it. Then they unitedly entreated his blessing; and, solemnly giving it, the good old man continued his way, lifting up his heart in gratitude to God, who brought him in safety to the end of his journey.—*Angel of Peace.*

The Uses of Old Rags.

Woolen rags, as they come in from the pedlars, comprise every variety of fabric that it is possible to produce from wool, from a coarse and harsh carpet to the finest and softest product of the loom. These are piled up in huge heaps upon the warehouse floor, and women and girls, whose wages average from four to five dollars a week, attack them on all sides and "sort" them into no less than ten grades, each of which has a special use and an established value. The greater part of these are manufactured into "shoddy," and, as this is a word concerning which a general misapprehension exists, it may be well to devote a paragraph to its consideration.

Shoddy is, perhaps, the best abused material in use. So far from being a mere sham and a poor substitute for wool, it is, in reality, a valuable material, and enters, in certain proportions, into the composition of nearly all cloth. It is not, as is generally supposed, woolen rags ground into a powder and worked into the cloth to give it weight, but wool fibre, combed out of wool fabrics by a peculiar process, and mixed with new wool when the latter is carded, is spun with it, and finally becomes a component part of the cloth.

Thus, by mixing a due proportion of fine grade of shoddy or wool fibre with new wool of a coarse grade, a substantial, yet soft and handsome fabric, can be produced and sold at a moderate price; while the same thing, with fine high cost wool in the place of the much reviled shoddy, would cost far more and possess but little more value so far as wear and appearance are concerned.

Cotton and linen rags are sorted with equal care. They are the principal source of paper-making material, and are in constant demand. Used alone, they make the highest grade of paper, while in varying proportions of paper stock, they produce the various grades of paper to be found in the market. Paper material may be used over and over again, provided always that a given amount of new rag stock is used, but it deteriorates in value with each process, owing to the breaking and consequent shortening of the fibre; and, beginning, say in the form of writing paper of fine quality, it passes successively through the various grades, and eventually is found in the shape of a coarse article, possessing little strength and small value.

The freer you feel yourself in the presence of another, the more free is he: who is free makes free.

The Barefoot Boy.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheeks of tan;
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry-whistled tunes;
With the red lips redder still,
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty
grace,

From my heart I give thee joy;
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art: the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollar ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye—
Outward shine, inward joy;
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Food and Care of Horses.

We have a personal interest in horse flesh. We have furnished feed for them, and attended to their wants personally, and claim that we know something about them. This is what we have found—that with proper care and regularity in feeding and proper preparation of the food, nearly one half may be saved. Ordinarily, it requires fifteen pounds of grain, and from 15 to 20 pounds of good hay, or its equivalent in other long feed to keep a horse weighing one thousand pounds in thrifty condition. If, however, the long feed is cut up fine and the grain ground and mixed with it, very little over half this amount will be equally efficacious in keeping the horse in condition; this we know from actual experiment. We have experimented with different kinds of provender, and believe that properly cured corn stalks with the fodder on, prepared as above, is far the cheapest food obtainable in Eastern Virginia. As a grain food, we have found a mixture of two parts wheat-straw, and one of corn meal, economical and excellent every way. Oat meal, which obtainable is good. Next to grinding the following method of preparing oats, has proven most satisfactory with us. The food for morning is prepared at night, by pouring sufficient hot water over it to cover it in the vessel; then set in a warm place until morning. When this is fed, prepare the mess for night, in the same way. We never feed our horses more than twice a day in winter, but give them a large feed of provender at night, and more grain in the morning. In the summer we feed and allow an hour or two rest at noon. We like a great deal of brushing, and very little currying at any time, especially in the winter. Except for the removal of hard dirt, we would never use a curry comb. A stiff brush is much better. We don't believe blanketing horses except when they are stopped in the cold after being heated into perspiration. A blanket thrown over them then to prevent their cooling off too suddenly is an advantage.

Stables should be comfortable, light and free from cold draughts. The ceiling should be at least eight feet high, and the ventilation should always be at the top, and if possible at the end farthest from the horses. If the inside is lime-washed, it should not be left perfectly white as the glare injures the eye. A little lamp black will bring down the color to a softer shade, though it must be confessed that dead white looks neater. With regard to labor, we generally manage to keep our team moving eight or ten hours a day, and to keep them fat and healthy (barring the epizootic.) We never work in the rain or falling snow, if we can avoid it. We live among the farmers, are one of them; poor in common with the land holders of the South, and we know whereof we affirm when we say, the reason there are so many poor horses and mules, is not for want of sufficient food; but because the food is given in a slovenly manner, and the horses

are insufficiently sheltered; compelled frequently to stand half knee deep, in a freezing mass of filth in an open stable, exposed to the cold winds of winter through the long cheerless days and nights of the entire season.

It is because the owners fail to give the proper attention to the comfort of the animals committed to their care, that so many valuable animals die from poverty every winter and spring.—S. P. & Farmer.

How to induce a Lazy Scholar to Learn His Lesson.

Not by railing at him. I have not much faith in scolding on any subject, and certainly I never saw an idle scholar made industrious by calling him hard names and heaping abuse on his head. You may thereby make him sullen, or you may drive him from school but you will not make him love study.

There is nothing that children need so much as encouragement. One half the failures in school come from the idea which the child has got, that he cannot do the thing required. Perhaps he has attempted it once, and his awkwardness has been laughed at. Perhaps he is slow of speech. He has not the natural glibness of tongue which some of the other children have, and he is driven in to silence, and then is discouraged altogether, because he thinks there is no use of his trying. A Government contractor who has been largely concerned in the purchase and training of mules informed me once that the sullen stubbornness of that animal, which is so proverbial as to have given a new word to the dictionary, is really a mistake in our estimation of the animal's character; that the mulishness of the mule is only his timidity and want of confidence in himself; that if you treat him with kindness, awaken in him confidence in yourself, try him first on such things he sees that he can do, and thus gradually educate him to self confidence, you will find him in the end more tractable and docile than even the horse. But he must have encouragement. He is by nature timid and diffident.

Much of the so-called mulishness of children is only timidity driven into sullenness. What is needed in such cases is not the sickening flattery in which some teachers indulge, but ingenuity in creating in the child's mind a spirit of hopefulness, a conviction that he as well as the others can do something. There is a fine thought on this subject in Virgil. He is describing the glow of earnest enthusiasm with which the Carthaginians, under Queen Dido, are building the walls of their new city. Under the influence of this hopeful spirit all the difficulties in their way seem to vanish; they achieve what is apparently impossible, because it seems possible to them. They are able because they seem to themselves to be able; they could do it because they thought they could do it. Making a child think he can master a task is half the battle.—Dr. John S. Hart.

The Rebuilding of Boston.

According to the official returns there were seven hundred and seventy-six buildings destroyed by fire in Boston on the 9th and 10th of November last, and we learn that permits for rebuilding over one quarter of these have already been granted. Instead of the granite which was so generally used in the construction of the buildings destroyed there will be a large number of marble and of freestone fronts, with some of unpretentious brick. The wined streets will be better adapted for architectural display, and while many of the new buildings will be elegant and costly, few will be inferior to those which formally stood on the same sites.