

WEST-CAROLINA RECORD.

THE STRONGEST BULWARK OF OUR COUNTRY—THE POPULAR HEART.

CARPENTER & GRAYSON, EDITORS.

CLENDENIN & CARPENTER, PUBLISHERS.

VOL. I. RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., APRIL 26, 1873. NO. 13.

WEST-CAROLINA RECORD.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

1 Copy 1 Year in Advance, \$2.00
6 months, 1.00
Any person sending us a Club of five with the Cash at above rates for one Year, will be entitled to an extra copy.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE 1w. 1mo. 3mo. 6mo. 12mo.
1 inch 1.00 2.50 6.00 9.00 16.00
2 " 2.00 5.00 12.00 18.00 30.00
3 " 3.00 7.00 15.00 22.00 45.00
4 " 4.00 10.00 20.00 30.00 70.00
5 " 5.00 13.00 25.00 40.00 125.00
Special notices charged 50 per cent higher. Local notices 15 cents a line.
Agents procuring advertisements will be allowed a commission of 25 per cent.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. J. L. RUCKER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Grateful for the liberal patronage heretofore received, hopes, by prompt attention to all calls, to merit a continuance of the same.

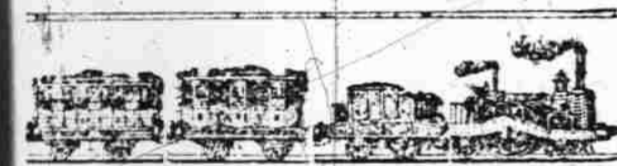
L. F. CHURCHILL, G. M. WHITESIDE,
CHURCHILL & WHITESIDE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Will practice in all the Courts of Western North Carolina, in the Supreme Courts of the state and in the District, Circuit and Supreme Courts of the United States.

J. L. CARSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Collections made in any part of the State if possible.

K. W. LOGAN, J. M. JUSTICE,
LOGAN & JUSTICE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to their care.

J. B. CARPENTER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Collections promptly attended to.

RAILROAD DIRECTORY.



WILMINGTON, CHARLOTTE AND RUTHERFORD RAILROAD.

EASTERN DIVISION: GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	PASSENGER.	FREIGHT.
Leave Wilmington,	8:00 A. M.	6:00 A. M.
Arrive Lilliesville,	4:45 "	10:00 "

GOING EAST.

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

WESTERN DIVISION.

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

RETURNING.

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

V. Q. JOHNSON, S. L. FREMONT,
Assistant Supt. Genl. Supt.

WESTERN N. CAROLINA RAILROAD.

Passenger Trains on this Road run as follows:

GOING WEST.

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

GOING EAST.

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

RICHMOND AND DANVILLE RAILROAD 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.	3:30 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.

Fullman Palace Cars on all night trains between Charlotte and Richmond, (without change).

S. E. ALLEN, Gen'l Ticket Agent.

W. H. GREEN, Master of Transportation.

THE AIR-LINE RAILROAD.

Out Passenger and Freight, three times a week, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	GOING WEST.
Leave Charlotte,	7:30 a. m.
Arrive Black,	11:26 "

In Passenger and Freight, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	GOING EAST.
Leave Black,	2:00 p. m.
Arrive Charlotte,	5:56 "

B. Y. SAGE, Engineer and Superintendent.

Heaven.

BY FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGALL.

Light after darkness,
Gain after loss,
Strength after suffering,
Crown after cross.
Sweet after bitter,
Song after sigh,
Home after wandering,
Praise after cry.

Sheaves after sowing,
Sun after rain,
Sight after mystery,
Peace after pain.

Joy after sorrow,
Calm after blast,
Rest after weariness,
Sweet rest at last.

Near after distant,
Gleam after gloom,
Love after loneliness,
Life after tomb.
After long agony
Rapture of bliss!
Right was the pathway
Leading to this!

Commercial (N. Y.) Advertiser.
PICKPOCKETS.

In view of the many cases of pocket-picking we have been called upon to chronicle in such rapid succession, perhaps the following information, gathered from a recent conversation with one of the most experienced detectives, may prove valuable to a large number of people, who might otherwise suffer from the depredations of these thieves.

Our knowledge has heretofore been confined to the ordinary daily accounts of crime appearing under the stereotyped heads of "Mysterious Car Robbery," "Thieves in a Stage," "Pickpockets at Work," and other startling titles of a similar nature. But we have occasionally been furnished with information that gave us a deeper insight into the appearance and mode of operation of these *chevaliers d'industrie*, but, as it usually came to us in a sensational article, or was woven into the plot of some novel or play we were led to make so much allowance for exaggeration, that we seldom retained a truthful conception of the real live rascals who jostle against us on the streets, obstruct our passage in the cars, and occupy seats next us in the stages.

How we think they look.

It is generally presumed, by a majority of our citizens, that pickpockets possess some indescribable peculiarity in their personal appearance, by which they can be readily distinguished from honest folks. Many people entertain the idea that these kind of thieves must necessarily have a low forehead, a villainous countenance, and wear a large cloak to conceal false hands, and a kit of pickpocket's instruments. This mistaken supposition accounts, in a large measure, for the ease with which so many robberies are committed. In many cases the very caution of the victims assists the operation of the thieves. While the over cautious are engaged in casting suspicious glances around, with the intention of avoiding some one who corresponds with their mental picture of a rascal—some genteelly appearing personage, whom they do not for a moment suspect, relieves them of their valuables.

The appearance of the tastefully attired lady with the modest countenance and delicately formed hands, who apologizes so gracefully for her rudeness and haste in leaving a car, does not suggest the fact that she has just picked a pocket. The plain, honest looking old gentleman, who wears an expression as benignant as Beecher's, and assists an old lady across the street with a solicitude that excites admiration, does not conform with the general impression of English Bill, the notorious English pickpocket.

There are some suspicious looking faces among these people, just as there are among lawyers, doctors, merchants, or any other class of the community, but they will

compare favorably in personal appearance with any body of honest citizens, prenotologists to the contrary notwithstanding.

A Pickpocket's Joke.

An amusing instance of the inability of the public to distinguish an honest man from a thief, happened some time since on the Portland Railroad. A thief, who had been picking pockets twenty years, and who is at present serving out a sentence in the State prison, had been operating for several weeks so extensively as to arouse the indignation of the travelers on the road. Some of his victims had expressed the determination to flog and tar and feather the first pickpocket captured. About this time the thief was "wanted" in this city for stealing a large amount of bonds from a gentleman on a Brooklyn ferry boat, and a detective was sent to Portland to arrest him. He secured his man and started for this city. They experienced some difficulty in finding seats; but finally the thief procured one with a gentleman who resided in Portland, and the detective occupied the opposite side of the aisle. The thief introduced himself to his neighbor as a detective, and informed him in a consequential tone, that he was taking the man opposite, who was a well known pickpocket, to New York to answer for a bold robbery he had just committed. He also advised his fellow traveler that his prisoner was probably the very man who had picked so many pockets in that neighborhood. "He likes to play practical jokes," continued the thief. "On the train we have just left, he made several gentlemen believe that I was the prisoner and he the officer." The real detective sat watching the prisoner, all unconscious of the approaching storm. The gentleman moved to another part of the car and communicated the information he had just received to several friends. One of them had been robbed a few days before of over \$200, and he was still very angry.

A Detective in Trouble.

He stepped over to the detective, and, in a loud voice, said: "So they have caught you at last, you miserable cut throat? You are the rascal who stole my money. I know you. I saw you when you took it and if you had not escaped I would have shot you like a dog. You say that you are not a thief, that you are a thief-catcher. But you suppose, with your villainous face, you can make me think you are anything but a thief? You ought to be thrown from the cars, and I, for one, will assist in so doing!" A crowd of excited men gathered around the unfortunate detective, and, in spite of his protestations, persisted in abusing him shamefully, and were about to hurl him from the platform of the flying train, when the thief interferred with, "Gentlemen, I trust you will use no violence towards this unfortunate man. I cannot permit it. He is my prisoner. He is in the hands of the law, and the law must take its course." Fortunately, perhaps for the detective, the train reached New York about this time, and he escaped.

Where and How they Steal.

Political meetings, theatres, churches, cars, stages, and other places where crowds do congregate, present favorable fields for the operations of the light-fingered gentry. A Presidential campaign yields them a bountiful harvest of greenbacks. Some times they resort to devilish and ingenious expedients to bring together a number of people. They occasionally set fire to a building in some neighborhood that promises a profitable crowd of victims. At other times two of their number will engage in a street fight while their confederates pick the pockets of the excited and interested spectators. One gang of

thieves employs a man who attracts a crowd by falling down in the street, in an apparent fit, and assuming the most frightful contortions.

An Ingenious Robbery.

These men saw a gentleman draw three hundred dollars from a bank the other day. They followed him, without exciting his suspicions for over a mile. When near the corner of Canal street and Broadway, one of their number passed on in advance and fell to the sidewalk, within a few feet of the gentleman they had been watching. Within a minute twenty people were pushing and crowding about the prostrate man. During the commotion the money was stolen and the thieves escaped. While the gentleman was excitedly informing the bystanders of his loss, the decoy regained his feet, and quietly stole away, to rejoin his confederates and receive his share of the plunder.

How Pockets are Picked.

Many people are robbed on the different ferry boats. A favorite mode of operation among thieves who steal from the passengers is to select some victim who gives promise of possessing a well filled wallet, and gather round him in such a way as not to excite his suspicions. When the rush takes place as the boat reaches the slip, he is pushed first on one side and then on the other, and perhaps his hat is knocked down over his eyes. During the melee he is quietly relieved of his pocket-book and, before he discovers his loss, the thieves have escaped.

Pockets are sometimes cut in such a way as to allow the contents to fall out into the thief's hand. This is done with a sharp circular shaped blade, worn on the finger like a ring. The writer once received a dangerous wound across the back of his hand from one of these instruments, while standing with his hands in his pockets, among a crowd of speculators at Jerome Park races. The thief probably mistook the unfortunate member for a plethoric purse.

Scaling on the Cars.

Travelers in street cars are the greatest sufferers from thieves. Not a day passes when we are not called on to publish accounts of several robberies committed in the cars. Pickpockets are plying their vocation in this direction to an alarming extent, and until the authorities take active measures to protect citizens from the depredations of these rascals, it would be well for those who ride in street cars to adopt some way of carrying the valuables.

How to avoid being plundered.

When it is possible, ladies should place money inside their gloves, next to the palm, or perhaps the securest receptacle is in a pocket, corresponding to a gentleman's inside vest pocket, but of course this contrivance is open to objections, on the plea of inconvenience. They will find it necessary, however, to adopt some such plan, or avoid travelling in street cars.

The following are the dimensions of Donaldson's great balloon: It is to be 80 feet in diameter, with a capacity of 268,000 feet of gas. To construct it will require 2,300 square yards of cambric, and will be capable of lifting to the required altitude 9,380 pounds. The weight of the gas chamber of this monstrous air ship will be 1,532 pounds, while the nettings, &c., will weigh 500 pounds. The two supply balloons will be 32 feet in diameter, which will require 374 yards of material, with a capacity of 28,000 cubic feet and a lifting power of 980 pounds. The weight of the two supply balloons, nettings, &c., will be 280 pounds. A small balloon to save gas as it expands, will weigh 140 pounds, making a grand total of lifting power of 10,000; and weight in full about 4,000 pounds, including rope, life-boat, provisions, instruments, &c., leaving for passengers and supplies, 6,000 pounds. This outfit will be sufficient for a trip around the world, or for a month at least.

An April Violet.

Under the larch, with its tassels wet,
While the early sunbeams lingered yet,
In the early dawn my love I met.

Under the larch when the sun was set,
He came with an April violet;
Forty years—and I love it yet.

Out of life, with its fond regret,
What have Love and Memory yet?
Only an April violet.

Why do Boys leave the Farm?

The most embarrassing feature which now presents itself to the laboring class of citizens, is the general stampede made by the robust and active young men of our country to professions. Boys leave the rural shades of the farm, where nature's mantle feeds the eye with untiring admiration, and her minstrel's music greets the ear with insatiable rapture, for the silent cloister where a tedious curriculum of study may in completely fit them for the title of a pettifogger or a quack.

Parents witness these departures from the toils of physical industry with painful regret, and marvel at such thoughtless folly. They are either ignorant or forgetful of the influence which moulds the character and destiny of manhood in the aspiring youth, as he obeys the precepts of their stringent counsel. The causes which alienate the taste for rural employment from so many young men, are various in different localities but in our western country one cause, with few exceptions, will suffice:

Farms are entirely too large, and if properly cultivated, require more labor than can generally be supplied. Such a portion, however, is put under plow as the seasons for seeding ushers in, help or no help, profit or no profit. Everything must go with a rush, slipped or half done. Boys are hurried through panice of disorder, exposed, overburdened with labor, disgusted with farm management, and if luck terminates favorably enough to return a tribute, they must content themselves or not, if they choose, with board and clothing. Or if circumstances and grudging liberality will allow them a few dollars, how can it be invested to the best advantage? Can they purchase live stock and increase their slender capital with a handsome interest? Oh no! they might incur an expense at the parents' crib, or make some interference with the matter heard. There is no investment for their money where it might yield a profit, and secure in them an interest for their vocation. But inactive money is dead property, and is a fact with which boys seem to be thoroughly acquainted, and if it cannot be developed in some channel of their home employment, it must go out in some other, and their interest, aspirations, and ambition must go with it, just as interest follows money matters in mature manhood. Every devotion is diverted from the farm, until the aspirant resolves to be educated for a profession. And thus is every bar of justice crowded with a host of lawyers; the country is flooded with quacks; and even the ministry is too often filled with incompetent teachers, whose subsistence comes either directly or indirectly from the hard earned stores of the laboring people. The officials of our country, the frame-work of our system, is built up from this strange medley of office-seeking professors, and its sacred trusts committed to their care. It is not in the charge of every demagogue that the responsibilities of the State and Church are to be entrusted. They call for men of real genius, combined with the most proficient education, to insure safety and promote the general welfare of the people, and it is not every one who may direct his aspirations to these high honors, that may qualify himself with a competency to preserve them. Parents, if you wish to shape the destiny of your sons, give them an interest in that employment where you wish to see their manhood developed. Don't discourage agriculture, that channel of labor which always leads the three great and indispensable branches of national industry, but renew its credit with more worthy appreciations. Let your boys know that is an occupation of great pleasure and much profit, by allowing them to make something for themselves, and participating in its rich enjoyments. With such privileges the honors of no office or profession will buy their interest.

Farming on a Big Scale.

There are three wheat farms in the San Joaquin Valley, with areas respectively of 26,000 acres, 23,000 acres, and 17,000 acres. On the largest of these farms the wheat crop this year is reputed to be equal to an average of forty bushels to the acre, the yield running up on some parts of the farm to sixty bushels. The product of this farm for the present year is 1,440,000 bushels. The boundary on one side of this farm is about seventeen miles long. At the season of plowing ten four horse teams were attached to ten gang-plows, each gang having four plows—or forty horses with as many plows—were started at the same time, the teams following in close succession. Lunch or dinner was served at a midway station, and supper at the terminus of the field, seventeen miles distant from the starting-point. The teams returned on the following day. The wheat in this immense field was cut with twenty of the largest reapers, and we believe has now all been threshed and put in sacks. It would require over forty ships of medium size to transport the wheat raised on this farm to a foreign market. Even the sacks required would make a large hole in the surplus money of most farmers. We have not the figures touching the product of the other two farms; but presume that the average is not much below that of the first. There are thousands of tons of wheat, which cannot be taken out of the valley this season, and must remain over as dead capital, or what is nearly as desirable, will only command advances at heavy rates of interest.—*Buist's Almanac.*

Farm and Household—Mutilum in Parvo.

The following twelve paragraphs are worthy of a place among the most valued rules that should govern a well regulated farm:

1. When fruit trees occupy the ground, nothing else should—except very short grass.
2. Fruitfulness and growth of the tree cannot be expected the same year.
3. There is no plum that the curculio will not take, though any kind may sometimes escape for one year in one place.
4. The best time to prune fruit trees is in the month of June.
5. Pear blight still puzzles the greatest men. The best remedy known is to plant two for every one that dies.
6. If you don't know how to prune, don't hire a man from the other side of the sea, who knows less than you do.
7. Don't cut off a big lower limb unless you are a renter and don't care what becomes of it when your time is out.
8. A tree with the limbs coming out near the ground is worth two trees trimmed up five feet, and is worth four trees trimmed up ten feet, and so on until they are not worth anything.
9. Trim down not up.
10. Shorten in, not lengthen out.
11. If you had your arm cut off you would feel it at your heart—a tree will not feel but rot to the heart.
12. When anybody tells you of a gardener that understands all about horticulture and agriculture, and can be hired, don't believe a word of it, for there are none such to be hired. Such a man can make more than you can afford to give him, and if he has sense enough to understand the business, he will also have enough to know this.

Flowers in the Track of War.

There is something singular and quite romantic to those sober folks, the botanists, in the fact that the track of the Prussian armies in France, their camping grounds, the siege lines and bivouacs are marked with flowers, not the familiar flowers of France, but of the Fatherland. Even around Paris is this phenomenon apparent. Hundreds of flowers, unknown hitherto to the soil, but dear to the German heart, so that the Prussian army, formerly tracked by bloody fields, wrecked ambulances, and all the horror and confusion of war, can now be followed by the strange flower blooming in the lanes and fields and the borders of the vineyards.