

WEST-CAROLINA RECORD.

THE STRONGEST BULWARK OF OUR COUNTRY—THE POPULAR HEART.

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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
4 "	4.00	10.00	20.00	30.00	45.00
8 "	8.00	20.00	35.00	45.00	70.00
1 column	15.00	40.00	65.00	80.00	125.00

Special notices charged 50 per cent higher. Local notices 25 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.

LOGAN & JUSTICE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to their care.
Particular attention given to collections in both Superior and Justice Courts. 11-1

J. B. CARPENTER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Collections promptly attended to. 11-1

HOTELS.

VILLAGE HOTEL,

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.,
A. J. SOGGIN, Proprietor.
This old and favorably known house is now open for the reception of visitors.
The table will be supplied with all the delicacies of the market.
Pleasant and attentive servants will be employed, and all pains taken to make guests comfortable. 7-11

THE BURNETT HOUSE,

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.,
Is open for the accommodation of the travelling public, and with good fare, attentive servants, and good stables and feed for horses, the proprietor asks a share of patronage.
C. BURNETT, Proprietor. 11-11

ALLEN HOUSE,

HENDERSONVILLE, N. C.,
T. A. ALLEN, Proprietor.
Good Tables, attentive Servants, well ventilated Rooms and comfortable Stables.

BUCH HOTEL,

ASHEVILLE, N. C.,
R. M. DEEVER, Proprietor.
BOARD \$2.00 PER DAY. 16-1

BUSINESS CARDS.

WANTED! WANTED!!

200 CORDS GOOD TAN BARK.
D. MAY & CO.,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
13-11

W. H. JAY,

HOUSE AND SIGN
PAINTER
PAPER HANGING, & CO.
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Graining, Marbling and Kalsomining executed in the best style.
Orders from neighboring towns promptly attended to. 6-3m

BLACKSMITHING.

Bradley Dalton would announce to his old friends and customers that his Shop is still in full blast on Main Street, South of the Jail, where he may be found at all times.
Terms as low as the lowest. Country produce taken in payment for work at market prices. Give him a Call. 10-11

WESTERN STAR LODGE

No. 91, A. F. M.
Meets regularly on the 1st Monday night in each month, Tuesdays of Superior Courts, and on the Festivals of the Six Jobs.
J. L. RUCKER, W. M.
R. W. LOGAN, Sec.

BLACKSMITH SHOP.

The undersigned would respectfully inform his old customers and the Public, that his Shop is still going on, and that he is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line at short notice.
My terms for work, is "pay down." All kinds of produce taken at market prices for work.
All persons indebted to me for work will save trouble by calling and settling.
J. V. WILKINSON. 1-11

Written for the Record.
To Miss Eda S *****.

OF SANDY RUN, N. C.

Hollow winds around me roaring,
Noisy voices around me rise,
Whilst I sit my fate deploring,
Tears fast streaming from my eyes,
What would I think of a miser's treasure,
Since I know no earthly joy,
And must I lose all youthful pleasure
And love—my youth and health destroy.

No! No! thy name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music your voice.
Your presence would disperse my gloom
And make my aching heart rejoice.
Happy would I be—if you were only high
I'd have naught to wish or to fear.
No mortal would be as happy as I
And my summer last a whole year.

Content with beholding thy face,
My all to your pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind,
While blest'd with a sense of your love,
A palace a toy would appear.
And prison a heaven would prove,
If your dear presence were there.

Through troubles and distresses,
I! my guarded vigil will keep,
Though loving relatives oppose us,
Our day will most surely peep,
And when it dawns upon our fate,
Then how sweet it will be to think,
That our opposers were too late,
And of pleasure's cup we'll ever drink.
WILL YAL.

People Will Talk.

We may go through the world, but
'twill be very slow,
If we listen to all that is said as we go;
We'll be worried, and fretted and kept in a stew,
For meddlesome tongues must have something to do—
For people will talk.

If generous and noble, they'll vent out their spleen,
You'll hear some loud hints that you're selfish and mean;
If upright and honest, and fair as the day,
They'll call you a rogue, in a sly, sneaking way—
For people will talk.

Then if you show the least boldness of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They'll call you an upstart, conceited and vain;
But keep straight ahead, don't stop to explain—
For people will talk.

If threadbare your coat, or old-fashioned your dress,
Some one, of course, will take notice of this,
And hint rather lose that you can't pay your way;
But don't get excited, whatever they say—
For people will talk.

If you dress in the fashion, don't think to escape,
For they criticize then in a different shape;
You're ahead of your means, or your bills are unpaid,
But mind your own business and keep straight ahead—
For people will talk.

They'll talk fine before you, but then at your back,
Of venom and spite there is never a lack;
How kind and polite is all that you say,
But bitter as gall when you're out of the way—
For people will talk.

Good friend, take advice and do as you please,
For your mind (if you have one) will then be at ease.
Through life you will meet with all sorts of abuse,
But don't think to stop them, 'twill be of no use—
For people will talk.

On a woman with red hair who wrote poetry—Unfortunate woman! how sad is your lot! Your ringlets are red, but your poems are not.

For the West Carolina Record.
Roaming No. 5.

From Washington Missouri to Jefferson City the face of the country back from the Missouri river southward, is level with bodies of timber interspersed over the vast prairies like Oasis in the desert, but more extended and general. These bodies of timber are of vast benefit to the farmers, as these wood-lands are their only chance to get their fuel from, and also furnishes them the timber, with which, to enclose their fields: accordingly the plains break off abruptly near the river valleys, but generally they descend gradually, forming a gently inclined plain.

The power of steam rushes us onward over a well graded road, and soon we halt at Jefferson City, the capital of the State of Missouri, situated on the south bank of the Missouri river; the population is estimated at 4,500. The greater part of the City is situated on a ridge of some elevation. The public buildings are the State House, which occupies a commanding position on a high bluff, the Court House and State Penitentiary. Every one seems to be in a hurry in Jefferson City. The streets are wide and the side walks lined with beautiful shade trees. But we can not tarry, as the Conductor is very punctual "to run on time," and in a "little or no time" we are in Tipton, whose population is estimated at 500. This is the junction of the Boonville branch of the Mo. Pacific R. R., which extends to Boonville on the Mo. river a distance of twenty miles. This branch road is expected to be extended across the river and make Chicago connection. Westward from Tipton the traveller is charmed with the broad prairies surrounding him on every side, dotted with beautiful white cottages and thriving villages.

Our eyes and minds are so much occupied with the scenes surrounding us, that before we are hardly aware of it, we are in Sedalia, twenty-five miles from Tipton, this city has a population of nearly 5,000. Sedalia is the north-eastern terminus of the Mo. Kansas & Texas R. R. It is also the proposed seat of the State Normal University. This city has grown up almost entirely since the late war; it is supplied with gas, and is substantially built. Coal is obtained in this vicinity, and strong indications of lead and copper are found here; it is indeed an enterprising business place. This young city situated in a healthy climate and in the midst of a highly productive country, is destined to become a large city in a few years. Southward from Sedalia there are thousands of acres of prairie lands for sale.

We do not encourage any one to emigrate to any of those western countries, but simply try to give true statements; and would say to any, who are inclined to take a family westward, to "step" out there and see for yourself first, as all do not see alike JUNIUS.

An old sailor, nicknamed "Salt," having been on a three days' bender in New York, strolled into an intelligence office and asked: "Is this an intelligence office?" "Yes," replied the keeper. "What's your fee?" inquired "Salt;" and upon being informed, threw down a dollar. "Well," asked the proprietor, "what do you want?" "I want you to tell me where I've been for the last three days."

Newspapers.

To any disposed to use some conscience in his reading, there comes this perplexing question, what ought I to do about newspapers? To which inquiry, at least this partial answer may be confidently returned, you cannot do without them. Doubt any one's good sense who speaks scornfully of newspapers. There is much in them that is trifling, and, perhaps, demoralizing; but, in the best of them, how much that is wise and noble! What wealth of enjoyment and instruction they may bring to every home where they are rightly selected, and rightly read! I have a few choice volumes on my shelves, among them an Olivet Cicero and a folio Shakespeare; but I would save my newspaper scrap books before either of them. I have no volumes that contain so much sound thought, good English, good sense, and important knowledge. If you ask for wit, I will agree to match every jest and sarcasm in "the School for Scandal" with something from my scrapbook quite as good in the way of epigram, and flashed upon some mischief which it is important should be seen. Here are full reports of lectures on history by Hedge, poetry by Lowell, science by Agassiz and Tyndall. Here are Mill's speeches in Parliament, his free-trade letters to New York admirers and Mr. Greeley's reply to them. You will find copious extracts giving the heart of the best modern books, and intelligent summaries of the systems they advocate. Here are occasional sermons, into which leading American divines have put their most earnest thought. Here are vigorous expressions of the best political intelligence clipped from the leaders of the best newspapers. And, quite as important, here are little crisp criticisms of blundering political work from indignant citizens whose daily duty has brought them face to face with absurdities of legislation. Take the best newspapers by all means—as many of them as you can afford—and then take nine-tenths of their reading matter for granted. Some of it is good for nobody; much of it is good for somebody; but only a small part is wanted by you. But how precious are these fragments, if wisely chosen! If you are interested in the investigation of any political subject,—and every American citizen should have some study of this sort—you will find in almost every newspaper an illustration of some aspect of it. Remember it is better to subscribe for a few first-class newspapers, that you may read at home with the scissors in your hand, than to glance over a score of them in a public reading room. Almost everything that it is good and useful to know gets said or copied or suggested in some column of our free press. Venerable absurdities are exposed by thinkers of acknowledged ability; and institutions worth preserving are defended against the assaults of the foolish. But, if newspapers may be put to noblest uses, they may be so used as to enervate and even to demoralize. Let us love them wisely, but not too well.—Old and New.

What the Bird told Margie.

"Ho! little Birdie upon the branch, what a lazy little thing you are, almost as bad as I am. You don't do anything but hop about and sing, and enjoy yourself; neither do I."
To Margie's surprise, the bird said, "you are a dear little robin, and I like your looks; but if you think I do nothing but hop about and sing, you don't know much. Is that really all you do?"
"That's about all, Mr. Birdie; but since you are so smart, tell me what you do?"
So Mr. Birdie smoothed his feathers complacently, and went on talking very wisely.

"Well, Miss Margie, up in the tree, yonder, there are some little birds, and I have to work hard to find food enough for them to eat. Before the little ones came I had to help make our house, what you call our nest. You have no idea what dangerous work it was to get the hair to line it with."
"And what else do you do, now?"

"Well," said Mr. Birdie, scratching his head, "we keep a family school—a flying school, just a private one for our own children, you know. They will want to have nests of their own by and by."
"Well, sir, and what else?"

"Why, when my birdies are unhappy, or get discouraged learning to fly, I sing to them, and then they sing, or try to, and we have a jolly time again."

"What do you sing so early in the morning for?"

"Because God lights up so early, we can't keep our eyes shut, and as soon as we open them, we want to thank Him for taking care of us, and ask Him to help us through the day."

"And does He really notice such little creatures as you are; I don't want to be disrespectful, but does He really?"

"Yes; not one of us could fall to the ground without His notice."

"Do you do anything else, beside what you said?"

"Oh, yes; a little girl was coming home from school yesterday, and she was crying. I perched on a tree and sang to her, until the tears stopped coming, and she fairly danced with joy. Did you ever see anybody crying?"

"I guess I've only made them cry," said frank little Margie, "but now I've thought of more good that you do. You kill the worms that would hurt our gardens."

The little bird nodded his head very hard.

"I wish you'd tell me some more, and sing me a song."

"I can't wait any longer now, little girl; but I'll come to the tree before your window and show you my birdies when they have learned to fly, that is, if you have not a big brother with a gun."

"Oh, no. Good bye, then, Mr. Birdie; I'm much obliged to you for your lesson, and I mean to try and see if I can't do some good in the world myself."

Moral.—No matter how small you are, little children, you can all do something. Try!—Child at Home.

I Lay a Fainting Person Down.

Says a physician: It is surprising how eagerly everybody rushes at a fainting person, and strives to raise him up, and especially to keep the head erect. There must be an instinctive apprehension that if a person seized with a fainting or other fit, fall into the recumbent position, death is more imminent. I must have driven a mile to-day while a lady, fainting, was held upright. I found her pulseless, white, and apparently dying, and I believe if I had delayed ten minutes longer she would really have died. I laid her head on a lower level than her body, and immediately color returned to her lips and cheeks, and she became conscious. To the excited group of friends I said: Always remember this fact—namely: fainting is caused by a want of blood in the brain: the heart ceases to act with sufficient force to send the usual amount of blood to the brain, and hence a person loses consciousness because the function to the brain ceases. Restore the blood to the brain, and instantly the person recovers. Now, though the blood is propelled to all parts of the body by the action of the heart, yet it is still under the influence of the laws of gravitation. In the erect position the blood ascends to the head against gravitation, and the supply to the brain

is diminished, as compared with the recumbent position, the heart's pulsation being equal. If then, you place a person in a sitting position, whose heart has nearly ceased to beat, his brain will fail to receive the blood, while if you lay him down, with the head lower than the heart, blood will run into the brain by the mere force of gravity; and in fainting, in sufficient quantity to restore consciousness. Indeed, nature teaches us how to manage fainting persons, for they always fall, and frequently are at once restored by the recumbent position into which they are thrown.

What Constitutes Gambling.

Chief Justice Thompson of Pennsylvania, in a recent case gave his opinion of gambling in the following words: "Anything which induces men to risk their money or property without any other hope of return than to get for nothing any given amount from another is gambling, and demoralizing to the community, no matter by what name it may be called. It is the same whether the promise be to pay on the color of a card, or the fleetness of a horse, and the same numerals indicate how much is lost or won in either case, and the losing party has received just as much for the money parted with in one case as other, viz: nothing at all. The lucky winner is of course the gainer, and he will continue so until fickle fortune, in due time makes him feel the woes he has inflicted on others. All gambling is immoral. I apprehend that the losses incident to the practice disclosed within the past few years have contributed more to the failures and embezzlements by public officers, clerks, agents, and others acting in fiduciary relation, public and private, than any other cause; and the worst of it is, that in the train of its evils there is a vast amount of misery and suffering by persons entirely guiltless of any participation in the cause of it."—Ec.

Sometime.

We have all our possessions in the future which we call "sometime." Beautiful flowers and singing birds are there, only our hands seldom grasp the one, or our ears hear the other. But, oh, reader, be of good cheer, for all the good there is a golden "sometime; when the hills and valleys of time are all past; when the wear and fever, the disappointment and sorrows of life are over, there is a place and the rest appointed of God. Oh, homestead, over whose roof falls no shadows or even clouds, and over whose threshold the voice of sorrow is never heard; built upon eternal hills, and standing with thy spires and pinnacles of celestial beauty among the palm trees of the city on high, those who love God shall rest under thy shadows, where there is no more sorrow, nor pain, nor sound of weeping "somewhere."

Deceiving Children.

Never deceive your child; if you once do, he will never believe you again; and mischief will be done, which years will not repair. Some silly mothers promise their children anything and everything "to make them good" (Heaven help the mark!) never meaning for one moment to fulfill their promise; indeed, in some instances, it would be utterly impossible for them to do so! Now, all this is the quintessence of folly!

Be cautious then, in making promises to your child; but, having once promised, perform it to the very letter, for a child in observing and remembering. Let your child in after life be able to say: "Although the world has oft, my mother has never deceived me!" Verily, a truthful mother is a blessing to her child!—Forney's Press.