

WEST-CAROLINA RECORD.

THE STRONGEST BULWARK OF OUR COUNTRY—THE POPULAR HEART.

CARPENTER & GRAYSON, EDITORS.

CLENDENIN & CARPENTER, PUBLISHERS.

VOL. I.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., AUGUST 30, 1873.

NO. 29.

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
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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	60.00	80.00	125.00

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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 Justices' Courts.

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Collections promptly attended to.

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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.

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Good Tables, attentive Servants, well ventilated Rooms and comfortable Stables.

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ASHEVILLE, N. C.
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BOARD \$2.00 PER DAY.

Flemming House,
MARION, N. C.
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W. H. JAY,
HOUSE AND SIGN
PAINTER
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Graining, Marbling and Kalsoming executed in the best style. Orders from neighboring towns promptly attended to.

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. Terms as low as the lowest.

Shoeing Horses \$1.00.
Country produce taken in payment for work at market prices.
Give him a Call.

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 St. John.

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.

The Wilmington Journal,
ENGELHARD & SAUNDERS,
Editors and Publishers,
Wilmington, N. C.
Daily—every morning except Monday at \$2 per year.
Weekly—every Friday at \$2.

The Little Boy who Prayed.

BY REV. DR. HAWES.

I knew a widow, very poor,
Who four small children had;
The eldest was but six years old,
A gentle, modest lad.

And very hard this widow toiled
To feed her children four;
An honest pride the woman felt,
Though she was very poor.

To labor she would leave her home;
For children must be fed,
And glad was she when she could buy
A shilling's worth of bread.

And this was all the children had,
On any day, to eat;
They drank their water, ate their
bread,
But never tasted meat.

One day, when snow was falling fast,
And piercing was the air,
I thought that I would go and see
How these poor children were.

Ere long, I reached their cheerless
home;
'Twas pierced by every breeze,
When going in, the eldest child
I saw upon his knees.

I paused to listen to the boy;
He never raised his head,
But still went on in prayer and said,
"Give us this day our daily bread."

I waited till the child was done,
Still listening as he prayed,
And when he rose I asked him why
The Lord's prayer he had said.

"Why, sir," said he, "this morning,
when
My mother went away,
She wept, because she said she had
No bread for us to-day.

She said we children now must starve,
Our father being dead,
And then I told her not to cry,
For I could get some bread.

"Our Father, sir, the prayer begins,
Which made me think that He,
As we have got no father here,
Would our kind Father be.

And then, you know, the prayer, sir,
too,
Asks God for bread each day,
So in the corner, sir, I went,
And that's what made me pray."

I quickly left that wretched room,
And went, with fleeting feet,
And very soon was back again,
With food enough to eat.

"I thought God heard me!" said the
boy,
I answered with a nod;
I could not speak, but much I thought
Of that child's faith in God!

WRITTEN FOR THE RECORD.

TEMPLETON.

BY

Many years ago—when I was a
thoughtless young man like many
of you, I spent a few days at S—,
whiling away the sultry summer
weather. While there I became
acquainted with John Templeton,
a young man about my own age
and a social, open hearted com-
panion. I first met him in the
bar-room of the G—Hotel, whither
I had gone at a late hour for
my customary glass of porter be-
fore retiring for the night. Temple-
ton was alone with the bar-
keeper and during a casual con-
versation, which was allowable,
even among strangers, in such
places, I made my customary men-
tal memoranda of his character.

"Naturally endowed with a
good intellect. Proud sensitive,
ardent, vascillating, and swayed
by impetuous passions himself,
yet able to exert a strong influ-
ence over those with whom he
comes in contact, either for good
or evil."

There were traces of dissipa-
tion upon his face and his eyes
burned with that unnatural bril-
liancy which must sooner or later
be followed by more or less loss
of natural vigor.

I determined in my own mind,
immediately, that should I become
familiar with him I would warn
him of the danger which one of
his temperament incurred by
yielding never so little to the vice
of intemperance.

Whenever we met, after that
night, there was a mutual recog-
nition, which soon ripened into
friendship, but, as I became more
intimate with him I could see
more clearly that, though his
mind and constitution both seem-
ed almost able to bid defiance to
the ravages of the demon, and
though he rallied almost immedi-
ately from the effects of his wild-
est plunges into the vortex, this
reckless dissipation was, slowly
but surely, smothering his high
impulses, warping his mind and
burning up what otherwise seem-
ed an inexhaustible supply of vi-
tality.

One day I asked one of his
warmest friends why he never
warned Templeton of his danger.
He replied that it was utterly use-
less and changed the subject.
But when I reflected that each
day lessened the slender hope
that he would ever reform, I still
held to my determination to talk
seriously with him on the subject
whenever I found a fitting oppor-
tunity.

A few evenings after this we
were alone in his room. He seem-
ed more thoughtful and melan-
choly than usual. I resolved to
make my effort and said—

"Templeton, you and I have
been acquainted only a few days,
but I feel a strong interest in you.
Will you allow me to talk plain-
ly to you?"

"Certainly I will."
There was a look of surprise
and expectancy on his face,
mingled with something like
pain, which convinced me that he
suspected my mission.

"I wish to give you some ad-
vice. It is only because I wish
you well."

"I am ready to hear it, but I
am afraid it will be wasted," he
said with a sad smile.

"Oh, no! You must consider
it seriously, for it is of vital im-
portance to you."

After a pause I added as im-
pressively as I could—"You are
destroying yourself by dissipa-
tion."

To my surprise he answered
without apparent emotion—"I
know it."

"But you surely are not trying
to kill yourself. You have not
made up your mind to do this?"

"No! God knows I do not
wish to lead the life I do."

"Then why not make a strong
effort to get rid of these ruinous
habits. You can certainly do it
if you will."

"Very easily said," he replied.
Then after a long pause he con-
tinued—

"You are almost a stranger to
me, but you are interested in my
welfare. I thank you sincerely for
it. I feel far more solicitude in
this matter than you can possibly
do. But the time you spend,
trying to reform me, is wasted.
I have tried. I have struggled.
I have made the most solemn
vows and have used, what seem-
ed to me, every effort to keep
them. But every vow has been
broken—each effort has failed and
I drift onward into the abyss."

"But have you ceased to strug-
gle? Have you made up your

mind that your life is to be a fail-
ure—a sad, ruinous failure?"

"No. But each new vow is
more easily broken—each suc-
ceeding effort is weaker than the
last. When this is the situation,
what is going to save a man? A
Miracle? But the days of mira-
cles have passed, unless it be
miraculous, the many unexpected
incentives which suddenly rush
upon a man to lead him back,
when he struggles to do right."

"You forget that, while evil
influences are continually draw-
ing a man downward there is a
spirit within him which, if cher-
ished and cultivated, will over-
come these influences. Beside
this you have the support and as-
sistance of all good people."

"The influence of the good is
scarcely felt," he replied bitterly.
"I know not why it is, but, think
a moment and you will find it
true. With a mind which re-
ceives impressions readily, and
yields to the predominate influ-
ences, what is the tendency? Does
not contact with the world—
with even the good people as
you call them, make us more sor-
did, more selfish, more inclined
to yield to our baser appetites and
impulses? Does it not wither all
the purest and best sentiments
and desires of our souls?"

After a pause, I said—"We are
all constituted differently. For
myself, I can take a glass with a
friend, but I never yield one in-
stant to the tempter. I keep my
will unshaken."

"But if you had not the will?"
"The Creator has endowed us
all with a will sufficient to resist
evil if we but exercise it."

After a long silence, Templeton
said abruptly—

"R—, Do you know that, with
the rest of the world, your influ-
ence is for evil? You take a
drink, and I, not possessing the
power of self control which you
have, attempt the same course
and fall. Were you not to drink,
you would of course avoid my so-
ciety altogether, thus throwing
me necessarily into the society of
those still more degraded, and in
this way your influence would be
directed still, though perhaps un-
consciously, to drive me down to
ruin."

The next evening after this con-
versation, Templeton showed me
a page or two of his private Jour-
nal. I will transcribe it here as
nearly as I can remember at this
distant date.

"Midnight.—How vividly does
memory recall this night one year
ago. Kneeling at the bedside of one,
who was ever my warmest, truest,
best friend—listening to the feeble,
whispered words of affection, which
were to be the last on earth—watch-
ing in hopeless anguish the flame of
life flicker and then go out, leaving a
pall of black darkness upon my soul.
In the days that followed, how strong
and unshaken was my resolution to
follow in her footsteps, and after a
like bright example to those left be-
hind, join her on the other shore.

Where are those resolutions? The
memory of them comes to me during
the silent hours of the night and re-
proach me for having broken and
trampled them. But they are power-
less to aid me and I drift farther and
yet farther each day, growing weak-
er and less able to resist, as I float
downward into the abyss.

Sometimes a despairing hope
seizes me that some influence—
something, may yet save me, but
this is in all probability a vain hope.

DEAR —! My loved—my lost
—! Could you have saved me,
if you had trusted me, and dared
make the fearful risk? God only
knows. I might have only dragged
my pure ideal down with me into

degradation and shame. Therefore
you acted wisely, and I love you no
less for it. I will make one more effort. I will
begin to-night."

This effort, as the reader has
seen, failed like all the preceding.
I could say no more. I gave him
up. What could save him?

A few years after this, I heard
that Templeton was dead. He
filled a drunkard's grave, and his
name passed into oblivion, or was
remembered only with sorrow in
which there was no hope.

Though the snows of many win-
ters have melted on that neglect-
ed grave, I still think of that dust
beneath it—that dust which once
struggled against fierce and wild
passions, and contending influ-
ences, but which yielded, and fell,
and sunk forever. And, when I
think thus, I wonder how much
we who claim to be—not Phari-
sees, but humble followers of the
lowly Jesus, will be held account-
able for the destruction of such
men, or whether on the other
hand we are entirely clear of their
blood.

And when I am disposed to shun
the society of "publicans and sin-
ners," I wonder if I am thus
"unconsciously driving them
down to ruin."

Housekeeping Hints.

As good farmers' wives, we are
expected to be model-housekeep-
ers.

The gentleman (or lords of crea-
tion) is this: What a tidy house-
keeper such a woman is, what a
smart woman for business—does
all the housework for the family
—milks, feeds calves, slops the
pigs, etc. Certainly such a wo-
man must be a smart woman. Is
this all woman's business? Then,
when fall work comes on, our bet-
ter half comes in with this query:
Well, wife, what have you to do
to-day? can't you go out and
gather a couple of loads of corn,
or help about digging those few
potatoes? Why, you can just let
your work go for to-day, and you
can quit in time to get a warm
dinner or supper as the case may
be. Oh! yes, quit to get the
meals and just hurry about doing
up your work after dinner, it's a
pleasant day, and I want to im-
prove the time. I'll just go and
lay down on the lounge a few
minutes until the team rests a
little. Oh, certainly, let our dear
husbands rest, we want to take
good care of them. Does a wife
need rest? Well, here I am,
clear off my text as usual. Wo-
man is not supposed to know
much, and what little she does
know she learns from her indul-
gent companion. A good house-
keeper I love to see. Now right
here let me say, our husbands are
partially to blame for our bad
house-keeping. A coat thrown
here, a pair of boots there, or
slipped under the lounge partly
out of sight, the towel just laid
on a chair, the waste dish set
where baby tips it over, making
a slop on the carpet or floor, the
swill bucket set down by the door
with a little slop or scalded feed,
along comes a two year old that
just dips in his finger to see what
it is, burns himself, and so it goes.
Of course we must keep our eyes
on baby, father's boots, in fact
everything else. Not only these
things but all manner of tools are
left laying around, from a gimlet
to the maul and wedge. We
must put them away so husband
can have them handy; we must
keep things in order, it's our
business. It is nothing to be a
good housekeeper? To be sure
my mother never had a sewing
machine, and what is more of it
had there been washing machines
and wringers she would have
been too economical to have
bought them. And a carpet;

why my mother kept her floor
just as white as, Oh! I can't just
tell you, but she was such a smart
woman, she kept her house so
nice. I tell you what it is, I don't
see why women don't keep their
houses in better order, I only wish
I had no more to do than a wo-
man has. Just another item here,
when spring and fall house-clean-
time comes, washing quilts, tea-
ther and straw ticks, carpet, etc.,
cleaning for bed bugs. There is
no excuse for a cold lunch, I must
have a warm meal, I can't work
on cold victuals, so poor wife bus-
tles around to get up a dinner as
usual. Now, when harvesting
time comes, as a matter of course,
wife must use all her culinary
skill to get something extra good
for harvest hands, because it is
such hard work. Poor wife, with
a small family of nine, hurries to
get morning work done by nine
o'clock, gets to washing for an
hour, in the meantime takes the
baby for five minutes which gen-
erally lasts for ten minutes
more, runs out to get an armful
of wood—Oh dear! no wood, men
in a hurry to get to work in the
cool of the morning. I can pick
up chips, coals, or most anything;
well, by this time I got back with
fuel, fire out baby awake, and
after ten o'clock. It is time to
start the dinner—set by the wash-
ing—pick up dirty cloths and
stow away out of sight so as to
have a tidy house when dinner
time comes. * * * * * Two
o'clock I get water warm and
nearly finish washing, I must lay
it by for men want supper at five
o'clock—I can finish it early on
the morrow—I might as well stop
here just in the sud.

AUNT MOLLY.

"La me!" sighed Mrs. Part-
ington, "here I have been suffer-
ing the bigamies of death for
three mortal weeks. First I was
seized with a bleeding phrenology
in the left hemisphere of the
brain, which was exceeded by
a stoppage of the left ventilator
of the heart. This gave me an
inflammation in the borax, and
now I'm sick with the chloroform
morbus. There is no blessing
like that of health particularly
when you're ill."

There are many fruits which
never turn sweet until the frost
has touched them. There are
many nuts that never fall from
the bough of the tree of life, until
the frost has opened and ripened
them.—And there are many ele-
ments of life that never grow
sweet and beautiful till sorrow
touches them.

One rainy Sunday a number of
strangers, crowded into Surrey
Chapel for shelter, whereupon the
eccentric. Rowland Hill said:
"Some people are blamed for
making religion a cloak; but I
don't think those are much better
who make it an umbrella."

One pound of gold may be
drawn into a wire that would ex-
tend around the globe. So one
good deed may be felt through-
out an eternity. Though done in the
first flush of youth, it may glad-
den the last of a long life, and
form the brightest and most glo-
rious spot on it.

"Why don't you wash the bot-
tom of your feet, Joe?" asked a
grandmother of a boy when he
was performing the operation of
washing his feet before retiring
for the night; to which he gravely
replied: "Why, granny, you
don't think I'm going to stand up
in bed, do you?"

This world is said to be but
the vestibule of an immortal life.
Every action of your life touches
on some chord that will vibrate
in eternity.

Why do young ladies whiten
their faces? Because they think
the powder will make them go
off.