

WEST-CAROLINA RECORD.

THE STRONGEST BULWARK OF OUR COUNTRY—THE POPULAR HEART.

CARPENTER & GRAYSON, EDITORS.

CLENDENIN & CARPENTER, PUBLISHERS.

VOL. I. RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., DECEMBER 20, 1873. NO. 44.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
MORGANTON, N. C.
Practice in the Federal Courts, Supreme Court of North Carolina, and in the Counties of Catawba, Caldwell, Rutherford, McDowell, Henderson, Mitchell and Yancey.
Collections made in any part of the State.
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AND
MECHANICAL
Dentist.
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Physician and Surgeon,
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G. M. WHITTSIDE, W. M.
M. H. JUSTICE, Sec.

WEST-CAROLINA RECORD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
J. C. CLENDENIN, } PUBLISHERS.
M. T. CARPENTER, }

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
1 copy 1 year in advance, \$2.00
1 copy 6 months " 1.00
Single copy, .05
6 copies 1 year, 10.00
10 " 1 " 16.00
20 " 1 " 30.00
Specimen copies sent free.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
Per inch, or less, 1 week, \$1.00
" " " 1 month, 2.50
" " " 3 " 5.50
" " " 6 " 9.00
" " " 1 year, 16.00

Non-objectionable local notices 25 cents per line.
Advertisements are payable quarterly, in advance.
Agents procuring advertisements, will be allowed a reasonable commission.
Special arrangements, when electrotypes are furnished.
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Any further information will be given on application to the publishers.

Annie and Willie's Prayer.
[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

"Twas the eve before Christmas,
"Good night" had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed;
There were tears on their pillows,
And tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heavy
with sighs,
For to-night their stern father's command
had been given,
That they should retire precisely at seven.
Instead of eight; for they troubled
him more
With questions unheard of than ever
before;
He had told them he thought this
delusion a sin,
No such being as "Santa Claus"
ever had been,
And he hoped, after this, he should
never more hear
How he scrambled down chimneys
with presents each year.
And this was the reason that two
little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft
downy beds;
Eight, nine, and the clock on the
steeple tolled ten;
Not a word had been spoken by
either till then,
When Willie's sad face from the
Blanket did peep,
And whispered, "Dear Annie, is you
fast asleep?"
"Why, no, brother Willie," a sweet
voice replied,
"I've tried it in vain, but I can't shut
my eyes;
For, somehow it makes me so sorry,
because
Dear papa has said there is no 'Santa
Claus';
Now we know there is, and it can't
be denied
For he came every year before dear
mamma died,
But then, I've been thinking that
she used to pray,
And God would hear everything
mamma would say,
And perhaps she asked Him to send
Santa Claus here,
With the sacks full of present he
brought every year."
"Well, why can't we pray just as
mamma did then,
And ask Him to send him with pre-
sents ad-en!"
"I've been thinking so, too," And,
without a word more,
Four little bare feet bounded out on
the floor,
And four little knees the soft carpet
pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped
close to each breast.
"Now, Willie, you know we must
firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're
sure to receive;
You must wait just as still till I say
the 'Amen',
And by that you will know that your
trouble has come then."
"Dear Jesus, look down on my
brother and me,

And grant us the favor we are asking
of Thee;
I want away dolly, a tea-set and ring,
And an ebony work box that shuts
with a spring;
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause
him to see
That Santa Claus loves us far better
than he.
Don't let him get fretful and angry
again
At dear brother Willie and Annie,
Amen!"
"Please, Desus, 'et Santa Taus tum
down to-night,
And bring us some presents be-
fore it is light.
I want he should give me a nice
little red,
With bright, shiny runners, and
all painted red;
A box full of tandy, a book and
a toy,
Amen, and then, Desus, I'll be a
dood boy."
Their prayers being ended, they
raised up their heads,
And hearts light and cheerful a-
gain sought their beds:
They were soon lost in slumber,
both peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in dream were
roaming in sleep.
Eight, nine, and the little French
clock had struck ten,
Fre the father had thought of his
children again;
He seems now to hear Annie's
half suppressed sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in
Willie's blue eyes.
"I was harsh with my darlings,"
he mentally said;
"And should not have sent them
so early to bed;
But then I was troubled—my feel-
ings found vent
For bank-stock to-day has gone
down ten per cent.
But, of course, they've forgot their
troubles ere this,
And that I denied them the
thrice-asked-for kiss;
But, just to make sure, I'll steal
up to their door,
For I never spoke harsh to my
darlings before."
So saying, he softly ascended the
stairs,
And arrived at the door to hear
both of their prayers
His Annie's "bless papa" draws
forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise falls
sweet on his ears.
"Strange, strange I'd forgotten,"
said he with a sigh,
"How I longed, when a child, to
have Christmas draw nigh,"
"I'll atone for my harshness," he
inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers ere
I sleep in my bed."
Then, he turned to the stairs and
softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk
dressing-gown,
Donned hat, coat and boots, and
was out in the street.
A millionaire facing the cold,
driving sleet,
Nor stopped he had bought every-
thing,
From the box full of candy to the
tiny gold ring;
Indeed, he kept adding so much
to his store,
That the various presents out-
numbered a score.
Then homeward he turned with
his holiday load,
And with Aunt Mary's aid in the
lursery 'twas stowed;
Miss dolly was seated beneath a
pine tree,
By the side of a table spread out
for her tea;
A work-box well filled in the cen-
tre was laid
And on it a ring, for which An-
nie had prayed,
A soldier in uniform stood by a
sled,
"With bright shining runners,
and all painted red."
There were balls, dogs, and hor-
ses, books pleasing to see,
And birds of all colors were
perched in the tree;
While Santa Claus, laughing,
stood up in the top,
As if getting ready more presents
to drop.
And as the fond father the pic-
ture surveyed,
He thought for his trouble he had
amply been paid,

And he said to himself, as brush-
ed off a tear,
"I'm happier to-night than I have
been for a year.
I've enjoyed more true pleasure
than ever before,
What care I if bank stock falls
ten per cent. more!
Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I
believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each
Christmas Eve."
So thinking he gently extinguish-
ed the light
And tripped down the stairs to
retire for the night.
As soon as the bright morning
sun
Put the darkness to flight and the
stars one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep
opened wide
And at the same moment the
presents espied,
Then out of their beds they
sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for
were all of them found.
They laughed and they cried in
their innocent glee,
And shouted for "papa" to come
quick and see
What presents old Santa Claus
brought in the night,
(Just the things that they wanted),
and left before light,
"And now," added Annie, in a
voice soft and low,
"You'll believe there's a Santa
Claus, papa, I know!"
While dear little Willie climbed
up on his knee,
Determined no secret between
them should be;
And told in soft whispers, how
Annie had said,
That their dear, blessed mamma,
so long ago dead,
Used to kneel down and pray by
the side of her chair,
And that God up in Heaven had
answered her prayer;
"Den we dot up and payed dust
as well as we could,
And Dod answered our prayers,
now wasn't He dood?"
"I should say that He was, if He
sent you all these,
And knew just what presents my
children would please.
("Well, let him think so, the dear
little elf,
"T'would be cruel to tell him I did
it myself.")
Blind father! who caused your
stern heart to relent?
And the hasty word spoken so
soon to repent.
"Twas the Being who bade you
steal softly up stairs
And made you his agent to an-
swer their prayers.

American Rural Home.
Sheep Husbandry.
IMPORTANCE OF ADAPTING BREEDS TO
LOCALITY.
Sheep husbandry, as a science,
has made small progress in this
country. Spasmodic efforts have
been made from time to time put
forward some particular breed,
and to give it a prominence, but
as yet no well sustained effort to
achieve a particular end has been
systematically followed, as in
Great Britain, for hundreds of
years until the industries of the
country are snaped more or less
by its sheep husbandry.
In a country of the limited extent
of even the British Isles there
is found both a diversified soil and
climate. The exigencies of their
industries have eventuated in
shaping their farming largely to
the production of sheep and wool
in special channels. A classifica-
tion of their sheep and wool would
be to divide them into long and
short wool, and mutton sheep.
The Leicester, or the long wool-
ed variety with its various grades
abounds, where grain is cultivat-
ed and the production of herbage
for summer and winter keep is
abundant, and around the great
centers of population. On the
Down where pasturage is scant
and has to be sought by much
exercise, the South-down and its
crosses prevail. In the moun-
tainous regions of Scotland, a

smaller and hardier breed, as the
Cheviots, and in the sterile moun-
tains of Wales a smaller and
equally hardy breed, the Black
Faced, prevail. These four are
the generic breeds of the sheep of
Britain. They are crossed and
commingled in every possible de-
gree according to the fancy of the
farmer, and to subserve some real
or imaginary requirements of the
locality wherein he resides.
Over this continent, from ocean
to ocean, we possess and endless
variety of soil and climate. We
have the English breeds of sheep,
and some which they do not pos-
sess, but the question is whether
we are judicious in their distribu-
tion. In the older States, both
north and south, the Downs ought
to be the prevailing breed, espe-
cially where they could be crossed
with the lank Merino, or the long
legged gaunt sheep of the cotton
States. In the Blue grass re-
gions of Kentucky and Tennessee
and the corn-producing States,
the long-wooled Leicester family
should be adopted. On the plains
of the pastoral States, and over
that vast region for the Mis-issipi
to the Rocky Mountains, the
Merino should be introduced,
while in the rocky ranges of the
mining regions of the Pacific
slope the improved Cheviot and
Welsh sheep would be invaluable.
Already the cross of the Meri-
no with the Mexican sheep in
both California and Texas, has
shown how rapidly, for wool pur-
poses, a flock of valuable sheep
may be built up, and at how cheap
a rate wool can be produced. As
soon, then, as the depredations of
the roaming Indian can be re-
strained, so that the introduction
of sheep husbandry and stock
raising generally can be carried
on safely, a new era must dawn
upon the food-producing resources
of the country.
As regards the importance of
multiplying breeds by judicious
crossing, its utility is shown in
the practice of Australian wool-
growers. By making a cross with
either the Southdown or the long-
wooled breeds, like the Cotswold
or the Leicester they have pro-
duced a long stapled wool, in
high repute and great demand for
shawls and delaines. Our stock-
masters will do well to follow the
hint thus given by their Austral-
ian friends.
T. C. PETERS.

Raisin-Making in California.
For making raisins, they wait
until the grape is fully ripe, and
then carefully cut off the bunches
and lay them either on a hard
clay floor, formed in the open air,
or on brown paper laid between
the vine rows. They do not trim
out poor grapes from the bunches,
because, as they assert, there are
none; but I suspect this will have
to be done for the finest raisins,
such as would tempt a reluctant
buyer. The bunches require from
eighteen to twenty-four days of
exposure in the sun to be cured.
During that time they are gently
turned from time to time, and
such as are earliest cured are at
once removed to a raisin-house.
This is fitted with shelves, on
which the raisins are laid about a
foot thick, and here they are al-
lowed to sweat a little. If they
sweat too much, the sugar can-
dies on the outside, and this de-
teriorates the quality of the raisin.
It is an object to keep the bloom
on the berries. They are kept in
the raisin-house, I believe, five or
six weeks, when they are dry
enough to box. It is as yet cus-
tomary to put them in twenty-
five pound boxes, but no doubt,
as more experience is gained,
farmers will contrive other par-
cels. Chinese do all the work in
raisin-making, and are paid \$1 a
day, they supplying themselves
with food. There is no rain dur-
ing the raisin-making season, and
consequently the whole out-door
work may be done safely as well
as cheaply.—Moore's Rural.

An Immediate Answer.

Washington Allston, one of our
best painters and poets, tells us in
what he was led from the enjoy-
ments of jests at sacred subjects,
into an abiding trust in them.
Having married the sister of Dr.
Channing, he made his second
visit to Europe, and settled in
London as an artist. He met
with little success; nay, was at a
loss for the means of procuring
the necessaries of life. Reflecting
one day almost with a feeling of
desperation upon his condition, his
heart all at once was filled with
the hope that God would help
him if only asked. Accordingly
he locked his door, withdrew to a
corner of his room, and threw
himself upon his knees in prayer.
He was aroused by one knocking
at the door. He opened it to a
stranger, who announced himself
as the Marquis of Stafford, who
inquired if his painting of the an-
gels Uriel was sold? Receiving a
negative reply, the nobleman paid
him four hundred pounds for the
beautiful production; was so
pleased that he introduced the
poor painter to the leading nobil-
ity and gentry, and thus to im-
mediate fame and fortune. All-
ston never regarded this as a
mere happy coincidence; the feel-
ing which led him to prayer and
the immediate relief, he looked
upon as the direct interposition
of God in his behalf. Fixed de-
votional habits became predom-
inant traits in his character to the
end of his life.—Rev. John Waugh.

Two Bales of cotton on one Acre.

Thomas H. Sandidge, near
Brownsville, Hinds county, Miss.,
put sixteen one-horse cart-loads
of a compost of scrapings of the
cow lot, cotton seed and decayed
vegetables from the bottom of a
pond, on one acre of land. When
preparing the land to plant, he
scattered sixty bushels of green
cotton seed along the centre fur-
row, and bedded to them, cultivated
in the usual way. He planted
the common seed he had been
using for eighteen years. Result:
The first picking, which was
finished on the 19th of Septem-
ber, 2025 pounds, leaving at least
1080 pounds to open by the next
picking. The yield will be over
two bales to this acre of land, at a
cost for extra labor and manure
of not exceeding six or seven dol-
lars. The surrounding land of
the same kind, (ordinary Hinds
county hill land,) will make about
about half a bale without man-
ure.—Farmers' Vindicator.

Fence Posts.

A writer says: "Take boiled
linseed oil, and stir in pulverized
charcoal to the consistency of
paht. Put a coat of this over the
timber, and there is not a man
who will live long enough to see
it rotten. I have taken out bass-
wood posts, after having been set
seven years, that were as sound
as when first put into the ground.
The posts can be prepared for
less than two cents apiece. They
should be well seasoned before
the oil and charcoal are applied."

A Perfect Waterproof.

The following recipe, taken
from an English paper, is said to
make good Scottish tweed entire-
ly impervious to rain: "In a
bucket of soft water put a half a
pound of sugar of lead and half a
pound of powdered alum; stir
this at intervals until it becomes
clear; then pour it off into another
bucket; and put the garment
therein; let it be twenty-four hours,
and then hang it up to dry with-
out wringing it."
Have the courage to be igno-
rant of a great number of things,
in order to avoid the calamity of
being ignorant of everything.
Never mind where you work;
care more about how you work.
Never mind who sees, if God ap-
proves.