

WEST-CAROLINA RECORD.

THE STRONGEST BULWARK OF OUR COUNTRY—THE POPULAR HEART.

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Any further information will be given on application to the publishers.

Be Careful What You Say.

In speaking of a person's faults Pray don't forget your own; Remember those with homes of glass Should seldom throw a stone; If we have nothing else to do But talk of those who sin, 'Tis better we commence at home, And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man, Until he's fairly tried; Should we not like his company, We know the world is wide; Some may have fallen—and who has not— The old as well as the young; Perhaps we may for ought we know, Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan. And find it works full well: I try my own defects to cure Before of others' tell. And though I sometimes hope to be No worse than some I know, My own short comings bid me let The faults of others go.

Then let us all when we commence To slander friend or foe, Think of the harm one word may do To those we little know; Remember, curses sometimes, like Our chickens, "roost at home," Don't speak of others' faults until We have none of our own.

Pork and Potatoes.

"Landlord," said a transient guest at a cross-roads tavern, as he drew near the end of his dinner, "won't you give me a little more pork to eat with this potato?" A moment later, he said: "There was more pork than I wanted; let me trouble you for a little more potato to eat with the pork." And shortly afterward: "Well, I declare, I've got some more potato left, and it seems a pity to leave it—just a small piece more of pork, if you please." It ran on so for some time. At length the landlord stopped short in front of his guest and remarked: "Look here, stranger, 'taint no use. I'm willing to do anything in reason to make that pork and potato come out even, but I've made up my mind, the way you eat, it can't be done. You're bound to lay over on one or the other every time. Now just make up your mind which you'd rather leave, and leave it and quit. I've got enough pork and potatoes, but if you keep on, you'll bust."

Between the wolf and the shepherd the lamb has come to grief. One thing acquired with pain, is better than a hundred with ease.

Birthday Celebrations in Germany.

The celebration of the anniversary of the birthday is observed in Germany to an extent that is not the case in any other country. We Americans, who allow our birthdays to come and go, scarcely remembering or noting their occurrence, cannot but admire the kindly feeling evinced by relatives and friends, especially toward ladies and children, on its recurrence. While at the springs at Hall a number of lady guests celebrated their anniversaries. All their friends and acquaintances at Hall sent them immense bouquets, one lady receiving as many as twenty; while boxes from home were to hand, with cakes and presents and letters with loving greetings. We had the pleasure of participating in one of these anniversaries; the lady being a native of Baltimore, of German parents, temporarily residing in Germany. No less than ten immense bouquets decorated the room, while the presents from friends and relatives were spread out upon a table like bridal offerings. Her acquaintances called during the day to congratulate her and partake of cake and wine, and all went on as merry as a marriage bell. Her parents were too distant to participate in the festivities at Hall, but she assured us that the day was similarly celebrated at a certain mansion on Madison avenue, and that the cake and wine would be partaken of by a band of little orphan children, in whom she feels a deep interest. Although far from home and relatives, many presents and kind greetings reached her from her friends in Vienna, where she has made her home for the past year. These observances at a summer resort were, of course, but tame affairs compared to the day celebrated at home, surrounded by parents, sisters and brothers, but were sufficient to give us some idea of this beautiful custom of the Fatherland. Everything is done, however, to make it a merry festival, even the servants dressing the dinner table with flowers, while the health of the absent one is toasted, and the whole day devoted to innocent festivities.

Pity the Stock.

Mr. Owner, you have stock. Have you feed and shelter for them? Can you keep them warm and happy? If not you ought to bestir yourself. The biting winds and pitiless storms are coming, are now here. Lose no time in making warm stalls, nice shelters, cheap sheds, if you can't afford better, to protect your farm animals. Don't let your neighbors see that the only shelter your animals have is a worm fence, the only roof the heavens, the only bed the mud, or the hard frozen ground. How is it with food? Have you plenty of good, nutritious food? It is for your interest to see that no animal loses a pound of flesh. What has been gained, should be kept. It is a loss to lose what you have gained. Keep the animal improving. Then you may get pay for what you feed. But if the animal loses flesh, the value of the whole food is lost, as well as the flesh that was formerly made. So the importance of good feeding, is evident. But how is it with water? Can your stock daily have access to good water? Many animals suffer materially for water. They lose flesh because they can't get it. The pond gets frozen over, or the creek dries. The hired men don't care. It is cold, they don't want to break the ice. It is not their stock and they do not suffer. The master's eye should be on his stock daily. He is interested in their growth, their comfort and improvement. Now is the time to provide for these. Don't delay. Let the animals start in right and then keep them right all the time.—Rural World.

Whistling.

When a boy whistles, it shows that his spirits are buoyant—his heart is light; that he is happy! We never knew one to whistle when angry or distressed. It is a physical impossibility for a boy to whistle when he has lost his marbles, or had an interview with his mother in which the traditional slipper played a prominent part. We know of a boy who once tried to whistle while performing a hornpipe in the garret, his father, armed with a stout hickory, acting as master of ceremonies; but it was a signal failure, and he wept as he rubbed the tender portion of his body and penitently acknowledged his error. His father is more hopeful now, and thinks he may one day be President—or something else. We like to hear boys whistle. Judge Cloud don't; it's his abomination. The boy who whistles in his presence is in more danger than if he called his brother "Raca"—he rouses the ire of the Court! The Wilming Star informs us that on Monday last the Judge had eight boys arrested for whistling in front of the Court-house, and "within reach of the ears of the Court." It may be well enough for one to "whistle down" dull care in some localities, but it would do in the presence of the Judge; he has a holy horror for all whistlers; has filed an injunction against every locomotive on the North Carolina railroad. A gentleman remarked in his presence that Littlefield had "paid dearly for his whistle." The mere mention of the word threw the Judge into a spasm, and he threw the man into jail. He had fined a poor devil \$5.15 for whistling up his dog and another \$19.75 for inviting him to "wet his whistle." In a suit for the recovery of a debt, the defendant told the plaintiff he might "whistle for his money." "I forbid it," said the Judge, springing to his feet, "and will fine you \$40 for contempt of Court. Thar now!! An unusual noise disturbed the Court at Marshal, and the Sheriff was sent out to suppress it. "It's the wind, your Honor, whistling through the pines." "Stop it at once," cried the Judge, "or I'll withdraw a juror and dissolve the Court." His patriotism prompted him to enter the ranks of the army during the war, but his constitutional aversion to the "whistling of bullets" kept him out.—Pioneer.

The Saddle.

Dr. Dio Lewis writes: I know of nothing more certain in the cure of disease than is the saddle in the cure of incipient consumption. I have known a great many consumptives who were past the incipient stage, and not a few who had large ulcers in their lungs and were expectorating largely, and not a few, again, who were greatly exhausted with night-sweats, who have been restored by the saddle.
Dr. N., a physician, my life-long friend, had given it up, and was simply waiting for the end. Returning from a long absence, I found my friend dying.
I insisted upon the saddle. He whispered that he couldn't even sit up in a chair. I urged that it must be tried. I offered to lift him into the saddle and support him while he rode. After many misgivings, the doctor consented to the trial. In a week he could ride half a mile, it supported. In a month he could ride three or four miles on a walk, without support. Within three months he left home alone to ride to the Mississippi. He returned to his home in eight weeks.
Now, after many years, he is a hale, hearty man, doing a large business in his profession, with no departures from a perfect condition, except that where there were three large ulcers, there are now scars, and so in those parts there is imperfect breathing.

Pleasure is Cheap.

Nothing is truer. Says a writer in an exchange:
Did you ever study the cheapness of some pleasure? Do you know how little it takes to make a multitude happy? Such trifles as a penny, a word or a smile do the work. There are two or three boys passing along—give them each a chestnut, and how smiling they look!—they will not be cross for some time. A poor widow lives in the neighborhood, who is the mother of half a dozen children. Send them a half peck of sweet apples, and they will all be happy. A child has lost his arrow—the world to him—and he mourns sadly; help him to find it, or make him another, and how quickly will the sunshine play over the sober face. A boy has as much as he can do to pile up a load of wood; assist him for a few moments, or speak a pleasant word to him, and he forgets his toil, and works away without minding it. Your apprentice has broken a mug, or cut the vest too large, or slightly injured a piece of work. Say "You scoundrel," and he feels miserable, but remark "I'm sorry," and he will try to do better. You employ a man, pay him cheerfully and speak a pleasant word to him, and he leaves your house with a contented heart, to light up his own hearth with bright smiles and gladness.
As you pass along the street, you meet a familiar face; say "good morning," as though you felt happy, and it will work admirably in the heart of your neighbor. Pleasure is cheap. Who will not bestow it liberally?

Masena.

It is a singular fact that Masena, sparkling with wit when amongst intimate friends, having no vanity and very little ambition though extremely covetous of military glory, but of a highly sensual nature, was imperiously ruled by a third passion—avarice—which, when satisfied, seems to carry along with it the desire for a long life; whereas, on the contrary, even after he had become a millionaire, this marshal forgot so completely this last passion, and the smallest anxiety for his existence, as soon as the battle began, that the greater the peril, the more heroic was his obstinacy in the midst of it. The fact is that there exist powerful natures, capable of feeling several strong passions, equally ruling, and yet perfectly compatible with each other, because although different, and even apparently contradictory, their very diversity prevents them from manifesting themselves at the same time; so that each passion rules by itself, and enjoys absolute sway so long as that sway continues.—Ex.

The iron rails first used upon English railroads stood from fifteen to twenty years, even under an enormous traffic; no such rails are now made unless of steel. In 1840 it was estimated upon the London and Northwestern Railway that the passage of 313,000 trains would wear out a 70 pound rail. With the present material put into rails, no such service is obtained. Mr. Price Williams states that the best quality of rails as now made, will not stand the passage of over 100,000 trains. The difficulty does not seem to be so much in the impossibility of making good and serviceable iron rails, as in the fact that few are made. In this respect the same facts hold good, as has been frequently referred to in the manufacture, during late years, of nearly all classes of iron work.

Children expect the truth; and if they find themselves deceived, it not only shakes their confidence in others, but they, being very apt scholars, will soon learn to lie and deceive too.

It is an error to suppose that a man belongs to himself. No man does. He belongs to his wife, or his children, or his relations, or his creditors, to society, in some form or other. It is for their especial good and behalf that he lives and works, and they kindly allow him to retain a certain percentage of his gains to administer to his own pleasures or wants. He has his body, and that is all, and even for that he is answerable to society. In short, society is the master and man is the servant; and it is entitled according as society turns out a good or bad master, whether he turns out a bad or a good servant.—George Augustus Sava.

Luxury is a vice which prompts many to run into expense beyond what their circumstances will admit. And why? Because respect is attached to prodigality, and contempt is shown to those who do not maintain a similar profusion; because the custom of lavish expenditure is universal; and because things that are superfluous, useless and frivolous, are rendered almost necessary and indispensable. Here is the mischief of luxury.

Whoever the king of Old Calabar may be, he has a downright way of expressing himself, as, for instance, in his proclamation for the observance of Sunday, that "henceforth on God's day no market is to be held in any part of Duke Town territory, no sale of strong drink, no work, no play, no devil-making, no firing of guns, no processions." In consequence, the church and school room there have been filled to overflowing ever since.

The property of the Jesuits in Rome has been confiscated by the Italian government. They all have a right to a pension; the brothers twenty-nine in number, are entitled, each of them, to three hundred livres. The fathers receive six hundred livres. The effect of the state proceedings on the continent of Europe will be a numerous migration of Jesuits to England, Ireland, and America.

American philanthropy is exhibiting itself in founding Colleges in heathen lands. There are now two American Colleges in Turkey, at Beirut and Constantinople, built at a cost of \$200,000 each and it is proposed to build another in the interior of Asia Minor.

A dirty looking man stepped in front of a small boy sitting on a fence, expecting to have some fun by teasing him. "How much do you weigh?" he said to the boy. "About as much as you would if you were washed," the boy said to him.

Always avoid the company in which you are willing to tell a coarse jest, because for you it is a demoralizing company. Grossness is never humorous profanity is never admirable; and, if your manner and speech once begin to ravel out on that edge, all their manliness and charm are in danger.

Generosity is a better brand of tea than any that comes from China. It should be home-raised, however, in order to be the best of its kind.

If the labor of the pleasure-taker could be tried to practical account, how much it would benefit the world, and perhaps himself.

Let all spinsters be happy; they are never good beaux at least, provided they use them well—their elbows.

Even good tempered needles have been known to angrily tear the human flesh.