

WEST-CAROLINA RECORD.

THE STRONGEST-BULWARK OF OUR COUNTRY—THE POPULAR HEART.

CARPENTER & GRAYSON, EDITORS.

CLENDENIN & CARPENTER, PUBLISHERS.

VOL. I.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., JANUARY 31, 1874.

NO. 49.


PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JNO. GRAY BYNUM.

GAITHER & BYNUM,
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. 38:ly.

W. H. COX,
SURGEON



AND
MECHANICAL
Dentist.

38:ly RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

DR. J. A. HAGUE,
Physician and Surgeon,

Having located at Rutherfordton, N. C., respectfully tenders his Professional Services to the citizens of the Village and surrounding country—and hopes to merit a part of their patronage. 38:ly.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

General for the liberal patronage hereto here received, hopes, by prompt attention to all calls, to merit a continuance of the same.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

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CHIMNEY ROCK, N. C.,
Wallace & Justice, Proprietors.

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THE BURNETT HOUSE,
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HENDERSONVILLE, N. C.,
T. A. ALLEN, Proprietor.

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" " Month, 21.00
38:ly B. B. FREEMAN, Proprietor.

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AND DEALER IN
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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

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Special arrangements, when electrotypes are furnished.

Objectionable advertisements, such as will injure our readers, or the character of the paper, as a high-toned journal, will not be inserted.

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

At the Last.

Three little words within my brain
Beat back and forth their one refrain—
Three little words, whose dull distress
Means everything, and nothingness:
Unbidden move my lips instead
Of utterance: "She is dead!

Here, lingering, we talked of late
Beside the hedge grown garden gate;
Till, smiling, ere the twilight fell
O'er bodies, we took a last farewell.
Those were the final words she said,
But yesterday—and she is dead!

I see the very gown she wore,
The color I had praised before:
The swaying length, where she would pass,
Made a light rustle on the grass:
There in the porch she turned her head
For one last smile—and she is dead!

Could I have known what was to come,
Those hours had not been blind and dumb!
I would have followed close with Death,
Have striven for every glance and breath!
But now—the final word is said,
The last look taken—she is dead!

We were not lovers—such as they
Who pledge a faith to last for aye;
Yet seems the universe to me
A riddle now without a key;
What means the sunshine overhead,
The bloom below—now she is dead?

So new my grief, its sudden haze
Bewilders my accustomed ways;
And yet so old, it seems my heart
Was never from its pain apart:
What was and is and shall be, wed
With that one sentence—She is dead!

Loafing.

We quote the following from an exchange, and we recommend it to all our readers:

"Young man, pay attention. Don't be a loafer; don't keep a loafer's company; don't hang about loafing places. Better work than to sit around day after day, or stand about corners with your hands in your pockets—better for your own health and prospects. Bustle about, if you have anything to bustle about for. Many a poor physician has obtained a real patient, by riding after an imaginary one. A quire of blank paper tied with a red tape, carried under a lawyer's arm, may procure him his first case and make his fortune. Such is the word—to him that hath shall be given. Quit dreaming and complaining; keep busy and mind your chances."

Take the above advice and then all will go well. Idleness is the mother of mischief.

A Remarkable Escape.

Some years ago I resided for a short time in the island of St. Domingo, in the West Indies. The weather was so hot while I was there that bathing was a great luxury, but as sharks made it dangerous to bath in the sea, I inquired of the landlord of the hotel if there were not a river near the town.

"There is a very fine river," said he, "just over that range of lofty hills; but it is a good distance by the road, and you would find the walk very hot and dusty."

"But what hinders my going over the hills and making a short cut?"

"Why, they are so steep on the side facing the river that you could not get down without breaking your neck, sir," he replied, rather brutally.

"O, nonsense!" I said; "I should like to see the hill,—I could roll down, at any rate." And away I bounded, and soon reached the top of the nearest hill, from which I spied the beautiful river, broad and deep, dancing and glittering in the beams of the rising sun. The sight of the cool stream created in me such a thirst to be swimming in it, that I began to descend without being at all particular to pick my steps. I had not gone down more than twenty yards from the brow of the hill, and that with much difficulty, when I found it impossible to proceed another step, for the precipice below me was almost as flat and steep as the side of a house, and some two or three hundred feet in depth. I had gone so heedlessly into danger that the narrow ledge upon which I rested was not broad enough to admit of my two feet abreast, and lean my body against the side of it. This predicament I did not deem it impossible for me to lift one leg to endeavor to gain a footing above me, for I felt if I attempted to do so the other foot would slip off the ledge, and I must inevitably fall to the bottom. The road at the foot of the hill, which ran along the river, was thronged with negroes going to market with fruit and wood from the mountains, and so soon as they observed my danger, they gathered together in great numbers and began to shout to me. I could not understand what they said, but the sight of a host of black people all shouting in great excitement had such an effect upon me, as I gazed upon them from my ledge, that my knees began to tremble, my eyes became coudous, and I felt that it would be a relief to plunge off into the midst of them. I cannot describe this irresistible impulse, and as it grew stronger and more urgent upon me, I cast my eyes upward and felt some relief.

And here it may be well to remark, in passing, that in all positions of danger from being on a "giddy height," the danger is greatly increased while the eyes are turned downward on the objects beneath us, and relief is gained by looking up to the sky.

In thus looking up, I saw, at about three feet above my head, the stump of an old tree, or probably a large shrub; it was sticking out about two feet from the bank, and was jagged at its extremity, as if it had been broken off. In my desperation, I resolved to make a spring at it; if I caught it with my right hand, and it was not too rotten to bear my weight, I knew I could draw my body up to it and get my knee upon it; for if a sailor can get a "hard hold" he troubles himself little about his body; it may swing over an abyss miles in depth, and it gives him no concern, because with his hands secure, he does as he pleases with the whole of his person. Then, I reasoned, if I missed it I could but fall, and every moment convinced me that I could not remain where I was much longer; consequently, gathering myself up, I

made a spring, and caught it, and as I drew my body up and lodged my knee upon it, a cheer arose from the multitude below "like the noise of many waters." In a few minutes more I gained the brow of the hill, and turning I waved my hat, and returned the cheer of the sable crowd.—*Peoples Journal.*

An Office Seeker.

President Madison was fond of telling the story of a visit made to him by one of his supporters. After due introductory discussion of the weather and the state of parties, the voter explained to the President that he had called upon him to ask for the office of Chief Justice of the United States.

Mr. Madison was a little surprised, but with that ready tact which he had brought from his diplomatic experience, he concealed his astonishment. He took down the volume which contained the Constitution of the United States, and explained to the man, Mr. Swearingin—if that were his name—that the judges held office on the tenure of good behavior, and that Judge Marshall, then the ornament of the bench, could not be removed to make place for him.

Mr. Swearingin received the announcement quietly; and after a moment, said he thought he should like to be Secretary of State.

The President said that was undoubtedly a place where a man could do good service to the country; but that Monroe, like Mr. Swearingin and himself was a Virginian, and he did not like to remove him.

"Then, said Mr. Swearingin, "I will be Secretary of the Treasury."

Unfortunately the President of the present incumbent was a Pennsylvanian. It was necessary to conciliate Pennsylvania, and he could not remove him.

"Then," said Mr. Swearingin, "I think I will go abroad. I should like to go to France."

"Do you speak French," asked the President, kindly.

"No, no; I speak nothing but Old Dominion English—good enough for me, Mr. President.

"Yes, yes; and for me. But I don't think it will do to send you to the Monseurs unless you can speak their language."

"Then I'll go to England."

"Ah, Mr. Swearingin! that will never do; King George might remember how often your father snapped his rifle at Lord Cornwallis."

So Europe was exhausted. And Mr. Swearingin fell back on one and another collectorship, naval office, district-attorneyship; but, for each application, the astute President had his reply.

"I think then, Mr. President, I will be postmaster at our office at home."

Chicago has had another extensive fire, loss estimated at \$200,000.

Two hundred cotton factory operatives have struck for higher wages.

A Curious Naturalist.

The New Haven Press holds itself responsible for the truth of the following:

"Mr. Mendell, of St. Louis, Mo., who has been for the last few days staying with some friends in this city, has a most singular love for insect-life and an intimate knowledge of the character and temper of several members of the insect family, which he carries about with him for the purpose of diversion and study. In one of his pockets Mr. Mendell has domesticated a colony of small brown ants, trained in their intelligence to do some surprising things. He will place a piece of sugar upon a table and retire a few paces from it, when by some manipulation which his industrious pets understand the meaning of, he persuades them to come out and march in Indian file down the leg of his pantaloons, across the floor, up the leg of the table, until they reach the sugar. The ants will, after each one has supplied itself with a tiny grain of the sweet commodity, take up the line of march on a return trip to Mr. Mendell's pocket, into which they will enter, each one with its load of sweets. The same gentleman has also in his collection of insect pets a dozen or more of green bugs, with black stripes running around their bodies, and which, he says, are peculiar inhabitants of a species of acacia tree. These bugs will, at a motion of their master's finger, go through some remarkable acrobatic performances, walking first on their hind legs and afterwards on their fore legs, the hinder part of their bodies being elevated, their only word of command, so to speak, being given by the motion of their trainer's finger. Mr. Mendell has for some years found great pleasure in dissecting, in his leisure hours, to pursue, and ought certainly to write a book."

Poisonous Inoculation with Dead Blood.

The *Lens*, in a recent number, quotes Mr. Davaine's experiments on this subject. It is well known that medical men are often seriously injured by accidentally cutting themselves with instruments that have been recently used for dissecting purposes. The wound often swells and mortification and sometimes causing death. In order to determine the poisonous properties of this putrid blood, M. Davaine communicates the result of several experiments upon rabbits. The liquid used was the blood of an ox that had been ten days slaughtered. This, by subcutaneous injection, he administered to his subject in varying quantities, obtaining by successive dilutions with water the most infinitesimal attenuations. Killing one animal, he would take its infected blood and force the same into the veins of another, and so on until he reached what he terms the twenty-fifth generation. On this last experiment he says: "Four rabbits received respectively one trillionth, one ten-trillionth, one hundred-trillionth and one quadrillionth of a drop of blood from a rabbit belonging to the preceding generation, that had died from the effects of a one-trillionth dose. Of the four, but one animal died—that which received the one ten-trillionth. It appears, then, that the limit of transmissibility of the poison in the rabbit reaches the one-trillionth part of a drop of decayed blood."—*Peoples Journal.*

Carbonic Acid not a Disinfectant.

The Southern cities that have suffered from yellow fever, or been threatened with it, this fall, have, of course, resorted to a profuse use of disinfectants. Principal among those used has been carbolic acid, which, according to popular consent, is the most effective of all the remedies against infection. Now, however, Prof. Cochran, of the Alabama Medical College, writes a long letter to the *Mobile Register*, in which the efficacy of carbolic acid is questioned—nay, more, condemned as being conducive to the spread of disease rather than its suppression. The professor says, after watching the effects of its use in the hospital of Mobile and New Orleans: "Not only do the facts and examples adduced in proof fail to establish the efficacy of carbolic acid as a prophylactic against yellow fever, but without any violence, and without any sophistical interpretation, they go very far toward the establishment of the suspicion that its influence has been the very reverse of prophylactic; that if it has not contributed to increase the extension of the disease, it has at least added to its malignity and increased the mortality to a fearful ratio. The experiment has been made, and it has failed; and it is due to the cause of truth and sanitary science, and the interests of the public health hereafter, that no false and misleading estimate of what it has accomplished should be allowed to fasten itself on the public mind.

"Paddy, my, boy," said a gentleman to an Irishman, whom he observed fishing away at a deep pool, "that must be a favorite stream for trout." "Faith and sure it must be that same, for I have been standing here these three hours, and not one of them has come out of it."

How the Eye is Swept and Washed.

For us to be able to see objects clearly and distinctly, it is necessary that the eye should be kept clean. For this purpose it is furnished with a little gland, from which flows a watery fluid (tears,) which is spread over the eye by the lid, and it is afterward swept off by it, and runs through a hole in the under surface of the nose, while warm air passing over it while breathing, evaporates it. It is remarkable that no such gland can be found in the eyes of fish, as the element in which they live answers the same purpose. If the eye had not been furnished with a liquid to wash it and a lid to sweep it off, things would as they do when you look through a dusty glass. Along the edges of the eye-lids there are a great number of little tubes or glands, from which flows an oily substance which spreads over the surface of the skin, and thus prevents the edges from being sore or irritated, and it also helps to keep tears within the lid. There are also six little muscles attached to the eye which enable us to move it in every direction; and when we consider the motions they are capable of giving to the eye, we cannot but admire the goodness of Him who formed them, and has thus saved us the trouble of turning our head every time we wish to view an object.

When bent on matrimony look more that skin deep for beauty; dive further than the pocket for worth, and search for temper beyond the good humor for the moment, remembering that it is not always the most agreeable partner at a ball who forms the most amiable partner for life. Virtue, like some flowers, blooms often fairest in the shade.

Where one man has been saved by a true estimation of another's weakness, thousands have been destroyed by a false appreciation of their own strength.

A Teacher, catechising his scholars, put the question, "What was made to give light to the world?" "Matches!" cried one of the youngsters, after a short pause.