

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.

Agricultural Aspirations.

I dream of a great Republic
Whose people shall all go west,
Sow plums and reap tomatoes
In the land that they love best;
Where jobs of all dimensions
Shall blossom on every hill,
And chickens low in the barn yard,
And gooseberries toil at the mill.

I'm tired of seeing the cabbage
Handle the rake and hoe;
I'm tired of waiting and watching
For the grasshopper bush to grow;
I long for the time when spinach
Shall cope with bread and milk;
When hens shall lay bananas,
And horses spin raw silk.

Oh! sweet were the vanished hours,
When I wandered along the glen
And wreathed my brow with tomatoes,
And plucked the ripened hen;
When the donkey climbed on a trellis,
And the cucumber chirped in the grass,
And the sweet potato whistled
To its mate in the mountain pass.

How Draining Benefits.

The philosophy of drainage is thus given by the *Canada Farmer*: "Experiments with lysin (lees) i. e., square boxes having a perforated lid covered with a layer of earth, through which the rain trickled and was collected in the box—have shown that all the water that trickles through a portion of soil in six months does not contain one quarter of the amount of potash taken from the soil by a crop of barley. A dark colored liquid may be rendered quite colorless by filtering it through animal charcoal. The charcoal has an affinity for the coloring matter and removes it from the water. In like manner the soil has an affinity for the soluble salts in question, and retains them firmly, so that water in trickling through the soil will carry very little away.

The upper crust of the soil is richer in plant food than the lower portion, or subsoil. Hence, although rain washing the surface and running off by open channels may and does dissolve and wash away a considerable quantity of nutritive matter, the water which sinks into the land carries these nutritive substances deeper down into the soil and deposits them in the lower portions where the roots of the plants are to be found, and where these roots can seize and absorb these soluble matters. Draining causes the rain to sink through a considerable thickness of soil before it runs off, and hence it causes less loss of nutritive matter than occasioned by rain washing the soil as it does in undrained lands, carrying off to the streams and rivers much of the valuable nutritive matter that abounds on the surface.

"Here, then, is one way in which drainage proves advantageous. It actually diminishes the loss of plant food by washing away. But this is not all. Stagnant water is, as we have already said, injurious to the roots of plants. They will not grow in it. Draining removes this, and hence the plants send down their roots deeper, and consequently their capability of absorbing nourishment is greatly increased. It is this increased depth of the roots in well-drained soils which renders the crops which grow on them less liable to suffer from drouth than those on imperfectly drained land.

"Again, access of air to every part of the soil is of the utmost importance. The air assists the various processes of decomposition by which dead animal and vegetable matter is made to yield products of the highest value as elements of the food of plants. If the soil is full of water, of course the air cannot get into the soil to perform this office, but draining, by drawing off the water from beneath, gives the air free admission to the soil, and each shower of rain, by displacing the air already present, and then falling through the soil and running away in the drains, renews the supply of fresh air, and in this way is of the greatest benefit."

Advantages of Small Libraries

Life is so short you cannot know everything. There are but few things we need to know, but let us know them well. People who know everything, do nothing; You cannot read all that comes out. Every book read without digestion is so much dyspepsia. Sixteen apple-dumplings at one meal are not healthy. In our age, when hundreds of books are launched every day from the press, do not be ashamed to confess ignorance of the majority of the volumes printed. If you have no artistic appreciation, spend neither your dollars nor your time on John Ruskin. Do not say that you are fond of Shakespeare if you are not interested in him, and after a year's study would not know Romeo from John Falstaff. There is an amazing amount of lying about Shakespeare. Use to the utmost what books you have, and do not waste your time in longing after a great library. You wish you could live in the city, and have access to some great collection of books. Be not deceived. The book of the library which you want will be out the day you want it. I longed to live in town that I might be in proximity to great libraries. Have lived in town thirteen years, and never found in the public library the book I asked for but once, and getting that home, I discovered it was not the one I wanted. Besides, it is the book you own that most profits, not that one which you take from "The Athenaeum" for a few days. Excepting in rare cases, you might as well send to the foundling hospital and borrow a baby as to borrow a book with the idea of its being any great satisfaction. We like a baby in our cradle, but prefer that one which belongs to the household. We like a book, but want to feel it is ours. We never get any advantage from a borrowed book. We hope those never reaped any profit from the books they borrowed from us but never returned. We must have the right to turn down the leaf, and underscore the favorite passage, and write an observation in the margin in such poor chirography that no one else can read it, and we ourselves are sometimes confounded.

All success to great libraries, and skillful book-binding, and exquisite typography and fine-tint-

ed plate paper, and bevelled boards, and gilt edges, and Turkish morocco! but we are determined that frescoed alcoves, shall not lord it over common shelves, and Russia binding shall not overrule sheep-skin, and that "full calf" shall not look down on pasteboard. We war not against liberties. We only plead for the better use of small ones.

Golden Drip Syrup.

How it is Made, etc. Result of a Chemical Analysis.

A recent number of the *Herald of Health* contains an article on "Golden Drip Syrup," a commodity that is much used, and as the author seems to have given the subject a careful investigation, we give his conclusions for the benefit of those who love this kind of sweetening. He says that it has long been known to chemists that a variety of sugar could be made from common starch, sawdust, cotton, or woody fibers of any kind by treating it with sulphuric acid. The sugar thus produced is called grape sugar, and two and a half pounds are required to equal one of cane sugar in sweetness. For some years this kind of sugar has been used in the manufacture of candy and of alcoholic liquors, and a number of manufactories have been established in this country. He says the greatest fraud seems to be in the article known as the golden drip syrup. The syrup is very superior in appearance, but often contains not the slightest trace of cane sugar, being made entirely from sawdust, paper rags, starch, and other similar trash, treated with sulphuric acid. This syrup can always be distinguished from the genuine by its reaction with an infusion of tannin. As tea leaves contain a large amount of tannin, a very convenient test is to put a small quantity of the syrup into a little strong tea, and if the syrup is not pure the liquid will become black upon being stirred.

Tests of this kind have frequently been made, and the mixture invariably became as black as ink, thus revealing the spurious character of the syrup. Some of it was also made into molasses candy, which, upon being eaten, turned the teeth and tongues of the eaters very black. To place the matter beyond a doubt, a specimen was sent to Dr. Rose, professor of the laboratory department of the Michigan University at Ann Arbor, who, after a very careful chemical analysis of the syrup, reported that the sugar it contained was not cane but grape sugar. He stated also, that beside grape sugar the syrup contained a large proportion of sulphuric acid, together with some iron and a little tannin, and must have been made either from old rags, boiled with sulphuric acid in iron vessels, or from sawdust treated in the same way.

Not long since, a lady, who belongs on the editorial staff of one of the leading dailies of New York, had been detained by office duties until rather a late hour. Living on the Heights in Brooklyn, it was not much of a venture to go home without an escort, so she started. On the boat a gentleman (?) said, "Are you alone?" "No, sir," said the lady, and when the boat touched stepped off. "I thought you said that you were not alone," said the fellow, stepping to her side again. "I am not," replied the lady. "Why, I don't see any one; who is with you?" "God Almighty and the angels, sir—I am never alone." "You keep too good company for me, madam; good night."

School-marm—"Now, Tommy, what is the meaning of the word fuel?" Tommy, triumphantly—"stuff as they puts on handkerchiefs!" "Arth quakes and apple-sauce," exclaims the school marm as she faints.

Skimmed Milk.

Good Mrs. Cotton once dreamed that a poor man came to her door and begged a drink of milk. Always ready to do a kindly deed, she hastened to the cellar, but with housewifely theft was about to skim the milk before taking it to him, when a voice whispered in her ear: "Give him cream and all." For a moment there was an inward struggle. "Skimmed milk is good enough for a tramp like him," and selfishness; but the good angel conquered, and the great bowl covered with golden cream was carried to the thirsty begger. It the good woman craved any reward for her generous deed, she had it at once in the poor man's grateful look as his brown hands grasped the tempting bowl, and it was with real regret that she waked to find it only a dream.

But the dream has a moral. How many of our best deeds are spoiled by having the cream taken off! The most princely gift, if given with an unloving heart, is, to the giver at least, nothing but skimmed milk; and the same is true of all good deeds done only from a sense of duty or for the praise of men. The lady who loads the little beggar at the door with the richest dainties of her table, but gives no loving smile or friendly word, gives, after all, but skimmed milk to the hungry child.

Love is the golden cream of all good deeds, and without it, they are, at best, only skimmed milk.

For the Boys.

"Sir," said a boy stopping before a man on his cart "do you want a boy to work for you?" "No," answered the man, "I have no such want." The boy looked disappointed; at least the man thought so, and he asked: "Don't you succeed in getting a place?" "I have asked at a good many places," said the boy: "A woman told me you had been after a boy, but it is not so I find."

"Don't be discouraged," said the man, in a friendly tone.

"Oh! no, sir," said the boy, cheerfully, because this is a big world, and I feel certain God has something for me to do in it. I am only trying to find it."

"Just so, just so," said a gentleman who overheard the talk. "Come with me, my boy; I am in want of somebody just like you." It was the doctor, and the doctor thought any boy so anxious to find his work would be likely to do it faithfully when he found it.

If every body had the spirit of this little lad, there would be no idlers in the world, standing at the corners, or sitting in the shops, waiting for work to come to them. Work does not often come so. Almost everything worth having, like the ore in the mine, must be sought for.

Always too Late.

Some people are always too late, and therefore accomplish through life nothing worth naming. If they promise to meet you at such an hour, they are never present until thirty minutes after. No matter how important the business is to either yourself or to him, he is just as tardy. If he takes a passage in the steamboat, he arrives just as the boat has left the wharf, and the train has started a few minutes before he arrives. His dinner has been waiting for him so long that the cook is out of patience. This course the character we have described always pursues. He is never in season at a church, at a place of business, at his meals, or in his bed. Persons of such habits we cannot but despise. Always start in season, and be ready at the appointed hour. We would not give a fig for a man who is not punctual to his engagements, and who never makes up his mind to a certain course till the

time is lost. Those who hang back, hesitate and tremble—who are never at hand for a journey, a trading, a sweet heart, or anything else—are poor sloths, and are ill-calculated to get a living in this stirring world.

Old Billy Mehiggin was an Irishman, and that was all right; but he was a drunken Irishman, and that was not right. With the money he got for sawing wood he bought whiskey, and his wife, Bridget Mehiggin, drank; and a dulcet chorus it was that came from their cabin down by the lake.

But Billy joined the society and took the pledge, placing his name with his hard, horny hand where he ought to place it, when he took the obligation.

Not long after Billy went to saw some wood for a saloon-keeper in town—for there was one—and as the day was cold, he went into the saloon to warm his hands and his toes.

"Billy," said the saloon-keeper, "aren't you cold inside?" "Sure I am," said Billy.

"Tain't drunk, they leave you, don't they, them temperance folks?" said the saloon keeper.

"Tain't very thick; ye're right," said Billy.

"Now, Billy," said the saloon-keeper, with a twinkle in his eye, "wouldn't you like a drop of something warm? It shant cost you anything."

Billy wiped his mouth with the back of his hand—the hand that had figured in the taking his obligation—and, slowly going toward the counter, said,

"No," no," said the saloon-keeper, rubbing his hands, and smiling through his eyes. "What shall it be, Billy?"

"Cowld water," said Billy, with a wide grin.

A "fast" man undertook the task of teasing an eccentric preacher. "Do you believe," he said, "in the story of the Prodigal Son and the Fatted Calf?" "Yes," said the preacher. "Well, then, was it a male or a female calf that was killed?" "A female," promptly replied the divine. "How do you know that?" "Because (looking the interrogator in the face) I see the male alive now."

Prayer to God is a moral necessity. It is the instinct of humanity—of the creature toward the Creator. Before reason and without it, the soul, in its conscious inferiority and weakness, cries to the great Creator for help.

"I never shot a bird in my life," said a friend to an Irishman, who replied, "I never shot anything in the shape of a bird but a squirrel, which I killed with a stone, when it fell into the river and was drowned."

The benefactor always retains some affection for the person whom he has benefited. No extent of ingratitude succeeds in utterly effacing this kindly feeling on the part of the benefactor.

Write it on the heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly till he knows that every day is doomsday.

A new style of boys' trousers has been invented in Boston, with a copper seat, sheet iron knees, riveted down the seams, and water proof pockets to hold broken eggs.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles,—the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.

If all men knew what they say of one another, there would not be four friends in the world.

Prayer is the path that God made, on which man travels back to him.