

WEST-CAROLINA RECORD.

THE STRONGEST BULWARK OF OUR COUNTRY—THE POPULAR HEART.

CARPENTER & GRAYSON, EDITORS.

CLENDENIN & CARPENTER, PUBLISHERS.

VOL. II.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., FEBRUARY 21, 1874.

NO. 2.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. W. HARRIS, M. D.
Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician.
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Rutherfordton and vicinity.
All cases entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.
He may be found at his Office or Residence when not professionally absent. 1 ly

OLIVER HICKS, M. D.
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Continues the practice of Medicine, Surgery and Midwifery, in Rutherfordton, and the surrounding country. 50-ly.

G. S. GARRICK, JESSE GRAY SYSTEM.
GATHER & BYNUM,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Monsieur, N. C.
Practice in the Federal Courts, Supreme Court of North Carolina, and in the Counties of Caswell, Caldwell, Rutherford, McDowell, Henderson, Mitchell and Yancey.
Collections made on all parts of the State. 38-ly.

W. H. COX,
SURGEON
AND
DENTIST.
33-ly RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

DR. J. A. HAGUE,
Physician and Surgeon.
Having located at Rutherfordton, N. C., respectfully tend as his Professional Services to the citizens of the Village and surrounding country, and hope to merit a part of their patronage. 38-ly.

DR. J. L. RUCKER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
General or the liberal patronage hereto for medical, dental, or prompt attention to all cases, to merit a continuance of the same.

A. B. CARPENTER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Collections promptly attended to. 14

HOTELS.
CHIMNEY ROCK HOTEL,
CHIMNEY ROCK, N. C.,
Wallace & Jus. Ice, Proprietors.
Half way between Asheville and Rutherfordton. Surrounded by the grandest mountain scenery in the world. Guests will be made comfortable and charge moderate. 4 ly

CHARLOTTE HOTEL,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
W. M. Matthews & Son
38-ly

THE BURNETT HOUSE,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Is open for the accommodation of the traveling public, and with good fire, attentive servants, and good tables and food for horses, the proprietor asks a share of patronage. 11 ly
C. BURNETT, Proprietor.

ALLEN HOUSE,
HENDERSONVILLE, N. C.
T. A. ALLEN, Proprietor.
Good Tables, attentive Servants, well ventilated Rooms and comfortable Stables.

BUCK HOTEL,
ASHEVILLE, N. C.,
R. M. DEEVER, Proprietor.
BOARD \$2.00 PER DAY. 100

Flemming House,
MASON, N. C.
Board per Day, \$1.50
" Week, 7.00
" Month, 21.00
24-ly
B. B. FREEMAN, Proprietor.

BUSINESS CARDS.
R. M. ROBINSON,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,
Main St., Opposite the Burnett House,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

All work cut and made warranted to Fit.
Cleaning and repairing done at short notice.
Latest Style Fashion Hides always on hand.
Orders from a distance promptly attended to. 44-ly.

HIDES! HIDES!! HIDES!!!
The highest market prices paid for Green and Dry Hides
28-ly
D. MAY & CO.

WESTERN STAR LODGE
No. 91, A. F. M.
Meets regularly on the 1st Monday Light in each month, Tuesdays of Superior Courts, and on the Festivals of the Sts. John, G. M. WHITESIDE, W. M.
M. H. JUSTICE, Sec.

WEST CAROLINA RECORD,
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT \$2 PER YEAR,
CLENDENIN & CARPENTER,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

WEST-CAROLINA RECORD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
J. C. CLENDENIN,
J. B. CARPENTER, PUBLISHERS.

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 " " 16.00
23 " " 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.

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.

Tim's Revenge

"Little Tim," was the name of him
Of whom I have to tell,
A little fellow, young and stout
In the busy town of L—

As trains went down through the town,
He peddled through the cars
His stock in trade—iced lemonade,
Cakes, peanuts, and cigars.

Conductor Dunn was the only one
Who'd not his trade allow,
And so twist him and little Tim
There a-twixt was a row.

At last one day they had a fray,
And Timothy declared
He'd "fix old Dun, 'as sure as gun,"
If both their lives were spared.

So off he went, with this intent,
And sold his stock in trade;
His earnings hard he spent for lard,
And started for "the grade."

(This place, you know, is where trains
Go
Upon the steep hillside,
And where—with lard—it isn't hard
To get up quite a slide.)

He took a stick and spread it thick,
Remarking with a smile,
"There'll be some fun when Mr. Dunn
Commences to strike it!"

He lay in wait; the train was late
And came a puffing hard,
With heavy load, right up the road
To where he'd spread the lard.

They tried in vain; that fated train
Could not ascend the grade;
The wheels would spin with horrid din,
Yet no advance was made.

Then little Tim—'twas bold in him—
Cried out in accents shrill,
"Remember me, Conductor D.,
When you get up the hill!"

MORAL.

Success in trade is up a grade
That we should all ascend,
And with a will help up the hill
Our fellow man and friend;

When "on the road," don't incommode,
The seeker after pelf.
Or, ten to one, like Mr. Dunn,
You won't get up yourself.

To be truly happy, forget your own
Unhappiness in ministering to some
One more miserable than yourself.
Whoever carries coals to another will
warm his own hands; besides, Jesus
tells us that there is blessedness in
giving.

Good humor is the clear blue
sky of the soul, on which every
star of talent will shine more
clearly, and the sun genius en-
counter no vapors in his passage.

What is the True Theory of Education?

That which secures the noblest manhood. Man is a creature of manifold endowments and conflicting elements, and is in the midst of ten thousand educating influences.

Great mountains are educators. The men that climb the Tules and breathe their air and see their glorious visions, are different from the men that dwell on the plains. The sea is an educator. He who sees its great waves dash upon the shore, looks forth on its vastness, and listens to its eternal murmurings, must be a different man from him who never saw it. Day and night, clouds and sky and air are educators. They leave their shadows on the soul as well as on the vision. The street is an educator. The child who wanders at night, free from parental restraint, among its influences, is reasonably sure to be educated for perdition. Companions are educators. Where is the man who can say that he is not different from what he would have been by reason of the vital impress of some other soul on him? We often in our conception confine education to the work of the instructor. What should be the aim of the school? Perhaps we cannot state it better than in saying it is the bringing into fullest strength the noblest faculties of the soul. If education has made any progress in these latter years, it is in this line. Formerly the schools were expected to impart knowledge, and the memory was the great agent. Young children were made to learn the names of arbitrary characters. The names of twenty-six characters without meaning were imposed as a task on the memory. Sometimes it was accomplished in a few days, and sometimes it took a year. Then words without meaning were laid on the taxed faculty, till at last, by chance, as some word which had an idea in it came before them, they gained their first conception of what a written tongue is. That a training begun in that way may be of inestimable advantage no one can doubt; but is that the right beginning? Now very young children in kindergartens are taught forms and combinations, and their childish faculties are brought into play literally, and exercised. They are led by a gentle enticement into a course of intellectual training. And when they begin to learn written language, the symbol of some object which interests them is put before them, and they secure and retain its impress. The letters which compose it are easily retained, and so are the words which describe its qualities. How much easier when they see the picture of a horse, and are told the horse is white, to remember how the word white looks, than to look at a word which has five letters and no meaning, and remember it. We know how easy the motion of the muscles is in the play of childhood or in the sports of manhood, how hard the same motions in the dull and long continued labor of life; how easy labor is in the ardor of pursuit, how hard with no end in view.

As years advance and pupils get the use of their faculties, severer studies follow, those that call into use and task observation, invention, reasoning and memory. There is no ascent to the heights of knowledge and power without labor.

Keeping ever in view the development of the thinking power, teaching the pupil to instruct himself, the true educator inquires: "How can I best impart instruction?" Through all the avenues by which knowledge enters the soil, object and oral teaching have their advantages. An apple taken from a child may give a lesson that shall be remembered on the processes of growth, the germination of seed, the agency of air, earth, light, heat and rain in

vegetable life. A cup of water may give a lesson on the sea, its source, the processes of evaporation, the clouds, the rain, and the uses of this element in life, and so the great laws which regulate health and the continuance of life may be made known. The habit of observation is of the greatest value to the child. Life will be worth more to the boy who knows the name and song of every bird that warbles in the thicket, and makes friends of every flower that blooms in his path.

In the classics and in the exact sciences modes are not so greatly changed. Attainments here are not secured without severe mental labor. How to secure this is the question, and how to secure it with safety to the mental powers and to life and health.

One pressing question with the teacher is how far shall studies to which the pupil is averse be required? No doubt one who is averse to mathematics may need for a time the discipline of the severest studies, but in the main every soul should be trained according to its aptitudes. To give an easel and brush to a Newton, and to put a Michael Angelo into trigonometry and the calculus, would be as absurd as to insist that a whale should swim in the air or an eagle should fly in the sea. The teacher that discovers to a boy powers that are slumbering within him, may be of incalculable service to the world.

It is said that Sir Humphrey Davy, when congratulated on the great discoveries he had made in science, said that the greatest discovery he ever made was the genius of Michael Faraday. The hope of making golden discoveries in the mines of the soul is a great incitement to the true teacher.

In every true theory of education, the intellectual is subservient to the moral. There is no doubt that the discipline of a good school is a moral discipline. He who has learned the lesson of unquestioning obedience to rightful authority, has learned one of the first moral lessons of life.

There is no question that intellectual training favors moral development. The trained mind sees the relations of truth and must see the great law of sin and death and righteousness and life, that rules in all the dominion of mind. But there is no doubt that there should be direct moral training, and that the only effect of moral training must be religious. Abstract right is beautiful, but cold and spiritless. Obligation to God, accountability and the destinies of the future are real and instinct with life. How much moral science, technically so called, and should be taught, we will not decide; but of this, we are sure, from the first day of the pupil's school life till the last, God and our relations to him, sin and its wages of death, the conditions of purity, blessedness and immortal life should be clearly set forth, and the great moral motives connected with them enforced. The best education looks to a perfect manhood, and a perfect manhood is found only in a perfect moral and spiritual life. —W.L. Post.

Economy may be practiced in a thousand ways, and one way is in our fuel. Wood that has been sunned for a few days after cutting and splitting it, and then housed four months or more, is worth for the family purposes of warming, cooking, and washing, almost twice as much when green. But few farmers realize the value of dry wood, especially during the winter season, and hence but little wood is stored during the summer season. Be sure to furnish plenty of oven wood. This should be piled in a part of the woodhouse by itself. It will promote kindly feeling in the family—will save much time otherwise lost in kindling fires with green wood. Then let us prepare a good supply of dry wood for winter, full six months before wanted for use. —Cor. Country Gentleman.

Turned to Stone.

A SOLIDIFIED BRIDE.

Dr Jorsek, of Marksville, La., in a letter to the New York Sun of Saturday, says: "Mr. Frederick Haller is by profession a lawyer. He early acquired, however, quite a fondness for the natural sciences, especially geology. He has, perhaps, the largest and most complete geological cabinet in Louisiana. Something over a month ago he married, taking as his bride a charming young girl of sixteen. As physician to her father's family and an intimate friend I was an honored guest at the marriage ceremony. I am sure I never saw a more beautiful and happy bride.

Next afternoon she and some three or four of her most intimate friends went into Mr. Haller's "Rock Study," to look over the cabinet of curiosities. Among the curiosities which Mr. Haller had gathered were several round boulders brought from Arkansas. These boulders on being broken present in the central space a crystalline formation, and are usually not much larger than the double fist. One of these, however, was unusually large, measuring twenty-one inches in circumference. Frequently the internal surface, always hollow, contains water, or rather a concentrated solution of silica in water. This fact was known to one of the young ladies, who mentioned it.

At once it was proposed to break the large one, and several ineffectual attempts were made. They called to their aid a colored man, a servant on the place, who was requested to break open the rock. A pitcher being placed underneath the boulder as the man held it, one sturdy blow of his stalwart arm cracked it, and the fluid within ran out and was collected in the pitcher, scarcely losing a drop, there being a half pint of it.

The bride, without ever giving it a thought, conceived the notion of drinking the water from the boulder. She poured most of it into a glass tumbler, nearly filling it, and, lifting it to her lips, she drank first to the health of her husband, then to that of unmarried friends in the room, wishing them shortly to be happy brides like herself, and drained the glass. But in a few minutes the youthful bride complained of excessive pain in the stomach, and began to realize the rashness of her action.

A messenger was sent in haste for her husband and myself. Mr. Haller's office being near my own, we received the message almost simultaneously, and we rapidly drove together in my buggy to his house. When we arrived she was dead, a period of fifteen minutes having elapsed from the time of extinction of life. They were just laying her out on my arrival. To my surprise I found she had grown in that short period so rigid as to render it difficult to straighten her limbs. In the course of three-quarters of an hour her entire body became as hard and inflexible as bone.

On more minute examination and inquiry I found that the dissolved silica she had taken into her stomach had been absorbed and transmitted by the chylipoietic apparatus and blood vessels throughout the system, and that her whole body was a petrification. The case being so singular and so sudden, the husband and the bride's family consented to a partial post-mortem examination, other medical men coming to my assistance.

We found it impossible to cut through any portion with our scalpels. Dr. Ferguson broke his scalpel in the first attempt. We were enabled only to break through the chest with a hatchet, finding extreme difficulty in entering the thoracic cavity, the contents being all solidified. The heart was found as firm and as solid as stone, resembling a piece of cornelian as to both color and consistency.

Stranger than Fiction.

A North German paper advertising for the American heirs of the fortune of a widow lady at Amsterdam, as follows, goes on to say:

The story of the death of the two women, as long ago as 1852, and the finding of their murderer, twenty-two years after, the revelation of actual occurrences which are as terribly tragic as may be found within the lids of romance. The widow, Catherine Spelling, and her daughter Dorothy, were joint possessors of diamonds, and money, bonds, etc., to the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and occupied a house by themselves on Harlan street, Amsterdam. One day, in the summer of 1852, a placard appeared on the door, saying they had gone to the country. Six weeks rolled around and still the placard remained on the door. The suspicions of the police were aroused by the long absence of the women, and the house was entered. The placard was found to be a fearful deception; the bodies of the two women were found on the floor, their diamonds, money and bonds missing, and no clue to the murderer or thief found.

In July last, the house was torn down, and in its destruction came to light a circumstance equaling in horror the assassination of the two lone women. Between the house taken down was a space of about a foot and confined in this space was found the skeleton of a man, caught midway between the top and bottom, and on the ground beneath him were found the diamonds, the bonds and the money of the two murdered. The assassin, in attempting to escape, had missed his footing, falling between the houses, and with a strip of blue visible above the high walls of his living tomb, he had starved to death. —Delphi Chronicle.

An Unwelcome Guest.

Our young friend Parker went round the other evening to visit the two Miss Smiths. After conversing with them awhile, Miss Susan excuses herself for a while, and went up stairs. Presently Parker thought he heard her coming, and slipped behind the door, and suggested that the other Miss Smith should tell Miss Susan he had gone. But it wasn't Susan; it was old Mr. Smith in his slippers. As he entered he looked around and said to his daughter: "Ah, ha! So Parker's gone. Good riddance. I was just coming down to keep my eye on him. I hope he has not proposed to you. I didn't want any such a lantern-jawed, red-headed idiot around here. He hasn't got the sense of a ruta-baga turnip, or money enough to buy a clean shirt." He gets none of my daughters. I'll shake the life out of him if I catch him here again, mind me."

Just as he concluded, Susan came down and not perceiving Parker, she said: "Thank goodness, he's gone. That man is enough to provoke a saint. I was awfully afraid he was going to stay and spend the evening. Mary Jane, I hope you didn't ask him to come again?"

Then Parker didn't know whether to stay there or bolt, while Mary Jane looked as if she would like to drop into the cellar. But Parker finally walked out, and rushed to the entry, seized his hat, shot down the front steps, and went home meditating upon the emptiness of human happiness, and the uncertainty of Smiths. He has not called since, and his life thus far has been unmolested by the head of the Smith family.

A muddy stream, flowing into one clear and sparkling, for a time rolls along by itself. A little futher down they unite, and the whole is impure. So youth, untouched by sin, may for a time keep its purity in foul company; but a little later, and they mingle.