

The Rutherford Star.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT AND THEN GO AHEAD.—D. W. COOK.

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POETRY.

OUR CHILDHOOD.

"Is not, yet sweet, to listen
To the soft waltz of the wind,
And think we hear the music
Of our childhood, now so sweet?
To gaze out on the world,
And feel the boundless life of air,
And feel again our boyhood's wish
To roam like angels there."
There are many dreams of gladness,
That cling around the past,
And from the tomb of feeling
Old thoughts come thronging fast;
The forms we loved so dearly
In the happy days that are gone,
The beautiful and lovely,
So fair to look upon.

Those bright and gentle maidens
Who seemed so formed for bliss,
Too glorious and too heavenly
For such a world as this.
Whose dark, soft eyes seemed swimming
In a sea of liquid light,
And whose looks of god were streaming
Our souls so sunny bright.
Whose smiles were like the sunshine
In the spring time of the year—
Like the changeful gleams of April,
They have passed—like hopes—away,
And their loveliness has fled;
Oh, many a heart is mourning,
That they are with the dead.

Like the brightest buds of summer,
They have fallen with the stem;
Yet oh! it is a lovely dream,
To fade from earth like them.
And yet the thought is saddening
To muse on such as they,
And feel that all the beautiful
Are passing fast away!
That the fair ones whom we love
Grow to each other's breast,
Like the tendrils of the clinging vine,
Then perish where they rest.

And we can think but of these
In the soft and gentle spring,
When the trees are waving their arms
And the flowers are blossoming;
And we know that winter's coming,
With cold and stormy sky,
And the glorious beauty round us
Is budding but to die!
(GEORGE D. PHENIX.)

SELECTED STORY.

MY HUSBAND'S SECOND WIFE.

My husband came tenderly by my side.
"Are you going out this evening love?"
"Of course I am."
I looked down complacently at my dress of pink crepe, dew-dropped over with crystal, and the trails of pink beads that caught up its folds here and there. A diamond bracelet encircled one round, white arm, and a little cross blazed faithfully at my throat. I had never looked better, and I felt a sort of girlish pride as my eye met the fairy reflection in the mirror.
"Come, Gerald, make haste. Why, you have begun to dress yet!"
Where were my wifely instincts, that I did not see the haggard downcast look in his features—the fevered light in his eye?
"I can't go tonight, Madeline; I am not well enough."
"You are never well enough," Gerald, to oblige me. I am tired of being put off with such excuses."
He made no answer, but dropped his head in his hands on the table before him.
"Oh, come, Gerald," I urged impatiently; "it is so awkward for me to go alone always!"
He shook his head listlessly.
"I thought perhaps you would be willing to remain at home with me, Madeline."
"Men are selfish," I said plaintively; "and I am all dressed. Claudia took half an hour for my hair. I dare say you'll be a great deal quieter without me—that is, if you're determined not to go."
No answer came.
"Well, you see I like it. It is a great deal better than those sonatas on the piano."

and went out of the room, adjusting my boquet holder, the tuberoses and heliotropes seeming to distil incense at every motion.
Was I heartless and cruel? Had I ceased to love my husband? From the bottom of my heart I believe that I loved him as truly and tenderly as ever wife loved a husband; but I had been so petted and spoiled all my brief, selfish life, that the better instincts were, so to speak, entombed alive.
I went to the party and had my fill of adulation and homage, as usual. The house seemed to glide away, shed with roses and winged with music and perfume; and it was not until, wearied with the dancing, I sought a momentary refuge in a half-lighted tea-room, that I heard words awakening me, as it were, from a dream.
"Gerald Glenn."
I could not well be mistaken in the name; it was scarcely common-place enough for that. They were talking—two or three business-like looking gentlemen, in the hall without; and I could catch now and then, a fugitive word.
"Fine, enterprising young fellow—'Great pity!' Totally ruined, so Bess & McMorison say!" "Rackless extravagance of his wife!"
All these vague fragments I heard; and then some one asked, "And what is he going to do?"
"What can he do poor fellow? I am sorry; but he should have counted his income or his expense better."
"Or his wife should." "Oh, these women! they are at the bottom of all men's troubles!"
And they laughed. Oh, how could they! I had yet to learn how easy it is, in this world to bear other people's troubles.
I rose hurriedly, my heart beating tumultuously beneath the pink azaleas, and went back to the lighted saloon. Mr. Albany Moore was waiting to claim my hand for the next dance.
"Are you ill, Mrs. Glenn? How pale you look!"
"I am not very well. I wish you would have my carriage called for me, Mr. Moore."
For now I felt that home was the proper place for me.
Harried by some unaccountable impulse, I sprang out the moment the carriages wheels touched the curbstones, and rushed up to my husband's room. The door was locked, but I could see a light shining faintly under the threshold. I knocked wildly and persistently.
"Gerald, dear Gerald! for heaven's sake let me in!"
Something fell upon the marble hearthstone within, making a metallic clink, and my husband opened the door a little way. I had never seen him look so pale before, or so rigid, yet so determined.
"Who are you?" he demanded wildly. "Why cannot you leave me in peace?"
"It is I, Gerald—your Madeline—your own little wife."
And I caught from his hand the pistol he was trying to conceal in his breast—its mate lay on the hearth under the mantle, and I flung it out of the window.
"Gerald, would you have let me see that would have saved me?" he cried, with half delirious, to all appearances, "Debt, disgrace, misery—her reproaches! I would have escaped them all! I would have had her like that or a westerly wind on my shoulder. I drew him gently to a sofa, and soothed him with a thousand murmured words, a thousand mute caresses for he had not been all my night."
And through all the long weeks of fear that followed I nursed him with unwearied care and devotion. I had but one thought—one desire—to redeem myself in his estimation—to prove to him that I was something more and higher than the mere butterfly of fashion I had hitherto shown myself.
Well, the March winds had howled themselves away into their mountain fastnesses; the brilliant April rain-drops were dried on bough and spray; and now the apple blossoms were tossing their fragrant billows of pink bloom in the deep blue air of the latter May.
Where are we now?
It was a picturesque little villa, not far out of Pittsburg, furnished very like a magnificent baby-house. Gerald sat in a cushioned easy-chair, in the garden, just where he could glance through the open window at me, working busily with my needle.
"What an industrious fairy it is," he said, smiling sadly.
"Well, you see I like it. It is a great deal better than those sonatas on the piano."

A QUARREL.

Nine Years of War Between Husband and Wife.

A most curious and strange illustration of inborn love of war in the human bosom is given in the history of a man and wife, now living in Murry county, Tenn., within six miles of Columbia. An old couple, who were once happy and enjoyed life as much, perhaps, as it is possible for a married couple to enjoy it, live in the locality above indicated. They own a small property, but have no children; they eat their meals together, daily, except when the old man is out hunting, at which time the old lady of the house enjoys her grub in silence. Every evening in the year, except one, they occupy opposite sides of the fire-place, one whiffing tobacco smoke up the chimney and the other chewing snuff and growling to herself. Not a word passes. About ten o'clock they simultaneously rise and go to bed in silence.
The exceptional day to this beautiful, harmonious life, is the 25th of December, commonly called in this Christian country, "Christmas day," when there occurs a regular old-fashioned fight between the silent twin. This is an annual battle, and like other fights, is a contest for the supremacy of an idea. It was inaugurated in this wise:
Nearly ten years ago on Christmas day, in the morning the old man went out hunting for something fat for dinner. After an absence of about five hours, he returned with an animal of some sort and slung it on the floor, he triumphantly exclaimed:
"There, there, Betty, is a ground hog for dinner." Betty turned the affair over with the toe of her brogan, gazed intently for two minutes, and then deliberately said:
"Faugh! it's a skunk!"
The husband didn't like this expression of opinion on the part of his beloved, but being a mild man, and anxious to avoid the long standing good feeling between them he contented himself with a gentle reiteration of his first remark. The lady became firm also, and even indulged in a sort of subdued sneer at the ignorance of her husband. He waxed cross.
"I tell you bet it is a ground hog, and I don't want to be contradicted."
But the lady contradicted. "I tell you it is," and "I tell you it ain't," followed each other with increasing rapidity and violence, until the storm assumed the shape of blows. The man pinched and the woman scratched, until both became exhausted and had to quit from sheer weariness.
Next day when coolness and reflection superseded heat and passion, both silently regretted the unfortunate difference of opinion, which left the head of the house with half his beard and very little hair, and the lady two eyes of unusual darkness; but they spoke not. Now both were too proud and guilty for that. They remained silent until the whole year had rolled round and Christmas day again came on, while enjoying a cup of thick black coffee and a greasy corn-dodger, the wife mildly ventured a remark to the effect that they had been very foolish a year ago, to fall out and pound each other about so miserable a thing as a skunk.
"Yes," said the husband, "I was wrong, but you were just as much so, and I ought to have done it, but you fought, but that was a ground-hog and not a skunk!"
"Did not forget," she had no reason to remember, although she black eyes were all gone then, but knew it was a skunk. The husband thought it strange for her to hold the same opinion still, particularly when she knew it was a ground hog. She knew different. The wife once again crept in, words wanted hot and blows followed. The scene of the former Christmas day was re-enacted to a nicety, and both went to bed exhausted with blisters upon their heads and less hair on their heads. They were repentant and silent next day, and spent the year without speaking, but when the anniversary arrived the same scene was gone through with religious precision, and has been gone through with every Christmas since. The people for miles around have become aware of these annual idiosyncrasies in the lonely and peculiar pair, and look forward with much interest to the developments of the coming Christmas. It may be proper to remark, for the sake of perspicuity, that the lady's eyes from being originally a light gray have become a coal black from the periodical dyeing which her conscientious husband gives them; and his hair has entirely disappeared,

owing to the yearly operations of her long fingers.
There are various opinions entertained as to when the war will end, but the general belief is that the lady will use up the old man in a few more fights.

KU-KLUX.

ARE WE TO HAVE PEACE?

KU-KLUX OUTRAGES IN MIDDLE TENNESSEE.

THEY "SPIRIT" AWAY A NASHVILLE DETECTIVE.

From the Nashville Banner, of the 13th inst., we learn that on last Monday night another outrage was committed by Ku Klux in Middle Tennessee. It appears that Captain Barmore, a notable Nashville Detective, who was on the alert to unmask the Ku-Klux of their mysterious terror, whether for the consideration of money or ambition we know not nor do we care, was marked out for a visitation of their Salianic revenge. Having business at Pulaski, to attend as a witness the investigation of the case of a negro, whom he, Captain Barmore, had arrested a few days previous, and having missed the regular train in the morning, was on board the night train, and was snugly ensconced in the rear car, in profound slumber. At Columbia masked men seized the train, and instituted a vigorous search through the cars until they found the Captain. Ordering him to get up the desperadoes hurried their victim away. That was the last seen of Captain Barmore.
The Banner explains his disappearance as the result of his intention to ferret out and expose the Klan. It speaks confidently, so we accept of the excuse.
Now to the people of the North East, and West, let us say, that the Ku-Klux are found only in localities where the retaliation is in the ascendancy. Here in our own part of the State, East Tennessee, no such acts as the above would be tolerated, the perpetrators would be speedily brought to grief.
We take occasion to remind the Democratic press of Middle Tennessee of these wholesome truths: That if their columns truthfully represent the state of affairs, then they should advise immigrants to stay away. If they insert these tales as first-class sensational stories, then they are doing more to damage the interests of the State abroad than the Ku-Klux themselves, as the mere publication of these hobgoblin tales drive away the motor-hor, industrial, and thrifty class of immigrants.

A Democratic journal remarks that, the present state of affairs and the cause thereof is attributable to the tyranny and despotism of "Thomas A. administration." Now this is perfectly absurd, and unworthy of a brave and honorable opponent. For instance, upon the same hypothesis, we can infer that the present bad state of affairs owe its origin to the accession of the Southern States from the Federal Government in 1861—that all the wrongs of man's fall from his exalted position in the Garden of Eden, can be traced to Mother Eve. How much sense or honor is there in such argument? None, we answer. We only use them to illustrate their utter unworthiness.
We are willing that the two parties in Tennessee pour notes. We would be glad if it was a record of the violence done to our friends, Republicans, by midnight assassins—i. e. the chivalry and flower of the democratic youth—would be given.
The brave (and chivalrous) Ku-Klux, the legitimate offspring of Treason, meet their opponents with pistol and bowie knife (their only effective argument), in the dark hours of midnight, and ignominiously acting the role of a murderer.
We pause and tremble for the safety of our national liberties, when the laws can be so successfully violated by the very existence of such an Order as the Ku-Klux Klan.
The people of party that uphold and wink at this Order and their horrid crimes are lost to all sense of honor and justice, and only one degree removed from barbarism.
Another fact we present to the disfranchised citizens of this State, not that we presume to dictate, but because we earnestly desire to see the bright era of Peace dawn with undimmed lustre upon our country, in this: a conciliatory party would be of more value than the K.K.K.—Maryville Republican.

There are fifty-seven thousand pieces of wealth in this country, but not one hundred persons, on an average, are found in each of the Sabots.

An Innocent Man Convicted of Murder—Singular Case of Mistaken Identity.

The Detroit Tribune tells the following curious story of a convict recently pardoned by the Governor of that State:
"The pardoning of Edward Murphy, who had been convicted of murder at Mackinac, from the State prison, and the application made by him to the Legislature for compensation for services during the time of his incarceration, has given rise to some newspaper gossip. The person who committed the murder was known as Patrick Kearney. He committed the deed on November 10th, 1851, on the steamer Globe, and was brought to Detroit on that steamer and placed in jail, two or three days later, too late in the season to be taken back to the scene of the murder to be tried."
"On the night of March 31, 1862, Kearney in company with eleven others, escaped from the jail. After the jail-breaking had occurred, the sheriff offered a reward of twenty-five dollars for the capture of the escaped prisoner, and this amount was paid for the arrest of Edward Murphy, who was afterwards convicted of the murder, and although innocent, as it now turns out, was sentenced for life to the State prison."
"The arrest of Murphy was effected in this manner: At the time the murder was committed a man named Cummings was pretty badly cut by the criminal. Cummings afterwards went to Chicago, and became a policeman, or some sort of an officer. Eight years after the crime was committed, Cummings saw a person in that city whom he believed to be the escaped murderer. This man gave his name as Edward Murphy, after being arrested at the instance of Cummings, but so firm did the former appear to be in his conviction that the prisoner was really the criminal, that the Detroit authorities were notified of the arrest, and Peter Laderoot, who was turned up at the jail, when the prisoners before alluded to escaped, went to Chicago to identify him. Both Laderoot and Cummings were of the same opinion relative to the man, and upon the strength of their testimony he was taken back to Mackinac and convicted of murder. Murphy on his trial, put in no defense, but protested his innocence to the last. There was certainly a striking resemblance between Murphy and Kearney."

An Item for Tree Growers.

Charles Downing says that he witnessed a remarkable change produced on the body of a pear tree by means of wrapping it in straw. The tree was a brown-Bureau, grafted about seven feet high, upon a stock which for years had not grown as rapidly as a graft usually does, and presented a decided bulge or swelling at the junction of the graft. This smaller portion was encased in straw about two inches thick, and at the end of two seasons it was found on removing the straw that the heretofore smaller stem had become the largest of the trunk of the past union between graft. This is an item of interest, and many tree growers who have trees with contracted stems, evidence of some natural want of affinity with the graft, may find it a hint for practical use. We have ourselves practiced wrapping the stem of Morello cherries when worked at a height of two or three feet, with the straw growing or sweet varieties, with rice, and thus keep them swelling regularly with the growth of the graft for years, says a grower.—Boston Cultivator.

Pruning and Thinning.

This is snow in order everywhere. Notwithstanding the many papers that have been written on the philosophy of pruning, the naked question, "What is the best time to prune trees?" is one with which the gardener is continually bored. The keen edged gardener gives the cutting reply, "any time when your knife is sharp!" but the more good-natured say, "I depend on what you want to cut off." The street cutter wants to keep the head low, and cuts down to make them branch lower; cutting in winter does not have this effect, so that unless one has some other object to combat with it, such as to clean the tree of bark scales, or the jaws of other insects, or the saving of employment to some half-trained tree cutter, the work might as well be left undone. If you wish a branch to push some particular point, whether you cut a part away, prune in winter, or if your tree has branches crossing each other, or has half dead branches, or anything tending to spoil the form of symmetry of your tree, prune in winter; but as a rule, the less pruning is done the healthier will be your trees; for it may be accepted as a rule in all gardening, that all pruning, whether in winter or summer, is a blow struck at the vitality of the plant.—Gardener's Magazine.

Prudent Take Head.

Some short time ago we were called to visit the death-bed of a young man, who had refused his constitution by drink. He lay in an upper room of a respectable house in Greene street, in this city. That fearful disease, delirium tremens, had seized him. In the agonies of death he passed his indignant, but now poor, heart-broken mother. Alas! the last words that he uttered, with gasping teeth, were these:
"My mother taught me to drink!"
This young man was brought up amidst all the comforts of a splendid home on the Avenue; but there were vice in that home. There he was initiated into the vice of drinking; and in a Greene street brothel he graduated into intemperance.
What will parents learn wisdom!—National Temperance Advocate.

A negro boy once caught a large sized entail and sticking it in the bank, passed by the creek. Another negro coming that way, and having a smaller sized fish on his string, swapped cats. After a bit Jake returned for his fish, and putting it out exclaimed: "De great Lord is dis my cat! Yes, here's what I stuck him; but ain't he drunk!"

will cost you as much as to board an ordinary female, say \$3 per week, as a very low estimate, which will amount to \$150 a year, which sums amount to the startling figures of \$207!!! taken right out of a poor man's small earnings! It does seem possible! But I have added the sums together three times, without any mistake, and it must be correct.—From Todd's Country Homes.

A MISSISSIPPI FAMILY FEUD.—A marriage, bloody and fatal Vendetta has been going on in the northeastern part of Lafayette county, Mississippi, for the last eight or ten months. It commenced between George Driver and Jan. Smith, who live some five or six miles from the "Mouth of Tippah," near the road leading from Abbeville to Pontotoc, about the renewal of a promissory note for \$500; but, gradually, several other persons were drawn into it, as members of friends of their respective families, until nearly the whole neighborhood, for three or four miles around, was arrayed on one side or the other, in deadly hostility. Up to this time two or three men have been killed, and the "war," as it is called, is not over yet. It is certainly one of the most desperate cases of "private war," resembling in some of its features, the old-fashioned "Corsican Vendetta," or the Highland Feud, that we have heard of in this country for a long time. Robert Smith, a son of James Smith, and a brother of one of the "killed," it is reported, is one of the most fearless and determined, if not positively desperate men in the State and his "war," it is reported, "is still for war," as he feels called on to avenge the death of his brother, who was waylaid and shot by the other party.