

The Rutherford Star.

"BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT AND THEN GO AHEAD."—DAVEY CROCKETT.

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POEM.

THEY NEVER DIE.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
That proves the friend indeed,
The plea of mercy softly pleaded,
When justice tightens high,
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The presence of a kiss,
And all the joys sweet and frail,
That make up love's first bliss;
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
Those hands have clasped, those lips have met,
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word
That wounds as it is said,
The chilling want of sympathy
We feel but never tell,
The hard repulse that chills the heart
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unending record kept,
These things shall never die.

SELECTED STORY.

Milly Fairweather's Choice.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Perhaps it was not, perhaps it was something else, that old Mr. Fairweather had thought himself to speculate on in the last days of his life, when perhaps, he was not quite so clear headed as he had been, and when he certainly could have had no reasonable hope of living to enjoy the fruits of his success.

In fact he had more money than he wanted, could have lived well, and left his grand-daughter comfortably off for life, had he been content with matters as they were. But somehow a wish to make Milly's fortune a great one crept into his mind, and acting upon the impulse, he threw away her little one.

When he died, there remained for the girl only her own clothes, a few pieces of household silver, and some well preserved linen, in the shape of bed-sheets and table-cloths. All the rest had gone to pay bills, and leave the poor old speculator's name unmentioned, and all Daisy Glen wondered what Milly Fairweather would do. She wondered herself. She had never been taught to think of making her own bread, and there were but two ways of which she had any knowledge—school teaching and sewing. Milly had not been educated for a teacher, and felt she should fail there, and in desperation took to her needle. Work was plenty enough, and wages would not have been absurdly small save for the fact that sewing had only been a pastime for Milly and she had learned to trifle over her stitches in the most unworkmanlike manner. Therefore it was hard work, from morning until eve, sometimes far on into the night, for pretty Milly, and often often she paused, with her head upon her hand, to listen to red-tailed Bridget, her landlady's housemaid, as she clattered her dishes rubbed away on the washboard, and envied her freedom of movement, and the fresh air she breathed, and wondered if anything were ever so hard as sewing.

Over and over again, the old fancy that a household's life must be a happy one, and that she would like to lead it if her choice lay between that and the seamstress' labor, entered her mind, and, but for the prejudice so strong in every American heart against "service," she might have obeyed the dictates of her fancy and seized a broom and dust-pan with delight.

That and a memory. Before her old grand father's disastrous speculation, there had been in Daisy Glen two young men who divided the admiration of the girls between them—Richard Muir and Henry Marion, the doctor and the lawyer of the place, just the same age, equally hand-

some, and yet each other's very opposite in manner and appearance. Both had been intimate with Milly's grand-father and both knew and admired the girl.

Milly liked both, and hardly knew which was her favorite, though, with a girl's true instinct, she felt certain that she might win either.

Yet, now that both had marched along with the band of volunteers who had been gathered up in Daisy Glen, the soft voice and sweet smile of Richard Muir haunted her oftener than the louder tones and more brilliant eyes of gay Henry Marion.

She thought of the latter always as happy and triumphant, and often she dreamed of the former, wounded or ill, and awake with a start to feel a wondrous sense of relief, "considering," as simple Milly said, "that she did not love him yet."

These two gentlemen would, if all went well, return to Daisy Glen some day; and she thought if this half secret seamstress toil would not quite degrade her, kitchen work in some one's service would.

"Henry was so fashionable and stylish," she said thoughtfully, "and Richard so proud and sensitive, that neither would ever think of me if I degraded myself so."

And it was certain that "in love" or not, Milly felt quite sure that her brightest hope was the being "thought of" by one of those absent adorners.

"I will keep myself a lady, if I starve," thought Milly, but the time came at last which tried her. Her health broke down, her eyes grew weaker. Old Mrs. Brown who had been giving her needle work from the first, died, and Mrs. Black decided that "really it was better to employ a regular workwoman." Therefore it came to pass that the plump land-lady began to wonder if Miss Fairweather could pay her board any longer, and Milly began to wonder also.

So one morning growing desperate with her troubles, the advertisement which appeared in the paper, to the effect that Mrs. Slocum, of Slocum's Point, wanted a domestic assistant, appeared so tempting, that the poor girl forgot her gentility, donned a calico frock and white apron and made her appearance at Slocum's Point, the very miracle of a household—such an one as might be evoked from a pumpkin by the wand of a fairy godmother, for her favorite housekeeping god-daughter.

Mrs. Slocum saw a treasure and seized it at once, and Milly telling no tales of the past, and no one at Slocum's Point knowing anything of old Mr. Fairweather and his failure, never guessed that Milly had once occupied what the world calls a superior station. In fact, to the vulgar eye, dress makes the woman and money the man; and one of the *creme de la creme* wearing homespun and saving pennies would not be recognized by one in a hundred.

Mrs. Slocum thought she had nice help, and Mrs. Slocum's friends thought the same, and the young lady subsided into the hired girl in the most quiet manner possible. Perhaps the fact that her pride for she always thought herself genteel— but her health returned. Her eyes grew bright her cheeks rosy once more, and she sang over her oven, over her tub, and over her ironing as Bridget had done in her landlady's kitchen, until the day came which brought her mistress into the kitchen with the anxious face of a house-keeper, and a declaration that men were so thoughtless they were thought to break one's heart.

"Here Mr. Slocum sends me word that he's going to bring two young officers on furlough here to dine," said the lady, "and though, to be sure we have meat enough and vegetables, what shall we do for dessert? There is not time to send to town for anything, and we're quite out of fruit except preserves."

Milly came to the rescue with sundry receipts for hasty desserts, and then set to work to polish glass and silver, and bring the table generally to a wondrous pitch of splendor, while Mrs. Slocum, with egg beater and bowl in hand, chattered, too: "One of them is a perfect stranger, too."

"Mr. Richard Muir I knew a little, but Mr. Marion I never saw." He's very stylish," they say. Goodness sakes, there you!"

For Milly, for the first time, had dropped a cup and had broken it.

"I suppose it was stupidity," she said, hiding a crimson face as she bent to gather up the pieces, and fighting with the tears that would come partly in joy for the safety of those two men, and partly from the thought that all was over; that neither would woo her now. She tore

the thought quietly enough when she fancied the astonished face of the young lawyer, Henry Marion, but when she imagined the proud face of Richard Muir, and his quiet forgetfulness of one so far beneath him, tears fell fast—and Mrs. Slocum repeated again and again: "That's the best one; Milly, I'm not angry," before her cheeks were dry.

But that day was an eventful one for Milly. Ten minutes after the post man called at the door, from the horse on which he trotted to the different dwellings. "Miss—Millicent—Fairweather"—and a letter, with a spluttered read seat, was put in Milly's hand.

She had not received one in so long a time that her curiosity was uncontrollable, and she tore it open before she re-entered the kitchen.

The contents were such as made her cling to the paling fence for support, hardly believing herself awake. They were written by a legal gentleman, a member of a firm in New York, and informed her that her grand father's sister, an aged widow, having died intestate, the whole of a large property had fallen to her as the only living heir. Enclosed was ample provision for her journey to the city. She was a rich woman—rich beyond anything Daisy Glen had ever heard of, and it was her power to quit service that day and avoid the humiliating encounter she so greatly dreaded.

Henry and Richard would meet her if she chose; and not only in the position of a lady, but surrounded by every advantage of wealth and circumstances.

For a moment Milly kept this fancy bright before her. Then from her heart stole a warning. Test your lover; choose him who proves true to his old friendship when you are poor, and apparently without any worldly advantages. If one of those men loves you, he will not be changed by the change in your condition.

So with a trembling heart, Milly listened to caution, hid the letter and money in her bosom, and said nothing to Mrs. Slocum.

But she dressed herself almost too carefully to please the lady that day; and had never looked more lovely.

The hour arrived; with it the guests—Milly heard the well known voices, and looking out, saw the three gentlemen approaching. Mr. Slocum, important in his character of host.

Young Marion, broad chested and brown and poor Richard Muir, with one steve pinned evenly to his breast.

At that sight Milly knew which she liked best. Tears fell fast over her pink cheeks, and she sobbed softly.

"Oh if he is too proud to like a servant what have I done?—what have I done?" There was time to ask questions of herself however, for dinner was ready and the bell rang for dinner.

She was to wait on the table, and she took her little tray and went up stairs as though she was going to her doom. A tight pair of corsets would have finished matters, and left her fainting on the staircase, but her little, round waist was untrammelled by such harness, and the heart and lungs took care of themselves.

Her cheeks and lips were as red as ever when obedient to her mistress' beck, she approached her chair. As red as ever—both men looked at the other; each in mute surprise—at first—and as she dropped from a housemaid's courtesy, and glided from the room to refill the water pitcher, Richard Muir asked breathlessly: "What is that young lady's name?"

"Rather pretty," said Captain Henry Marion, "but I must speak to her."

And proud Richard, who looked like a heart, and who had the best American blood in his veins, left the table with a bow and marched into the kitchen, after Milly.

She sat by the stove, crying, her forgotten pitcher on a chair hard by; and she went up to her and put his hand on her shoulder.

"Milly," he said "won't you shake hands? The left hand is nearest the heart, and I am glad that for it is the only one I have to offer."

Milly, with brimful eyes arose and let her little palm rest in his—somehow longer while than is usual for a friendly "shake," for he would not give it up.

Then standing thus he questioned her, and heard of her grand-father's death, and her needle trials, with sympathizing face near her own.

"Milly," he said when she had finished, "I suppose you know I went away loving you; I have returned loving you still. I am not sure that a married fellow like me ought to try to win a girl's heart; but, right or wrong, I can't help it. I want to have you my own; I want to take you from this unworthy position and place you where you will be queen of beauty and home, however humble they may be. Will you have me, Milly? Will you be my wife?"

And somehow that one arm stole about the little waist of Milly Fairweather, and her head rested on a manly bosom.

Mrs. Slocum found one of her guests strangely prooccupied that afternoon, and parted from him as early as propriety would permit of departure. But Captain Muir remained until a late hour, ate and drank and sang, and regarded the little servant with superciliously arched eyebrows, as one who would say, "pretty enough, but of a lower class, not worthy of my notice."

At last even he departed, and Mrs. Slocum went into the kitchen to hear that Milly desired to leave her service.

"Go and welcome," said the angry lady. "After your bold effort to attract gentlemen's attention at my table, I wouldn't have you at the lowest wages. It's the best thing we can do to part."

Milly thought so too.

But there was excitement in Daisy Glen on the following week, excitement that spread over to Slocum's Point. Milly Fairweather was married to Captain Richard Muir, and on the wedding day, and not before, disclosed the secret of her newly acquired fortune.

The Muirs are the wealthiest people in the place to-day; and the unsuccessful lawyer Henry Marion, envies his friend as he smokes his cigar by his bachelor fireside, and believes the whole affair to have been a new edition of "She Stoops to Conquer."

John Surratt.

The confessions of Arnold and Atzerodt relative to the assassination of President Lincoln give us the testimony of two participants in the crime and yet disinterested witnesses, taken while John Surratt was a fugitive in Canada, very clearly to the effect that John Surratt was next to Wilkes Booth, the president's organizer of the assassination. Arnold, who is now serving out his time on the Dry Tortugas, but whose confession was taken four days after the murder, shows that during the earlier stage of the plot, and while it was merely a plan to kidnap the President, the minor actors in the tragedy saw little of Surratt, but Wilkes Booth was always "pressed with business" with Surratt, and in daily and apparently engrossing confidential communication with him. Surratt was present at the first meeting of the seven conspirators, and seems to have arranged a very shy and safe role for himself. While Arnold was to rush into the private box of the theater and seize the President, and Atzerodt and Booth were to handcuff him and lower him to the stage, and others were to put out the lights and carry him to the coach, all of which was an obviously hair-brained scheme, Surratt was to wait on the other side of the "Eastern Branch bridge to facilitate escape."

It would seem strange that Booth should need constantly to advise one who was to bear so slight and cowardly a hand in the business, if Booth were the originator of the crime. But Surratt was the inspirer of the murder, it is easy to see how he might have moulded the bold courage of Booth to carry out the promptings of his more guilty and subtle heart, and how Booth himself may have been so impressed by Surratt's superior boldness in guilt as to have overlooked his superior caution in avoiding danger. Arnold denounced the plan as impracticable, and withdrew from the entire conspiracy before it had developed into a plot to assassinate.

Atzerodt declares that the plan to kidnap was first changed to one of assassination at eight o'clock on the evening of the murder. About the middle of March, the seven conspirators—Booth, Surratt, O'Leary, Arnold, Payne, Atzerodt, and Surratt—had a plan by which the other conspirators were to capture the President, and Surratt was to drive the Long Bridge into Virginia, because the President would be in that place at which they were playing him. When

the plan was changed from kidnapping, Surratt had just had an interview with Booth. The impression left by these confessions is that Booth was the bold fanatic, and Surratt the cunning and cautious inspirer of the deed.

Southern Railroads.

Our neighbors in South and North Carolina are moving with earnest vigor in the matter of their railroads. Appropriation, wise and liberal, have been made to form western connections. If they are met by Tennessee with like spirit, it will open an era of prosperity most cheering to contemplate.

Now is the time to do it. Railroad connections and lines are forming in other parts of the country. Norfolk and Cincinnati, Washington and Pittsburgh, New York and St. Louis and San Francisco. Unless we move promptly, trade will have found its lines, business will have crystallized upon those lines, and Tennessee will be left out in the cold. In that case, we cannot in twenty-five years, if ever, recover what we might have secured by prompt and energetic action. We urge these considerations upon our legislators. There never was a moment in our history as a State fraught with more significance than the present. It is the simple question of now or not at all within the present generation. An appropriation of next year, or two or three years hence, will not avail, as then trade would have found its channels or formed its connections, and we could not recover it. In South Carolina an effort is being made in the Legislature to consolidate the Columbia and Augusta roads with the Charleston road. Doubtless a wise arrangement; thus saving the expense of one set of officers and giving greater efficiency and unity to the roads so consolidated, as well as greater comfort and satisfaction to the passengers, as it is not pleasant to change cars so often. Consolidation is the true policy of short roads.

The example of the East Tennessee Roads—the East Tennessee and Virginia Roads—are now run under one set of officers, at a saving to the roads of perhaps \$50,000 a year. This, however, is one of the least of the advantages of this combination. In various other ways, benefit is realized by consolidation. We can well remember when the New York Central Road, from Albany to Buffalo, was controlled by several different companies and when rival interests and lack of unity rendered the route unpleasant, expensive and tardy, as well as kept the stock down in price. They are all consolidated. Their stock is among the best in the world. The fare is only two cents a mile, and the passengers are put through without detention. The Legislature of South Carolina is seeking to improve the speed of their roads and reduce the fare. Both of these are important objects.

Brownlow's Whig.

How Much.

How much better is your farm than it was a year ago?

How much better are your impiments?

How much more lovely have you made your home by the planting of trees and shrubs?

How much have you added to the value of your property by the planting or orchard trees and small fruits?

How much better is your stock of horses of sheep, or cattle?

How much of error have you discovered in your mode of treatment of the different crops you have grown?

How much have you learned from your neighbors, from your agricultural papers, from your experience in relation to your farm operations?

How much have you done to aid your wife and daughter in their household duties by furnishing them with improved household utensils and the better location of wells, cisterns, wood piles, cellars, and dairy rooms?

How much of kindness and charity have you exercised toward the needy and the helpless?

How much better husband, father, brother, man are you than you were one year ago?

Reflect on these things, and if you have been derelict in your duty in the year that has now faded into the "dim past,"—turn over a new leaf, and resolve that for the time to come you will do better.

The world's crop of tobacco is estimated at 432,400 tons.

Pleasures of Matrimony.

By A WIFE.—I was married for my money—that was ten years ago, and they have been ten years of purgatory. I have had bad luck as a wife, for my husband and I have scarcely one taste in common. He wishes to live in the country, which I hate. I like the thermometer at 75 degrees, which he hates. He likes to have the children brought up at home instead of at school, which I hate. I like music and wish to go to concerts, which he hates. He likes roast pork, which I hate; and I like minced veal, which he hates. There is but one thing we both like, and that is what we cannot both have, though we are always trying for it—the last word.

Eloquence in High Life.—A Brooks' Sensation.—The quiet neighborhood of Plymouth Church and Brooklyn Heights was thrown into excitement on Saturday by a genuine sensation—an eloquence in high life. The principals are the wife of a cotton broker in Broad street, New York, and son of a wealthy grain merchant of Chicago. The woman was a Baltimore belle, but made, as it appears, of bad metal. About eighteen months ago she was wooed and won, and was married at her father's house. The couple boarded awhile in New York, but tiring of this kind of living, they hired a house on Hicks street, Brooklyn, where they resided very comfortably and happily, visiting and being visited by friends from all quarters.

Among the visitors was Mr. T.—an intimate friend of the husband, who treated him as a brother. After repeated calls, T.—found his attachment to his friend's wife and his love for her society growing warmer, and as the season showed, she generously reciprocated. The faithful husband doubted not his wife's fidelity nor his friend's integrity until he read the following note, left on his table on Saturday afternoon:

"Saturday Morning.—Dear Charlie: I must to-day bid you good-bye forever. Today I leave your house, never again to return. I cannot help it. For a long time I have loved you in my heart and I know he loves me. When this reaches you I will be on my way across the sea. Your once loving

There's

The husband at once made inquiries at several of the steamship offices, and ascertained that his wife and her paramour had sailed for Europe on the steamer City of Antwerp. The wife took with her jewelry valued at about \$10,000 and a number of other valuables, and about \$3,000 in money.—N. Y. Sun.

The Future of the South.—We believe that the South has a great future before it in the development of its vast resources of mineral wealth, and its favorable location in regard to soil and climate; but we feel that its growth depends more upon the earnestness with which it seeks the fostering hand of our great national government than upon any application that can now be made of abstract theories of State Rights and local self-government. We believe that its true reconstruction in all material respects is to be sought in a closer alliance with Northern energy and Northern capital, and that a national union will be formed between the two in all the great enterprises that tend to the development of national wealth and commercial greatness, despite political antipathies and legislative impediments. But best of all, we believe that her richest treasure her creative powers of mind and imagination, will yet be employed in union with the more advanced intellect of the North, in the common work of thinking and writing for the benefit of our own country and of mankind. Political parties may hesitate to align themselves upon the basis of a common destiny; capital may shrink from free and liberal investment in new and needy fields; churches may not be willing to give the right hand of fellowship across the bloody lines traced by civil war; but literary men, the students of universal nature and the explorers of the illimitable fields of thought, will meet on their distant voyages, and feel a grateful pride in holding each other as the citizens of a common country, and the devotees of true science will renounce the severer elements that weave the web of our national life. Her glories may become that state of American society, in which the energy and zeal of higher latitudes shall be joined with the grace and ease of Southern sentiment, where truth and power shall be subordinate to love, and where all alike shall rejoice in the election of a great national sorrow, we may not now be able fully to appreciate.—Soprano's Reconstruction, in Feb. No. of Lippincott's Magazine.

There is considerably anxiety manifested in New York about the prospect of a very small ice crop.

How to be Miserable.

Sit by the window and look over the way to your neighbor's excellent mansion which he has recently built, and paid for and fitted out.

"Oh, that I was a rich man!"

Get angry with your neighbor, and think you have not a friend in the world. Shed a tear or two, and take a walk in the burial ground, continually saying to yourself: "When shall I be buried here?"

Sign a note for a friend and never forget your kindness, and every hour in the day whisper to yourself: "I wonder if he will pay that note?"

Think everybody means to cheat you. Closely examine every bill you take, and doubt its being genuine until you have put confidence in nobility, and believe every man you trade with to be a rogue.

Never accommodate, if you can possibly help it.

Never visit the sick or afflicted, and never give a farthing to assist the poor.

Buy as cheap as you can, and screw down to the lowest mill. Grind the faces and hearts of the unfortunate.

Brood over your misfortune, your lack of talents, and believe that no distant day you will come to want. Let the workhouse be ever in your mind, with all the horrors of distress and poverty.

Follow these receipts strictly, and you will be miserable to your heart's content—if you so speak—sick at heart, and at variance with all the world. Nothing will cheer or encourage you, nothing will throw a gleam of sunshine or a ray of warmth into your heart.

THE COTTON CROP.—WEALTH OF THE SOUTH.—The sum total of the whole year's crop, we still believe, will exceed that of any previous season since the introduction of the cotton culture in this country. What renders this result the more remarkable is the comparatively small breadth of land in the South which has been in cultivation and the exceedingly embracing circumstances under which our planters have had to work. If with so partial a culture, conducted without capital and with so many drawbacks, the South is enabled to produce one single article of the exported value of \$200,000,000, what limit can be placed to the resources and wealth of this section when they are fully developed and the population is increased so as to meet and supply the demand for a proper cultivation.—New Orleans Times.

A MAN FALLS DEAD IN A BALL ROOM.—About 9 o'clock on Friday night, while Mr. Charles Cremer, butcher of York Pa., was dancing with Miss Mary Schlegel, in that ball room at Mr. Augustus Weibel's park, he suddenly fell dead. His health up to the last moment was perfectly sound, and he was a stout, well built man. Death was produced from a rush of blood to the head or heart. It is only a month since Mr. Cremer was unfortunate by losing his stables by fire. He was about thirty-five years of age, and has left a wife and three children to mourn his sudden exit from the world.

"We can always tell what sort of a woman a man marries, by the way he treats the printer. If he gets a common wife he forgets the printer altogether. If he gets a tolerable good wife he will send in the notice of his marriage. If he gets a very good one, he will send the printer a slice of cake accompanying the notice. If he gets an extra good one, he will send a greenback with the notice. And if he gets a glorious, angelic creature—All affections and goodness—he is sure to send the printer a gold or silver dollar with the notice of his happiness.—Lyndebury News.

Five young men in Berlin lately made an agreement, for a wager, to see who of them could keep awake for a whole week. They all held out for about five days and a half, by drinking largely of strong coffee, and keeping up a constant round of active exercises and exciting amusements. At the end of that time two of them yielded to drowsiness; a third soon fell asleep, while riding, tumbled from his saddle, and broke his arm; a fourth was attacked by severe sickness, and compelled to resort to the list who fifth held out to the end, but lost twenty-five pounds of flesh, in winning the wager. Long ago, Frederick the great and Voltaire made a similar experiment, making use of the same stimulant of strong coffee, but they did not succeed in driving away sleep for more than four days.

Fighting Giant.—The Kanawha River packet W. F. Curtis yesterday, among her passengers brought down the celebrated "Kanawha Boy" who is only nineteen years of age and stands six feet ten inches in his stocking-foot. He is a native of the celebrated "Channey Wilds," and boasts a fighting weight of three hundred and four pounds.—Cincinnati Commercial, 21st.