

# The Rutherford Star.

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

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## POETRY.

**HAVING A LOVER.**  
Somebody loves me, I am sure,  
I think I love him too,  
I know you've been kissed, and I  
I know you've been kissed, and I  
I know you've been kissed, and I

**SELECTED STORY.**  
**A Mother's Management.**  
The dismal December night was closing with starless gloom over the spires and chimneys tops of the city—the blinding mist of snow flakes was wreathing its white pall over all, and the wind murmuring sadly through the streets, seemed to have an almost human wail in its moan.

"Who are you?" he demanded, on the impulse of the moment.  
"Only me, sir—little Tess."  
"Please give me a penny, sir!" cried the child, suddenly subsiding into the regular professional whine of her trade.

"Where do you live?"  
"I don't live nowhere, sir I skulk round in the alleys."  
"Oh you do, eh? and who takes care of you?"  
"Old Tim Daley used to, but he's took up."

"Why don't you go to work?"  
"As he approached his own door a bright child's face peeped out between the curtains, and as Mr. Terry entered the cherry sitting room, he could not but think with a remorseful pang of the shivering bundle of rags under the brick arch way beyond."

"Where are you going, my dear?"  
"I don't know," she answered, suddenly.  
"Out into the street. There was a child there—a little girl crouching on some steps."  
"A child? Homeless? And on such a night as this? Oh Herbert, you should have brought her here."

"Five minutes afterward Mr. Terry was out in the driving whirlwinds of snow bending over the small stray who was huddled up, just where he had left her.  
"Here child where are you?"  
But there was no answer. Little Tess

was benumbed and stupefied with the cold.  
He lifted her up, a poor little skeleton wrapped in a miserably thin coating of rags, and feeling strangely light in his arms, and carried her home. Mrs. Terry met him at the door.  
"Oh, Herbert, what a poor little starved wretch! Her hands are like bird's claws."  
Charley looked on in breathless interest at the process of feeding, warming and restoring some vitality to the torpid object.

When little Tess opened her eyes, it was to the glow of warm fire and the mellow sparkle of gaslights.  
"Am I dead?" cried the child, "and is this Heaven?"  
"Poor little creature!" said Mrs. Terry, bursting into tears.  
"Tessa," her name proved to be—a sweet Italian synonym for the word "treasure," and a treasure she was, in gentle Mrs. Terry's eyes, especially after her little babe was dead and buried.

"How Tessa grows," said Mr. Terry suddenly, one day, as the beautiful girl came in rosy and smiling from a walk.  
"Why, she is as tall as a grown woman."  
"She is a grown woman," said Mrs. Terry, with a smile.  
"How old is she?"  
"Sixteen, day before yesterday."

"Is it possible," said Mr. Terry thoughtfully, "How time slips away—Tessa sixteen! Why then, Charley must be twenty."  
"It is true, my dear," said his wife. "We are getting to be old people now."  
"I wonder what will become of Tessa," said Mr. Terry, musingly. "She would make a capital governess, her education has been so thorough, or—"  
"Father," said Charles Terry, resolutely, as he walked up in front of his father and stood with folded arms. "I can tell you what is to become of Tessa. She is to be a wife."

"Nonsense!" ejaculated Mr. Terry.  
"Charley," said his mother, when the indignant father had jerked himself out of the room, "don't waste your breath in arguing with your father. Argument never conquered yet, in such a case as this."  
"But what am I to do?"  
"Have you spoken to Tess yet?"  
"No."  
"Wait, then—let matters rest. I will manage it."  
So Mrs. Terry gave little dinner parties and select soirees, and "brought out" Tessa according to the regular programme. She made a sensation. Mrs. Terry had known that she would. Tessa was a belle—a queen of fashion—Suitors congregated around her.

"Well Tess," said Mr. Terry, one night—she was getting wondrously proud of his adopted daughter's success in the world of society,—"are you going out tonight?"  
"Yes, papa."  
"Whom with?"  
"Col. Randolph."  
"I thought Charley had taken a box at the opera for you."  
"I promised Col. Randolph first," said Tessa, languidly playing with her fan.  
"And how about tomorrow night? I suppose Charley could get his tickets transferred."

"I am sorry, sir, but I am engaged to-morrow night."  
"Mr. Terry rose and walked restlessly up and down the room.  
"He was a man much guided by the opinion of his fellow men. Tessa must be a treasure, else why this competition among the young millionaires for her society."  
"Look here, Tess, Charley will be so disappointed."  
"I can't help it. Let me see"—and she glanced at her tablets, Friday is the only evening I am disengaged."  
"Fiddlesticks!" muttered the old gentleman, uneasily. "It seems to me you're getting to be a great belle, Miss."  
"Am I papa?" said Tess, laughing.  
"But you see I am your little girl still."  
And she gave him a little coaxing kiss.

"My own little girl; yes, but what will you become when Colonel Randolph or Dayton L'Estrange, or some other of these scamps takes you away from me!"  
Tessa blushed until the rose on her cheek was like a carnation.  
"They will not papa."  
"Won't they? I'm not altogether sure of that."  
But the next afternoon he came home

from his office with a puzzled face.  
"They have come, Tess."  
"What have come?"  
"The offers of marriage, two of them, by Jupiter!" Colonel Randolph and Mr. Dupinier. What do you say, Tess?"  
"—I must think of it, papa."  
"Very gentlemanly, I must say; both well off, substantial fellows, and profess to be desperately in love with my girl."  
But, Tess—  
"Well sir?"  
"You won't leave us dear? Think how desolate the old house will be without you."  
Tessa was silent; her head dropped. "Father," said Mrs. Terry gently, "let the girl decide for herself. We have no right to stand between her and a home and a husband of her own."  
"But she might have a home and a husband of her own here," burst in Mr. Terry. That is—  
"I have refused Charley to-day," said Tessa, calmly.

"Refused Charley! And why?"  
"Because I had reasons to believe that his suit was pressed without the approval of his father. Oh, sir, could you think that after all your kindness, I could steal your son's duty away from you. I would rather die."  
"Spoken like yourself, Tess," said Mrs. Terry, going to her and kissing her.  
"Tess, do you love him?" eagerly questioned the father.  
"That has nothing to do with the question, sir," she answered, resolutely.  
"But I want to know," he insisted. "I do love him, sir then."  
"And you have refused him only because I did not approve?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"But I do approve, Tess. It would make me the happiest old father in the world, if I could call you both children in real truth."  
Charles Terry rose from his seat and came eagerly forward.  
"Tessa, dearest, you hear him—Once more I ask you to be my wife."  
And Tessa hid her face on his shoulder, weeping; but Tessa was very happy, nevertheless.

"But my love," said Mrs. Terry, softly, "what has wrought such a change in your sentiments?"  
"—I don't know," said the old gentleman bravely. "I say, Tess, what shall I tell the Colonel and Mr. Dupinier?"  
"Tell them sir," spoke up Charley, "that she has a previous engagement."  
"And so the mother's management prevailed, and little Tess' first home was her last."

**A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.**—Recently while the quarrymen employmen by the Sauk Rapids Water Power Company were engaged in quarrying rock for the dam which is being erected across the Mississippi, at that place, they found imbedded in the granite rock remains of a human being of gigantic stature. The grave was twelve feet in length four feet wide, and about three feet in depth, and is to-day at least two feet below the present level of the river.  
The remains are completely petrified, and are of gigantic dimensions. The head is massive, measures thirty-one and one-half inches in circumference, but low and very flat on top. The femur measures twenty six and a quarter inches, and the tibia twenty-five and a half, while the body is equally long in proportion. From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, the length is ten feet nine and a half inches. The measure around the chest is fifty-nine and a half inches. The giant must have weighed 900 pounds when covered with a reasonable amount of flesh.

The petrified remains—and there is nothing left but the naked bones—now weigh 304½ pounds. The thumb and fingers of the left hand, and the left foot from the ankle to the toes, are gone; but all the other parts are perfect. Over the sepulchre of the unknown dead was placed a large flat limestone rock that remains perfectly separated from the surrounding granite rock.—*National Baptist.*

Wema we wereborn, so fate declares,  
To smooth our linen and our cares;  
And 'tis but just, for by my truth,  
They're very apt to rally both.

"John, John!" shouted an old gentleman to his son, "get up; the day is breaking; it's very well; let John, 'let it break; it does us nothing.' Interval of twenty minutes." "John, John, here the sun is up before you." "Very well," said John, he has farther to go than we have."

**A Singular Adventure.**  
Once upon a time a traveler stepped into a stage-coach. He was a young man starting in life. He found six passengers about him, all gray headed and extremely aged men. The youngest appeared to have seen at least eighty winters. Our young traveler, struck with the singularly mild and happy aspect which distinguished all his fellow-passengers determined to ascertain the secret of long life and art of making old age comfortable.

He addressed the one apparently the oldest, who told him that he had always led a regular and abstemious life, eating vegetables and drinking water. "The young man was rather daunted at this, inasmuch as he liked the good things of this life. He addressed the second who astonished him by saying he had always eaten roast beef and gone to bed regularly fuddled for the last seventy years, adding, all depended on regularity. The third had prolonged his days by never seeking or accepting office; the fourth by resolutely abstaining from all political and religious controversies; and the fifth by going to bed at sunset and rising at dawn. The sixth was apparently much younger than the other five—his hair was less gray and there was more of it—a placid smile denoting a perfectly easy conscience, manifested his face, and his voice was clear and strong.

They were all surprised to learn that he was by ten years the oldest man in the coach.  
"How is it that you have preserved the freshness of life?" exclaimed our young traveler.  
The old gentleman immediately answered the young traveler by saying: "I have drunk water and wine; I have eaten meat and vegetables; I have dabbled in politics and written religious pamphlets; I have sometimes gone to bed at midnight; and got up at sunrise and at noon; when fixing his eyes intently upon the young man, concluded with this remark; "but I always pay promptly for my newspaper!"

Then the other old man also chimed in with—"Of course, we always pay promptly, and in advance, for our newspaper." No man deserves long life who does not do this.  
The young man resolved that he also would render himself deserving of long life—and immediately subscribed for five newspapers, paying for them all in advance. He is living yet!

**READER—go thou and do likewise!**  
THE PEABODY MEDAL.—The President has transmitted the Senate the correspondence between Secretary Seward and George Peabody, Esq. The first letter is from Mr. Seward, dated June 24, 1868, informing Mr. Peabody that in accordance with a resolution of Congress passed in 1867, the President has caused to be prepared for presentation to you, in the name of the people of the United States, a gold medal, with suitable devices and inscriptions, in acknowledgment of your magnificent donations for the promotion of education in the more destitute portions of the Southern and Southwestern States."

Mr. Peabody, under date of London, September 18, acknowledges the receipt of Mr. Seward's letter, and says:  
"I have heretofore delayed in responding to your polite letter from indecision on my part, respecting the place which I should wish to have the esteemed token transmitted, whether to me here in London, or to the institution bearing my name in South Dapvies, which I intended shall be its final resting place; but knowing the uncertainty of life, particularly at my advanced age, and feeling a great desire of seeing the most valued token my countrymen have been pleased to bestow upon me, I beg leave to submit in compliance with the rules of your department, that the medal, with its accompanying document, may be sent to me here; through our Legation, when I will endeavor to express myself most highly in how highly I esteem the distinguished honor."

Mr. Seward, in compliance with this request, promptly ordered the medal and an accompanying package to be sent to London, and on the 6th instant Mr. Peabody acknowledges their receipt in a letter, in which he says:  
"The package arrived in England in November, but owing to my absence from London, it was not till the evening of Christmas day that I was enabled to examine its contents, in the presence of a circle of my intimate friends.  
"Of the unsurpassed beauty of the medal, and the excellence of its delicate workmanship, there is but one opinion, and a hearty consent with all who have seen it in appreciating the elegance of its design and the masterly skill of its execution."

Cherishing as I do the warmest affection for my country, it is not possible for me to feel more grateful than I do for this precious memorial of its regard coming as it does from thirty millions of American citizens, through their representative in congress, with the full accord and cooperation of the President. This medal, together with the rich illuminated transcript of the Congressional resolution, I shall shortly deposit in the Peabody Institution at the place of my birth, in apartments specially constructed for their safe keeping, alone with other public testimonials with which I have been honored. There I trust it will remain for generations, to attest the generous munificence of the American people in recognizing the efforts, however inadequate, of one of the humblest of their fellow-countrymen to promote the enlightenment and prosperity of his native land.  
"To you, sir, individually, I beg to convey the assurance of my profound gratitude for the interest which you have personally manifested on the occasion, and for the cordial manner in which you have consulted my wishes in relation to the transmission of this precious record of my country's favor

**A BABY'S SOLILOQUY.**—I am here. And if this is what they call the world, I don't think much of it. It's a very hilly world, and smells of paregoric awfully. Its a dreadful light world, too, and makes me blink, I tell you, and I don't know what to do with my hands; I think I'll put my fists in my eyes. No I won't, I'll scratch at the corner of my blanket and chew it up, and then I'll holler; whatever happens, I'll holler; and the more paregoric they give me the louder I'll yell. That old nurse puts the spoon in the corner of my mouth in a very uneasy way, and keeps tasting my milk herself all the while. She spilled stuff in it last night, and when I hollered she trotted me. That comes of being a two days old baby. Never mind, when I'm a man I'll pay her back good. There's a pin sticking in me now, and if I say a word about it I'll be trotted or fed, and I would rather have catnip tea. I'll tell you who I am. I found out to day. I heard folks say, "Hush, don't wake up Emeline's baby," and I suppose that pretty, white-faced woman over on the pillow is Emeline. No, I was mistaken, for a chap was in here just now, and wanted to see Bob's baby, and looked at me and said I was a "funny little toad, and looked just like Bob." He smelt of cigars, and I'm not used to them. I wonder who else I belong to. Yes, there's another one—that's "Gamma," Emeline told me so, and she took me up, and held me against her soft cheek, and said, "I was Gamma's baby, so I was." I declare I do not know who I do belong to; but I'll holler, and maybe I'll find out. There comes snuffly with catnip tea. The idea of giving babies catnip tea when they are crying for information! I'm going to sleep. I wonder if I don't look pretty red in the face. I wonder why my hands won't go where I want them to.

**ROBIN SUKERRY.**—Last Sunday two little boys, one a son of Mr. Andrew James and the other of a widow lady, Mrs. Wilkerson, aged respectively thirteen and ten years, who live near Meridian, Miss., went out to hunt rabbits. They soon ran a "molly cotton-tan," into a hollow tree of medium size, which the little fellows cut down with their axes. The butt end of the tree lodged on the stump, and the elder boy thrust his arm into the hollow to try to seize the rabbit. In doing so he, shaved the butt end of the stump and it fell, imprisoning his arm against the roots, so that he could not extricate it. The younger boy was panic-stricken. He could do nothing for his companion, who vainly asked him to leave and go for help. Finally, young James, after enduring the pain of his situation as long as possible, told Wilkerson about his arm, which he did at one elbow of his axe and the two coolly pried it home to astonish the old folks. The armed healer "by the first intention," and is fast getting well.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A Yankee riding on a railroad was disposed to astonish the other passengers with bright stories. At last he mentioned that one of his neighbors owned an immense dairy, and made a million pounds of butter and a million pounds of cheese yearly. The Yankee, perceiving that his veracity was in danger of being questioned, appealed to a friend:  
"True, isn't it, Mr.—? I speak of Deacon Brown."  
"—Yes," replied the friend; "that is I know Deacon Brown, though I don't know how many precisely how many pounds of butter and cheese he makes a year; but I know he has twelve saw-mills that all go for butter-milk."

## A FAMOUS DUEL.

The Meeting Between Gen. Jackson and Mr. Dickerson.

The following details of the duel between Andrew Jackson and Mr. Dickerson were related by Dr. James Overton, an old resident of Tennessee, recently deceased. Gen. Jackson was never communicative upon the subject of this duel, and the doctor related it as he heard it from his uncle, Gen. Thomas Overton, a neighbor and his bosom friend, as well as a second in this affair, of old Hickory.

Gen. Jackson and Dickerson's father-in-law, named Erwin, had some misunderstanding, probably about horses and horse-racing. The son-in-law (Dickerson) undertook to resent the affront. He, already a good shot, repaired to Natchez, and spent there six months, his chief employment being practice with a pistol. Returning to Nashville, Dickerson dispatched one of his friends to Jackson, with a letter extremely abusive of the General, and reflecting on the virtue of his beloved wife.

The messenger stated that if the General would not reply with a challenge, the letter would be published in the newspapers. The challenge was sent. Col. Archibald Overton who was a brother to the relator of these particulars, and who at that time studied law in Gen. Jackson's office, saw the letter of instruction given to the General's second, Gen. T. Overton. It concluded in these words: "Accept no apology; nothing but his blood will satisfy me."

Time and place were appointed, and the affair, it seems, was well known in Nashville; for among other facts to give it publicity, Dickerson offered \$500 as a bet that he would kill his antagonist. Jackson's family had no knowledge whatever of the affair. On the appointed day Gen. Jackson and Overton, without saying a word or creating any suspicion about the aim of their journey, started for the rendezvous. Dickerson and his second, Dr. Cattell, were out on the ground, and they waited a considerable time before they arrived. Gen. Overton, who was as imperious as Caesar, and as stormy as a tempest, walked up to receive them; "Gentlemen, why did you let us wait so long; or is it your manners to let old men wait for your young ones?"

His policy was to confuse Dickerson, but he could not succeed. "Dickerson was one of the bravest of men, and his handling of the pistol the most skillful I have ever seen," were the words of General Overton, which assertion, coming from one who passed through seven years of the Revolution without a furlough, and who, on account of the unjust attack upon his friend, forever hated the man, goes far to establish the unquestionable bravery of Jackson's opponent.

The next policy of Gen. Overton was to gain the power of giving the word, and to third to extract Dickerson's first fire. To guard against Gen. Jackson's firing too soon, it was agreed that his double spring pistol should not be sprung.

Gen. Overton threw up—who, according to his own acknowledgement, could at pleasure turn up head or tail. The lot of giving command naturally fell upon him, and he ordered the two antagonists to their respective paces.  
The terms were: "To stand with hands down, and arms close to the body, until the word 'fire.' While in expectation for the word, Gen. Overton saw, or imagined that Dickerson, who seemed very anxious to fire, moved his arm; whereupon he stepped up to him, took hold of both his arms, and in a stentorian voice exclaimed: "Mr. Dickerson, keep your arms still, sir, and remember the terms of the duel!" Then he quietly gave the word. Dickerson fired, and Gen. Overton knew his principal was wounded, because he saw "the dust fly from his coat, Jackson, after springing, instantly cried out, "General, lean't spring my pistol!" Whereupon the latter, more vehement than ever, turned upon him with "Spring, your blunder-buss!"  
"—It?" Jackson did so, and Dickerson was shot dead.

Many years after, Dr. Overton asked his uncle, Gen. Overton, whether Dickerson really moved his arm, or he only imagined it moved? The old man upon his word of honor, declared he could not tell. "And why did you use such language toward Gen. Jackson?" The answer of the old soldier was that, according to personal experience, a wounded man does not for a few seconds feel his hurt so much as to disable his actions; but if these few seconds pass by, the chance of retaliation is over. He wanted with his storming, to awaken all Jackson's energies.  
"A few years before Gen. Jackson's death" Dr. Overton happened to ride with him in his buggy from Lyree Springs to Nashville. On the road they were conversing about this duel with Dickerson, and the old hero, uncovered his bosom to show the wound received in the encounter.  
"Why, General, it seems to me you must have stood very badly to receive such a wound," remarked the doctor. The old man became silent, and did not recur any more to the subject.  
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