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This old and well-known Hotel has been tho

pleasure of its guests. The table supplied with o'clock? Do you know that breakfast is the best the market affords, and waited on by

POETRY.

Written for the Star. ADIEU TO SPRING. BY H. E. D.

The lovely Spring has closed at last, And Summer time is coming fast, The dew-drops on each lovely flower. Are sparkling bright in every bower.

The bird's sweet songs our ears do fill, With music soft from every hill, Bidding the gentle Spring adieu; And greeting Summer charms anew.

The towering Oak-the forests pride-The gentle blooming shrub beside, Rejoice in beauty as they bloom, And send around a sweet periume.

The day is fast approaching now-When we'll repair to the Mountain's brow, And there with hearts filled with delight, We'll gather cherries-clear and bright.

And there, dear friends we hope to meet You, and with words and kisses greet, Beneath those trees: and we will stray Together all the summer day. "No Tears in Heaven."

I met a child; his feet were bare, His weak frame shivered with the cold His vouthful brow was knit with care. His mournful eye his sorrow told. Said I, "Poor boy, why weepest thou?"
"My parents are both dead," he said;

have not where to lay my head: O, I am lone and triendless now!" Not friendless, child; a friend on high For you his precious blood has given; Cheer up and let each tear be dry-"There are no tears in Heaven."

I saw a man, in life's gay noon 'And we must part," he cried, "so soon!"

As down his cheek there rolled a tear. "Heart-stricken one," said I, "weep not!" "Weep not," in accents wild, he cried.

"But yesterday my young love died! orgotten. no, still let her love Sustain thy heart with anguish riven : Strive thou to meet thy bride above. And dry thy tears in Heaven.

saw a gentle mother weep, As to her throbbing heart she pressed An infant, seemingly asleep, On its kind mother's shelt'ring breast.

"Fair one," said I, "pray weep no more!"
Sobbed she, "the ideal of my hope I now am called to render up; My babe has reached death's gloomy shore. oung mother, yield no more to griet, Nor be by passion's tempest driven, But find in these sweet words relief-

Poor traveller o'er life's troubled wave, Cast down by grief, o'erwhelmed by fear, There is an arm above can save; Then yield not thou te fell despair.

Look upward, mourners, look above! What tho' the thunders echo loud! The sun shines bright behind the cloud; Then trust to thy Redeemer's love.

Where'er thy lot in life be cast, Whate'er of toil or woe be given Be firm-remember to the last,

"There are no tears in Heaven."

BB KIND.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER

Little children, bright and fair,

Blessed with every needful care,

Always bear this thing in mind: God commands us to be kind; Kind not only to our friends, They on whom our care depends; Kind not only to the poor, They who poverty endure; But in spite of form or feature, Kind to every living creature. Never pain or anguish bring, Even to the smallest thing : For, remember that the fly, Just as much as you or I. Is the work of that great Hand That hath made the sea and land; Therefore, children, bear in mind, Ever, ever to "be kind."

SELECTED STORY.

THE BRAVE WOMAN.

HOW SHE DID IT.

"Bedlam let loose! Pandemonium in

rebellion! Chaos turned inside out! What is the reason a man cannot be allowed to sleep in the morning without this everlasting recket raised about his ears? Children crying-doors slamming no remark: will know the reason of all this up-

Mr. Luke Darcy shut the door of his bedroom with considerable surphasis, and I shall eat no breakfast this morning.' went straight to the breakfast parlor.

All was bright and quiet and pleasant there: the coal snapping and sparkling in the grate, the china and silver neatly ar- ful.' ranged on the spotless damask cloth, and the green parrot drowsily winking his vellow eyes in the sunny glow of the eastern window-Bedlam plainly wasn't log.ted just there, and Mr. Darcy went stormingly up stairs to the nursery.

Ah! the field of battle was gained at Building, Tryon Street, Charlotte, N. C.

decis 41-tf. screams of eight months old baby scion CHARLOTTE HOTEL. of the house of Darcy, while another-a boy of five years-lay on his back, prone

on the floor, kicking and crying in an ungovernable fit of childish passions. REFITEED AND EXPURNISHED. inquire what all this means? Are you does—lie down flat on the floor and kick And every comfort added that will ensure the aware that it is fifteen minutes past nine

'I know Luke-I know,' said poor, perplexed Mrs. Darcy, striving vainly to lift the rebellious urchin up by one arm, Come Freddy, you are going to be good now, mamma is sure, and get up and be

'No-o-!' roused Master Freddy, performing a brisk tattoo on the carpet with his heels, and clawing the air furi

ously. Like an avenging vulture, Mr. Darcy pounced abruptly down on his son and heir, and carried him promply to the closet, and turned the key upon his screams.

'Now sir you can ery it out at your leisure. Evelyn, nurse is waiting for the baby. We'll go down and breakfast.' 'But, Luke,' hesitated Mrs. 'Darcy, 'you won't leave Freddy there.'

'Won't, I'd like to know why not?-It's temper, and nothing else, that is a the bottom of all of these demonstrations, and I'll conquer that temper or I'll know the reason why. It ought to have been checked long ago, but you are so ridiculously indulgent. There is nothing I have so little tolerance for as bad temper nothing that ought to be so promptly and child. severely dealt with,'

'But if he'll say he's sorry, Luke ?' Mr. Da cy rapped sharply at the panels of the door :

'Are you sorry for your naughtiness, young man ?'

A fresh outburst of screams and a renewal of the tatteo was the answer. 'I am sure he is sorry, Luke,' pleaded the ill-extenuating mother, but Mr. Darcy

shook his head. Entire submission is the only thing will listen to,' he said shortly. 'I tell you, Evelyn, I am determined to uproot

this temper.' Evelyn, with a dewy moisture sha owing her evelashes and a dull ache her heart, followed her liege lord down to the breakfast table, with as little ap petite for the coffee, toast and eggs as

might be. A tall, blue-eyed young lady, with profusion of bright chestnut hair, and cheeks like rose velvet, was already as the table when they descended, by name of Clara Pruyn, by lineage Mrs. Darcy's

sister. She opened her eyes rather wide as the two entered. 'Good gracious, Evy, what's the mat-

'Nothing,' answered Luke, tartly .-'Mrs. Darcy, you appear to forget that I have eaten no breakfast."

Something is the matter, though,' said Clara shrewdly. 'What is it, Evelyn ? Has Luke had one of his tantrums?'

Luke set down his coffee cup with sharp 'click.' 'You use very peculiar expressions,

and—'

Miss Pruyn.' 'Very true ones,' said Clara saucily. Evelyn smiled in spite of herself. 'lt's only Freddy, who feels a little cros

"A little cross!" interrupted the indignant husband. 'I tell you, Evelyn, it's quite time that temper was checked, Oh, that parrot! what an intolerable screeching he keeps up! Mary take that bird into the kitchen, or I shall be tempted to wring its neck. Strange that a man can't have a little peace once in awhile! What does ail the eggs, Evelyn? I thought had asked you to see that they were boiled fit for a Christian to eat,'

Mr. Darcy gave his egg, shell and al vindictive throw upon the grate. Eve lyn's brown eyes sparkled dangerously as she observed the manœuvre, but she made

'And the plates are so cold as stone, when I've implored you again and again, that they might be warmed. Well.

'Whom will you punish most?' deman ded Miss Clara. 'Evelyn, give me another cup of coffee : it's perfectly delight-

Luke pushed his chair back with a vengence, and took up his stand with his back to the fire, both hands under his coat tails

'Please sir.' said the servant, advancing, the gas bill-the man says would von settle it while-

'No!' roared Luke tempestuously, 'Tell the man to go about his business; I'll won't be so persecuted!'

Mary retreated precipitately, Clara raised her long brown eyelashes. 'Do you know, Luke,' she said demure-

'Mrs. Dar-cy !' enunciated Luke, with | ly, 'I think you would feel a reat deal a slow and ominous precision- 'may I better if you would do just as Freedy your heels against the carpet for a while, it's an excellent escape valve when your holer gets the better of you.

Luke gave his mischievous sister inlaw a glance that certainly ought to have annihilated her, and walked out of the room, closing the door behind him with a bang that would bear no interpretation. Then Clara came around to her sister and buried her pink face in Evelyn's

'Don't scold me, Evy, please-I know I've been very naughty to tease Luke

'You have spoke nothing but the truth.' said Evelyn, quietly, with her coral lips compressed, and a scarlet spot burning on either cheek. 'Clara, I sometimes' of my husband's temper.'

'Temper!' said Clara, with a toss of her chestnut brown hair. 'And the poor dear fellow hasen't the least idea how disagreeable he makes himself.'

'Only this morning,' said Evelyn, 'h punished Freddy with unrelating severity for a fit of ill humor which he himself has duplicated within the last half hour. and not a moralist but it strikes me that the fault is rather more to be censured in a full grown' reasoning man than in a

'Evelyn,' said Clara, gravely, 'do you suppose he is beyond the power of cure ?" 'I hope not; but what can I do ?-Shut him up as he shat little Freddy?'

Evelyn's merry, irresistable laugh, was checked by the arch, peculiar expression Clara's blue eyes.

'The remedy needs to be something short and sharp,' said Clara, 'and this dark closet system certainly combines both requisites. Tears and hysterics were played out long ago in matrimonial skirmishes, you know, Evy.

'Nonsense!' laughed Mrs. Darcy, rising from the breakfast table, in answer to her husband's peremptory summons from above stairs, while Clara shrugged her shoulders and went to look for her work

Luke was standing in front of his bu-

reau drawer, flinging shirts, collars, cravats and stockings recklessly upon the bed-room floor.

kerchiefs are, Mrs. Darcy? he fumed 'Such a state as my bureau is in is enough to drive a man crazy !' 'It's enough to drive a woman crazy,

I think,' said Evelyn, hopelessly, stooping down to pick up a few of the scatters ed articles. You were at the bureau last, Luke .-

It is your old fault! 'My fault-of course it's my fault!

snarled Luke, giving Mrs. Darey's poodle a kick that sent him howling to his mistress. 'Anything but a woman's retorting, recriminating tongue. Mrs. Darcy, won't endure it any longer !'

'Neither will I!' said Evelyn, resolutely advancing, as her husband plunged into the closet after his business coat, and promptly shutting and locking the door, I think I ve endured it long enough-and here's an end of it.'

'Mrs. Darcy open the door !' said Luke scarcely able to credit the evidence of his 'I shall do no such thing,' said Mrs.

Darcy, composedly, beginning to re-arrange shirts, stockings, and flannel wrappers in their appropriate receptacles.

'Mrs. Dar-cy!' roared Luke at a fever heat of impotent rage, 'what on earth lo you mean?'

ress, Mr. Darey, until you have made up your mind to come out in a more amiable frame of mind. If the system aucceeds with Freddy, it certainly ought to with you, although I suppose I ought to song, a d there is nobody but the poorwith you; I am sure your temper is much more intollerable than his."

There was a dead silence of full sixty econds in the closet, then a sudden burst of vocal wrath.

'Mrs. Darcy, open the door this instant, madam !' But Evelyn went on humming a saucy

ittle opera air, and arranging her 'Do you hear me?'

'Yes-I hear you.'

Will you obey me ? Not until you have solemnly promised me to put some sort of control on that have no small bills this morning, and I temper of yours; not until you pledge should be treated ; not as a menial."

> 'I won't !' 'No? Then in that case I hope you don't find the atmosphere at all oppres one!' ive there, as I think it probable you will emain there some time!'

against the relentless wooden pannels.

strous piece of audacity?"

'My dear Luke, how strongly you do remind me of Freddy. You see there is nothing I have so little telerance for as a bad temper. It ought to have been checked long ago, only you know I'm so ridiculously indulgent."

Mr. Darey winced a little at the familiar sound of his own words. Tap-tap-tap came softly at the door.

Mrs. Darcy composedly opened it, and saw her husband's little office boy. Please, mem, there's some gentleman wonder how I can endure the daily cross, at the office in a great hurry to see Mr. Darcy. It's about the Applegate will

> Mrs. Darcy hesitated an instart; there was a triumphant rustle in the closet, and her determination was taken at once. Tell the gentleman that your master

> has a bad headache, and won't be down town this morning. Luke gnashed his teet h audibly as soon as the closing of the door admonished

> that he might do so with safety. Mrs. Darcy do you presume to interfere with the transaction of business' that is vitally important, ma'am, vitally ini-

> pertant ? Mrs. Darey nonchalantly took up the little opera air where she had left it, letting the soft Halian words ripple musi. cally off her tongue.

Evelyn, dear !" 'What is it, Luke?' she asked, mildly 'Please let me out. My dear, this may

be a joke to you. but-' Tassure you, Luke, it's nothing of the kind. It is the soberest of serious matters to me. It is a question whether my future life shall be miserable or happy."

There was a third interval of silence 'Evelyn,' said Luke, presently, in ubdued voice, will you open the door? 'On one condition only.'

'And what is that?' 'Ah, ha!' thought the little lieutenan general, 'he's beginning to entertain conditions of capitulation, is he? On condition, she added aloud, that you will 'I'd like to know where my silk hand- break yourself of the habit of speaking crossly and sharply to me, and on all |. occasions keep your temper.'

'My temper, indeed!' sputtered Luke 'Just your temper,' returned his wife, serenely, 'Will you promise?'

'Never, madam !" Mrs. Darcy quietly took up a pair of hose that required mending, and prepared to leave the apartment. As the door creaked on its hinges, however, a voice came shrilly through the opposite key-

'Mrs. Darcy, Evelyn! wife! wife!'

me in this place?" 'Well, look here-I promise.' 'All and everything that you requir

'You are not going down stairs to leav

-confound it all !" Wisely deaf to the muttered sequer Mrs. Darcy opened the door, and Luke

stalked sullenly out, looking right over the top of her shining brown hair. Suddenly a little detaining hand was aid on his coat sleeve. 'Luke, dear ?"

'Won't you give me a kiss?' And Mrs. Darey burs out crying on

er husband's shoulder. 'Well!' ejaculated the puzzled Luke, 'I mean to keep you in that clothes of you aren't the greatest enigma going. A kiss? Yes, a half a dozen of 'em if you want, you kind hearted little turnkey. Do not cry, pet, I am not angry

> 'And may I let Freddy out?' Yes on the same terms that his pape was released. Evelyn, was I very intol-

"If you hadn't been, Luke, I neve should have ventured on such a violent

Did I make you very unhappy ? 'Very.' And the gush of warm sparkling tear

capplied a dictionary full of words. Lake Darcy buttoned up his overcoa put on his hat, shouldered up his umbrella and went to the Applegate will case musing as he went upon the new state of his dream was a horrid nightmare, brought

By Jove,' he ejaculated, that little wife of mine is a bold woman and a plucky And then he burst out laughing on the

nonsideration.

Another sixty seconds of dead silence. It is more than probable that he left . "No one To Love" having just killed then a sudden rain of heels and hands his stock of bad temper in the law buil- uff his fifth wife, naturally felt like the greatly facilitate the escape of the person diags that day, for Evelyn and Clara devil about it - Cincinnatti Times.

'Let me out I say, Mrs. Darcy ! mad- | never saw any more of it; and Freddy is | Singular Scene at a New O am, how dare you perpetrate this mon- daily getting the best of the peppery element in his infantile disposition.

> Men, after all, are but children of larger growth; and so Mrs. Evelyn Dar cy had reasoned.

Fat Takes-Deceit of Song Wri

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

The man who wrote "Home, Sweet Home" never had a home. - Exchange No, of course not. All his folks home say that he didn't. Nobody who writes about anything ever has it. If a man is out of anything he immediately goes and writes about it. No one ever writes so many "headings" as the man

who is out of his head Certainly he didn't ever have any home. The man who wrote "Old Arm Chair," never had an arm chair in his life. The best he had was an old split-bottomed chair without any back to it,

The author of "Take Me Back to Switzerland" never was in Switzerland. The nearest he ever came to it was sitting in the Wm. Tell saloon eating Switzer case; KASE why, that was the best be could do. 'Mother I've Come Home To Die, has'nt spoken to the old woman for years, and would'nt go near the house. Besides, he is one of that class of Spiritual ists who don't believe they ever will die. His health was never better. His mother is nothing but a mother-in-law, and

she is dead anyhow. There is the author of "Old Oaken Bucket," too; there was ut a bucket on the hole farm, water being drawn with a tin pail and a cistern pole.

"If I had but a Thousand a Year," stated privately to his friends that he would be perfectly contented with just half that sum, as he was doing chores for his board and three months' schooling in the win-

The author of "Champagne Charley" never drank anything but ten cent whis-

The man who wrote "Mary had a Little Lamb" knew very well it was nothing but a little lamb fry. "Shells of the Ocean," is a humbur

The plaintive poet who represents himself as wandering, one summer's eve, with a seaboard thought, on a pensive shore, was raised in the interior of Pennsylva- the eye. nia, and never was ten miles away from home in all his life. "Gathered shells," did he? All the shells he ever gathered were some egg shells back of his mother's

"Hark, I hear the Angel's Singing," spent all his evenings in a concert beer

saleon. Angels, indeed ! The man who wrote the "Song of the Shirt" hadn't a shirt to his back, wearing

a wamus for the most part.

"Oft in a Stilly Night" used to get on a spree and make the stilly night howl till day break. The author of "We Met by Chance," knew very well it was all arranged be-

fore-hand. He had been weeks in contriving it and she admired his contri The author of "I knew a Bank," &c. didn't know one where he could get his note discounted. The only check he ever

held was a white "check" on a fare bank.

He never had a red check in all his life "What are the Wild Waves saying ?" knew very we'l they were reproaching him for running away from Long Branch without paying his hotel bill. "Who will Care for Mother Now?" Who indeed! You took the old woman

master to care for her now. "Hear Me Norma," was deaf and dumb. He couldn't make his pa hear, nor ma.

to the poor house just before writing the

"My Mother Dear," used to thrush the old woman within an inch of her life. The author of "Rain on the Roof" always slept in the basement, except when

him, and whipped her little boy within "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls" used to cheat at marbles when a boy, and

"Let me Kiss Him for his Mother" got

mad because his mother wouldn't have

he slept out of doors.

yourself to treat your wife as a lady affairs that had presented itself for his on by remorse at the recollections of fraudulent masble hauls.

almost to death if invited to.

"Happy be Thy Dreams" pold benzine whiskey. You can fancy what kind of "dreams" were produced.

(From the New Orleans Picsyune.) Wednesday night quite a fashioush vedding was celebrated in the District. The bride was pretty, as al newly married ladies are, and the groom was the glass of fashion and the mor of form. A number of invented guests lent grace and beauty to the occasion, and hearty congratulations testified the good wishes of many friends for the har of the newly wedded were rapidly, and t came at last. The bri laughing bridesmaids up to her chamber door. But imagine their surprise when

dently waiting for an interview. "I beg pardon, madam; but you appear to be astonished," said the strange

it was opened by a lady righly and ale-

gantly clad in a traveling suit, and evi-

"I must confere that I did not expect to see any one here," replied the bride. "No madam I came in very privately, and wished an interview, subject to no

interruption." It did not occur to the bride to inquire by whom she had been introduced, or he what means she had gained access to her

"It is very strange ma'am, and I can't imagine why you wish to speak to me !" "The reason is simple. The man you have just married has imposed upon you am his wife !"

"Oh! impossible—you rave!" and the lady sank into a chair almost fainting.-Of course the bridesmaids screamed a succession of shrieks one has rarely heard. It speedily brought the family to the door with terror stricken faces and with them the bridegroom, all asking with trembling lips-

"What in the world is the matter?"

"Oh! Edward," cried the bride, "this erson says she's your wife." "My wife!" shouted the astonishe husband : "why she's incana." The strange lady stood up calm and

"Is it possible, sir, that having perpe trated this great wickedness, you w have the hardihood to deny that I am your lawfully wedded wife ?" she asked looking the sorely troubled Edward full in

saw you before in my life!" exclaimed the astonished man The lady regarded him very much as minister would a person given over to

"Why confound you, woman. I never

total depravity. "Oh, Edward, I'm afraid it's true ! and l loved you so !" sobbed the young wife: "how could you have treated me so ?". "I tell you I havn't got any wife but

you; this woman is an imposter." The strange lady uttered a low mecks ing laugh. The scene was getting interesting to the last degree. The ladies were all crying, and the father of the bride looking stern and indignant. He had been for some time intensely regarding the strange lady, when suddenly his eye lighted up, and an amused smile played on his lips. He took a step forward, and laying his band on the shoulder of the

"Come, John, this is very cleverly played, but it's time it was over," and following the impulse of his arm the stranger was pushed into the hall. "John-who-what!" all exclaimed at

prank, with the aid of his sister's trave ing suit and her cast off chignon and It is scarcely necessary to remark the

harmony was very speedily restored

It was the bride's younger brother; a

wicked boy, who had played a naught;

A NEW INSTRUMENT OF DEATH. -- SOV cases have recently occurred in New York and Brooklyn where windows have been pierced and persons shot by bullets without the usual noise incident to the discharge of a gun or pistol. A correspondent of one of the New York papers states that these bullete are not shot from air guns, as her been can posed, but from a new kind of gun that som what resembles the old cross-gun, exec that instead of the arrow or bullet propelled by the elasticity of a bow. It is is this case accomplished by the equally foreible lasticity of an India-rubber strap. A bullet placed in this gun and the latrap being fercible drawn back, and then loosened a trigger, its sudden relaxation gives a force "I'm Saddest when I Sing" was tickled to the bullet but little inferior to the expa sion of the suddenly released gases of gar powder; and this can be done without as grater noise than is created by the bow as I bow is released. It these pratements a true, these weapons will prove very danger ous in the hands of assassin, as the absent of ny report at the time of shooting wi using them.