

The Rutherford Star.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C. SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1870

NO. 8

Professional Cards

J. B. CARPENTER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Collections promptly attended to. 1-17.

R. W. LOGAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his office.
Particular attention given to collections in both Superior and Justice's Courts.

J. L. CARSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Collections made in any part of the State if possible. Feb. 5-11

M. H. JUSTICE,
Attorney at Law,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Claims collected in all parts of the State. Dec. 19 47-51

L. P. GIBBELL, G. M. WHITESIDE,
CHURCHILL & WHITESIDE
ATTORNEYS and COUNSELLORS
AT LAW,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Will practice in all the Courts of Western North Carolina, in the Supreme Courts of the State and in the District, Circuit and Supreme Courts of the United States. Feb. 21

Dr. J. W. HARRIS,
WILL GIVE PROMPT ATTENTION to all Professional calls, and hopes to merit a continuance of the long established practice.
Has constantly on hand a full supply of PURE DRUGS at his office in Rutherfordton.

DR. J. M. CRATON,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Offers his professional services to all old friends and the public generally. Office at the Drug Store. Dec. 19-1870

Dr. O. HICKS,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Continues the practice of Medicine, Surgery and Midwifery, in Rutherford and the surrounding counties. Charges moderate. Feb. 18-70

W. M. SHIPP,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Charlotte, N. C.
Will attend to all business entrusted to his office in all parts of the State. Collections made in all parts of the State. 45-17

H. C. GABANISS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SHEBLY, N. C.
Will practice in the Courts of Rutherford, Cleveland and Gaston.

John T. Butler,
PRACTICAL
Watch and Clock
MAKER and JEWELER, &c.,
Main St., Charlotte, N. C.
Repairs Fine Watches and Clocks, Jewels and Gold and Silver Jewelry, &c.
Fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry of every description repaired and warranted for twelve months.
Work left at the Vindicator Office will be finished at my expense. 45-17

ALEXANDER & MASON,
Solicitors of
AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PATENTS,
AND
COUNSELLORS AT PATENT LAW.
(15 years experience as solicitors of Patents)
450 Seventh St., Opposite the Patent Office,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Papers Carefully Prepared, and Patents secured without delay.
Examinations in the Patent Office Free of Charge, and no individual fee asked in any case, unless a Patent is allowed.
Send for Circular of terms, instructions and references.
aug. 5-11.

CHARLOTTE HOTEL,
W. M. MATTHEWS & SON,
PROPRIETORS,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

MAKE this method of returning their sincere thanks to their friends and the public generally the very liberal manner in which their House has been patronized under the charge of Matthews & Stegall, and they pledge themselves that no pains shall be spared to make their patrons comfortable. Their table shall be furnished with the very best of the market affords.
Attentive and polite servants will always be on hand and every effort will be made to give entire satisfaction.
Their stables are large and commodious, sufficient to accommodate all who may come to see us. Horses and Vehicles always on hand to supply the wants of customers.

**RUTHERFORDTON
MALE ACADEMY.**
The Spring session of the Rutherfordton Male Academy will commence Jan. 24th, 1870.
Rates of Tuition per session of twenty weeks as agreed upon by the Trustees, pub. \$6, \$10 and \$1500 according to grade of studies.
W. L. SWIFTY, Treas.
Jan. 1870. 1-18

DRUG TRADE!
MILGORE & CURTIS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
DRUGGISTS,
CORNER TRADE AND TRYON STREETS
Invite attention to their large and well selected stock of
Drugs,
Medicines,
Paints, Oils,
Varnishes, Dye Stuffs,
Window Glass, Brushes, Combs,
Fancy and Toilet Articles,
Perfumery Soaps,
Kerosene Oil,
Lamps,
and everything kept by a first class
DRUG HOUSE.
Merchants Physicians and others are invited to examine our stock and prices.

T. K. CURTIS,
RESIDENT PARTNER,
45-17 CHARLOTTE, N. C.

W. M. WILSON, W. J. BLACK,
WILSON & BLACK,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS
In Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Chemicals, Window Glass, Lamps, Lamp Chimneys, &c.
Corner Trade & College Sts.,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Vindicator copy 11. 45-17

1000 SACKS
LIVERPOOL SALT delivered any Depot, \$7.30 to the Trade.
STENHOUSE, MACAULEY & Co.
HIGHEST MARKET PRICE
Paid for country produce by
STENHOUSE, MACAULEY & CO.
45-3m

GROVER & BAKER'S
FIRST PREMIUM
ELASTIC STITCH
FAMILY SEWING
MACHINES,
181 Eastmore St., Baltimore, Md.
POINTS OF EXCELLENCE—Beauty and Elasticity of Stitches. Perfection and simplicity of machinery. Using both threads directed from the spools. No twisting of seams by hand and no waste of thread. Wide range of application without change of adjustment. The machine retains its beauty and firmness after washing and ironing. Does everything all kinds of work done by other Sewing Machines. These Machines exceed the most beautiful and permanent Embroidery and ornamental work.
Fresh Garden, Flower, Fruit, Herb, Tree, Shrub and Evergreen Seeds, with directions for culture, prepaid by mail. The most Complete and Judicious assortment in the country. Agents wanted.
25 Sorts of either for \$1.00; prepaid by mail. Also Small Fruits, Plants, Bulbs, all the new Potatoes, &c., prepaid by mail. 4 lbs. Early Rose Potato, prepaid for \$1.00. Conover's Colossal Squash, \$3 per 100; \$25 per 1000 prepaid. New Hardy Eggplant, seedling before introduced, \$3 per 100; \$30 per 1000 prepaid. True Cape Cod Cranberry, for upland or lowland culture, \$1.00 per 100; prepaid, with directions. Priced Catalogue in any address, gratis; also trade list. Seeds on commission.
B. M. WATSON, Old Colony Nurseries and Seed Warehouse, Plymouth, Mass. Est. established in 1842.

TO WHOLESALE BUYERS.
Thanking our numerous friends who in the past so lavishly bestowed their favors upon us, and thereby placing us among the
First of the Merc. ants of
Charlotte.
A title which we recognize with proud satisfaction, which we will endeavor to maintain by
Fair Dealing
and
Extraordinary Inducements
this coming season, to present the first and largest stock of goods ever brought to this State by any house, which we respectfully invite our numerous customers and all others who come to this market to purchase.
Very Respectfully,
WITKOWSKY & RINTELS.
No. A. B. JAYNE
is now with the above famous and well known house where he will be pleased to see his friends.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY
AND
Dress-Making,
BY
Miss BETSY WILLIAMS.
Order WITKOWSKY & RINTELS Store,
45-17 Charlotte, N. C.

NOTICE.
I will attend at my office from the 11th to 12th of this month to list the taxable property, and also all special taxes for the Town of Rutherfordton. Persons failing to list are liable by the ordinance of the Town to pay a double amount. See Ordinance in another column. W. L. SWIFTY, Mayor.
6-21
Vindicator copy 1 time.

THE PRINTER'S TOLL.
Blow, ye stormy winds of winter,
Drive the chilly, drifting snow,
Quickly hushed, the busy printer,
Needs not how the winds may blow.

Click, click, the type goes dropping,
Here and there upon the case,
As he stands for hours popping,
Every letter to its place.

Heaven send the useful printer,
Every comfort merits need,
For his nights were dull in winter,
Had he not the news to read.

Sad would be the world's condition,
If no printer boys were found;
Language and superstition,
Sin and suffering would abound.

Yes, it is the busy printer
Risks the car of knowledge on,
And a glorious mental winter
Soon would reign if he was gone.

Money's useful, yet the winters
Fill not his soul with a place
As the lawyer, tolling per cent,
Fingering type before the case.

Yet while the type they are setting,
On some thoughtless poppiny,
Leaves the to-morrow kindly letting
Fingers waste of their p-p.

Oh! ingratitude ungracious!
Are there no enlightened souls—
Men with minds so unobscured
As to slight the printer's toll?

See him how extremely busy,
Fingering type before the case,
Toll up, till he's almost dizzy,
To exalt the human race.

CAPRICE
She lit the candle at the window;
"He goes by," she said,
"He will hear my robin singing;
And when he hears his head
I shall be sitting here to sew,
And he will bow to me, I know."

The robin sang a love sweet song,
The young man raised his head;
The maiden turned away and blushed;
"I am afraid!" she said,
"and will be of my kind;
A pink-eyed rabbit, white as milk."

The young man loitered slowly
By the house three times that day;
She shook her head from the window;
"He need not look this way."
She sat at her piano long,
And sighed, and played a death-sad song.

But when the day was done, she said,
"I wish that he would come!
Remember, Mary, if he calls
To-night—I'm not at home."
So when he rang, she went—the old—
She went and let him in herself.

They sang full long together,
Their voices love sweet death sad;
The robin sang from his slumber,
And sang out clear and glad.
"Now go!" she said, "to bed."
"And followed him—to latch the gate."

He took the road for her last,
While "You shall not!" she said;
He closed her hand with his own,
And walked to the door forlorn,
Her will was unbroken in the night,
Outblowing love upon for lips.

my entire fortune in the concern.

"Is it possible?"

"I wish it wasn't but it is."

"Well, how has it turned out?"

"The shares are selling for five dollars, where I paid a hundred."

"How many have you?"

"Five hundred. That is, I invested fifty thousand dollars, and I could only sell out for twenty-five hundred to-day."

"Sell out," said Holden facetiously.

"What! and sacrifice nineteen-twentieths of my fortune?"

"Better than the whole."

"But don't you think it worth anything?"

"Not a cent."

"There are some good mines there."

"True, but this was got up by swindlers to cheat the confiding public out of their money. It will go down to nothing."

"But twenty-five hundred dollars won't support me," said Ashcroft in dismay.

"Do as I do, then."

"What?"

"Earn your living by your own exertions."

"But," said Edgar, "I have never been brought up to work."

"Everybody ought to do something."

"But consider my delicate health. My constitution is very weak, I can assure you."

"I should think it might be. You turn night into day and day into night. Late hours at parties and late hours at parties are enough to undermine any constitution, when carried to the excess you are carrying them."

"Do you really think this?"

"Yes, I do."

"I never thought of that. Perhaps you may be right; but if I were able to work, what could I do? Who would engage me as a clerk?"

"How would you like to follow my profession?"

"As a lawyer?"

"Yes."

"Isn't it hard work?"

"Of course it is. Anybody that expects to succeed in any profession must look forward to hard work."

"Would you recommend it?"

"I would recommend you to try. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll engage you as my office clerk, and pay you fifty dollars a month. That will be all you will earn the first year, perhaps more; but I'll agree to give it. Then you can sell out your shares, and get one hundred and fifty dollars annual interest on what is left. That will give you seven hundred and fifty dollars a year income."

"How can I live on that asked Edgar in dismay. "I assure you my tailor's bills amount to nearly that."

"Then you must change your tailor. In fact you must change your plan of life. You must drop the man of fashion and become a steady-going clerk."

"It will be hard," said the young man, his expression indicating a mental struggle.

"But it is necessary. Then again consider that it is only for a time. If you work with energy you will soon command a good income. I am willing to extend every assistance in my power, and upon you must depend the rest. What do you say?"

"You really think my health will allow of the necessary labor?"

"I do."

"Then I will set my mind to it."

"Come in next Monday. Meantime make the needful arrangements."

"So I am going to be a lawyer," thought Edgar Ashcroft, "as he left his friend's house. 'If any one had told me that a month ago I should have pronounced him insane. Well circumstances alter cases, that is certain. What will my fashionable friends say?' This was, after all, the greatest trial to Edgar. To subsist from the position of a man of fashion to a humdrum clerk in the office of a real estate lawyer seemed to him a great descent, though in the view of right thinking people it will be regarded as an ascent.

In a week the change was made. Edgar realized the sum he expected on his mining shares, and invested it in substantial bank shares, which yielded him a net income of one hundred and seventy-five dollars a year. Upon this and his salary he must live

Considerably against his will, he took quarters in a comfortable but moderate priced boarding house, and began life on a new footing.

As he anticipated, there was considerable talk about his change of fortune, and most of his fashionable acquaintances forgot to include him in their future invitations, while some whom he had known intimately appeared to forget that they had ever known him. This troubled him considerably at first, but there was one good effect resulting from his neglect by his fashionable friends. Not being invited to parties, he no longer had occasion to keep late hours, and his health and strength visibly improved. This surprised him, as he was occupied with office work during the day.

"I declare Holden," he said one day, "I've gained fifteen pounds in the last three months."

"Work seems to agree with you, Ashcroft," was the reply.

"I feel stronger than I used to."

"But I didn't believe you at that time."

"Late hours are more trying to any constitution than hard work."

"So I begin to find it."

Just at first, Edgar found his office work a task; but soon it began to be pleasant. He became interested in the profession he had chosen, and, as he was by no means deficient either in natural talent or education, he became, before the year closed, a valuable assistant to his friend Holden.

Just before the close of the first year, the lawyer said: "Edgar if you have no objection, I mean to double your salary."

"Thank you, Holden, but I don't want you to do it unless you think I am worth the increase."

"I do think so. You have made yourself very valuable to me, and have fully mastered the routine work of the office."

"Then I will accept it gladly; for though I don't want to go back to the old scale of expenditure, I would like a better room, and a little better table."

So the new arrangement was made.

One day Edgar met in the streets Mr. Bullion, a "heavy" man in the parlance of the street and president of one of the city banks.

He tried to avoid him, having two years before proposed for the hand of Miss Fanny Bullion, and though favored by the young lady, had been unceremoniously rejected by the father.

But to his surprise, Mr. Bullion advanced to him and said cordially:

"How do you do, Mr. Ashcroft?"

"Very well, thank you, sir," said Edgar, rather embarrassed.

"Come round to the house. We shall be glad to see you."

Edgar's face betrayed his surprise.

"I'll tell you a secret young man. Two years ago I refused your suit to my daughter. Shall I tell you why?"

"If you please, sir."

"Because I saw that you were a mere man of fashion, doing nothing useful, sure to run out of money at last, and with no occupation to fall back upon. You lost money sooner than I expected; but, to my surprise, you have acted since like a sensible man. I hear good reports of your talent and industry. Come to my house whenever you like, and if ever you have any proposition to make to me, I will take it into consideration."

Edgar needed no second invitation. He made an early call and found that Fanny Bullion's heart was still his. So one day he made bold to lay the matter before Mr. Bullion.

"Fanny loves me and I love her," he said, "but my salary is only twelve hundred dollars a year, and my fortune is reduced to twenty-five hundred dollars."

"Frankly spoken, young man," said Mr. Bullion, "I don't care for your poverty. You shall marry Fanny, and I'll see that you have enough to keep the pot boiling."

So Edgar married the daughter of a millionaire. He was at once taken into partnership by his friend Holden, and to-day he is a millionaire himself, having inherited the bulk of his late father-in-law's property. So his bad luck, turned out the best of good luck, after all.

A Veritable Ghost.
A young girl about 15 years of age, called on Captain Chris. Kohlmann, of the Second Police District, a day or two ago, and related the following strange story:

Her name is Jenny Debonnaire. She lives at the corner of Sixteenth and Morgan streets, and is 15 years old; has lived at the house five days. She told Captain Kohlmann—who, by the way, is a firm believer in ghosts and goblins—that a man appeared to her every night, and tells her that he was a Mason, and was murdered about four years ago. She says the man is about the size of Mr. Huzza, the trunkist; has a fair complexion, and brown curly hair; that there is a deep gash in his throat, and a cut on his head. He wears black clothing, all covered with blood. His name is Joseph Scott. He told the girl that he had boarded in the house with a man named Amburg—a tall, dark complexioned man—with black eyes and black moustache and whiskers, now residing in Philadelphia; that he was murdered by this man four years ago.

The girl said she first saw Scott on last Saturday evening at 7 o'clock. On going into the house, the girl said, "If there are any spirits here in the name of the Lord, let them come." Scott cried out, Zoola! Zoola! Jennie told them that her name was not Zoola, and she would not answer to it. He then said, "Jennie! Jennie!" She said "in the name of the Lord, will you tell me what is the matter with you?" He replied, "Come and I will show you." Scott went down the steps into the cellar, and Jennie followed him. He then took her to the east side and said there was where he buried \$5,000 in gold. He then took her to the north side, and showed her where Amburg had buried him after cutting his throat. Scott then told her to go to the Free Masons and report what she had seen. She promised to do so, and he bade her good bye, gave her a kiss and vanished into the air.

The girl further stated that she saw this man every night; that he came to her bed-side and set there. He said to her, "Jennie, will you get my bones buried?" He told her to exhume his body, dig up the money, pay his funeral expenses, and keep the balance of the concealed treasure. She follows the business of painting, and Scott wants her to take the money and set up for herself. The last time she saw him he told her he would confer upon her the power of curing all diseases.

Whatever may be thought of this strange statement of the girl, it is certain that she is fully impressed with the truth of it. She went to Free Mason's Hall and several prominent Masons, who finally sent her to the police office where she related her story in an earnest manner, and seemed anxious that something should be done to relieve her spiritual friend of the bloody habitations.

We understand that a committee of spirits have been sent to Jennie's house last night, and to-day we expect to hear a full report of their ghostly vigils.—St. Louis Democrat.

Waterfalls of the Catawba.
The South Fork of the Catawba River from its junction with the main river to the town of Lincolnton is by the stream about thirty miles. This stream will average 300 feet in width, and probably will afford greater water-power than any other stream of the same size in the State.

Three miles from the junction is a firm believer in ghosts and goblins—that a man appears to her every night, and tells her that he was a Mason, and was murdered about four years ago. She says the man is about the size of Mr. Huzza, the trunkist; has a fair complexion, and brown curly hair; that there is a deep gash in his throat, and a cut on his head. He wears black clothing, all covered with blood. His name is Joseph Scott. He told the girl that he had boarded in the house with a man named Amburg—a tall, dark complexioned man—with black eyes and black moustache and whiskers, now residing in Philadelphia; that he was murdered by this man four years ago.

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