

The Rutherford Star.

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

VOL. IV.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C. SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1870.

NO. 28

Professional Cards

DR. J. W. DEPASS,
SURGEON DENTIST,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

Continues the practice of his profession in this and the surrounding counties. All work neatly executed, and warranted. Teeth extracted without pain, by the use of Chloroform. Will complete the unfinished dental work of Dr. E. H. Padgett, deceased. Best references furnished on application. Office at Dr. Duffy's old stand. 25-41.

J. B. CARPENTER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

Collections promptly attended to. 3-17.

R. W. LOGAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care. 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. 61.

M. H. JUSTICE,
Attorney at Law,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

Claims collected in all parts of the State. feb. 19 47-51

L. F. CHURCHILL,
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. 61

DR. J. W. HARRIS,
WILL GIVE PROMPT ATTENTION to all Professional calls, and hopes to merit a continuance of his long established practice. Has constantly on hand a fine supply of PURE DRUGS at his office in Rutherfordton. e 2-18

DR. O. HICKS,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

Continues the practice of Medicine, Surgery and Midwifery, in Rutherford and the surrounding counties. Charges moderate. mch. 1847.

W. M. SHIPP,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Charlotte, N. C.

Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in the 13th Judicial District. Collections made in all parts of the State. 45-17

H. CABANISS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SHELBY, N. C.

Will practice in the Courts of Rutherford, Cleveland and Gaston.

J. M. JUSTICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

Will practice in the courts of Polk, Rutherford and Cleveland. Any claims left with him, will be attended to with promptness and dispatch. 10-17

John T. Butler,
PRACTICAL

Watch and Clock
MAKER AND JEWELER, &c.,
Main St., Charlotte, N. C.

Dealer in Fine Watches and Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles and Watch Materials, &c. Fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry of every description repaired and warranted for twelve months. Work left at the Vindicator Office will be forwarded at my expense. 45-17

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

GROVER & BAKER'S
FIRST PREMIUM
ELASTIC STITCH
FAMILY SEWING
MACHINES,

41 Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.
POINTS OF EXCELLENCE.—Beauty and
Elasticity of Stitch. Perfection and sim-
plicity of Machinery. Using both threads
directly from the spool. No fastening of seams
by hand and no waste of thread. Wide range
of application without change of adjustment.
The seam retains its beauty and firmness after
washing and ironing. Besides doing all kinds
of work done by other Sewing Machines, these
Machines execute the most beautiful and per-
manent Embroidery and ornamental work.
36-17.

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

TAKE this method of returning their sin-
cere thanks to their friends and the pub-
lic generally for the very liberal manner
in which their House has been patronized un-
der the charge of Matthews & Siegel, 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 afford. All the requisites
of attention and polite servants will always
be on hand and every effort will be made to
give entire satisfaction.

Their tables are large and commodious,
sufficient to accommodate all who may come
to see us. Horsec and Vehicles always on
hand to supply the wants of customers.

The Little Pet.

BY JULIA M. THAYER.

I'm just a wee lit lassie, with a lassie's win-
some ways
And worth my weight in solid gold, my Uncle
Johnny says.
My curly little noddle holds a thimbleful of
sense;
Not quite so much as Solomon's—but his was
so immense!
I know that sugar plums are sweet, that "no
my love," means yes;
That when I'm big I'll always wear my pret-
ty Sunday dress.
And can count—seven, six, nine, five—and
say my A, B, C.
Now, have you any taffy, dear, that you
could give to me?
I'm Bridget's "Torture of her life, that
makes her brain run wild."
And maun's "Daring little Elf," and grand-
ma's "Blessed Child,"
And Uncle Johnny's "Touch me Not," and
papa's "Griplan Queen;"
I make them stand about you, see; that
must be what they mean.
For opening hard, old, stoney hearts I two
precious keys,
And one is, O, I thank you, sir, the other's
if you please,
Or squits its pretty pinafore a makin' nice dirt
trick;
I squeeze two mighty tear-drops out—that
sneels 'em pretty quick.
I'm sweet as an lily bud, and sweeter too, I
hope.
But that's no reason why I shouldn't rumple
up my clothes,
O, would I be an angel in an angel never
cries.
Or squits its pretty pinafore a makin' nice dirt
trick!
I'm but a little lassie, with a thimbleful of
sense;
And as to being very wise, I best make no
pretense;
But when I am a woman grown, now don't
you think I'll do,
It only just about as good as dear maun and
you!

Truth Stranger than Fiction.

A Young Girl Found After Having
Been Monstrously Dead for Fifteen
Years.

[From the Kansas City Times.]

Nearly fifteen years ago there lived on the banks of the Ohio but a few miles from the city of Louisville, a man by the name of Henry C. Danforth, the family consisting of himself, wife and one child, a daughter only a little over two years of age. One day the child escaped the vigilant eye of the mother, and wandered from the house. Search was made, but no trace could be found of their darling, until reaching the banks of the river her little bonnet was seen near the margin of the water. Then indeed the little one was mourned as dead, and only a mother's heart can fathom the agony of the bereaved parent.—Time passed on. Other children came to take the place of the lost one at the fireside, and the first storm of grief at the terrible affliction had given way to quite submission. Still the blue, dancing waters of the Ohio always caused inexpressible sadness to their bereaved hearts. Five years ago the family removed to St. Louis, where they have resided ever since. Last Saturday Mr. Danforth received an anonymous letter from this city, urging him to come up immediately if he wished to find his daughter, whom he supposed was drowned thirteen years before. He arrived in the city Monday last, and proceeding to the place designated in the letter, found a woman whom he had known in other days, rapidly nearing the grave, and a young girl in attendance upon her. She pointed to the child immediately upon his entrance, saying: "This is your drowned child," and entered upon an explanation which convinced him of the truth of her words. It seems that he himself was the innocent cause of the affair. The woman had loved him previous to his marriage, and when the words were spoken bidding him to another, all the worst passions of her nature were aroused and she determined upon some revenge, and how faithfully she executed her intention, the above facts will testify. She had kept herself informed of his whereabouts, and when she knew that shortly death would claim her as his victim, she determined to make all the reparation in her power. Who can paint the joy of the father on finding the dead alive?

The woman it seems had only been in our city some six months, coming from Cincinnati, to which place she had first fled with the child. She said she had always treated her as she would her own daughter, to which the child testified and begged that the woman might be taken with them. The result was that yesterday evening the three took the train on the North Missouri Railroad for St. Louis, and ere this the waiting mother has received the embraces of her long lost daughter.

A Brave Girl.

Our heroine lived in Bartlett, New Hampshire, and was a descendant of the old Crowfords. Her father was a Crowford, and followed the profession of a guide among the mountains. Her name was Bessie, and she was the only daughter remaining at home—a dark eyed, brown-haired girl of slight, but compact frame, just entering her nineteenth year.—Her mother had been dead several years, and upon her devolved the whole care of the household. One day late in summer, Mr. Crowford went with a party of travellers, away to the headwaters of one of the many mountain streams that empty into Saco, and Bessie was left alone. Even the dogs had all gone with the pleasure-seekers. Near the middle of the afternoon, while the girl was sitting by an open window in the front room, engaged in sewing a man came up from the road and asked for a drink of water. Bessie had seen this man before, and had not liked his looks. He was a stout, broad-shouldered, ill-favored fellow, and the bits of moss and spikes of the pines upon his clothes indicated that he had slept in the woods.

But Bessie did not hesitate.—She laid aside her work and went to get the water. When she came back the man had entered the room. She did not like this for she was sure he had come in by the window; but she handed him the tin dipper without remark. The man drank, and then sat the dipper down upon the table. Then he turned upon the girl and drew a broad-bladed knife from his pocket.

"Look ye, my young lady," he said: "I know there's money in this house, and I know you are alone. Show me where the money is? If you don't I shall kill you, and then hunt it up myself. I'm in earnest, and there ain't no time to waste. Don't make a fuss, for if you do you'll feel this knife quick."

Bessie shrank back, and looked into the man's face, and she could see that he meant just what he said.

"If I show you where the money is, will you promise not to do me harm?"

"Show me, honest, and I won't harm you."

"Then come with me. But you won't take my father's papers?"

"Only the money, girl."

Bessie led the way to a small bedroom on the ground floor, where there was an old mahogany bureau, the upper drawer of which she unlocked. The man when he saw this, thinking, doubtless, that Crowford's gold was within his grasp, shut up his knife and put it into his pocket. The girl opened the drawer, and quick as thought, drew forth a large navy revolver—one with which she herself has killed a trapped bear—and cocked it.

"Willian!" she exclaimed, planting her back against the wall and aiming the weapon at his bosom, "many a wild beast have I shot with this good pistol, and now I'll shoot you if you do not instantly leave this house! I will give you not even a second.—Start, or I fire!"

The ruffian could read human looks as well as could the madden, and he could read very plainly in the firm-set lips and in the flashing eyes—but more clearly in the steady hand which held the pistol—that she would not only fire, as she had promised, but her aim would be a sure and fatal one.

And he backed out from the bedroom—backed into the sitting-room—then leaped from the open window and disappeared.

Bessie kept her pistol by her side until her father and his guests came home, and when she had told her story search was made for the ruffian. But he was not to be found. Our heroine had so thoroughly frightened him that he never came that way again.

Singular Detection of a Murderer.

As illustrating quick perception and rare presence of mind, *Chamber's Journal* vouches for the truth of the following story, which was originally published in guise of fiction:

Caroline G—, a good-looking finely proportioned young girl, lived as a lady's maid with a fashionable young widow, rather *passé*. One evening, after having assisted at her mistress's toilet for a dinner party, she amused herself, before putting away the various articles scattered about the room, in trying on a pair of silk stockings and dress shoes belonging to her mistress, and having done so, she viewed her well-turned limbs with complacency, saying aloud: "There's a leg for a stocking, and there's a foot for a shoe." Having satisfied herself as to their symmetry, she divested herself of her borrowed plumes, put the room to rights, and awaited the return of her mistress whom she saw into bed.—That was the last time she saw her alive. She was found in the morning murdered in her bed, the jewel case and plate chest broken open and robbed. The robber and murderer left no trace by which he could be captured, and, in spite of the most diligent search, escaped. Three years after Caroline was engaged in a similar capacity by a lady who took her to Paris. She had almost forgotten the murder, and, if she thought of it, it was not with any hope of discovering the criminal.

It happened that she was walking in one of the public promenades one afternoon, when, as she passed a group of men, she heard these words:

"There's a leg for a stocking, and there's a foot for a shoe." In a moment the events of the evening before her mistress was murdered flashed on her memory.—And now for her marvellous presence of mind. Pretending not to have heard anything she glanced sideways at the group of men. She saw there were three, but she could not tell which of them had spoken. She walked slowly past them, then she stopped in an undecided manner, and finally turned back, and, walking up to them, she asked to be directed to a certain street.—As she expected, all of them had a word for her, and among the voices she easily recognized the one that had just spoken. Their language and looks were both very free, but she only told them that they were very impatient, and that she would get the information she wanted from the first gendarme. She thus averted suspicion, if they watched her speaking to a policeman. The next difficulty was how to inform a gendarme what she wanted; she had only been a fortnight in France and knew scarcely a word of French. She, however, carried a pocket dictionary with her, to assist in making purchases and as a means of acquiring a little French. Going over to a bench she sat down, and, searching through the dictionary, found the words she wanted, and she then wrote them with a pencil on the fly leaf of the dictionary. The sentence ran thus: "Gendarmes je avoir besoin vous arreter un meurtrier." The grammar was not very correct, as dictionaries do not teach syntax, but the gendarme understood it, and in another minute held the murderer in his grasp. He was afterwards convicted and hung on the girls' testimony.

A Hint to Lovers of French Wine.

A good story is told of an American traveling in Paris. Having occasion to take a bath, his physician recommended a wine bath. In the employ of the establishment there was a colored man whom he had known in America, and of him he inquired how they could give a wine bath for seventy-five cents. "Why, massa," said the negro, "that wine has been in the bath-room for one week, and you is the thirty-eighth person that bathed in it." "Well, I suppose they throw it away when they are done with it." "Oh, no, master; they send it down stairs for the poor people, who bathe for twenty five cents." "And then what do they do with it?" "Bottle it up and send it to America, where they sell it for French wine."

Drop by Drop.

We waste time and effort in trying to pour into a child's mind too many truths at once. You have seen little crystal bottles for containing otto of roses, so small that they could hold but a single drop of costly perfume. However much you might pour after that would be utterly wasted.—This is something like a child's mind. Its capacity is small, and its powers of retaining that which is good are very limited. One well fixed truth is worth more than a volume of instructions which are only suffered to run over. One precious drop of faith in God, in his word, in his faithfulness to his promises, outweighs all the gold in the world.

Strive to excite this faith in your scholars' heart. Tell them various incidents illustrating God's answer to prayer in ways that are easy to be understood. Teach them to recognize all good things as coming directly to us from the Lord Jesus, and you have laid a good foundation, on which to build in future a substantial Christian character. Teach one truth at a time, and make it as impressive as you can. Ask questions upon it in various ways, so that you may wake up the child's interest, and try to have your illustrations so striking that he shall think and talk them over with others. Thus you may sow seed broadcast, where you least look for it. Many things we forget, but rarely the impressive stories we heard in our childhood.

Children.

In an article on the excessive indulgence of children—which is certainly quite as applicable to parents on this side of the Atlantic as to those on the other—the *Queen* newspaper observes: "As for the juvenile balls and parties, if we had to centralize the evil management of children we should certainly place it in these deplorable gatherings; they take the bloom off the still unripened fruit make men and women of little children, and turn out base, used up, dis-illusioned creatures, at an age when, if they had been left to the simple amusement natural to their condition, they would have entered the world with the keen sense of enjoyment, the faculty for pleasure, and the delicious romanticism which makes half the charm of youth both to itself and others. There is to be a slaughter of the innocents of yet another kind, and of those of older years, of which we can hardly speak too severely. We mean the premature knowledge of evil which it is now the fashion to allow. The lovely freshness of girls is daily becoming more and more a thing of the past, a beauty of tradition, and a generation is rising up more knowing at eighteen than their grandmothers at eighty. It is undoubtedly a reaction from "missishness," but it is in a terribly painful form."

Matrimonial Machine.

A machine to facilitate marriages has, it is said—in model, at least—been sent to the Patent Office by its inventor. The notion is, that the marriageable people of a social circle or district are to put their respective names, written on cards, into the machine; upon setting it in operation, the majority of the cards are ground to impalpable powder, but a few are turned out mated, and paired by inexorable fate. But, after all, this is not equal to the method of the olden time. Then the lads and lasses gathered around the glowing hearth, the andirons were cleared from the blazing logs, and the boys arranged chestnuts upon one andirion, the girls on the other. Each chestnut represented one individual—the one who placed it there; and the heads came very close together over the fire while the hands were placing the chestnuts on the respective bars. The chestnuts were left to roast. There was no hope for those that, exploding, fell into the fire. Those that flew out of the chimney-place into the room had another chance; but those that sat out the roasting upon the bars were inevitably and irrevocably mated. It was only requisite in the beginning that the chestnuts should be examined, to see that there were no holes in them; the test was perfectly fair, and the great advantage was that the chestnuts themselves "popped" the question.

A Happy Robuko.

Watty Morrison was a Scotch clergyman, and a man of wit and humor. On one occasion he entertained the officer at Fort George to pardon a poor fellow that was sent to the halberds. The officer offered to grant his request, if he would in return grant him a favor he would ask.

Mr. Morrison agreed to this, and the officer immediately demanded that the ceremony of baptism should be performed on a puppy. The clergyman agreed to it, and a party of gentlemen assembled to witness the novel baptism. Mr. Morrison desired the officer to hold up the dog, as was necessary in their baptism of a child, and said:

"As I am a minister of the Church of Scotland, I must proceed according to the ceremonies of the Church."

"Well, then, major, I begin by the usual question: Do you acknowledge yourself the father of this puppy?"

A roar of laughter burst from the crowd, and the officer threw the candidate of baptism away.

A Judge and a Lawyer Cut a Dog Into.

A joke was perpetrated a few days since upon Judge Barker, who was presiding over the Supreme Court, in session at Lockport, N. Y. A jurymen was absent from his seat, all others being occupied. A dog looking for his master very quietly took the vacant place. The Judge addressing Hon. A. L. Lanning of Buffalo, said, you see Mr. Lanning, that the jurymen's seats are all occupied, are you ready to proceed.

The distinguished pleader raised his glasses to his eyes, and after a brief survey of the jury box made the witty reply.

"Your honor that fellow might do for a judge; but I hate to trust him for a jurymen."

The good natured judge joined heartily in the merry laugh that followed, and proved that he could take as well as give a joke.

The weather has been so intensely hot for the last few days, that even ice found it extreme hard work to keep cool. The rays of the sun came down in the straightest manner possible and looked up a fellow as well where he wasn't as where he was.—Some thermometers almost run out of figures, and to say that it was merely hot don't begin to express it. It was hot boiled over two or three times. All kinds of plans and measures were made and taken to keep cool, and every means resorted to, to raise a wind, from a two-and-a-half cent palm leaf fan up to a four-horse power bellows. Not a dried bean can be found in this section of country.

A nice little boy in Pittsburgh went to the circus the other day, and amused himself throwing stones at the elephant while he was drinking. When he got through the boy tried to propitiate him by offering him a piece of gingerbread. Before accepting the cake the elephant emptied about sixty-four gallons of water, beer measure, over the boy, and then slung him into the third tier to dry off. This boy is very indifferent about circuses now. He says he believes he doesn't care for them as much as he used to.

"Dan," said a little four-year-old, "give me a sixpence to buy a monkey." "We've got a monkey in the house now," replied the elder brother. "Who is it Dan?" "You," was the reply.

"Then give me sixpence to buy the monkey some nuts." His brother could not resist.

"Charlie," said Grandma, reprovingly, "your portion will be in the burning lake at last if you go on telling so many stories." "Oh! no, Grandma, I couldn't stand it." "But you you will be made to stand it, my boy." "Oh! well, Grandma, if I can only stand it it's all right."

Jerrold said one day he would make a pun upon anything his friends would put to him. A friend asked him if he could pun upon the signs of the zodiac; to which he promptly replied: "By Gemini, I Cancer."

"I say, Jim, I thought you were going to marry the widow Nibbins." "So did I, especially after taking so much trouble to find and bury the body of her husband that was drowned in the big freshet." "Well, why didn't you marry her?" "Because her confounded husband turned up the morning set for the wedding. 'Twas some other fool's body we found and buried. Her husband says he's been alive all the time, and the proofs are all in his favor."

"Will ye dine with me to-morrow?" said a Hibernian to his friend. "Faith an' I will, with all my heart." "Remember 'tis only a family dinner I'm asking you to." "And what for not? A family dinner is a mighty pleasant thing. What have ye got? "Oh, nothing by common, just an illigant pacc of corned beef and potatoes!" "By the powers, that bates the world! Jist my own dinner to a hair—barrin' the beef!"

A man was tried for stealing a pair of boots from a shop door in Grand street, with which he ran away. The Judge said to the witness who had seized the prisoner, "What did he say when you caught him?" Witness—"Your Honor, he said he took the boots in a joke." Judge—"How far did he carry the joke?" Witness—"About forty yards, please your Honor."

A little boy, in the infant class of a Sunday School, was asked by his teacher if he had learned anything during the past week.

"Yes," said he.

"What is it you have learned?"

"Never to trump your partner's card," was the reply.

An Irishman who was arraigned before a police court on the charge of whipping his wife, claimed that he was guilty of no offense, and that he was acting in strict accordance with an ordinance of the board of health.

"Shure, your honor," said he to the Judge, "I was only abating a nuisance."

"Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?" inquired a teacher of an infant class.

"I have," exclaimed one.

"Where?" asked the teacher.

"On the elephant's back," said the boy laughing.

At a Sunday School in Ripon a teacher asked a little boy if he knew what the expression "sowing tares" meant. "Courth I does," said he, pulling the seat of his little breeches around in front. There's a tear in my masewed, I teared it sliding down hill."

A Colorado woman eloped from her husband and three children. Adding "insult to injury," she left a note behind, informing her husband that none of the "children" were his.

Not bad for a little girl of ten, whose knowledge of geography is somewhat imperfect. On hearing her father speak of going to the polls to vote, she very innocently inquired if the people of the tropics voted at the equator.

"Have you ground all the tools right as I told you this morning when I went away?" said a carpenter to a rather green lad whom he had taken as an apprentice.

"All but the hand saw, sir," replied the lad, promptly; "I couldn't get all the gaps out of that."

A young gentleman having called in his physician, said, "Now, sir, I wish no more trifling. My desire is, that you at once strike at the root of my disease!" "It shall be done," replied the doctor; and lifting his cane, he smashed the decanter which stood on the table.

"I hope, my little girl," I said one morning, "that you will be able to control your little temper to-day." "Yes, mamma, and I hope you will be able to control your big temper."

A lad crawled into a sugar hogs-head and his first exclamation was, "Oh, for a thousand tongues."