

# The Rutherford Star AND WEST-CAROLINA RECORD.

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

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., APRIL 25, 1874.

NO. 11.

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Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician.  
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Rutherford and vicinity.  
All cases entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.  
He may be found at his Office or Residence when not professionally absent. 1 ly

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### The Crusade Repudiated—The Temperance Question left Unouched.

At first glance the returns of the municipal elections of last Monday in Ohio do not seem encouraging to friends of the temperance movement. We look in vain for evidence of that wonderful change of public sentiment which was to regenerate the whole country, and finally sweep all the dram-shops from the face of the earth. Not only the large cities like Cincinnati, Cleveland and Columbus are reported as declaring against temperance, but town after town in the rural districts registered the same at the polls. There were not a few triumphs for the crusaders, but the drift of the tide was in the opposite direction. A friend of the temperance movement writing to a Cincinnati paper from the Home of Mother Stewart, Dio Lewis' most efficient female coadjutor, says that to tell the plain truth "Springfield, after full deliberation, knowingly rejects the proposition to suppress saloons; a clear majority want no law deciding what shall be drunk." In that city the Common Council is evenly divided on the Temperance question. More disappointing to the Crusaders and surprising to everybody, is the success of the anti-Temperance ticket in Washington, C. D., where the women's movement was inaugurated, and achieved perhaps, its greatest victories, and in Hillsboro, whence, as from Washington C. D., missionaries have gone into the surrounding country to show the liquor traffic may be extirpated by the women's method. The dispatches say that Franklin, so conspicuous a name for the opposition, and that Waynesville, Sidney, Pomeroy, and other places equally celebrated in connection with the women's movements, also voted "anti-Temperance."

Thus speaks a puzzled friend of the Temperance crusade, at his wit's end to reconcile this disastrous result of the vote with those enthusiastic and uncommonly false hopes based on the epidemic which in the West forced respectable women to pary in gutters and to draw for a season the eyes of the whole country upon them.

Yet, if we examine the matter, there is nothing wonderful in the fact that terrorism and interference with individual rights which thinly disguised itself under the form of a godly crusade has been repudiated by the common sense of the community. It is an old remark the Republics fail often to secure to the citizen a liberty in his private and individual life so complete as that which despotism not seldom accords.

It is to be hoped, though scarcely to be expected, that this lesson will be heeded by the enthusiasts. At all events, they will not soon again fancy they have made a mortal revolution when they have in fact only committed a series of nuisance against the freedom and the rights of individuals to guide themselves, and to judge for themselves what is hurtful and what is beneficial.—*Norfolk Virginian*.

### Sitting up with Her.

She was expecting him Saturday night; the parlor curtains were down, the old folks notified that it was healthy to go to bed at eight o'clock, and Johnny, bribed with a cent, permitted himself to be tucked away at sundown. He sneaked up the path, one eye on the dog, and the other watching for the 'old man,' who don't like him any too well, gave a faint knock at the door, and it was opened and he was escorted into the parlor. He said he couldn't stay but a minute, though he didn't mean to go for hours. She wanted to know how his mother was; if his father had returned from York State; and if his brother Bill's rheumatism was any better, and he went over and set down on the sofa, as not to strain his voice. Then conversation flagged, and he played with his hat, and she nibbled at the sofa tudy. He finally said it was a beautiful evening, and she replied that her grandfather predicted a snow storm. He said he guessed it wouldn't snow, as the moon wasn't crooked enough to hang a powder horn on the end, and she said she didn't believe it would either. This mutual understanding seemed to give each other courage, and he wanted to know if she had seen Bill Jones lately. She didn't see him, and didn't want to. They then went to talking about the donation visit which was to be given Elder Berry, and he carelessly dropped his hand on hers—his right hand, while his left arm snaked along the sofa and got behind her shoulders. She pretended not to notice it, and he looked down at his boots and wanted to know if she had a new pair. He said she couldn't say, but she had an idea that it did. He had just commenced to lock fingers with her, when she discovered that something ailed the lamp. She rose up and turned the lamp down a half, making the room look dim.

It took him five minutes to get hold of her finger again, and she pretended to want to draw her hand away all the time. After a long pause he lowered his voice to a whisper, and said he didn't see what made folks love each other. She bit her handkerchief and admitted her ignorance. He said that he could name a dozen young men who were going to get married right away, and his left arm fell down and gave her a hug. Then he went over and looked out of the window to make sure that it was or was not going to snow, and coming back, he turned the light down a little more, and then sat down and wanted to know if she didn't want to rest herself by leaning her head on his shoulder.

Ah, me! We have all been there, and who of us cared a cent when the old clock struck twelve, and we five miles from home? The old man was fast asleep, the watch-dog gone visiting, and the handsomest girl in the country didn't see why we need be in a hurry.

A mild and affectionate wife in Lancaster, Pa., overheard an acquaintance remark that her husband was too fond of Loo. She waited up for him that night, and when he came home demanded to know if he had been spending his time again with Loo. The unsuspecting husband admitted that he had when without giving him time to explain she went for him with a fire-shovel. The husband does not exactly remember how the interview ended, but he never could convince his wife that Loo was a game of cards, and always plays euchre now, and gets home before ten o'clock.

"None knew him but to trust him, nor named him but to dun," is the pathetic sentence with which a Delaware merchant closes an advertisement for a missing customer.

### The Mother in Heaven.

In turning over some old papers in a country attic some time since I came across the following sentiments, which, from some hints by the author accompanying, I think he intended eventually to put into verse. They struck me, even in prose, as expressing the cry from so many hearts, that I have ventured to copy them and send them to you, hoping you might think them a healthy relief from the absorbing political topics of the day, and give them a corner in your valuable paper:

"When the heart is oppressed with anxious cares, when the world looks cold and drear, when black disappointments hang heavy round our necks, and we hunger after a love that seems ever to recede, whither do our souls turn for succor? To that mother in heaven who never failed us while here.

"When our hearts ache to find ourselves no longer needed to partake in the pleasures of our children—scarcely welcome even to share in their sorrows; when cold duty takes the place of the heart's offerings in sickness or suffering, to whom do we cast our eyes upwards, thinking, oh, were she here, whom should we find ever at our side? Our mother in heaven.

"When those we love have gone astray, and language fails to express the bitter shame; when the little feet whose tottering steps we have upheld, or watched through the firmer strides of youth and manhood, have turned into devious paths, heedless of entreaty or prayer, whither do we turn, longing to rest our weary heads on the bosom that ever sustains the mother in heaven.

"When years have passed, and we are left alone, children gone, some separated by seas or mountains, others by the greater distance of coldness or forgetfulness, whose voice then comes back to us with the loving tones we vainly long to hear once more? The dear mother in heaven.

"Is not the wish wrung from us, that once again we were children to be clasped in that warm embrace? Do not the bitter tears come as we remember how un-mindful we were of the rich motherly blessings while we had them?

"Oh, ye, who still have mothers to feel for you in your sorrows, remember, however your hearts may change, their's never do; the mother's heart is the one thing that never grows old. Amid the traits that must be our portion in this world, a good Being has lent to all one blessing—one love purer than all others. Happy are those who, with anguish and remorse, do not have to say, it is our mother in heaven."—*Ex.*

### The Wealth of the State.

The *Era* says:—The town property of the State is valued at \$13,855,078.

There are 25,502,707 acres of land in North Carolina, and its assessed valuation is \$70,182,370.

There were in North Carolina in 1870, 229,789 persons over ten years of age who could not read.

The census of 1870 shows that we had in North Carolina at that time only 3,029 persons of foreign birth.

The population of North Carolina in 1870 was 1,071,361, or 678,470 whites, 391,650 colored.

The aggregate value of the farming utensils, money on hand, solvent credits, &c., listed in North Carolina in 1872 was \$23,839,430.

The aggregate valuation of the land and town property of the State of North Carolina is put down at \$83,987,448.

In 1872, the number of persons listed for poll tax in North Carolina was 126,870. Of this number 85,223 were whites and 41,653 colored.

The aggregate value of the horses, mules, cattle and live stock owned in North Carolina in 1872 was \$16,994,578.

### The Modocs at their New Home.

The Modocs who recently played a leading part in our history have been almost forgotten by the public, but not by the ubiquitous "interviewer." One of the fraternity has taken the trouble to follow the tribe to their new home in the Quappaw Reservation, Indiana, and to make a visit. The war seems to have completely cowed them, and they are apparently resigned to their lot, such as it is. Scar-faced Charley and Bogus Charley, the first and second chiefs of this tribal remnant, are still in authority, and their commands are respected, but they no longer bear themselves with their former haughtiness. The males pass their time in drinking, smoking, shooting with the bow and arrow, playing ball, etc., evidently resolved to bestow no thought upon the morrow. Steamboat Frank has become literary in his tastes, and is actually making some progress in learning to read. But the squaws are less reconciled to the change. The eyes of the Princess Mary filled with tears when the name of Captain Jack was mentioned, while the widow of the departed chief still blackens her face and lives in seclusion. The land receives little attention from the tribe, though fences have been put up in several places.

### Woman's Sphere.

Her true and noblest sphere is that of wife and mother and mistress of the family; and it should be her first care to qualify herself for the faithful discharge of the peculiar and almost countless duties and responsibilities growing out of such high and holy relations. But is none the less her privilege and her duty to improve every talent committed to her keeping; and for that purpose she should devote whatsoever time she may have at her disposal, wasting none of it in those fashionable follies which dwarf so many hearts, destroy the peace of so many families, and which so often blast body and reputation and soul.

The woman to whom Providence has not committed the care of a family, the training of immortal minds and souls in the domestic circle, is surrounded perhaps by greater dangers, and should the more diligently cultivate her gifts, applying herself to some literary or scientific pursuit, or to some calling in which she can do the greatest amount of good under the guiding hand of God.—*Home and School*.

### I'm still a Friend to You.

Ah! years have come and gone, dear Tom,  
The past seems like a dream,  
Since you and I together met,  
Down by the winding stream;  
When hand in hand we promised,  
Tom,  
To each we would be true;  
Old Time has made no change in me,  
I'm still a friend to you—

How often have I wept dear Tom,  
When thinking o'er the joys,  
The happy scenes of long ago,  
When you and I were boys;  
But now I'm told you're very poor,  
And your days in life are few,  
It gives me joy to meet you, Tom—  
I'm still a friend to you.

Old friendship often withers, Tom,  
Whene'er a man grows poor,  
The rich and proud forget "old friends,"  
And know them then no more;  
But keep that honest heart of yours,  
We'll make o'd friendship new;  
I care not what the world may say,  
I'm still a friend to you.

CHORUS.  
I'm still a friend to you, dear Tom,  
Alas! there are but few  
Have ever been as true and kind  
As I have been to you.

### Go on.

A man must not yield to despondency, nor sit down inactive, despairing, because he is in darkness. Some times a few steps onward or upward are all that are needed, and he, for want even of that activity, may remain all his life beneath the cloud. Perhaps you have been ascending a mountain with the mist so thick before you that at a few feet from you not an object was visible, and so wet that it was like a dripping rain. Timidity and despondency say in such a case, you had better turn back, at any rate lie by in the first shelter. But perhaps you will find a clear sky with a little more travel upward. Courage and hopes, Go on! Faith says, Go on! higher up you find light. So you go on, and at length, unexpectedly, at one single step, you emerge into clear sunshine. Then all your trouble is forgotten. How glad you are that you persevered, that you did not turn back; you would have lost this glorious, sight, magnificent prospect, this peculiarity of glory, which you could have enjoyed only under these very circumstances of preceding mist and gloom. You would have lost this sight of the clouds under you, and the atmosphere resting upon them as on a sea of chaledony, smooth, soft, undulating, and the summits of the mountains all around glittering with ice and snow. And you would have lost the glory of the breaking up and trooping away of these cloud congregations, as the departure of an army with banners, and the revelation of the unveiled world as a new creation.—*Land and Law Advisor*.