

The Rutherford Star AND WEST-CAROLINA RECORD.

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

VOL. VII.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., AUGUST 15, 1874.

NO. 27.

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Office, his professional services to the citizens of Rutherford and vicinity.
All cases entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.
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RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

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Objectionable advertisements, such as will injure our readers, or the character of the paper, as a high-toned journal, will not be inserted.

Any further information will be given on application to the publishers.

Written for the Star & Record.

An Elegy.

(Tom enters with sad news.)

"Must I skin him?" said Tom to the man well read,
"Skin what you dunce?"
"Your horse."

"Alive?"
"No; that could not be, your horse is dead."

"Hush then villian! hush, and do not aggravate,
Hush! and give me time to meditate."

(Mr. C. meditating.)

"And can it be? Oh! say not so,
That poor old Charlie's dead.
He carried me about when I wanted to go,
And carried me without a dread.

And who told Tom, that the sand
Of poor Charlie's life was out,
Burnett? Yes, Burnett is an "honor-able man."
And the fact is true no doubt.

Then lament in rhyme lament in prose
For the poor old horse's fate.
Lend me a tear for no one knows,
How much I prized his pate.

All the men in town, of course will come round
And all will know what ailed him,
Each man will a different disease propound.
But I guess 'twas his breath that failed him.

(Mr. C. directs Tom.)

"Then I will say don't skin him Tom,
But lay him low to rest.
For if there's a spirit land for such,
I know he's one of the blest.

Then Tom, lay him low as I said be fore,
Be sure and mark well the spot,
For the good he has done, in days of yore,
Let his old bones rest, disturb them not.

EPITAPH.
Poor Charlie's well worn clay here lies,
His silent dust do not provoke,
This gallant steed I highly prized.
For carrying me to Polk."

Leisure Moments.

On the contrary—Riding on a mule.

A week conclusion—Saturday night.

To remove stains from character—get rich.

Patience is a flower that grows not in every one's garden.

Why is grass like a pen knife? Because the spring brings out the blade.

There are said to be more drinking saloons than schools in the United States.

The Angel Turned Demon.

Many years ago a celebrated Italian artist was walking along in the streets of his native city, perplexed and desponding in consequence of some irritating circumstances of misfortune, when he beheld a little boy of such surprising and surpassing beauty, that he forgot his own trouble and gloom in looking upon the almost angel face before him.

"That face I must have," said the artist, "for my studio. Will you come to my room and sit for a picture, my little man?"

The boy was glad to go and see the pictures and curious things in the artist's room; and he was still more pleased when he saw what seemed to be another boy that looked just like himself smiling from the artist's canvas.

The artist took great pleasure in looking at that sweet face. When he was troubled, irritated, or perplexed, he lifted his eyes to that lovely image on the wall, and its beautiful features and expression calmed his heart and made him happy again. Many a visitor at his studio wished to purchase that beautiful face; but though poor, and often in need of money to purchase food and clothes, he would not sell his good angel, as he called this portrait.

So the years went on. Often-times as he looked at the face on glowing canvas, he wondered what had become of the boy.

"How I should like to see how he looks now? I wonder if I should know him? Is he a good man and true, or wicked and abandoned? Or has he died and gone to a better land?"

One day the artist was strolling down one of the fine walks of the city, when he beheld a man whose face and mein were so vicious, so almost fiend-like, that he involuntarily stopped and gazed at him.

"What a spectacle! I should like to paint that figure and hang it in my studio opposite the angel boy," said the artist, to himself.

The young man asked the painter for alms, for he was a beggar as well as a thief.

"Come to my room and let me paint your portrait, and I will give you all you ask," said the artist.

The young man followed the painter for a sketch. When it was finished, and he had received a few coins for his trouble, he turned to go; but his eyes rested on the picture of the boy; he looked at it, turned pale and burst into tears.

"What troubles you, young man?" said the painter. It was long before the young man could speak; he sobbed aloud and seemed pierced with agony.

At last he pointed up to the picture on the wall, and with broken tones that seemed to come from a broken heart, said:

"Twenty years ago you asked me to sit for a picture, and that angel face is the portrait. Behold me now a ruined man; so bloated, so hideous that women and children turn away their faces from me; so fiend-like that you want my picture to show how ugly a man can look, I see now what vice and crime have done for me."

The artist was amazed. He could scarcely believe his own eyes and ears.

"How did this happen?" he asked. The young man told his sad and dreadful story; how being an only son and very beautiful, his parents petted and spoiled; how he went with bad boys and learned all their bad habits and vices, and came to love them; how, having plenty of money, he was enticed to wicked places until all was lost; and then unable to work and ashamed to beg, he began to steal, and was caught and imprisoned with the worst criminals; came out more depraved to commit worse crimes than before; how every bad deed he performed seemed to drive him to commit a worse one till it seemed to him that he could not stop

till it brought him to the gallows.

It was a fearful tale, and brought tears to the artist's eyes. He besought the young man to stop, offered to help him, and tried to save him. But alas! it was too late. Disease, contracted by dissipation, soon prostrated the young man, and he died before he could reform. The painter hung his portrait opposite that of the beautiful boy; and when visitors asked him why he allowed such a hideous looking face to be there, he told them the story, saying as he closed:

"Between the angel and the demon there is only twenty years of vice."

The lesson of this tale is the tale itself. You who read it can tell what it is. Think of it often and heed it always.

The Power of Mind Over Body

The secretions are arrested or made active by nerve influence. Nursing mothers who give way to anger or other emotions poison their own milk, whereby the infant's heat is often injured for life, if he be not killed outright. The bowels are purged by bread pills (as was Nicholas) provided people are told they are to be purged; eighty out of one hundred hospital patients have been vomited by a neutral remedy, when told "there had been a mistake made and they had all taken emetics." Much sea-sickness would be avoided if people could be made to believe they were not going to have it. The stigmata, or marks of the nails on the Savior's hands and feet, have been plainly seen to appear on the corresponding portions of the bodies of certain of his more devout followers, among whom St. Francis of Assisi must be specially named. Yet ought we not to lose from our sight the possibility that these occurrences, however unquestionable they may be, are yet simply owing to an action of the imagination, whereof a notable instance is related upon authority of great weight: A mother saw a window-sash descend with violence upon little child's fingers, whereupon she herself was instantly seized with extreme pains in her fingers, which did afterward swell and inflame in such a manner that she was long in being cured. The fakirs of India are sometimes able to divest themselves of the signs of life—respiration and circulation being stopped and bodily temperature lowered—for months continually.

The pain of toothache vanishes at sight of a dentist's chair: neuralgia once disappeared as the lecturer was about to enter on an operation for its relief; most functional, and even some organic affections (as dropsy) may be cured by giving a patient the idea he is to be cured; and the well attested list of modern miracles is in the same category of fact.—Dr. Brown Sequard.

Sham Jewels

Jewels viewed in a natural, and jewels viewed in an artificial light, are like certain sorts of beauty not to be compared. There is a fluid radiance in them which wanes refraction; the former take it from the sun, the latter from the chandelier. In the case of the peerless stone, however, the diamond, the object of the splendid illusion is to produce a perfectly colorless substance, thoroughly lucid, and capable of reflecting all lights. To this pebble—for it is nothing more—have been attributed many virtues; but it can be fabricated by science with a very near approach to reality. First, it is necessary to dissolve a charcoal. Then follow processes requiring crystallization—a mingling of pure water, a little carbonate of sulphur, and certain proportions of figures so alluringly in the shop windows of the Palais Royal. Let us turn to the sapphire, the next esteemed among

precious stones, even above the emerald and the ruby. It is a product of the East, though found, of inferior quality, in Bohemia, Saxony, and France among rocks of the secondary period. There are white sapphires, occasionally mistaken for diamond; crimson or carmine, resplendent beyond description; vermilion, and topaz-tinted. Indeed, we may assign rank to the emerald as daughter of the sapphire. Do you covet them in order to beam with borrowed lustre at a ball? Take, as the cookery-books say, one ounce of paste, mix with two grains of precipitated oxide of cobalt, and there you have the colored and glowing necklet, which none except a jeweller can detect. Supposing, however, that you desire ear-rings of chrysoberyl, or chrysolite—or *cymophane*, as the French term it, which means "floating light"—the trifle is exceedingly pretty, with its surface of asparagus green and its heart of radiating fire. Yet it is to be emulated by a combination of aluminium, silica, oxide of iron, and lime. Coming to the splendid gem, the ruby, whether of Brazil, Barbary, or Bohemia, with its cherry or purple red, varied by opalescent or milky aspects, there are various methods of rivaling it—with litharge and calcined shells; with paste, antimony, glass and purple of Cassius; with white sand, washed in hydrochloric acid, minium, calcined potash, calcined borax, and oxide of silver stirred in a crucible.—But care must be taken, lest through an imprudent admixture, your fictitious ruby should suggest the idea of a garnet, which is a poor and unrecognizable relation.

Sleeping in a Cold Room.

Hall's *Journal of Health* says that cold bed-chambers always imperil health and invite fatal diseases. Robust persons may safely sleep in a temperature of forty or under, but the old, the infant and the frail should never sleep in a room where the atmosphere is much under fifty degrees Fahrenheit.

All know the danger of going direct into the cold from a very warm room. Very few rooms, churches, theatres, and the like, are even warmer than seventy degrees. If it is freezing out of doors it is thirty degrees—the difference being forty degrees additional. Persons will be chilled by such a change in ten minutes, although they may be actively walking.

But to lie still in bed, nothing to promote the circulation, and breathe for hours an atmosphere of forty and even fifty degrees, when the lungs are always at ninety-eight, is too great a change. Many persons wake up in the morning with inflammation of the lungs who went to bed well, and are surprised that this should be so. The cause may often be found in sleeping in a room the window of which had been foolishly raised for ventilation. The water-cure journals of the country have done an incalculable injury by the blind and indiscriminate advices of hoisting the window at night.

The rule should be everywhere during the part of the year when fires are kept burning, to avoid raising outside windows. It is safer and better to leave the chamber door open, as also the fireplace—then there is a draft up the chimney, while the room is not so likely to become cold. If there is some fire in the room all the night the window may be opened an inch. It is safer to sleep in bad air all night with a temperature over fifty, than in pure air with a temperature under forty. The bad air may sicken you, but cannot kill you; the cold air can and does kill very often.

Swearing.

One of the saddest of sounds is that of a human being swearing. What is the meaning of such nonsense as well as wickedness? What good ever came of it? and how much it has caused the world to suffer.

If I ever wish I had no ears, it is when I hear a boy swearing. Who made you? Who keeps you alive? Who gave you a tongue? Who clothes and feeds you? Who put a soul in your body? Who sent His Son to be your Friend and Savior? Who opens heaven to you? Whose earth do you live on? Whose sky is over your head? Whose sun shines upon you? Whose Sabbath do you rest on? All the answers will be, God. Is he not great and good? Should you not love him, and mind him and enjoy him?

Yet what does the swearer do? He takes God's name in vain. He uses it upon a thoughtless and wicked tongue. Did God foresee there would be swearers? and did he make any laws against swearers? Yes: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain;" that is, God will hold him guilty who takes his name in vain.

Whose fault is it? Ah, my child, if the Sabbath school is not making you a better boy or a better girl, there is a terrible fault somewhere. God gives you precious opportunities for learning his will and walking in his way, and if you lose these opportunities you will find out by and by it is a heavy loss.

The Influence of Newspapers.

The Boston *Traveler* states that a school teacher who had enjoyed the benefit of a long practice of his profession, and had watched closely the influence of a newspaper upon the minds of a family of children, gives as a result of his observation that without exception those scholars of both sexes and all ages who have access to newspapers at home, when compared with those who have not, are: 1. Better readers, excelling in pronunciation, and consequently read more understandingly. 2. They are better spellers, and define words with care and accuracy. 3. They obtain a partial knowledge of geography in almost half the time it requires others, as the newspaper has made them familiar with the location of important places and nations, their governments and doings. 4. They are better grammarians, for having become familiar with every variety of style in the newspaper, from commonplace advertisements to the finished and classical oration of the statesman, they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text, and consequently analyze its contents with accuracy.

A speculative Scotch gentleman, wishing to dispose of some bees, to attract purchasers, printed the following placard: "Extensive sale of live stock, comprising not less than one hundred and forty thousand head, with an unlimited right of pasture." The ingenious trick succeeded in winning admiration, for his stock brought high prices.

"After several years of reflection, I have come to the conclusion that the three most difficult things in life are: 1st. Carryin an armful uv live eels up a steep hill without spillin an eel. 2d. Aktin as a referee at a dog fight without gettin mad. 3d. Editin a newspaper."

An engineer shouted to a crowd of rusties, who had gathered to see the first train of cars come in. "Put down your umbrellas! you'll scare the engine off the track!" The umbrellas were lowered at once.

Schoolmistress: "Johnny, I'm ashamed of you. When I was your age I could read as well as I do now." Johnny: "Aw, but you'd a different teacher to what we've got."

The *Courier-Journal* notes that the protestants appear to be making headway in Mexico. Five years ago they had less than six churches there, and they now have ninety-eight.