

The Rutherford Star AND WEST-CAROLINA RECORD.

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

VOL. VII.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., AUGUST 22, 1874.

NO. 28.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. W. HARRIS, M. D.
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

OLIVER HICKS, M. D.
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Continues the practice of Medicine, Surgery and Midwifery, in Rutherford and the surrounding country. 50-ly.

J. S. GATHEHER,
GATHIER & BYNUM,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
MORGANTON, N. C.
Practice in the Federal Courts, Supreme Court of North Carolina, and in the Counties of Catawba, Caldwell, Rutherford, McDowell, Henderson, Mitchell and Yancey.
Collections made in any part of the State. 38-ly.

W. H. COX,
SURGEON
AND
MECHANICAL
Dentist.
38-ly RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

DR. J. A. HAGUE,
Physician and Surgeon.
Having located at Rutherford, N. C., respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of the Village and surrounding country, and hopes to merit a part of their patronage. 38-ly.

DR. J. L. RUCKER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Grateful for the liberal patronage heretofore received, hopes, by prompt attention to all calls, to merit a continuance of the same. 3-11

J. B. CARPENTER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Collections promptly attended to. 14

M. H. JUSTICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Will practice in the Superior Courts of the 8th and 11th Judicial Districts, in the Supreme Court of North Carolina, and in the Federal Courts, at Statesville and Asheville. 6-11

HOTELS.

CHIMNEY ROCK HOTEL.
The undersigned having taken full control of this old and favorably known House, on the Hickory Nut Gap Turnpike, 17 miles west of Rutherford and 23 miles east of Asheville, respectfully notifies pleasure seekers and the travelling public that he is fully prepared to accommodate them. It is needless any to state that this place is in the midst of the finest scenery in Western North Carolina, and persons desiring either health or pleasure, will find no better place to while away the summer months. My terms shall be reasonable, and no pains will be spared to make guests comfortable. Give me a call. 16-11

J. M. JUSTICE.
CHARLOTTE HOTEL,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
W. M. Matthews & Son. 38-11

THE BURNETT HOUSE,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Is open for the accommodation of the travelling public, and with good fare, attentive servants, and good stables and feed for horses, the proprietor asks a share of patronage. 11-ly

BUSINESS CARDS.

R. M. ROBINSON,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,
Main St., Opposite the Burnett House,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

All work cut and made warranted to fit. Cleaning and Repairing done at short notice. Latest Style Fashion Plates always on hand. Orders from a distance promptly attended to. 44-ly.

HIDES! HIDES!! HIDES!!!
The highest market prices paid for Green and Dry Hides. 28-11

D. MAY & CO.
WESTERN STAR LODGE
No. 91, A. F. M.
Meets regularly on the 1st Monday Night in each month. Tuesdays of Superior Courts, and on the Festivals of the S. J. O. G. M. W. H. S. Sec.

STAR AND RECORD,
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT \$2 PER YEAR,
CLENDENIN & CARPENTER,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

STAR & RECORD.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

J. C. CLENDENIN, } PUBLISHERS.
J. B. CARPENTER, }

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
1 copy 1 year in advance, \$2.00
1 copy 6 months " 1.00
Single copy, .05
6 copies 1 year, 10.00
10 " " " 16.00
20 " " " 30.00

Specimen copies sent free.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
1w 2w 3w 1m 2m 3m 6m 1y
1 inch 1.00 1.50 2.00 2.50 4.00 5.50 9.00 16
2 inch 2.00 3.00 4.00 5.00 8.00 11.00 18.00 32
3 inch 3.00 4.50 6.00 7.50 12.00 16.50 27.00 48
4 inch 4.00 6.00 8.00 10.00 16.00 22.00 36.00 64
5 inch 5.00 7.50 10.00 12.50 20.00 27.50 45.00 80
1-2 col. 10.00 15.00 20.00 25.00 40.00 55.00 90.00 150
1 col. 20.00 30.00 40.00 50.00 80.00 110.00 180.00 320

Non-objectionable local notices 25 cents per line.

Advertisements are payable quarterly, in advance.

Agents procuring advertisements, will be allowed a reasonable commission.

Special arrangements, when electrotypes are furnished.

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.

The Power of Music.

THE MAN OF BUSINESS, RETURNING TO HIS MANSION, FINDETH HIS WIFE AT THE GRAND PIANOFORTE.

Sing to me, love, I need thy song,
I need that thou shouldst cheer me well.

For everything is going wrong,
And life appears an awful sell.
I've overdrawn my banker's book,
I'm teased for loans by brother John;

Last night our clerk eloped and took
Two thousand pounds—sing on—sing on.

My partner proves a man of straw,
And straw, alas! I dare not thrash;

My mortgagee has gone to law,
And swears he'll have his pound of flesh.

My nephew's nose has just been split
In some mad student fight at Bonn;

My tailor serves me with a writ
For three years' bills—sing on—sing on.

My doctor says I must not think,
But go and spend a month at Ems;

My coachman overcome by drink,
Near Barnes, upset me in the Thames.

My finest horse is ruined quite,
And hath no leg to stand upon;

The other's knees are such a sight
He'll never sell—sing on—sing on.

My love, no tears? I'll touch thee now:
Thy varrot in our pond is drowned.

Thy lap dog met a furious cow,
Whose horn hath saved thee many a pound;

Thy son from Cambridge must retire
For tying cracker's to a don;

Thy country house last night took fire—
It's down, sweet love—sing on—sing on.

—Punch.

His Name.

The following colloquy took place at an Eastern post office: "I say, Mr. Postmaster, is there a letter for me?" "Who are you, my good sir?" "I'm meself; that's who I am." "Well, what is your name?" "An' what do you want wid the name? Isn't it on the litter?" "I want to find the letter, if there is one." "Well, Pat Byrne, thin, if ye must have it." "No, sir, there is none for Pat Byrne." "Is there no way to get in there but through this pane of glass?" "No, sir." "It's well for ye there isn't. I'd teach ye better manners than to insist on a gentleman's name. But ye didn't git it, after all, so I'm even wid ye;orra a bit is me name Byrne."

From the Raleigh Crescent. Autobiography of a Cotton Bale.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

I was raised in Wake county, North Carolina, by a farmer of moderate means. At an early age I learned from a conversation between the farmer and a neighbor that I and the land on which I was raised were mortgaged to a Baltimore firm, who had furnished fertilizers for the soil, and also to a Raleigh merchant who had sold supplies of Western bacon and corn for the support of the field hands, and Northern hay and oats for the mules. The farmer complained that necessity had forced him to pay a very high rate of interest for the use of the capital invested in the above mentioned fertilizers and farm supplies and that he had in addition to pay a heavy fee for drawing and recording the mortgage securing the commission merchants.

I noticed that the mules on the farm were poorly fed and that as they passed the lot gate they eagerly nipped a few bunches of luxuriant clover which had sprung up from seeds dropped out of the Northern oats. The farmer said, as the mules passed on, "I would sov an acre in clover, but I need all my best land for cotton."

I have nothing very remarkable to tell you concerning my youthful days. I observed that the hands employed in the field were poorly clad. Most of them wore coarse, cheap Northern made clothes, shoes and hats, and from their rude talk I found that they had very little education. The wives and children of these farm laborers frequently came to field, and I saw that the women wore Northern calico dresses and that the children were growing up in ignorance.

After being picked and packed I was taken to Raleigh. The commission merchant said to the farmer: "Cotton is flat to-day, but we expect it will go up soon." The farmer sighed and replied: "Well," I guess I went into a large new brick store, and accidentally heard the merchant say to the clerk: "Insure this bale of cotton and charge Mr. A. with insurance and storage." I remained shut up for some time when the farmer came in one day and the merchant said to him: "Cotton is no better, but I am compelled to have some money. I will ship your bale to Baltimore and do the best I can with it."

A dray soon came up, and as I was hoisted into it, the merchant said: "Have this bale insured and directed to W. & H., Baltimore. They will pay the freight and insurance."

I was hurried over the railroads to Norfolk and thence by steamer to Baltimore. I was then stored for some time, when I was sold to an agent of a Rhode Island manufacture. As I passed out I heard the merchant calculating how much was due him as storage and commission on my sale. My purchaser was also busy in getting out his insurance on me and arranging to pay freight on me to Rhode Island.

Nothing occurred on the route to my destination worthy of remark. When I arrived at the factory, I found several thousand friends raised in North Carolina. I noticed the women and children seemed cheerful, but none of them wore Southern made shoes or Southern made clothes, or ate Southern bacon. The dray horses were well kept, but did not eat Southern hay or oats. The owner of the factory, they said, was very rich, and had made his fortune manufacturing cotton cloth for the New York market.

I was hurried through the factory and came out a bolt of nice, smooth cloth. I was hurried into a bale of cloth for a New York wholesale house, and as I went out overheard a conversation of the owner of the mill. He said

he was realizing handsome profits from his factory, and besides he was giving employment to a hundred families, and was one of the largest tax-payers in the State.

I then went to New York to the establishment of one of the merchant princes, and was delighted to hear him say to a clerk, "send this bale to Messrs. Tucker, Raleigh." As I had passed over the route before, it was not new to me and I arrived safely in Raleigh in less than a week. By chance was put on the bottom of a large pile of cloth, and having nothing else to do, I entered into a little calculation. It was as follows:

I have changed hands often. First the Raleigh merchant realized his profit and storage. Then the insurance agent. Then the Railroads got their freights. Then the steamer got their freight. The Baltimore merchant got his storage and commissions. Then the Northern Insurance agent got his per cent. Then the manufacturer got his profits. The New York wholesale merchant got his per cent. Then the railroads and steamers got their return freight and the insurance man got another per cent. Messrs. Tucker must have a per cent, and—

Here a clerk reached down and pulled me out with a jerk, and lo and behold! my old master, the man who raised me, said he would take me, "that he wanted some *norward!* homespun," and I was bundled and am now at my old home in Wake, expecting shortly to be cut up.

CHAPTER II.

I believe when Mr. Tucker's clerk broke the thread of my discourse, I was making a calculation. I had told how the following persons realized profits on me:

1. The Raleigh Cotton Factor.
2. The Railroads and Steam Lines.
3. The Insurance Agents.
4. The Baltimore Merchant.
5. The Northern Railroads.
6. The Northern Insurance Companies.
7. The Manufacturer.
8. The Wholesale Merchant.
9. The railroads on return freight.
10. The insurance men on return risks.
11. The retail dealer.

These parties all show a deep interest in me, and I wish to say I entertain no unkind feelings towards any of them. The profits they realized from me were legitimate and proper. But, I feel very kindly for the man who raised me, and when I considered that he paid all these accumulated profits, added to the original cost, I did not wonder that he dressed poorly and was hard pressed to support his family. I have traveled around and listened to calculating men talk, and I intend to whisper a word to him through the Crescent. What I want to say is:

Raise your own hogs. Don't buy Western bacon at a high price when cotton is liable to be at a low price! Sow an acre or two in clover. It will save corn and enable you to feed your teams better, and will cost you less than Northern oats and hay. It will enable you to feed your cows better, and they will give more and better milk. Your calves will grow larger and make finer cattle. Raise your own corn and wheat. Don't plant all cotton. Don't plant all cotton. If your land is poor, sow peas and improve it. Save all your barn-yard manure, compost your vegetable mould, and don't buy worthless fertilizers.

And when I get through whispering to the farmer, I want to say a word to capitalists.

Cotton must be raised in the South. There will always be a demand for the manufactured article. We have water-powers in abundance. If Northern manufacturers can pay transportation and insurance on the raw material, and manufacture it on the

frozen streams of New England, and realize handsome profits, why cannot the Southern manufacturer, who can purchase it at his door without freight and insurance charges, compete successfully with the Northern manufacturer? Our water-powers are as good; streams are seldom frozen; our climate is better; we can work more days in the year; labor can be had as cheap. Besides making large profits on the capital invested, you will give employment to our poor women and children, and the cost of manufacturing, instead of enriching men a thousand miles away, will be spent with our own merchants and tradesmen, and thus improve the condition of our own State.

I do not wish to be misunderstood. I do not desire North Carolinians to invest their capital in factories because I entertain an unkind feeling for Northern people. I have had enough of sectionalism. I was once known as King Cotton, but my crown, if not entirely ruined, is badly damaged by sectional difficulties. I only mention the North because most of our staple is manufactured there. I wish to see all our people, North and South, prosper, but I can see nothing like prosperity for the South—for North Carolina—until her people learn to raise their own food, manufacture their own staple, manufacture their own utensils, and give employment to their own mechanics.

The Scientific Outlook.

Wendell Phillips said in a recent speech that the time was coming when we might communicate instantly with San Francisco without either wire or operator. The audience laughed at him.

Perhaps his statement is not so extravagant as it seemed. Had the ordinary work now done by the magnetic telegraph been predicted forty years ago it would have been received with the same incredulity. The truth is that science, like politics and love, always develops in unexpected directions. No sooner are men fixed in their scientific opinions than some startling discovery reveals their ignorance and shows the world that all things are possible under the sun. Ever since the invention of the use of steam men have agreed that only hot vapor had the power; but quite recently a Philadelphia machinist exhibited an iron globe no larger than a gallon jug, full of cold vapor, showing a pressure of twenty thousand pounds to the square inch, and neither time nor temperature diminished its tremendous power. The discovery is said to have been accidental. The inventor was experimenting with an engine run by compressed air and a vacuum, when to his profound astonishment he stumbled on the cold vapor secret; and it was some time before he could make a gauge strong enough to test its power. Until then he had not imagined such a discovery possible.

Nature seems to coquet with the inquiring intellect of man until he is sure of some great secret, when she confounds him with disappointment; but in his less inquisitive moments she reveals what he never dreamed of. Modern science is a paradox. Water which was always considered the most incombustible matter in nature, produces the greatest heat known. Watch springs burn like pitch. The chemist prepares delicate muslin so that it can be cleansed with fire. Arsenic is prescribed for dangerous diseases. Frozen feet are saved by plunging them into snow. Children are told to keep away from iron during thunderstorms, yet hardware stores are never struck by lightning. Persons suffering with hydrophobia go into convulsions at the sight of water. A French physician, however, has cured fifty cases of this awful malady with hot baths. An editor of a New York newspaper lost his sight

until a surgeon put a knife into his eyeballs, whereupon one man recovered and went about his work.

The wildest imagination is unable to predict the discoveries of the future. For all we know families in the next century may pump fuel from the river and illuminate their houses with ice and electricity. Iron vessels, properly magnetized, may sail through the air like balloons, and a trip to the Rocky Mountains may be made in an hour. Perhaps within fifty years American grain will be shot into Liverpool and Calcutta through iron pipes laid under the sea. By means of condensed air and cold vapor engines excursion parties may travel along the floor of the ocean, sail past ancient wrecks and mountains of coral. On land the intelligent farmer may turn the soil of a thousand acres in a day, while his son cuts wood with a platinum wire and shells corn by electricity. The matter now contained in a New York daily may be produced ten thousand times a minute, on little scraps of paste-board, by improved photography; and boys may sell the news of the world printed on visiting cards, which their customers will read through artificial eyes. Five hundred years hence a musician may play a piano in New York connected with instruments in San Francisco, Chicago, Cincinnati, New Orleans and other cities, which will be listened to by half a million of people. A speech delivered in New York will be heard instantly in the halls of those cities, and when fashionable audiences in San Francisco go to hear some renowned singer she will be performing in New York or Philadelphia.

In the year 1900 man may put on his inflated overcoat, with a pair of light steering wings fastened to his arms, and go to Newark and back in an hour. All the great battles will be fought in the air. Patent thunderbolts will be used instead of cannon. A boy in Hoboken will go to Canada in the family air carriage to see his sweetheart, and the next day his father will chasten him with a magnetic rebuker because he did not return before midnight. The time is coming when the Herald will send a reporter to see a man reduce one of the Rocky Mountains to powder in half a day. Skillful miners will extract gold from quartz easily as cider is squeezed from apples. A compound telescope will be invented on entirely new principles, so that one may see the planets as distinctly as we now see Statu Island. Microscopes will be made so powerful that a particle of dust on a gnat's back will appear larger than Pil'e's Peak. And marvellous progress will be made in psychological and mental sciences. Two men will sit in baths filled with chemical liquids. One of them may be in Denver and the other in Montreal. A pipe filled with the same liquid will connect the two vessels, and the fluid will be so sensitive that each man will know the other's thoughts. In these coming days our present mode of telegraphing be classed with the wooden ploughs of Egypt, and the people will look back to steamships and locomotives as we look back to sailboats and stage coaches.

The record of fatal sunstroke cases in the large Northern cities is increasing rapidly. It is seldom a case occurs in any of the Southern cities.

In Louisville a woman claims that her husband died of injuries received while being initiated into the Knights of Pythias, and wants \$100,000 damages.

In Memphis, Tenn., on the 1st instant, M. D. Welch, a well-known attorney, was shot by B. B. Barnes, also an attorney, and probably fatally wounded.