

The Rutherford Star

AND WEST-CAROLINA RECORD.

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

VOL. VII.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., SEPTEMBER 26, 1874.

NO. 33.

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Thine Own.

[The following beautiful and touching verses are by a New Orleans lady, written as a farewell to her husband, during her illness and in prospect of an early departure to the better land.]

Call me no more thine own—the summer hours,
So loved by me, shall never come again,
I scarce shall look upon the Spring's pale flowers,
And in this life of weariness and pain,
Shall be no more thine own.

The Spring shall wake fresh verdure in the vale;
Freed from gray Winter blue shall glow the sky,
But ere the sweet-breathed violets grow pale,
This fading form low in the dust shall lie,
And be no more thine own.

The shadow of the parting hour is nigh—
It falls, dear one, upon my heart and time;
Alas! to leave thee when life's morning hour
Is golden o'er by love almost divine—
To be no more thine own.

I soon shall leave thee! thou, beloved, wilt feel
A gloomy shadow o'er thy path way thrown;
And all too soon the truth will o'er thee steal
That in this dreary world thou art alone,
And I no more thine own.

No more thine own! To wake for thee, at eve,
The chords of music sweetest to thine ear;
To love thee still alike through joy or grief,
To be thy truest friend, of all most dear,
But not on earth thine own.

On these near hills, whose beauty never fades,
My lingering feet shall rest. Oh, do not weep!
Thou too shalt dwell where sorrow ne'er invades
With Him who giveth his beloved sleep—
And I shall be thine own.

CHARLESTON, S. C., September 13.—The Republican convention nominated D. H. Chamberlain for Governor; R. H. Gleaves, the present incumbent, for Lieutenant Governor; R. B. Elliott, chairman of the Executive Committee.

The amount realized from the California wheat crop last year, was \$40,000,000.

Coming to New York.

Among the hundreds of young men who visit our office from time to time for advice and assistance, there are many sad cases. Among these are those who have come to the city on false representations, expecting to step into business at once, and rise with great rapidity. They have met the traveling agents of New York houses, and bright and free from care, and full of knowledge of many worldly things, and so well acquainted with "Stewart" and "Vanderbilt" and "Astor," that the simple young man in the country has seen all city life in dreams that lay in the color of the rose. They do not know that those quickwitted young men are putting all they have in their clothes, that in the city they live in very obscure quarters, or if they have a little room in a great hotel, that they have to work for their "houses" in those hotels in labor often more humiliating than waiting on the table, and more laborious than carrying baggage.

Sometimes there is sheer deception. We have had several cases from the South where women, as well as men, have been brought to New York by glowing descriptions of the openings here and the demand for workers, by those who knew better. They had sold out their little stock at home and surrendered their position to try their fortunes in the great city. They had barely enough to bring them to New York, and landing almost penniless, and not having learned the small economies of a new place, they were soon absolutely destitute and spiritless, and found had to be obtained to return them to their homes.

A few days ago we had such a case in hand. That young man was a printer. He had a place at home in which he could make a subsistence. A young friend in this city wrote him a glowing letter, describing the advantages of New York, the high pay, and all that kind of thing; together with promises of doing everything for him if he would come on. He sold what he had and came. He presented himself at the office where his friend was working at a case. It was a startling apparition to that friend. He did not think his correspondent would have taken his letter so seriously. "It was all a joke," he said. He received barely wages enough to keep himself from starvation. He could not help his friend. After that friend had suffered much in flesh and spirit, a passage was secured for him on a steamer, and was sent back.

The fact is there is no place like a great city in which to achieve a great success, but unless a man have some money or much brain and great tact the city will crush him to death. The vast city is attractive. People flock from all quarters. There are ten applicants for every place. There are at least 15,000 adults in New York between whom and starvation there intervenes only the helping hand of public and private charity. These people can afford to work for almost nothing. There are boys here whose parents never support them, and are willing that they shall work for a dollar a week rather than do nothing. Strangers must compete with them. Advertise that you want a clerk for \$10 a week, and the police will be compelled to guard your door from the throng that will come sweeping up at the hour. Advertise for a boy, and men will come in platoons, sometimes gray-headed men.

There is room enough in New York for men who can hold it, but a man must come prepared to hold his position a long time without help. A great city is great soil to a man who has so much sap that he can live on his sap through a long drought. But it is a dreadful place to drudge in. Men work for years and do

not rise an inch, and then if hard times come and they are thrown out, there is nothing for them.

If you can get the use of a blind mule and two acres of land, do not come to New York. Do not come without money to bring you and carry you home, and keep you until you go home. If then you have a trade or profession, you may succeed. It is no joke to be thrown penniless on a vast city.—*The Christian Age.*

The Way to do it.

PRIVATE ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Don't be too sudden about it. Many a girl has said "no," when she meant "yes," simply because her lover didn't choose the right time and pop the question gentle.

Take a dark night for it. Have the blinds closed, the curtains down, and the lamp turned most out. Sit near enough to her so that you can hook your little finger into hers. Wait until conversation begins to flag, and then quietly remark:

"Susie, I want to ask you something."

She will fidget around a little, reply "yes," and after a pause you can add:

"Susie, my actions must have shown—that is, you must have seen—I mean you must be aware that—that—"

Pause here for a while, but keep your little finger firmly locked. She may cough and try to turn the subject off by asking you how you liked the circus, but she only does it to encourage you. After about ten minutes you can continue:

"I was thinking as I came up the path, to night, that before I went away I would ask you—that is, I would broach the subject nearest my—I mean I would know my—"

Stop again and give her hand a gentle squeeze. She may give a yank to get it away, or she may not; in either case it argues well for you. Wait about five minutes and then go on:

"The past year has been a very happy one to me. But I hope that future years will be still happier. However, that depends entirely on you. I am here to-night to know—that is, to ask you—I mean I am here to-night to hear from your own lips the one sweet—"

Wait again. It isn't best to be too rash about such things. Give her plenty of time to recover her composure, and then put your heart and continue:

"Yes, I thought as I was coming through the gate to-night how happy I had been, and I said to myself that if I only knew you would consent to be my—that is, I said if I only knew—If I was only certain that my heart had not deceived me and you were ready to share—"

Hold on—there's no hurry about it. Give the wind a chance to sob and moan around the gables. This will make her lonesome and call up all the love in her heart. When she begins to cough and grow restless, you can go on:

"Before I met you this world was a desert to me. I didn't take any pleasure in going blackberrying and stealing rare-ripe peaches, and it didn't matter whether the sun shone or not. But what a change in one short year! It is for you to say whether my future shall be a prairie of happiness or a summer fallow of Canada thistles. Speak, dearest Susie, and say—and say that—that—"

Give her five minutes more by the clock, and then add:

"That you will be—that is, that you will— I mean that you will be— be mine?"

She will heave a sigh, look up at the clock and over to the stove, and then as she slides her head over on your vest pocket, she will whisper:

"You are just right, I will."—*By M. Quad.*

Murmurs.

Some murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied;
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.
R. C. TRENCH.

An Unwelcome Bedfellow.

I wandered about the town the rest of the day watching the lazy negroes and did not return to my house till after dark.

I struck a match and set fire to a torch to go to bed by and casting my eye about to see if anything had been disturbed noticed something glittering and shining under my *ahoko* or low bamdoe bedside. I did not pay much attention to the subject, which did not seem important by the dim light of the torch, till just as I approached the bed to arrange it, I saw that the glitter was produced by the shining scales of an enormous serpent, which lay quietly coiled up there within two feet of me. My first motion was to retreat behind the door; then I betthought me to kill it.

But, unfortunately, my two guns were set against the wall, back of the bed, and the snake was between me and them. As I stood watching and thinking what to do, keeping the doorway *ahoko* in my eye for a possible retreat. I noticed that my visitor did not move, and finally mustered up courage to creep along the floor to the bedside and quickly grasp one gun. I placed the muzzle fairly against one of the coils of the serpent, fired, and then ran out. At the report there was an instant rush of negroes from all sides, eager to know what was the matter. They thought some one had shot a man and then ran into the house for concealment. Of course, they rushed in helter skelter and quick rushed out again finding a great snake writhing about the floor. Then I went in, cautiously to reconnoiter. Happily, my torch had kept alight and I saw the snake on the floor.

My shot had been so closely fired that it had cut the body fairly in two and both ends were now flopping about the floor. I gave the head some blows with a heavy stick and thus killed the animal, and then, to my surprise, it disgorged a duck which it had probably swallowed that afternoon and then sought shelter in my hut to digest it quietly. This pretty sleeping companion measured eighteen feet in length. I must confess that I dreamed more than once of serpents that night, for they are my horrors.—*Adventure in Africa.*

All About a Dun.

"I have a small bill against you," said a pernicious-looking collector, as he entered the store of one who had acquired the character of a hard customer.

"Yes, sir, a very fine day, indeed," was the reply.

"I am not speaking of the weather, but your bill," replied the collector in a loud key.

"It would be better if we had a little rain."

"Confound the rain," continued the collector, and, raising his voice, added, "have you the money to pay this bill?"

"Beg your pardon, I'm hard of hearing. I've made it a rule not to lend my funds to strangers, and I really don't recognize you."

"I'm collector for the Weekly

Gazette newspaper, sir, and I have a bill against you," persisted the collector, at the top of his voice, producing the bill, and thrusting it in the face of his debtor.

"I've determined to endorse bills for no one; you may put the bill back into your pocket-book; I really can't endorse it."

"Confound your endorsement. Will you pay it?"

"You'll pay it no doubt, sir, but there's always a risk about these matters, you know; so I must decline it."

"The Money must be mine to-day."

"Oh, yes, ninety days, but I would not endorse a bill for you at a week; so get out of my store. It is seldom that I am pressed upon for an endorsement, even by a friend; on the part of a stranger, sir, it is inexplicable. Do not force me to put you out; leave the premises."

The bill was returned to the *Gazette* office, endorsed: "So dreadfully deaf that he couldn't understand."

The Modocs and their new Home.

A correspondent recently visited the survivors of the Modoc tribe of Indians at their home in the Indian reservation at Southern Kansas. The Modocs now number, all told, 148. Of these less than fifty are men, all that remain of the little band that for so long a time kept six times their number at bay in the lava beds of Oregon last year. The chief of the tribe is now Bogus Charley, whose name will be remembered in connection with the war. Among other participants in that campaign whom the correspondent saw and with whom he shook hands were the "old familiar" Shack-Nasty Jim, Hooka Jim, and Scar-Faced Charley. The tribe live in tents, apparently preferring the open plain to the shelter of the woods. They are resigned to their fate, and while many of them speak English, the others are endeavoring to learn the language, so as to be able to communicate with their white neighbors.

The correspondent found them all comfortably dressed and adapting themselves, as far as was possible in their situation, to the ways of civilized life. Major Jones, who is in charge of the agency, lives with his family among the Modocs. Government provides partly for their subsistence, but clothing is furnished them by the Quakers and other charitable persons. The correspondent visited the widow and sister of Captain Jaek. The former, Lizzie, received him seated on her throne of skins and sticks, and the latter, Mary, a neatly-dressed and pleasant-looking woman, stood by. She looked at the visiting party, shook hands with them, and then sadly covered her face with her hands. Since the removal of the Modocs to their new home nine of the number have died, and four have been born. They express no desire to go back to their old lands around Lake Tula and Lost River, and say that they fought because they loved their hunting-grounds and the graves of their fathers, and there wanted to stay.