

The Rutherford Star

AND WEST-CAROLINA RECORD.

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

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RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., NOVEMBER 7, 1874.

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Brother Moody.

BY EDWARD EGLESTON.

Moody grew upon Chicago with every year he remained there. When he first threw up his place as clerk in a shoe store, at a salary of twelve hundred a year, and determined to "work for Jesus" and "live by faith," he was dubbed "Crazy Moody," and the name struck to him many years. But when the little class of rag-a-muffins in North Market Hall grew to the well-appointed Illinois Street Mission, and when the Christian Association, under his leadership, became one of the ruling powers, and when Farwell Hall rose the second time, Chicago began to appreciate him. He was "Crazy Moody" no longer. Chicago likes vitality. The newspapers promoted him to "Brother Moody," and the title adheres to him yet. A house was given him, rent free, his friends furnished it, and the most eminent artists painted his own and his wife's portraits for him.

Always proud of unique possessions, Chicago became boastful of Brother Moody, and ranked him with her elevators, her water-tunnel, her hotels that up on jackscrews, and her Robert Collyer. To this list of unique things she has since added the fire, and David Swing.

Moody's improvement in reputation was partly the offspring of a very genuine improvement in his methods. He was like almost all young men of real power, imitative at the start. He adopted from others, cant phrases and speeches. His catechisms always began with one question: "Are you a Christian?" He was once asked to take tea in a village in Michigan by a lady who was anxious that her husband, a leading lawyer, should be brought under Mr. Moody's influence.

Moody for Mr. Moody to assail suddenly a strange young man with this point-blank query. Of course he soon became noted for his zeal and eccentricity. A young man from the country, who had held a situation in the city for just three weeks, was thus accosted by him in the street: "Are you a Christian?" He replied, "It's none of your business."

"Yes it is," "Then you must be D. L. Moody," said the stranger. "Madam," said Moody to an Irish woman, "won't you go to church to-night?" "An' whose is it? Is it Moody's church?" "No, it's Gods church, but Moody goes there."

"Troth, thin, I won't go. 'I'll go to hear an eddicated man, but I won't go to hear an ould black-smith like Moody."

With that she began to charge Moody with divers crimes, not knowing to whom she spoke. "You'd better be careful," said he, presently "my name's Moody."

"Tut! tut!" said she, with Irish dexterity and effrontery, "I know'd Moody afore you was born."

Moody belonged to the Executive committee of the Sunday-school Association at one time, and gave us much trouble by breaking up a county convention now and then, and turning it into a revival meeting, thus upsetting a deal of nice machinery. At Pontiac, Ill., there was a revival that swept the country. Even all the lawyers joined the churches, and the court had to adjourn at ten minutes before twelve to attend noon prayer meetings. The revival was begun by Moody sweeping through the town on a muddy day and talking to every man and child he met. Approaching a group of politicians, he heard one of them say of a proposed nomination: "I think that would carry the county."

"My friend," interrupted he, "we want to carry this county for the Lord Jesus Christ."

The politician, with Westerner's pride about taking a joke, slapped Moody on the shoulder, burst into a laugh, and cried out: "I am with you there, old fellow."

But Moody's words became the watch-word of a very remarkable religious movement, and I doubt not the country is better for having once been carried for Christ.

But Mr. Moody has grown wiser. He has jared away some of his eccentricities. He has improved his mind by study—not very broad, but diligent. He has grown in modesty. The real sincerity of the man is his power. He knows nothing about oratory; but he is vigorous, direct, and often exceedingly eloquent, bearing all before him by a resistless momentum. His theory is that a man can be useful "if he will get down low enough for God to work through him."

His greatest strength lies in his management of men. He is not a first-rate organizer, but he is a born leader. Perhaps no other revivalist could have overcome the strong Scotch prejudice as he has. Soon after he built Illinois Street Mansion, the Irish Catholic boys got into the habit of stoning the windows. Moody went to see the Catholic Bishop Duggan about it. The Bishop spoke admiringly of Mr. Moody's zeal, but regretted that he was not a burning light in the holy mother Church.

"Perhaps I am wrong," said the latter. "I hope you will pray for me, Bishop, that if wrong, I may be led into the truth."

The Bishop always afterwards expressed esteem for Moody, and there were no more stones thrown.

His tact is of the highest order, and such tact, energy, industry and indomitability, must have enriched him if he had used them selfishly. His recent refusal of £1,000, offered him by the Baroness Burdett Coutts, was characteristic. You may think him fanatical. But, at least, he is sincere, self-sacrificing, and whole-hearted. The religious life of the whole Northwest has felt his influence, and Scotland is now undergoing something like a revolution; for, conservative as he is in doctrine, he is a perfect radical in method. The effective way is always the best with him.

He is not clerical in speech or appearance, and he will never be anything but the greatest lay preacher of our times. They say in Scotland that he speaks the "Chicago dialect." What he does speak is the Western Massachusetts dialect. He pronounces "white" as all New Englanders do, and softens the o in stone. And he says "suthin'" for something. So also, does the Vice-President of the United States, however. But an earnest man is better than a polished man. The leading pulpits in Chicago have for years welcomed "Brother Moody" because he is a man. And what perpetual applications do we find for saying of Emerson's, "Words have weight when there's a man behind them."

A Speedy Marriage—A Plain-Man Woes a Waiter Girl, and Quickly Wins Her.

Four years ago a bright, intelligent, but not pretty looking young miss, left a homeless and penniless orphan by the death of her father, came to this city and procured employment as a waiter girl at a well-known second-class hotel, making her home with a family—both cousins, or something of that sort, then residing on Second street. One day, at dinner time, there strode into the dining-room a tall, broad shouldered, bronzed and bearded man, who was evidently from the Far West. There was the unmistakable air of a plainsman about him; evidently one of better sort. He seated himself at the table served by the girl in question, and watched her movements very closely. At supper on the second day after his arrival, he remained at table until it was nearly deserted, and then as he was about rising he addressed the girl in courteous tones, saying that he desired an interview with her, as he had information of importance to communicate. She replied that she would see him in the ladies' parlor at a later hour. She did so, and was not little surprised at receiving an offer of marriage. He stated that he was a resident of the grazing districts of California, owned a large stock ranch, and was a wealthy man. He had been out there thirteen years, during which time he had mined, prospected for rich diggings, hunted grizzlies, fought Indians, chased greasers, and pursued the usual avocations of an enterprising Californian. He was on his way east to visit his aged parents, who resided in Massachusetts, and stopped in Detroit to see the city, had met her as above, described, was pleased with her appearance, and thought it would be for her advantage to quit her present employment and become the wife of a ranchman.

There was an honesty and sincerity in the man's voice as he made his declaration that convinced the girl that he was in earnest. She replied that she would consider his proposition and give him an answer at the breakfast table. During the night she thought the matter over seriously, and when in the morning she took her eccentric lover's order, and he asked in low tone, "Are you going to California?" she replied "Yes," and then went for breakfast and potatoes. That was the extent of the courtship.

As soon as the hungry guests had departed from the dining-room, she repaired to the parlor, where the lover was anxiously awaiting her. By his direction she introduced the head waiter that she should not work any longer, donned her hat and shawl, and the two started out slopping. Dresses were ordered of all the fashionable modistes in the city, the same to be completed within twenty-four hours. Hats were similarly ordered, and then the retail dealers in all manner of small wearing apparel were visited and large purchases made, the last one being two large Saratoga trunks. The next afternoon the pair were married at the residence of a clergyman, made a call on the bride's humble friends on Second street, and left for the East by the evening train.

Something Curious.

Any number of figures you may wish to multiply by 5 will give the same result if divided by 2—a much quicker operation; but you must remember to annex a 0 to the answer when there is no remainder, and when there is a remainder, whatever it may be, annex a 5 to the answer. Multiply 464 by 5, and the answer will be 2,320; divide the same by 2, and you will have 232, and as there is no remainder you annex a cipher. Now take 359, multiply by 5, the answer is 1,795; and dividing this by 2 there is 179 and a remainder; you therefore place a 5 at the end of the line, and the result is again 1,795.

A hasty man, with his arms full of his wife's baggage, thought he was left by the train last night, and running rapidly across a platform, fell over a truck. He straddled one of the handles and rode it for a second, lunged forward and got his legs tangled up in the crosspieces, when the malicious thing reared up and slid forward just as the train came. The man off his balance and got him down; he blacked his eye and broke his spectacles against the handle, and ran over his foot with the wheels, and even after he got away from it and was seated in the car, he says the truck ran after him and kicked him twice in the ribs before the brakeman could take it away from him.

A man about two-thirds drunk, and his back covered with mud, stopped a policeman on the street and asked to be locked up. "Why, you are able to walk home, aren't you?" asked the officer. "Yes, I could get home all right, but I don't want to, and you wouldn't if you had my wife! Take me down ole feller, and if she comes inquiring 'round just say I've gone to T'ledo on 'portant business.'"—Free Press.

Where He Had the Advantage

Just at the close of the war of 1812 an English man-of-war entered Boston. The captain was known as a bully of the first water. Entering a barber's shop in Boston, and finding no one but the boy present, he demanded in an insolent and overbearing way, "Where is your master?" "Not down yet, sir." "Well, I want to be shaved." "Yes, sir, I can shave you." "You?" "Yes, sir." "Well, you may try it, but look here, my youngster, laying his loaded pistol on the table, "the first drop of blood you draw on my face I'll shoot you." "All right, sir," was the reply. The boy shaved him, and did it well. After the operation was through, the bully turned to him as he took up the pistol, and remarked: "Wasn't you afraid?" "No, sir," retorted the boy. "Didn't you believe I would shoot you?" "Yes, sir." "Then why wasn't you afraid?" The boy very coolly replied: "Because I had the advantage." "Advantage, how?" demanded the irate bully. "Why," said the boy, with the utmost nonchalance, "if I had drawn blood, I should have taken the razor and cut your throat from ear to ear!" The bully turned pale, but never forgot the lesson.

An Elopement in Maine.

A youth in Portland, Me., seven teen years old, has just married a girl aged fifteen. The Press says the latter's father objected to the match, and when he heard that the day for the marriage was set, locked the girl in her room. But love recognizes no locks or bars, and at the appointed hour for the wedding drew near, the young lady jumped from her window. It had been agreed that the couple should meet at the house of a justice of the peace and there be made one. The young lady in question was promptly on hand at the appointed time and place, and the ceremony was duly performed. When the indignant father went to the room of his daughter to release her, he found the room vacant and a note on the table saying that she was Mrs. —. The father at once sent word to her that she need not return to his house. It was probably unnecessary, as the young couple are now living as happy as elms in high water, all by them selves.

An exchange asks: "Where does the cotton go?" We know where a good deal of it goes, but don't like to tell.

The Atlanta News chants: The melancholy days have come, The saddest of the year; It's most too warm for whiskey, A little too cool for beer.

An exchange says: "Father Boyle, of Washington, addressing a school on Easter celebration, a young miss asked him: 'Father Boyle, what is the origin of Easter egg?' A hen, no doubt, miss," replied the father quietly.

A young blood dining at a hotel was requested by a neighbor to pass him some article of food which was near him. "Do you mistake me for a waiter?" said the exquisite. "No, sir; I mistook you for a gentleman," was the prompt reply.

"See here, Joe," said a gentleman to a stupid fellow, "what is the use of you stealing after that r blitw on your gun has no lock on?" "Blast it, you jes' keep still," snarled Joe, "the rabbit don't know nothin' about my gun havin' no lock onto it."

A minister approached a mischievous urchin about twelve years old, and laying his hand upon his shoulder, thus addressed him: "My son, I believe the devil has got hold of you." "I believe he has, too," was the significant reply of the urchin.

This is an item not to be printed in the Sunday-school books: A crowd of bad boys went bathing in Skunk River, Iowa, on the Sabbath day, and while the Rev. Jabez Lynne was reproving them and vainly endeavoring to induce them to come out, a thunder-storm came up and the minister was killed by a flash of lightning. None of the boys were drowned.

A Delaware man lost his wife and a race-horse by the same stroke of lightning, and he tried for two hours to revive the horse.