

The Rutherford Star AND WEST-CAROLINA RECORD.

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

VOL. VII.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., JANUARY 9, 1875.

NO. 45.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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Surgeon



Dentist

Rutherfordton, N. C.

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Stick to Your Bush.

A rich man, in answer to the question how he became so very successful, related the following story:

"I will tell you how it was. One day when I was a lad, a party of boys and girls were going to pick blackberries. I wanted to go with them but was afraid father would not let me. When I told him what was going on, and he at once gave me permission to go with them, I could hardly contain myself. I rushed into the kitchen, got a big basket, and asked mother for a luncheon. I had the basket on my arm, and was just going out at the gate, when my father called me back. He took my hand and said in a very gentle voice: 'Joseph, what are you going to do?' 'To pick berries,' I replied. 'Then, Joseph, I want to tell you one thing. It is this: When you find a pretty good bush, do not leave it to seek a better one. The other boys and girls will run about picking a little here and a little there, wasting a great deal of time, and getting few berries.'"

"I went and had a capital time. But it was just as my father said. No sooner had one found a good bush than he called all the rest, and they left their several places and ran off to the newly-found treasure. Not content more than a minute or two in one place, they rambled over the whole pasture, got very tired, and at night had very few berries. My father's words kept running in my ears, and I 'stuck to my bush.'"

"When I had done with one I found another, and finished that; then I took another. When night came I had a large basketful of berries, more than all the others put together, and was not half so tired as they were. I went home happy. But when I entered I found my father had been taken ill. He looked at my basketful of ripe blackberries, and said, 'Well done, Joseph. Was I not right when I told you to always stick to your bush?'"

"He died a few days after, and I had to make my way in the world as best I could. But my father's words sank deep into my mind, and I never forgot the experience of the blackberry party; I 'stuck to my bush.'"

"When I had a fair place, and was doing tolerably well, I did not leave it and spend weeks and months seeking one a little better. When other young men said: 'Come with us, and we will make a fortune in a few

weeks,' I skook my head, and 'stuck to my bush.' Presently my employers offered to take me into business with them. I staid with the old house until the principals died, and then I had everything I wanted. The habit of sticking to my business led people to trust me, and gave me a character. I owe all I have and am to this motto: 'Stick to your bush.'"

Cora Stanley.

The Old Love Story Set with New Names—The Funeral of an Actress.

She turned her face to the wall and simply said, "I want to die," and as she spoke those words her life came to an end. Yesterday she was buried in Greenwood Cemetery. Her career from the moment when, as Therese Therand, she captivated young Paris, until her death on Friday in this city, under the name of Cora Stanley, is public property. Or one occasion alone did she nearly betray her incognito. One of her friends heard her sing "Je l'aime! Je l'aime! O Bretagne!" He said, "Why, Therese, you must be a Breton." Her eyes filled with tears, and she hastily left the salon. When he sought her he found that she was crying bitterly, and she said, "Dear friend, never speak to me in that way again; you make me so sad." She was compelled to leave Paris, and decided to make her home on this continent. Before her departure she gave to her friends and companions in Paris a grand farewell banquet at which she bade them farewell. She left France with 800,000 francs, \$160,000. The next heard of her was at Havana, where she lived in magnificent style.

In Havana a young and handsome actor named Gomez fell deeply in love with her. She loved him with as much sincerity. One night, after the performance in the Tacon Theatre, where he was playing, Gomez went with Therese to her residence, and proposed to marry her. At first she laughed at him, but seeing that he meant what he said, she reasoned with him, and said that if she married his prospects in life would be ruined, and she loved him too dearly to do that. The infatuated young man went to his hotel and blew out his brains. He left a note addressed to Therese, saying that he found life unendurable without her, and that he would not forget her even in death. When the news of his suicide was broken to her she was seized with brain fever, and for some weeks was at the door of death. She recovered to find herself almost a beggar.

During her illness her maid had stolen all her jewelry, and fled to the mountains with another servant. She then sold her house in Havana, came to this city, and assumed the name of Cora Stanley. She dispensed charity with no niggard hand, and the poor and starving never went away hungry from her door. To the charitable societies she gave largely, and to the shame of the officers of one of them she needed aid at their hands she found it not. At last her star began to set. Consumption seized upon her. The most eminent physicians in the city could not avert her death. For three years she lingered on. Two years ago she found her wealth gone, and was compelled to take a room in an obscure French hotel. She died in decent poverty.—New York Times.

Fine and Coarse Hay.

Producers are sometimes puzzled to know why city buyers generally ask for coarse, well-innated hay in preference to the more tender, and in reality more nutritious kinds. The Live Stock Journal thus enlightens them:—"City men feed hay for a different purpose than the farmer. The farmer feeds it for its nutriment, and as a principal food, while the city man regards grain as the cheapest food, and only gives sufficient hay to make bulk in the stomach, and for the purpose of health. Coarse, well-matured timothy serves this purpose better than the early cut and fine grass. They do not desire such hay as will tempt the horses to eat too much of it. Straw would answer this purpose, if cut and mixed with the grain, about as well. But farmers should be contented with this practice of the city customer, for it enables them to sell their poorest hay for the best price, and to retain the best quality for home consumption."

to be looking for something, when the little dog gave two or three sharp barks, as much as to say, "That's the dog," at the same time indicating by his actions the large black, who was then at some distance; whereupon the little dog's ally immediately attacked and severely punished the aggressor. After this little affair the small dog and his friend went down the street, apparently much pleased.

The big boy who bullies over a little boy, and especially over a lame boy, deserves the flogging given to the cowardly big dog. What is meaner than to hurt those weaker than ourselves! A bully is a contemptible fellow.—S. S. Visitor.

A Word to Farmers' Girls.

It was intimated in a former article addressed to the boys, that the girls might expect something especially for them.

It is generally expected that the daughters of farmers will help their mothers. If they do not, there are at least two reasons which may be given—one is that the mothers prefer to do the work themselves, and let the girls do nothing, and the other, that the latter are unwilling to go into the kitchen or dairy. Now, there is wrong in both if it is true, as above stated. There is nothing more conducive to health, than the ordinary house-work upon a farm. I say ordinary, because anything that involves heavy lifting should never be required of a woman. The art of making good bread requires as much good sense and application as the ability to play the guitar or piano forte.

Again, after the house-work is done for the day, much can be done by the girls towards cultivating flowers in the door-yard. In a village or city, the lots are often so small that no room is afforded for flowers. On the farm there is always room enough, and no excuse can be offered why they should not be cultivated. There is not only the satisfaction of seeing the beautiful mounds and borders, but the care requisite in training them has a tendency to cultivate a correct taste in everything else. If the front-yard looks nicely, the house will be apt to present the same appearance. Flowers outside will stimulate a taste for pictures inside the house. There is nothing which produces so favorable an impression on a passer by, as to see flowers growing in front of a farm house. There is no way in which a farm house can be made to resemble a city residence better than to devote a space to cultivation of flowers and ornamental shrubs. Again, there is no better way for the girls to render the farm home attractive to their brothers, than to secure their concurrence in the cultivation of a flower garden. A taste for flowers, will tend to render the boys more gentle, and fitter companions for their sisters. They will be less disposed to wander off upon the hill with gun in hand, if the young ladies will seek to render their home attractive.

Much might be added to the foregoing remarks, but this article is already too long for these columns.

The subject may be resumed in a future number, and these cursory remarks will be closed by quoting the saying of some writer in addressing girls: "Love your father and help your mother."

The Friendly Dog.

A Boston paper relates that in Charlestown, recently, a large dog gave chase to a poor little "black and tan" whose hind leg had been injured, but failing to overtake him, turned about and trotted back. In a short time the small dog returned, followed by a large Newfoundland, who, upon reaching the corner, seemed

ing the different timber of various countries, which should be systematically, or alphabetically, or geographically arranged. Australia alone could furnish of such a collection more than a thousand volumes. At the Paris Exhibition of 1867 Russia showed a similar collection of wooden books, cleverly designed, showing the bark as the back binding, and lettered with popular and scientific names of the wood. Each book contained samples of the leaves and fruit of the tree, and a section and shaving, or veneer, of the wood."

The Power of Children.

A man was leaning, much intoxicated, against a tree; some little children coming from school saw him there, and at once said to each other, "What shall we do to him?"

Presently, said one, "Oh I'll tell you, let's sing him a temperance song."

And so they did; collecting around him, they sang—

"Away the bowl, away the bowl," and so on in beautiful tunes.

The poor fellow enjoyed the singing, and when they had finished that song he said, "Sing again, little girls, sing again."

"We will," they said, "if you will sing the temperance pledge."

"No, no; we are not at a temperance meeting, there are no pledges here."

"I have a pledge," cried one; and "I have a pencil," cried the other holding up the pledge and the pencil, they besought him to sing it.

"No, no; I won't sing it now. Sing for me."

So they sang again—

"The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl
Is, let the drunkard know,
As he wiped the tears from his eyes,
"No, no more," they said, "unless you'll sing the pledge; sing and we will sing for you."

He pleaded for the singing, but they were firm, and declared they would go away if he would not sing.

"But," said the poor fellow, striving for an excuse, "there's no table here, how can I write without a table?"

At this, a modest quiet, pretty little creature with her finger on her lips, came and said, "Yes you can spread the pledge on the crown of your hat, and I will hold it for you."

Off came the hat, the child held it, and the pledge was signed, and the little ones burst out with—

"Oh water for me, bright water for me,
Give wine to the tremulous debauchee."

I heard that man in Worcester Town Hall, with uplifted hands and quivering lips say, "I thank God for the sympathy of those children. I shall thank God to all eternity that He sent those little children as messengers of mercy to me."—John B. Gough.

A Mineral Explorer in an Ugly Fix.

If science does not come to the rescue of Mr. John Forsythe, mineral explorer, of New York city, he is in an ugly fix. On the 13th of November he and a friend, Mr. Phineas Barton, of Philadelphia, visited Webster county, West Virginia, to ascend Terror's Peak, a high, dreary looking knob, to examine some curious meteoric stones said to have fallen there. Next morning Mr. Forsythe reappeared wildly incoherent and raving, and called for assistance. A party accompanied him, and he led them to the peak, where Barton was found with a wound in his head, stone dead. Mr. Forsythe said a shower of November meteors had come on, one of which exploded like a bomb shell and shattered Mr. Barton's skull. He sat up with the corpse all night, and in the morning descended for assistance. Mr. Forsythe's story is regarded as too thin, and from his cell in Webster county jail he calls on science to sustain his defense.

Almost Defeated.

The people of Missouri have decided by the small majority of 283 votes out of an aggregate of 222,315 votes cast, that they will have a Constitutional Convention, and in accordance with the decision the Governor has ordered an election for delegates to be held on the 26th of January.

Wood Books.

An exchange gives this description of a curious library, and therein lies what almost any one can carry out, partly at least:

"In the museum at Cassel, Germany, is a library made from five hundred European trees. The back of each volume is formed of the bark of a tree, the sides of the perfect wood, the top of young wood, and the bottom of old. When opened, the back is found to be a box, containing the flower, seed, fruit, and leaves of the tree either dried or imitated in wax. At the Melbourne Inter-Colonial Exhibition, of 1866, Colonel Clap exhibited specimens of Victorian wood converted into small boxes of book form, according to a design suggested by that gentleman at the Victorian Exhibition of 1861, and then suggested by Baron Ferd Mueller. Nothing could be more convenient and more interesting than a library of such imitations books, represent-