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## The Moore Gazette.

CARTHAGE, N. C.

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### God Bless the Little Woman

God bless you, little woman, In the work you have to do, And may His grace be with you, And may He help you through!

God bless you, little woman, With your heavy weight of care, If our hands could give assistance, Many millions would be there!

God bless you, little woman! God save you both into us! For we love both him and you, Stand by him, little woman!

### ST. JOHN'S EVE.

"You surely don't mean to go on tonight. The distance is a good twenty miles."

"Yes," said I, "I must catch the Rhine steamer at Erlachen in the morning."

"But," objected the landlord, "there is no conveyance."

"Yes, there is," I replied; "a good, serviceable pair of legs. I haven't footed it over three parts of Europe to be frightened by a score of miles over a good road."

"But," he persisted, "this is St. John's eve."

"It is likely to be a particularly nasty bit of property, by the looks of the sky."

"Don't jest," he replied, earnestly, "especially if you insist upon pursuing your journey. The road has a bad reputation. More than one traveler, as brave as you, has repented the hour he set foot upon it to the day of their death."

"I suppose you mean that it is frequented by light-fingered gentry," I answered. "However, I have nothing to fear, since I have nothing to lose."

"It is said to be haunted," he said, "especially on St. John's Eve, by the specters of a gang of marauders who were hanged upon the scene of their crimes more than fifty years ago. You may still see the rusted chains hanging from the trees. Their bodies decayed into nothing long ago. For years these villains had infested the road, robbing and murdering defenceless travelers. The laws in those days were not strictly executed. So long as no one of note suffered at their hands, they were unmolested; but growing bold with impunity from justice, the scoundrels committed an enormity which speedily brought them literally to the end of their rope."

"A nobleman of the neighborhood was about to marry a beautiful girl of a wealthy and distinguished family. The wedding was to take place on St. John's Eve. It was a stormy night—just as this promises to be. Preparations had been made at the count's castle; the guests had assembled, the tables were spread, and the bishop was waiting to unite the noble pair. Nothing was wanting but the presence of the bride, who lived at some distance, and who was to arrive in the family coach. But she did not come. Hour after hour passed; the guests grew uneasy; the expectant bridegroom distracted. At length, unable to bear the suspense any longer, the count saddled his horse, and with a party of friends set out to search for the absent girl. They found her within a mile of the castle. The postilion and her father and sister were found with their brains knocked out, and she was discovered lying in the wet robe, stripped of her wedding jewels, with a dagger wound in her breast, dead."

"What the count felt, no one ever knew, for he never spoke of it. But all night long he and his companions scoured the woods, and at day-light the six marauders were swinging in chains beside the spot where their victims had suffered. It is said that on St. John's Eve the phantoms of the robbers and the wedding party rehearse those dreadful scenes. It may be true. What do I know? But not for millions would I travel that road to-night."

"A very pretty story," I replied, "and doubtless absolutely true. If I encounter any of the interesting personages connected with it I shall treat them with due respect for your sake."

"So saying, I shook the worthy man's hand and left him wagging his head dubiously over my temerity."

The road was good, the air cool and bracing, and for the first hour I proceeded at a swinging pace. At this point the storm which had been threat-

ening all the evening burst upon me. The rain poured down in sheets, drenching me to the skin and converting the road into a muddy torrent. The wind roared through the leafless branches of the trees with a weird, shouting sound far from pleasant to hear.

The darkness grew so intense that I had great difficulty in keeping the track, and more than once floundered into the wet ditch beside the road. I kept up my spirits, however, and plodded steadily onward.

Near midnight I arrived at a point where the road divided into two branches, which led off at right angles to each other. I paused in dismay for I had not the faintest notion which I ought to take.

While I was debating the question in a very uncomfortable frame of mind, I heard the sound of heavy footsteps in the road behind me. Delighted at the opportunity of inquiring the way out of my dilemma, I waited at the side of the road for the approach of the travelers.

They came on at a quick pace, and as they neared me I could see that there were six of them, all men dressed in the German forester's costume, a traditional attire which the peasantry are fond of assuming on occasions of holiday festivity.

They appeared to be armed; indeed, I was certain that I saw a gleam of a deer knife in the belt of the one nearest me. What struck me at first as somewhat odd was the perfect silence with which they walked. They uttered no exclamation nor exchanged a word, but tramped on like mutes.

As I had hitherto found Germany a perfectly safe region I had no reason to doubt the good character of these men, in spite of their mysterious movements. I hailed them and inquired which road I ought to take in order to reach Erlachen. To my indignation and astonishment they paid no attention whatever to my words, but marched steadily onward, as if I had not spoken. I repeated my request in a louder tone, with the same result.

I was now thoroughly angry, and went up to the nearest one with the intention of shouting in his ear, when a perfectly unaccountable sensation kept me dumb. It was not fear, nor any explicable feeling; but a species of terrible inward shrinking, as if my heart were contracting.

At this instant I noticed another startling phenomenon. I was now per-

fectly white as chalk in the face, and the dark circles of the eyes, though the pupils were invisible. The effect was altogether ghastly and corpse-like.

I refrained from attempting to hold any further communication with them, and waited in considerable mental confusion until their footsteps died away in the distance.

I presently shook off my unpleasant sensation, and concluding that the men had probably taken the main road toward Erlachen, I followed after them. I had gone perhaps a hundred paces when I detected the creak and rattle of some heavy vehicle behind me. Looking back, I knew that it must be some sort of traveling carriage from the two lamps that were upon it, which were shining like two red eyes, and casting a broad glare upon the wet road. The horses were going at a furious gallop, and I could see the steam from their bodies rising like a cloud into the damp air.

The spot where I stood was exceptionally dark and rough. The postillions seemed to be acquainted with it, for they presently pulled in their horses to a cautious walk. As soon as the equipage drew near enough I hailed the postilion upon the foremost horse and inquired the way to Erlachen. I was sure this man must have heard me, but he made no reply, neither did he turn his head in my direction.

By this time the coach was abreast of me. I walked along, keeping pace with it, and repeated my inquiry to the guard upon the box. To my rage and amazement, he neither made reply nor looked at me. I wondered if I had come by chance upon all the dead mutes in the country out for an airing.

I turned my attention to the coach, and perceiving dimly that it was occupied by a number of people, I shouted into the window, which, strangely enough, I found to be without glazing, and reiterated my question. There was no reply, and apparently no notice taken of me whatever.

I now began to perceive something very extraordinary about the whole equipage. By the strong light from the lamps I saw that the harnesses of the horses were rotten, and nearly falling apart. The dresses of the postillions were of the fashion of half a century before. The velvets, trimmed with gold and lace, seemed dropping from their limbs with age and decay. The coach itself was of an antiquated pattern and very ruinous. The iron work was rusted in holes, and the leather covering had peeled into ratters which flapped in the wind. All this was the more astonishing since the crest of a noble family was visible upon the panels.

My amazement was augmented as my sight became better accustomed to the obscurity. The mute postillions had the same terribly white faces, the same corpse-like expression which I had seen before in the six men who had passed me. Once when the light fell strongly upon the features of the one upon the rear horse, I was horrified to see that it was absolutely and undeniably the face of a man long dead.

As I reeled back from the intolerable shock of this discovery, my gaze rested upon the occupants of the interior of the coach. These consisted of an old man in an ancient court dress, wig and ruffles, a young girl of twelve or fourteen, and a lady, some years her senior, attired in white silk, a long lace veil, and a profusion of jewels. All three sat in opposite corners of the spacious seats, bolt upright, and staring blankly into each other's eyes, with expressionless, dead-white faces. I recognized, by some inner sense rather than by sight, that these three shapes, like those of the postillions, were those of beings long dead.

Never till I forgot the terrible moment, brief as it was, during which that grotesque and ghastly assembly remained before my fascinated gaze. The next instant the equipage passed by, leaving me reeling and tottering in the road.

But this was not the finish of the dreary drama of that night. The vehicle had gone beyond me hardly its own length when there was a terrific confusion of sounds, cries, curses and groans intermingled, and the coach was overturned into the road with a tremendous crash.

The lights still continued to burn, and in the glare I saw a number of dark figures, which I recognized as the men in foresters' dress who had passed me a few moments before, engaged in a desperate struggle with the postillions. Heavy, sickening blows were dealt, followed by awful cries of agony, and presently I saw the three servants, outstretched and bleeding in the road.

In a moment more the coach door was torn open and I saw its occupants dragged out. Then began another horrible struggle. The old man was struck down and the younger of the two girls quickly suffered the same fate. The elder of the two seemed to make a more desperate resistance. I could see her flying hither and thither among the men, her white dress and white face gleaming phosphorescently in the semi-darkness. I could hear her awful cries and see the downward blows of the glittering knives. At last she was seized; there was a renewed struggling among the dark figures, a long shrill scream that seemed to sail away in mournful echoes over the barren tree tops, and when I saw her again she was lying upon the ground with a red gash in her breast.

Will anyone ask me why I did not interpose or make some effort toward assisting the struggling figures? I was now perfectly white as chalk in the face, and the dark circles of the eyes, though the pupils were invisible. The effect was altogether ghastly and corpse-like.

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### POPULAR SCIENCE.

It has been found by Mr. P. Hoggan that calomel is slowly changed in the human system by the action of water and the temperature of the body into corrosive sublimate. This decomposition is aided by the presence of citric acid, chloride of sodium or sugar.

Dr. Kirk has determined with accuracy the plant which yields the best East African India rubber, and has obtained seeds of the species for introduction into India. It occurs in great abundance along the newly-made road from Dar-es-Salaam, in a west-south-westerly direction, for about a hundred miles toward the interior of Africa, through the Wazamoro country. It is apparently but little affected by the reckless mode of tapping employed. In many parts a native can still collect about three pounds of rubber daily. There are five species of the tree, but only one of them is considered worth tapping.

What are the effects of different kinds of intellectual work on the cerebral circulation? This question, M. Gley, a French physiologist, has attempted to answer by experiments made upon himself. When he applied himself to a subject which he had a difficulty in understanding thoroughly, and had, therefore, to concentrate all his energies upon it, the rhythm of the heart was far more accelerated than when he took up some matter with which he was well acquainted.

A novel pair of scissors has been devised by Herr Sievert, of Dresden. The blades are represented by two circular steel knives, which slightly overlap at the edges and are pressed together by two spiral springs. The knives are fastened to a pair of wooden rollers, with India rubber rims, which grip and guide the cloth or paper as it passes between the knives, so that the latter may cut straight. These cutters are carried by two handles, or levers, which are held in the hand, and the cutting is effected by pushing the scissors forward so as to cause the rollers to revolve.

Men cling to their wives for various reasons. Through mere love of comfort, as one is attached to a good kitchen utensil. Through habit, as one likes the easy one made on a good stove.

Through economy; you could not hire a servant who would not cost you twice as much and serve you half as well.

Through pride—just as one persists in refusing to reconsider a foolish choice one has made lest people should talk about it.

Through love of peace: A separation would cause so much scandal and create so much trouble.

Through fear of public opinion: What would the neighbors say, and her friends, and above all, her relatives?

Through indistinct attachment to the children one has had by her.

Through force of character: Just as a great soul bears a catastrophe without a word of complaint.

Through virile dignity: One must respect one's name, you know.

Through legal compulsion: There is no cause to offer for a suit, there are no facts to justify it.

Through philosophy: All women resemble each other.

Through a spirit of penitence: "It is my fault, all my faults, my most grievous fault."

Through petty vanity, because everybody says, "Oh, what a splendid woman!"

Through remorse of conscience: "Poor little woman, it is not her fault that I am tired of her."

Through spite: "So, I have been caught in the trap—she!—let others fall into it also!"

And now, ye untrustworthy apostles of domestic worship, that I have summed up these variations of conjugal attachment, find me the household that I have been looking for, for these twenty years, in order that I may be able to add— "Sometimes after a few months of married life a man still clings to his wife through love."—*La Chaux-de-Fonds.*

### FOR THE FAIR SEX.

#### Home Dressmaking.

Now that lace, for trimming all kinds of material, is having its day again after long disuse, people who have ancient, lace-bedecked finery laid away, will do well to resurrect the obsolete garments, and rip off the trimming to use again.

No feature of white lace is more highly valued than the peculiar creaminess which is given by age; so it is no matter if a score of years has passed since it saw the light—if time has spared its strength, it is all the more desirable for the use of to-day. It is not a very long time since imitation laces found no market in America. Our English sisters have ornamented their pretty evening dresses with them freely for the last half-dozen years, but here we have eyed them with scorn and suspicion, till of late, imported dresses of undoubted style converted us to their use. This season dealers offer us fully twenty-five varieties of imitation lace, many of them exceedingly pretty, and some expensive enough to demand consideration from those whose admiration for an article is governed by its cost.

A dress worn at a Saratoga hotel by one of the visitors recalls a hint for making such a dress, given a long time ago in these articles. The present fancy for lace makes the idea even more worthy of attention than when first mentioned. While the slight cost of the costume, as made at home, will be its recommendation to economists, there is no reason to believe that the dress which was admired at the watering-place was inexpensive; on the contrary, the probability is that it was imported for the wearer. The dress was made of white Brussels net, it was once called, but the nearest approach to the fabric sold as such then is now the fine mosquito lace, not the coarse stuff with the square bar, but a net with mesh, like in kind, but not size, to the cane seats of chairs. The overskirt was darned in a showy pattern, such as is frequently seen upon ties, with linen thread. The back of the skirt was covered with three wide ruffles of the lace, bordered with a darned pattern, and the lowest ruffle extended all around the bottom of the dress. The waist was thickly covered with stripes in the darning stitch representing inserting, and the sleeves were decorated in the same way. The underdress in this case was of white Saratoga satin, sleeveless and low-cut at the neck, but any old white or pale pink dress will do.

French Cynicism. Men cling to their wives for various reasons. Through mere love of comfort, as one is attached to a good kitchen utensil. Through habit, as one likes the easy one made on a good stove.

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Cattle Raising in South America. Cattle raising on the River Platte, in South America, has made a great advance within a few years past, and in the south of the Republic, particularly, the business is fast extending. Present prices are said to be unprecedented and to cause surprise at the readiness with which they are accepted. Breeding was comparatively new to the raisers as late as 1876, and was confined then to the hands of a few persons who could afford, if necessary, to lose several thousand head of cattle by Indian depredations and epidemics. When the Indians finally disappeared, small capitalists confidently entered the field, and immediate growth then followed. During the past year the increase was greater than in any former one, and this in spite of the disturbed condition of the country. Still more important is looked for in the figures of the year just passing. During the last five years the value of the prize stock sold was as follows: In 1876, \$1,253,920 m.c.; in 1877, \$3,668,963 m.c.; in 1878, \$8,278,324 m.c.; in 1879, \$10,517,580 m.c., and in 1880, \$18,605,857 m.c.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

There are over fifty news girls selling papers in the streets of Chicago, in violation of the city statutes.

St. Louis gamblers are astonished because the police are enforcing an act recently passed making gambling a felony.

The American Bible Society has procured a stop cylinder press upon which an entire copy of the Bible can be printed every minute.

George William Curtis says there are no professional beauties in this country, and Dr. Mary Walker says he is a professional liar.

In all the mines in Great Britain there are, it is estimated, 378,151 persons employed, and the length of underground tunnelling in which they work is 58,745 miles.

A pretty woman lying dangerously ill at Rising Sun, Ind., was promised by a physician that he would cure her if she would desert her husband and elope with him. It is asserted that the bargain was carried out on both sides.

The latest Venezuelan army list contains the names of 32,222 generals. As the regular army of the republic consist of exactly 12,000 men, each Venezuelan soldier may count upon nearly three generals to convey to him, individually, his instructions in the field.

The Pullman Palace Car Company owns 1,000 acres a few miles from Chicago, at Pullman. They employ 4,000 men in a very methodic manner. The payroll of \$175,000 monthly furnishes the living of 2,000 persons. No whisky shops are allowed on the premises.

Old vulcanized caoutchouc may be recovered if cut into pieces and brought into contact with steam sufficiently heated to volatilize the sulphur. The caoutchouc melts and is then collected as a liquid, which may be found useful in making water-proof covers.

### Marrying in a Foreign Land.

The question of marrying in a foreign land is becoming decidedly complicated. A woman recently sued a man in Nuremberg, Germany, for a breach of promise to marry her. The case went on appeal to the Court of Supreme Jurisdiction, which dismissed it on the strength of a Nuremberg ordinance published on the subject.

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