The Moore Gazette.

CARTHAGE, N. C.

N. M. Dunlap, John W. Scott, Jr. Editors.

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FASHION NATES. Cream white is not worn any longer

by brides. Silk pocketbooks, hand-painted, are the newest.

Shirred yokes and full waists are

Ga'loon is revived for dress and bonnet trimmings.

Pla'ds, blocks, checks and stripes are feature in all fabric :

Silver and gilt cross out in the new dress and bonnet gall ion a

New Loanets for an umn wear are displayed in New York in a bewildering and elegan variety if styles. Dainty and uncommon models in dark English braids and felts are sh wa. the former hands mely trained with richly cel red fall flowers and fruits, and the latter showing velvet ir wns and puffed velvet bring, with trimmings of fluffy feather-tips and jeweled or aments, the garnitures for these show ng a decided tendency to high art shales and mixtures.

Western Enterprise.

A whole ale merchant of New York, who has just returned from the West. admits that he had never given that country proper credit for its enterprise. As he passed through Detroit he was sought out and offer d a sixty d Lar coffin for \$28, with a deed of a burial lot thrown in. In Chicago a man offered to kill him for three cents, and an ice wagon went a square out of its way to run over him. In Milwaukee he was coaxed to accept for nothing a half interest in a fire-escape bringing in \$70,one of his oll employes who admitted

and forced him to take a check for principal and interest. He still has the che k to prove it. At Mackinac -day, and at Cleveland he was taken for a bunko man and had to identify hi aself by telegraph. I a! he been of have Lought 600 acres of land of a Toledo man for the trifle of \$500. The land was all on the bottom of Lake Erie, and he would have had no fences to build nor taxes to pay. He returns completely charmed with the West. Also, minus his gold watch .- Wall

A Metropolitan Crematory.

Ground has been purchased on the highet and the mot picturesque mation society wish to avoid ferries, railroad trains and crowded thoroughfares when conveying the remains of their relatives and friend to the last | wouldn't mind a-marryin' her." re ting-place. This will be secured by the proposed works on Washington Heights. This cemetery will be more complete than anything of its kind in willow trees and no emblems of mournral services will be e ected, and the grounds will be laid out and adorned with plants and flowers suggesting ancholy emotions. Nor will there be wife." any roasting and burning of the bodies, but the remains will be incinerated by an intensely hot, dry air radiating from reduce the corpse in a short time to a bound of ashes. The crematory is to be Dart modeled upon those in Germany and Italy, where they are in country .- emorest.

How a Pianist Avoid d a Due!.

A duel in which an eminent pianist side. An altercation had taken place at a Paris cafe between the said planist accepted one in return. The planist waited at home the next morning, but or se at what had, or rather at what had not, taken pla e. "I asked von the day before yesterday," said the pianist's adversary, "for satisfa tion, and yesterday I received it." "How so?" asked the pianist, more astonished than ever. "Instead of a visiting eard you gave me a ticket for your conheard you play," and was more than week. satisfied .- St. James' Gazeett,

The Skein We Winds If you and I, to-day Should stop and lay Our lifework down, and let o where they will-Fall down to lie quite still-And if some other hand should come and

stoop to find The threads we carried, so that it could wind Beginning where we stopped; if it should come to keep come to keep

Our life going, seek To carry out the good design, Distinctively made yours or mine, What would it find?

Some work we must be doing, true or talse; Some threads we wind; some purpose a

As to a crown To bow before, and we weave threads Of different length and thickness-some mer shreds-

And wind them round Till all the skein of life is bound, Sometimes lorgetting all the time

The value of the threads, or choo e Strong stuff to use.

No hand but winds some thread; It cannot stand quite still titl it is dead But what it spins and winds a little skein. God made each hand for work-not toil-stain

Is required, but every band Spins, though but ropes of sand. It love should come, Stooping above when we are done To find bright threads

longer-find but shreds That break when touched-how cold, Sud, shivering, portionless, the hand will hold The broken shreds, and know Fresh cause for more

That we have held, that it may spin them

HIRAM'S VISIT

"Going to git married, be Hiram?"

Hiram Honeydew colored at the abrupt question, but he answered, truth-

"I don't see what else I kin do, Aunt Peggy. Sister Susan is bent on a-marryin' the school-teacher an' 000 per year. In Indianapolis he found | a-goin' off to the Black Hills or som'eres away out of all creation. An' here's

medder hay we we ck, an' corn to cut. pumkins to gether an' all them windthey took him for a lord (rates \$8 per | falls an' Siberian crabs to make up in cider fur the apple-butter, an' no help to be got fur love or money. An' it an agricultural turn of mind he could stands to reason I can't tend the farm and cook the vittles, too. So I thought soon as thrashin' was over-you've promised to stay till then, Aunt Peggy an' then I thought I'd go round som'eres nigh about Clover Creek where some of our kinfolks live, an' stay a week or so, an' git a-a-somebody that can housekeep an' the likedo the milkin' an' churnin', 'tend to puttin' up fruit, makin' apple-butter, take keer of the chickens an' ducks, grounds on Manhattan Island on which | an' do the cookin' an' cleanin'. Sister to erect a cremato y to reduce dead Susan was a powerful good housekeepbodies to ashes. The New York Cre er, an' she couldn't be beat a-cookin', either. If I could find a good sort of a woman that 'ud cook ekal to Susar, I

"Humph! So you expect to git a wife an' a good one, too, in a week or two, hey? You're a gump, Hiram the world. There are to be no yew or | Honeydew, an' nothin' else. Besides. you'd ought to git a wife you could ing. A picturesque chapel for nemo- keer fur, as well as a good housekeeper. Housekeepin' an' cookin' ain't everything, I tell you. There's sech a hope and joy instead of the more mel- thing as affeckshin between man and

> But Hiram scouted at this idea. "One woman is the same as another

furnaces fitteen feet distant, which will to me," he returned, loftily. "I want -goin' to marry at all."

"Wal then, Hiram, if you're bound much more general use than in this an' determined to go an' hunt up a wife that a-way, mebbe I kin help you a so tired, and here's the cows to drive little. I knowed the folks about Clover Creek like a book when yer Uncle Eli was alive, an' we lived on knows what else, and-Oh!" the old Honeydew farm. An' thar was to have taken a leading part is was Mahala Nutter. She married Job aid to have been happily arranged | Perky, an' they bought a farm on without less of life or limb on either Clover Hill, tother side the creek-There wan't nobody could beat Mahala and a well-known man of fashion; and a housekeepin' them days, an' most it at last became so animated that the likely her darter, Marthy Jane, hes latter offered the former his eard and tuck after her. They are sort o' kin of his frank, brown eyes, and her folks o' yourn, too. Mahaly was yer heard n thing from his opponent. The Uncle Eli's own cousin. An' ef you day afterward he met him by chance like, I'll write 'em a few lines, an' tell 'em, fur nobody likes to hev comp'ny

And so it was settled, much to Hiram's relief, and he whetted his her. scythe and went out to mow a feed of green clover for his horses with a cert, was the reply. "I went to it, lighter heart than he had had for a

For he had made up his mind that

she was willing

Hiram was dite agood-looking man, hair, and a thick, brown moustache.

Moreover he was "vell to do," and a bunch of burdock-leaves, where she almost any of the girls in his own had left them. neighborhood would have jumped at the chance of presiding over his broad ing and setting the sponge, and doing ery of Judas was being related. To acres and picturesque cottage farm- up the chores, Hitty's heart beat more house, half buried in sugar-maples and lightly than it had for many a day. tall Lollar I paplar trees

But to Hiram, as to most others, distance lent enchantment to the view. and he was "bound and determined, as Aunt Peggy had said, to seek his fate in some of the wide old farm-houses dotting the fertile borders of Clover little Hitty could only cook an' house- faith in the missionary had been weak, Creek.

* * * * * * "He'll be a mighty good ketch fur you an' no mistake, Marthy Jane," commented Mrs. Perky, when Aant Peggy's letter had been duly received | chief figure. and read. "A mighty good ketch, an' you must do your best to ketch him. 'Tain't often a gal has sech a chance throwed at her head, an' if you've got a mite o' pluck about you, you won't let them stuck-up Briggses git ahead of you. Delilah Briggs would give her ears to git ahead of you, I'll bet a yellow Crawford peaches for supper. button!"

the assurance that Delilah Briggs, nor | you." no one else, wasn't a-goin' to git ahead

Hiram Honeydew on the seat beside him, the necessary preparations had already been made-floors scoured, baking done, and a substantial country dinner, with a dessert of apple-dumplings and sweet-cream sauce, ready to

frock, with fluted ruffles, ster | waiting | like.

"She's mortal humly," thought right away too!" Hiram, at he sat smoking, after dinner, on the porch, and mentally reviewing Martha Jane's narrow forehead hard black eyes and high-colored cheeks. "But, then, I ain't a-lookin' Jane was implacable. out fur beauty, an' if she suits me other ways, I reckin 'tain't no great matter how she looks. A girl with them kind of eyes an' a mabogany colored skin kin do the cheres an make butter, an' sech, as good as if she had blue eyes an' goldy-lookin' hair, like that girl they call patty, that brought in the dumpwa's an' passed round the dip fur at dinner to-day. She's the hired sirl, I reckin. 'T any rate I ain't got time to hunt round much. sa I reckin Marthy Jane won' mind changin' her name to Honeydew afore long, an' I've got to hurry up I ain't got no time to waste a-courtin'. I reckin if nothin' happens we kin be married in a week, an' git back home. I don't like to stay here a-settin' round doin' nothin', with all the fall work a-gittin' behind at the farm."

"Oh, dear!" Down through the long grass and crimson clover-bobs, under scrubby haws and tall persimmon trees, went Hitty Mavis, a deep-caped sunbonnet shading her violet eyes and tangled yellow curls.

She was after the cows, standing a housekeeper, an' that's why I'm knee-deep in the tall aftermath, where they had been turned for pasturage after the meadow hay was cut.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Hitty again, "I'm home, milking to do, sponge to set for the baking to-morrow, and goodness

She started back, with a little scream for seated on the fence, under the shadow of a crimson-leafed sassafrastree, sat Hiram Honeydew, coolly watching her. Hitty's cheeks turned from pink to

scarlet as she met the admiring glances heart beat fas er than common. But Hitty was a sensible girl, so

home the cows.

begged. "I ain't used to loafin' around, doin' nothin', like I've been fur some days now; and it'll be a treat to drive home the cows, even."

Martha Jane Perky was as seed a So they walked together through the housekeeper as Aunt was said, he livety aftermath, dotted with scarlet would bring her house with him as hotterfly-weed, and crimson-petaled Mrs. Honeydew is s week's time, if higger-heads," the lowing cows filing lowly home, lazily chewing their cuds, And no deept she would be, for and switching their tails at the flies. Hiram let down the bars, and turnwith pleasant brown eyes, curly brown ed the cows into the yard, while Hitty brought out the milk-pails from under tickles their fancy. Mr. Hay has seen

Honeydew stayed two, but still Martina and it was only when they began to Jane had not been invited to changa

"She's a mighty good housekeeper, thought Hiram, meditatively, keep as good as her. I-don'tknow--

air, wherein Hitty Mavis, with her vio- the New Testament, in its practical let eyes, and "goldy" colored hair, was the portions, and sticking by the Old, be-

"Hitty Mavis!" Martha Jane's hard, black eyes lookharder than ever, and her sharp catures seemed sharper still as she

To which bit of logic Martha Jane. go! You a-settin' up to ketch a beau, brought in pigs-far better than the assented, with a toss of her head, and as if Hiram Honeydew would look at

> "I- Martha Jane, what on earth do of unmarried Maori life as if she had you mean?"

Consequently, when farmer Perky Hitty's eyes expanded, and the pink bly never intentionally broken, so weird drove his gray team to the gate, with in her cheeks deepened to a glowing was the horror which surrounded it

sneered Martha. needn't to look so innercent, like butter | breaking it. The sign of tapu was wouldn't melt in your mouth, an' you easily set up-a bunch of flax or hair, While Martha Jane, in a pink plaid | milk, an' drive up the cows, an' the | harder, needing the intervention of the dir fee ain pack up as

> "But I don't know where to go!" Hitty's heart beat like a frightened robin's at the thought of being driven friendless into the world, but Martha

"It's nothin' to me where you go, so flounced angrily away.

"Go with me, Hitty!" said a tender suddenly into the little kitchen. "Go with me, Hitty, and be my wife."

Hitty's cheeks grew redder than before, but she did not draw away from his offered embrace.

"Not gone yet?" cried a shrill voice, as the door was jerked viciously open. "Didn't I tell you to pack up- Oh, Mr. Honeydew, you here? Come and have tea- we're a-waitin' fur you."

wife-that is to be -over to the parsonage. Will you come to the wed-

But, with a scornful sniff and toss of her head, Martha Jane flounced off

darter, after all" cried Aunt Peggy, who was waiting to receive them.

kin learn to keep house, I reckin-" did a lick of work in her life."

A Hen Hatches Snakes.

perch on the rail fence and followed was amazed to find that the hen had pieces with a dozen of his men. hatched into this wicked world four-"Let me help you, Miss Hitty!" he teen little snakes for which she was caring with the utmost affection and solicitude and from which she received constant demonstrations of filial affec. tion. Next.

THE TAPU AMONG MAORIS.

Weeping and Laughing in Church-Cause of Some Massacres-Drugs versus Canuibalism.

The Maoris are a people who not only weep in church at the pathetic passages, but laugh uproariously at anything in lessons or sermon that a church full of them waving their arms, stamping their feet, grinding And somehow, in spite of the milk- their teeth with rage, when the treachsuch people Christianity came as a new form of tapu (taboo). They are ready d instead of one week Hiram for any number of rites and ceremonies, read for themselves, and to contrast the teachings of the Book with the conduct of the land-grabbing pakehas round them; when, moreover, their implicit ened by the coming in of rival faithseach claiming to be the only true way, He ended by building a castle in the that they got to be eccectic, giving up cause it allowed polygamy and revenge and strictly forbade the alienation of land.

This tapu had many uses. A river was tapu at certain seasons, so as to give a close time for fish; a wood was ounced wrathfully into the kitchen tapu when birds were nesting fruit where Hitty sat slicing a bowl of ripening, or rats (delicacies in the old Maori cuisine) multiplying. To tapu "You kin pack up your duds and a garden answered-till Captain Cook strongest fence. A girl, tapued, would be as safe amid the wild license been in a nunnery. Tapu was proba-But in this case sinning in ignorance "You know well enough what I was no excuse; and the most furious "You wars were those which arose from a-strainin' every nerve to ketch Hiram | a bone, a rag on a carved stick, that Honeydew-a-cajolin' him to help you was enough. To lift it was much It's jest like vour guida " s tohunga (priest), who by making the tabooed man eat a sweet potato (kumera) charmed it away.

Many a massacre of white's was due to an unwitting infringement of the tapu. The historic massacte of Du Fresne and his crew was brought about by a deliberate breach of tapu; and you leave here," she sniffed, as she such outrages on native feeling were sist in its publication. Nothing could so dangerous that Governor Macquarie have been kinder, but nothing less juof Sydney. in 1819, tried to make every voice; and Hiram Honeydew stepped | skipper in the New Zealand trade sign | He first insisted on the singularly pica bond for £1000 not to ill-treat Maoris. not to break tapu, not to trespass on burial grounds, not to kidnap men or women. His efforts were fruitless. though there was, as yet, no Kanaka labor market in Queensland, no Queens land at all in fact, a ship that was short-handed was very glad to get some of them on board by any kind of device. "Excuse me!" was the cold reply. The worst thing connected with the "I shall just have time to take my carrying off of native women was that the poor creatures were generally put ashore in some other part of the islands -i. e., among enemies. There slavery or worse, was sure to be their fate. Another cause for bloody reprisals was the treatment of the men who were taken on board. "I'm a chief," said "An' so you didn't marry Mahala's one, who was being driven by a rope's. end, when incapable through seasickness, to some menial work. "You "N-no!" stammered Hiram. Hitty a chief!" scoffingly replied the master of the Boyd, for that was the name of "Learn?" cried Hitty. "Why, I did the ill-fated ship. "When you come all the housekeeping at Aunt Mahala's. | to my country you'll find I'm a chief,' She is my aunt, though they wouldn't was the reply. The Boyd happened to let me call her so. Marthy Jane never sail into the harbor of Whargaron, the very place to which the flogged chief And so Hiram Honeydew got a wife | belonged. He showed his tribesmen and a housekeeper all in one, after all, his scored back, and they vowed vengeance, for even a blow to a chief is an insult that can only be wiped out with blood. The captain and part of On the farm of George Logan, near | the crew, leaving some fifty souls in Lebanon, in the county of Warren, the ship, went ashore to select tim Ohio, a hen has long evinced an ardent | ber. The Maoris waylaid and mur desire to become a mother, by persis- dered, them, dressing themselves in tent efforts to hatch door-knobs and their victim's clothes, went at dusk to anything else that bore the remotest the ship, climbed on board, and killed resemblance to an egg, that her owner every one except a woman, her childfinally had pity on her, and placed in | ren, and a boy who had been kind to her favorite barrel fourteen curious the chief during his distress. The she said, "Good evening, Mr. Honey, eggs that he had discovered in turning | vessel was plundered, and the chief's in the street, and expressed his sur- 'em you're a-comin, an' sort o' perpare dew!" quite coolly, and began driving a jurrow. Then he went off to camp- father, delighted at securing some firemeeting and thought no more about arms, snapped a musket over an open But Hiram sprang down from his the matter until his return, when he barrel of powder and was blown to Tapu was successfully broken by

the early missionaries in the Bay of Islands. One of their settlements was up the Kerikeri river, the tapu of which for fish during the close months was very vexatious to tnem, for it

blocked up their only road to Te Puna the head station. Stores must be had; and at last, in defiance of tapu, they manned a boat and rowed down, amid the rage and terror of the Maoris, who expected to see them exterminated by the offended atua (spirits). When the mission boat came back it was seized, and the crew bound ready to be slain and eaten. Happily, to eat the stores seemed the proper way of beginning, and these stores were partly tin ned-meat, jams, etc., and partly drugs Having greedily devoured the former the plunderers duly fell upon the latter finishing off the jalap, castor-oil, salts and so forth, as part of the ceremony. The result may be guessed. The "mana" of the missionaries began to work mightily, and with grovelling supplicat ons the anguished Maoris released their prisoners and sought relief. The whole tribe was converted. How could they help it? Had not the gods of the stranger proved their superior might by utterly disabling those who had stood forth as the avengers of their own insulted deities?

Wonderful Precocity. Oliver Madox Brown, a son of the

well-known artist, was born in 1855-

He seems to have been a precocious

child, though his precosity never took

the form of book-learning in any shape, and it was not till he was six that he began to read. But if backward with his books he was a born artist, with pencil and paint-brush first, as afterward with his pen. When he was eight he had completed his first picture in water-colors, and when he was fourteen he exhibited "Chiron Receiving the Infant Jason from the Slave" at the Dudley gallery. He painted three other notable pictures: "Obstinacy," "Prospero and Miranda" and "Silas Marner." But Oliver Madox Brown was beginning to show himself as an artist in the world of letters. Before he was fourteen he had written some sonnets of singular beauty, and at "The Black Swan," which was first given to the world as "Gabriel Denver." The history of this book is rather curious. Oliver had shown it to Mr. Williams, who was connected with the firm of Smith, Lider & Co., and Mr. Williams had been much impressed with it and was anxious to asdictious, than Mr. Williams's conduct. turesque name of "The Black Swan" being altered into the very unmeaning one of "Gabriel Denver." He then insisted on the beginning of the story Maoris were fine, sturdy fellows, and being altered; on a deserted wife being changed, on grounds of propriety, into a deserted cousin, and on the terrible tragedy at the end becoming a com. fortable marriage-in short, with the best intentions, he did everything possible to spoil the book. He watered it and toned it down, but the strange, fierce power of the plot and the vigor of the writing still remained. It was greatly injured as a work of art, but as a work of imagination it was a remarkable production. It was not, however-it could never be--an agreeable book. It was too crude and violent. Some of the scenes were simply horrible, and some of the incidental re marks seemed to show a strange knowl. edge which repelled sympathy. But when it was known that this was the work of a mere boy the feeling of dislike passed off into a stronger feeling of wonder and admiration. What was painful and repulsive was the fault of an unfortunate story. The essential matter was the literary power, which might prove itself equal to very great efforts and might produce works of lasting value.

The Strongest Electric Light.

The strongest single light that burns in the United States is suspended in front of the Philadelphia Record building, ninety-five feet above the Chestnut street sidewalk. Its power is equal to 10,000 candles. At night the entire block between Ninth and Tenth streets, is made so light that under the powerful rays of the lamp a person standing anywhere within these limits can read editorial print with ease.

There is a penny saving bank in Philadelphia which has \$400 deposited by 600 depositors. They are all children, and the largest sum possessed by any one is \$18.

Sponges are improved by being soaked in cold buttermilk.