

THE CARTHAGINIAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY STREET BREWER. (Office, East side of McReynolds' street, Carthage, N. C.)

Rates of Subscription: Single copy, one year, \$1.50; six months, \$1.00; three months, \$0.50. An extra copy will be given to any person sending a club of ten. All subscriptions to be paid in advance.

THE CARTHAGINIAN.

TRUTH WITHOUT FEAR.

Volume 1.

CARTHAGE, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, JAN. 31, 1878.

Number 5

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Rates of Advertising:

Table with 2 columns: Rate per square (1 inch) one insertion, and Rate per square for longer terms (two, three, four, five, six insertions).

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THE STORY OF A PHYSICIAN'S WIFE.

"I have heard of persons whose hair was whitened through excessive fear, but as I never saw myself any one so affected I am disposed to be credulous on the subject."

The above remark was made to Dr. Maynard as we sat on the piazza of his pretty villa discussing the different effects of terror on dissimilar temperaments. Without replying to me the doctor turned to his wife and said: "Helen, will you please relate to my old friend the incident within your own experience? It is the most convincing argument I can advance."

I looked at Mrs. Maynard in surprise. I had observed that her hair, which was luxuriant and dressed very becoming, was surely colorless, but as she was a young woman, and also a very pretty one, I surmised that it was powdered to heighten the brilliancy of her fine dark eyes.

The doctor and I had been friends and fellow students, but after leaving college we had drifted apart, I to commence practice in an Eastern city, he to pursue his profession in a growing town in the West. I was now on a visit to him for the first time since his marriage.

Mrs. Maynard, no doubt, reading my supposition by my look in incredulity, smiled as she shook down her snowy tresses over her shoulders, and seating herself by her husband's side, related the following episode:

"It is now nearly two years ago since my husband was called on, one evening to visit a patient several miles away. Our domestics had all gone to a 'wake' in the vicinity, the dead man being a relative of one of our serving women. But I felt no fear, for we never had heard of burglars or any sort of desperadoes in our quiet village, then consisting of a few scattering houses. The windows leading out on the piazza were open as of now, but I secured the blinds before my husband's departure and locked the outside doors, all except the front one, which I left for the doctor to lock after going out, so that if I should fall asleep before his return he could enter without arousing me. I heard the doctor's rapid footstep on the gravel, quickened by the urgent tones of the messenger, who awaited him, and after the sharp rattle of carriage wheels had become but an echo, I seated myself by the parlor astral and soon became absorbed in the book I had been reading before being disturbed by the summons. But after a time my interest succumbed to drowsiness, and I thought of retiring, when the clock in the doctor's study adjoining the parlor struck twelve; so I determined to wait a few moments more, feeling that he would be home now very soon. I closed my book, donned a robe de chambre, left down my hair, and then returned to my seat to patiently wait and listen. Not the faintest sound disturbed the stillness of the night. Not a breath of air stirred the leaf. The silence was so profound that it became oppressive. I longed for the sharp click of the gate-latch and the well-known step on the gravel walk. I did not dare to break the hush myself by moving or singing, I was so oppressed by the deep stillness.

"The human mind is a strange torturer of itself. I began to conjure up vivid fancies about ghostly visitants, in the midst of which occurred to me the stories I had heard from superstitious people about the troubled spirits of those who had died suddenly, like a man whom my servants had gone to 'wake,' who had been killed by an accident at the saw mill. In the midst of these terrifying reflections I was started by a stealthy footfall on the piazza. I listened, between fear and hope. It might be the doctor. But no, he would not tread like that: the step was too soft and cautious for anything less wily than a cat. As I listened, again my eyes were fixed on the window blind. I saw the slats move slowly and softly, and then the rays of the moon disclosed a thin, cadaverous face, and bright, glittering eyes peering at me. Oh, horror! who was it? what was it?"

I felt the cold perspiration start at every pore. I seemed to be frozen in my chair. I could not move, I could not cry out; my tongue seemed glued to the roof of my mouth while the deathly white face pressed closer, and the great sunken eyes wandered in their gaze about the room. In a few moments the blind closed, as noiselessly as it had been opened, and the curious footstep came toward the door. "Merciful heavens!" I cried, in a horror-stricken whisper as I heard the key turn in the lock, "the doctor in his haste, must have forgotten to withdraw the key."

"God forgive me!" ejaculated Dr. Maynard, interrupting his wife, and looking far more excited than she, "I can never forgive myself for such a thoughtless act. Please proceed, my dear."

"I heard the front door open, the step in the hall, and helpless as a statue I still sat riveted to my chair. The parlor door was open, and in it stood a tall, thin man, whom I had never beheld before. He was dressed in a long loose robe, a sort of gaberdine, and a black velvet skull cap partially concealed a broad forehead, underneath which gleamed black eyes, bright as living coals, and placed so near together that their gaze were pretentious in their directness; heavy grizzled eye lids hung over them like the tangled mane of a lion; the nose was sharp and prominent, and the chin was overgrown with white hair, which hung down in locks weird as the ancient mariner's. He politely doffed his cap, bowed, replaced it, and then said, in a slightly foreign accent:

"Madam, it is not necessary for me to stand on any further ceremony, as your husband, Dr. Maynard (hereupon he again bowed profoundly) has acquainted you with the nature of my business here-to-night. I perceive," he added, glancing at my negligé robe, that you were expecting me?"

"No," I found my voice to stammer. "The doctor has said nothing to me about a visitor at this hour of the night."

"Ah, he wished to spare you, no doubt, a disagreeable apprehension," he returned, advancing and taking a seat on the sofa opposite me, where for a few moments he sat and eyed me keenly from head to foot, with a strange glittering light in his eyes that mysteriously impressed me. "You have a remarkably fine physique, madam," he observed quietly; "one that might deceive the most skilled and practical physician. Do you suffer much pain?"

"Unable to speak, I shook my head. A terrible suspicion was creeping over me. I was alone—miles away from aid or rescue—with a madman."

"Ah, he continued, reflectively, 'your husband may have mistaken a tumor for a cancer. Allow me to feel your pulse?' he said, rising and bending over me."

"I thought it best to humor him, remembering it was unwise for a helpless woman to oppose the, as yet, harmless freak of a lunatic. He took out his watch, shook his head gravely, laid my hand down gently, then went toward the study, where on the table, was an open case of surgical instruments."

"Do not be alarmed, madam," he said, turning to me as I was about to rise and flee, and in another instant he was by my side, with the case in his possession."

Involuntarily I raised my hand and cried: "Spare me! O, spare me, I beseech you!"

"Madam," he said sternly, clasping my wrist with his long sinewy fingers, with a grip of steel, "you behave like a child. I have no time to parley, for I have received a letter from the Emperor of the French stating that he is suffering from a iliac abscess, and is desirous of my attendance. I must start for Europe immediately after performing the operation on your breast, and before I could make the slightest resistance, he had me in his arms and was carrying me into the study, where there was a long table with green baize. On this he laid me, and holding me down with the strength of a maniac, he brought forth from some hidden recess in his gown several long leather straps, with which he

secured me to the table with the skill of an expert. It was but the work of a moment to unloose my robe and bare my bosom. Then, after carefully examining my left breast, he said:

"Madame, your husband has made a mistake. I find no necessity for my intended operation."

"At this I gave a long-drawn sigh of relief, and prepared to rise. "But," he continued, "I have made the discovery that your heart is as large as that of an ox! I will remove it, so that you may see for yourself reduce it to its natural size by a curious process of my own unknown to the medical science, and of which I am the sole discoverer, and then replace it again."

"He now began to examine the edge of the cruel knife, on which I closed my eyes, while every nerve was in a perceptible tremor. "The mechanism of the heart is like a watch," he resumed; "if it goes too fast the great blood vessel that supplies the force must be stopped like the level of a watch, and the works must be cleaned, and repaired and regulated. It may interest you to know that I was present at the post-mortem examination held over the remains of the beautiful Louise of Prussia. Had I been consulted before death, I would have saved her by taking out heart and removing the polyp, between which it was wedged like as if in a vice; but was called too late. The king and I had a little difference—he was a German, I am French. I trust that is sufficient explanation."

"He now bent over me, his long white beard brushing my face. I raised my eyes beseechingly, trying to think of some way to save myself. "Oh, sir, give me an anæsthetic, that I may not feel the pain," I pleaded.

"Indeed! indeed! madame, I would comply with your wish were you not the wife of a physician—a of a skillful surgeon. I wish you to note with what ease I perform this difficult operation, so that you may tell your husband of the great savant whose services he secured, fortunately in season."

"As he said this he made the final test of his knife on his thumb. How precious were the moments now! They were fleeing all so fast, and yet an eternity seemed compressed in every one. I never fainted in my life, and I never felt less like swooning than now, as I summoned all my presence of mind to delay the fearful moment, fervently praying in the meantime for my husband's return."

"Doctor," said I, with assumed composure, "I have the utmost confidence in your skill. I would not trust my life to another; but, doctor, you have forgotten to bring a napkin to staunch the blood. If you will have the goodness to ascend to my sleeping chamber, at the right of the hall, you will find everything you need for that purpose in the bureau."

"And, madame," said he, shaking his head sagaciously, "I never draw blood during a surgical operation; that is another one of the secrets unknown to the faculty."

"Then placing his hand on my bosom he added with horrible espièglerie:

"I'll scarcely mar that whiter skin than snow and smooth as monumental alabaster."

"O, God!" I cried, as I felt the cold steel touch my breast; but with the same breath came deliverance.

"Quick as thought a heavy wooden piano cover was thrown over the head and person of the madman, and bound tightly about him. As quickly was I released, and the things that had bound me soon held the maniac.

"My husband held me in his arms. He had noiselessly approached, and taking in the horror of my situation at a glance, had, by the only means at hand, secured the madman, who was the very patient he had been summoned to attend, but who had escaped the vigilance of his keeper soon after the departure of the messenger, who had returned with the doctor in pursuit of him: As the poor wretch was being hurried away he turned to me and said: 'Madame, this is a plot to rob me of my reputation. Your husband is envious of my great skill as a surgeon.

Adieu! I afterward learned that the man was once an eminent surgeon in Europe, but much learning had made him mad. When he bound me to that table my hair was as black as a raven; when I left it, it was as you see it now—white as full-blown cotton."

LAYING A KING AT REST. Victor Emmanuel's Remains Escorted to the Pantheon with Great State.

Rome, January 17.—The funeral of the late King Victor Emmanuel took place to-day, and was very impressive. The body of the dead monarch was placed on the funeral car at 9 o'clock in the morning, and the procession started from the Quirinal about 10 o'clock. It was headed by fifteen military detachments, with three bands, and the clergy, bearing tapers. The car used at the funeral of King Charles Albert of Sardinia, Victor Emmanuel's father, was used on this occasion. It was surmounted by the iron crown, the ancient diadem of the Lombard kings, which was brought from Monza for the occasion.

Contrary to a previous announcement there were no pall-bearers. The car was preceded by Lieutenant-General Medici, the late King's first aid-de-camp, mounted, who bore the Palestro sword, sheathed. The car was surrounded by a guard of honor and the special representatives delegated by foreign courts. It was followed by Victor Emmanuel's favorite horse, riderless, military banners and a guard of honor, eighteen detachments of civil dignitaries, the Ministers, Senators and deputies and the Knights of the Annunziata. This part of the procession was one mile long. Besides this there were 2,700 deputations from all parts of Italy, numbering each from five to several hundreds. The entire procession, except General Medici, was on foot. From the Quirinal it moved by the Piazza di Spagna to the Piazza del Popolo; thence down the Corso nearly to the end, and thence to the Pantheon, where it arrived about 4 o'clock. The ecclesiastical service was confined to a simple oblation and benediction pronounced by Mgr. Gori, Archbishop of the Chapter of the Church. The stone which is to be placed in the chapel destined for the King is a simple slab, bearing only the words "Victor Emmanuel I. First King of Italy." It stood between the high altar and the altar of Saint Anastasia the Martyr, on the right as the Pantheon is entered. Over the gateway of the Pantheon was the following inscription:

Italy, with a mother's pride, with a daughter's grief, supplicates for the Great King, who was a faithful citizen and a triumphant soldier, the immortality of the righteous and the heroic.

The procession was one hour and a half in passing a given point. The costumes in the official portion, including the soldiery, were magnificent, and the effect of the spectacle was heightened by the display of seventy tattered banners. The Crown Prince of Germany, with representatives from Austria, Portugal and Baden, walked abreast. The effect of the music in the procession was most impressive. The Pantheon was splendidly decorated as a chapel ardente. Daylight was excluded by the standard of Italy veiling the roof. The side chapel of Clement XI. was walled in and draped with gold and crimson.—*Rail News.*

Brain work, and that of the clearest kind, comes into profitable play quite as well on the farm as anywhere else. Look ahead, get a just view of the position; have ploughing, sowing, harvesting, and selling all done at the proper time. Never hurry, but always drive work ahead. Know in the evening what you intend to do the next day. Have your rainy day and your clear day occupation designed before hand. Always bring in requisition the full means for compassing the desired ends. In short, study and understand your business, and you will enjoy it, and thrive at it.—*Selected.*

The man whose mind and hands are busy finds no time to weep and wail. If work is slack, spend the time in reading. No man ever knew too much. The hard-est students in the world are the old men who know the most.

HE ADMIRED THEM ALL.

He Had Rather be Buried in an Old-Fashioned Coffin of Pine.

No other State could have raised him but New Jersey. He was tall and lank, and wore rusty clothes. His trousers were tucked inside his bootlegs, and his boots were covered thick with red clay. He strolled into a wholesale coffin warehouse on the Bowery, and stood near the door staring around in open-mouthed wonderment.

The proprietor stepped up to him, and rubbing his hands briskly, said: "Coffins?"

"Yes, I see they be," answered the Jerseyman. "You hev got a lot of 'em now, ain't yer?"

"Largest and best assorted stock in the city," replied the proprietor. "Shall I show you through?"

Then the Jerseyman looked very happy. "Now, outthir' ed tickle me more'n that," said he. "Look here, mister, do yer give away 'r chromo with each coffin?"

The warehouseman shook his head, and said he had never made a practice of that.

"Well, I didn't know; some undertakers do an' some don't. You must expect a powerful lot of folks to tucker out this summer from th' number 'r boxes yer got here."

The storekeeper merely nodded, and led the way back to a "rosewood."

"Now there is an article I can recommend. Silver-plated screws, wood well seasoned, and will last for years."

The Jerseyman walked all around it, peeped inside of it, and slowly rubbed the wood with his hand.

"Well, now, by gosh! she is a beauty, ain't she?" said he. "Anybody that expects to have a real good, comfortable time, let 'em take that, hey? Why Daniel Webster himself couldn't ask no better. Look here, when I ride out on th' pale horse, ef they want to make me happy, jist let 'em hide me in one like that."

"Here is another style," said the proprietor, moving on. "Casket. Solid silver mountings; double wood, and my own patent."

The Jerseyman stopped and inspected it long and minutely. He examined the silver case, and polished the wood with his coat tail.

"Well, great jeminny! that jst lays over anything in th' way of a box I ever did see. Why, if a man hed a thing like that layin' round his house, ready for use, an' it was generally known 'bout th' neighborhood, I calculate his society would be sought after by th' richest in th' land. I jst want 'r mention in this one fact. When I bids goodby with weepin' eye to this 'r ball of mud, as our pastor says, if they'd only tuck me away in a patent thing like that I'd be th' happiest man alive. How much for that patent?"

"Eighty dollars," said the proprietor, moving on.

The Jerseyman followed behind, muttering to himself: "By Josh! I'm really I ought 'r stop smokin' and chewin', an' save up for one of them things."

"Now, here is a metallic arrangement," said the proprietor, stopping. "It's preservative qualities are immense. I guarantee that this will last forever."

The Jerseyman halted and looked at the last style with perfect amazement. At length he found his voice and said: "I don't want to see no more. That is the style for me. If I was as rich as A. T. Stewick & Co. I'd hev one of 'em if it bust me. I can't conceive of no greater pleasure than to jist lay and wait for Gabriel to blow his horn in a thing like that. When th' doctor gits through with me jist let 'em mortgage th' farm an' sit one of them kind for me, an' I'll go happy. That's my style exact."

"Here are our cheaper kinds," said the proprietor, turning about; "pine, but nicely painted and finely finished."

The Jerseyman gazed upon one of them as if it was an old friend.

"Well, now, after all," said he, "perhaps it's the best. For a good, plain, enjoyable tinner's game a pine. Them don't call for no brass bands or Old Fellows followin' on behind. When I'm wanted in th' other world jist put me in a pine an' I won't complain a bit, I'm—"

"No, sir, if you wish to buy—"

"No, no," said the Jerseyman, looking at him in surprise. "I don't want to buy anything; you asked me to look through, an' jist to oblige yer—"

He was out on the sidewalk and the door closed behind him before he could finish, and he quietly rambled away up the Bowery.

Undecided Young Men.

A world of trouble is occasioned to girls by the indecision of character of young men. A pretty girl in the neighborhood of a dozen young men. She is not only beautiful, but she is good, well-educated and accomplished. Perhaps there is not one of these young men who would not take a particular interest in her, for she is a general favorite; but they observe that one of their number seems to have got the start of them; he is a regular and frequent visitor, and his intentions do not appear to be at all displeasing in the quarter where they are bestowed; so the others fall back, or turn their eyes elsewhere.

The young man who has brought all this about goes on from week to week, from month to month, it may be from year to year, without any definite plan of the future, or so much as any clear decision in his own mind of what he wished to do. He likes the young lady; he knows that his visits are pleasant to himself and acceptable to her; he would not like her to receive particular attention from another; yet he says not a word about engagement and marriage, the end and aim of a woman's life.

He has gradually won her affections, until he has become "the ocean to the river of her thoughts." She could not bear to break off with him, to be separated from him; for she loves him, as she fondly believes, and perhaps truly, as she can never love another. But how, horrifying is the state of doubt and uncertainty in which she drifts on.

Reflection should make young men careful how they win the hearts they do not wish to wear. They have no right to monopolize a girl's society, so long as they are in a state of entire indecision as to their own wishes and purposes.

But while the fault may lie with the young men, the folly rests as much with the young women. They should be early wise, and guard their affections from becoming fastened upon a young man from whom they have no assurance, and of whom they know nothing more than that he is an agreeable companion. They should beware of young men of indecision of character, who, having once ingratiated themselves into favor, will dawdle along as if it were no part of their duty to give to the future and to the happiness of others a single thought.

It is rarely undecided associations are productive of permanent good. There are many circumstances which intervene in the progress of time, and render them highly injurious to both parties. As in the one case the eligible young men keep their distance for fear of intruding, so in the other the undecided young man is looked upon by young girls in the neighborhood as partly, if not wholly, engaged; and it is only in the case of flirt any attempt is made to draw him away; but, should his attention cease for any cause, he finds it a difficult matter, indeed, to reinstate himself elsewhere.

"I don't think I ought to pay that bill," said a man when his physician called on him for settlement. "Why not?" "Because doctor, you gave me so much medicine that I was sick a long time after you had cured me."

"What on earth am I to do with that incorrigible son of mine?" inquired an anxious father of a friend. "Dress him in shepherd's plaid," was the reply. "Why, what possible benefit would that be?" demanded the wondering parent. "It would, at least, be a way of keeping him in check."

When Job said, "My life is swifter than a post," he probably meant a gate post, as that is always fast—to the fence.

An Irishman was once asked why he wore his stockings inside out: "Because there is a hole in the other side," he replied.

In these days of much politics, if Bret Harte had lived out West he could meet his "Two Men at Any Bar" any time between 6 A. M. and midnight.

We all have Faults.

I have been a good deal up and down in the world, and I never did see either a perfect horse or a perfect man, and I never shall until two Sundays come together. The old saying is, "Lifeless, faultless." Of dead men we should say nothing but good, but as for the living they are all tarred more or less with the black brush, and half an eye can see it. Every head has a soft place in it, and every heart has its black drop. Every rose has its prickles, and every day its night. Even the sun shows spots, and the skies are darkened with clouds. Nobody is so wise but he has folly enough to stock a stall at Varsity Fair. Where I could not see the fool's cap, I have nevertheless heard the bells jingle. As there is no sunshine without some shadow, so is all human good mixed up with more or less of evil; even poor-law guardians have their little failings, and parish headles are not wholly of heavenly nature. The best wine has its lees—All men's faults are not written on their foreheads, and it's quite well they are not, or hats would need wide brims; yet as sure as eggs are eggs, faults of some sort nestle in every man's bosom. There's no telling when a man's sins may show themselves, for larks pop out of a ditch just when you are not looking for them. A horse that is weak in the legs may not stumble for a mile or two, but it's in him, and the ruler had better hold him up well. The tabby cat is not lapping milk just now, but leave the dairy door open, and we will see if she is not as bad a thief as the kitten.—There's fire in the flint, cool as it looks; wait till the steel gets a knock at it, and you will see. Everybody can read that riddle, but it is not everybody that will remember to keep his gunpowder out of the way of the candle.—*John Ploughman.*

The Business Outlook.

[From the New York Herald, 17th.]

The large receipts of grain and flour at Chicago, Milwaukee and other Western gathering points for the first half of the present month speak well for a very active movement to this port by railroad during the winter months, and for a general revival of business in New York. Large grain receipts here mean activity in the dry goods and other trades in the spring, as well as better employment during the winter. The wheat arriving in Chicago by the Northwestern and other lines from January 1 to January 14 this year foots up seven hundred and fifty-two thousand bushels, against three hundred and sixty thousand during the corresponding period in 1877, and five hundred and twenty-five thousand bushels in 1876. The corn movement has scarcely yet begun this year, in consequence of the unfavorable weather. At Milwaukee the January receipts thus far this year have been four hundred and eighty-seven thousand bushels, against three hundred and thirty-four thousand bushels last year. But the largest receipts known in one day for many years were those of January 15 being at Chicago, one hundred and two bushels of wheat and one hundred and forty thousand bushels of corn and at Milwaukee ninety-one thousand bushels of wheat. These facts, with active and strong grain and flour market at Liverpool, the decline of the gold premium on Tuesday below two per cent., the lowest point reached since April 29, 1862, and the prospect of further European complications, promise well for the business prosperity of the United States and for a general revival of our real estate, railroad shipping and other interests.

Arrested for passing Counterfeit Money.

On Saturday last W. A. Pressell from Yancey County attempted to pass some counterfeit Nickels, at the store of Hays Bros. A warrant was issued by U. S. Commissioner Bowman, and D. A. Putnam was deputized to arrest him. Pressell implicated others and the officer arrested Kit Byrd of Yancey. On the trial it appeared that Pressell was innocent, as he obtained the money from Byrd and did not know that it was counterfeit. Byrd was committed to jail to await his trial at the Federal Court.—*Rom Mountain Republican.*