

THE CARTHAGINIAN.

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FOR LOVE OF HIM.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"MARRY him! Marry him! Ernes-tine, have you taken leave of your senses, or are you simply trying to make me dis-gusted with you?" The music from the brass band was pulsing joyously, the loud blare of the cornet, the silvery tinkle of the piccolo, the tender alto of the violin, and occa-sional thrilling peals from the drums were sending the young blood through Dell Dessington's veins in riotous exu-berance as the stomp there, tapping one dainty booted foot, and looking impu-berly for the recent coming of her partner in that glorious waltz-quadri-ple.

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TRUTH WITHOUT FEAR.

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Curiosities of Suicide.

The latest report of the Criminal Administration of France contains a very curious series of statistics relative to the suicides committed in that country in the year 1874. It appears that during that period 5,617 persons killed themselves, and that this total is greater than had ever before been reported. Of these unfortunates, 79 per cent. were men and 21 per cent. women. Of 105 suicides the ages could not be determined, but of the remaining 5,512, 32 were under 16 years of age, 135 between 16 and 21, 1,477 between 21 and 40, 2,214 between 40 and 60, and 1,500 over the last mentioned age.

and Steele obeyed the call "all waltz!" It was a wide sweep they took, and it was in the direction of where Mr. Long-streth stood; and Dell looked at him once half angrily, and met his coolly sar-castic eyes fixed on her with a contempt-u-ous, smiling, amusing look. And then Dell spoke to Chauncey. "He is, without exception, the ugliest piece of masculinity I ever had the bad luck to see! Nevertheless, Chauncey, I wish you to introduce me to the minute quadrille is over!"

And the glad days went on, and the girl's willfulness, and headstrongness, and coquettishness, faded in the light of the love that glorified her young life. Love was supreme lord of all, and Dell often wondered at how strangely it all had happened, and then, thanked Heaven that it had happened as it had.

ering through the lips that had lost cent steeple rung silverly out its five slow, resonant peals, there came a sud-den, imperious summons at their door-bell, and Dell, with a deathly pallor spreading over her face, followed by a flush of happy ecstasy, laughed aloud—the first time in months.

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Lovely Woman and her Ways. The following remarks clipped from the Louisville Journal, are so appropriate to the times that we insert them in our paper, and trust that all our lady friends will give them a scanning: "It is indeed a funny and ridicu-lously-sight to see a lovely woman stop at a street crossing, give her body a fearful twist, stoop low and reach backward and downward nearly to her heels, and grab from forty to fifty pounds of dress tail, full of dirt and dust, shake it five or six times, like a buzzard fixing its wings to fly, then hobble across the street like a lame turkey to the other side, there to "let go," turn round four or five times, and start off like a sternwheel boat in a storm.

Such fantastic, fashionable freaks of folly as we see sometimes upon our streets are certainly very un-becoming to all that is modest, beautiful and lovely in woman.—Think of it. The idea of a fash-ionably dressed blonde or brunette stopping dead still upon the street, kick out and up like a cow at an army of loose horns, grab her clothes in her hand, and with a body bent, looking out from under a little hat perched upon one side of the head, and making a public exhibition of her heels and hose as she skips across the street like an ostrich on a run, an exact copy in style and dress of the woman who rides a spotted horse in a circus and jumps through a paper balloon for \$15 a week and applause. Look at the modestly dressed, sweet faced, humble girl, walking home-ward, having been on a mission for her mother, perhaps. No foolish-ness about her. She lives, dresses, acts and looks plain. She and fashion are strangers. Loafers and blackguards don't stare at her, and make all kinds of remarks about her. No! She commands respect by her dress and conduct upon the public streets. See her, spotless white, looking like an angel.—Kneeling at the bedside with her face and eyes lifted heavenward, and in accents low and sweet breathing from her pure lips the language of her soul in humble prayer: "Our father who art in heaven." Angels put their ears to the twinkling stars and listen to her prayers. The one a meek, humble, Christian young woman, whose affections are fixed on things above the foibles and follies of a fashionable world—whose very soul pants for the light and love of a home "over there." The other, a thin-visaged, "made-up" woman of a fashionable world, whose whole heart and soul is engulfed in the great whirlpool of mock hap-piness and folly; who never looks in the Bible one-hundredth part as much as she does a looking-glass, whose whole idea of life is to "have fun with the boys" until she is forty, and then take the chance of fooling some old man into "buying her," if she can. The one breathes her prayer and lies down on her downy bed to dream of heaven and the angels. The other comes out of the parlor at a late hour, like a tired and hungry coach horse, rushes to the pantry, grabs a pickle in one hand and a cold ham-bone in the other; then to her room. She swings her "harness" over the back of half a dozen chairs, scatters the other "make up" about the floor, and forgets the duty she owes to God and herself, and dives into bed like a wharf rat into the canal, rolls and tumbles all night as if the bed were full of horns, and rises at eight nine or ten o'clock next morning, as stiff and lifeless as a billy-goat that has been run over by a freight train. Now, which one of the two think you God and the angels smile upon the most—the beautiful woman or the fash-ionable young lady?"

HAPPINESS between husband and wife can only be secured by that constant tenderness and care of the parties for each other which are based upon warm and demonstrative love. The heart demands that the man shall not sit reticent, self-absorbed and silent in the midst of his family. The woman who forgets to note and provide for the peculiarities of her husband's tastes and wishes renders her home undesirable for him. In a word, ever-present and ever-demonstrative gentleness must reign or else the heart starves.