THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

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,.....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, MAR. 21, 1878. Number 12.

THE CARTHAGINIAN.

Rates of Advertising:

1 Square,	1 insertion		$1 00
1 "	3 months		6 00
1 "	6 "		10 00
1 "	1 year		18 00
¼ column	1 month		8 00
¼ "	3 "		16 00
¼ "	6 "		25 00
¼ "	1 year		35 00
½ "	3 months		25 00
½ "	6 "		35 00
½ "	1 " year		60 00
1 "	3 months		45 00
1 "	6 "		70 00
1 "	1 year		100 00

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ONE BY ONE.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going—
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee;
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one bright gifts from Heaven,
Joys are sent thee from above;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them move.

One by one these gifts shall melt thee—
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not laugh at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow;
Every day begin again.

Every day that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven—but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken,
Ere thy pilgrimage be done.

My Aunt Penelope.

We had been married not quite two years, Jerome and I; and I think we had contrived to be about as happy as married couples are.

Jerome wasn't rich, but had a good salary in his uncle's shipping office, and I had learned the lesson of economy, and contrived to get along nicely with only one girl. To be sure, Aunt Penelope helped us; but, after all, Aunt Penelope, though she was a good soul, and meant well, was more in the way than otherwise.

We had gone to housekeeping on a second floor in Camden. It was a very nice place, although Aunt Penelope declared from the first that a second floor wasn't genteel.

"It is more genteel than running in debt for a whole house that you can't afford," said Aunt Penelope, [illegible] care, although some of my school friends, who had married rising young lawyers and doctors, left off visiting me. And you may be sure I didn't miss them much after baby came, like a little blue-eyed sunbeam, to fill my heart and hands with those delicious cares that are so sweet to a mother's soul.

Aunt Penelope was always thinking of plans.

"My friend, Mrs. Outerbridge, owns the sweetest country place up the river," said Aunt Penelope to me one day in a confidential and patronizing tone.

"My friend, Mrs. Outerbridge, is going to France, and has requested me most politely to reside at Outerbridge Cottage during her absence, and look after things a little. And when I mentioned that I was devoted to my niece and her baby, she was kind enough to say that it would make no difference if you came there, too—for five months, from the 1st of May to the 1st of October. And what a splendid thing it would be for the baby to have five months in the country."

My eyes glittered at the prospect. The first tooth had already begun to gleam like a pearl in his rosy gum, and I dreaded the hot, sultry air of summer for little Bertie's sake.

"Yes," said I, doubtfully. "But Jerome?"

"It's only twenty-five minutes by train," said Aunt Penelope. "He can come out every evening."

The more Aunt Penelope and I discussed this subject, the more feasible and delightful it appeared to us. We could revel in country milk, velvet-mown clawns, and fresh butter. Baby's perambulator could roll over graveled walks; Jerome could hear the nightingales sing of a summer twilight, and watch the moon, reflected in the streams; and Aunt Penelope and I could be for the once fine ladies, at the head of a great establishment, for all the Outerbridge servants were to remain on until the return of their mistress. Veritably it seemed a delightful idea!

When Jerome came home I could hardly wait to give him his first cup of tea before I unfolded the story of Outerbridge Cottage, on the Hudson. Aunt Penelope, sitting graciously by, feeling like the fairy godmother who had done it all with one whisk of her enchanted wand.

"Well?" quoth I, restlessly, when I had finished the recital.

"Well!" said Jerome, who by this time had the baby on his lap, and was tickling its plump ribs.

"Of course we'll go!"

"Of course we won't!" said this impracticable husband of mine.

"Jerome!"

"Amy!"

"But why not!"

"In the first place, because I've no idea of your turning housekeeper for any old woman who wants to enjoy herself in France and foist off her household cares on somebody else. In the second place, I like to make my own arrangements, instead of having them made for me!"

At this Aunt Penelope bridled a little and tossed her head.

I looked, with eyes full of tears, at my husband.

"Jerome," cried I, "now you are unreasonable. It would be such a fine thing for baby."

"I don't see but that baby is doing well enough," retorted Jerome. "I do not approve of your plans, Amy. Let Aunt Penelope accept the position, if she pleases. I am able to furnish a home for my own wife."

"A home! Yes," cried out I, indignantly, "in a flat, without as much back-yard as one could bleach a tablecloth in!"

"You have contrived to exist in it for two years," said Jerome, with what seemed to me the most heartless indifference.

I began to cry. Aunt Penelope rose up with a great rustling of black silk and lilac satin cap ribbons.

"I shall certainly accept my friend Mrs. Outerbridge's kind offer," said she, with dignity. "Of course, Amy, you will do as you please. And I am going up stairs now to pack up. Mrs. Outerbridge is anxious for me to come as soon as possible. And, of course, Amy, you will remember that I shall always be glad to receive you and your family as my guests, at Outerbridge Cottage."

I looked imploringly at Jerome.

"May we go, dear? I am so [illegible] hungry for apple-blossoms, and green grass, and buttercups," pleaded I.

"Of course, if you wish it."

"And will you come, too?"

But Jerome shook his head.

"My evenings for the present must be spent in town," said he. "I have some extra work to do for Uncle Joseph which won't bear posponing. If you go, Amy, you must go alone."

Aunt Pen was loud in her denunciation of husbands in general, and of Jerome in particular, when I came up to her room.

"I could have told you how it would be before you were ever married to him," said Aunt Pen, shaking her head "but—"

"You shall not talk so, Aunt Pen!" flashed I. "I dare say Jerome is right, only—only—"

And then I vindicated my cause right royally by bursting into a new flood of tears.

Aunt Penelope went away the next day, and lonesome enough it seemed. It was a blowy April morning, with a blue sky, dappled with clouds, and faint sweet scents of growing things in the air. Oh, how sick I was of the flat, of pavements and brick walls, and all the items which go to make up a city! Baby was more fretful than usual, and I easily persuaded myself that he was pining.

"Oh, Jerome!" cried I, passionately, when at last my husband came home, with a tired look, and a roll of papers under his arms; "have we always got to live so?"

"Live how, my darling?"

"Cooped up like rats in a trap, away from all the beautiful sights and sounds of the world! Shut up in a mere lodging-house! Can't we live in a house that has at least a little flower-border and a grapevine in its rear?"

"I hope we can afford to some time, my dear," said Jerome, gravely.

And then he drew out his inkstand, opened his roll of figures, and went to work.

The April days beamed on, all bright skies, soft winds, and kaleidoscopic glimpses of sunshowers; and I became almost heart sick for the country.

"If Jerome cared for me as he used to care," I told myself, with feverish impatience, "he would at least make some effort to find a home where I could be happier than in this human hive, where a few pots-plants in the window are all I have to remind me of the green world outside."

Stung by these reflections, and still further incited by a letter from Aunt Penelope, full of descriptions of lambs, daises and little streamlets, I one day packed up my valise.

"Hallo," said Jerome, when he came home, "where are you going?"

"To Aunt Penelope, for a week's visit; I need it and so does Bertie."

"And leave me?"

I looked keenly at Jerome. He, too, was paler and thinner than his usual wont. Nights of work and days of counting-house toil were beginning to tell upon him.

"No, no!" I cried, throwing my arms around him: "I won't leave you, dearest. Not if I never see the country again."

"That's my own brave little girl!" said Jerome, stroking back my hair with a loving touch. "Wait a week, dear, and I'll take you myself for a little trip."

So I waited.

The day-week came, to my infinite delight. I dressed baby in a long white frock, with blue ribbon sash and shoulder-knots, and put on my own dainty little spring hat, trimmed with primroses, and away we rolled in a comfortable open carriage—Jerome, Bertie, and I—until we came to the prettiest bird's nest of a cottage in the world, just a little distance out of the town, where vines garlanded the porch, and a little lawn extended down to a crystal-clear brook. Tulips and daffodils made the borders gay, and a lilac-tree, by the gate, was just bur-ting into bloom.

"I should like a home like this," said I, gazing abstractedly out at its exquisite beauty.

"Should you?" said Jerome, laughing, as he drew up the horses in front of the gate. "I'm glad to hear that, because it is your home."

"My—home!"

I started at him as if he were half [illegible]

"Yes, little patient, homesick wife. I haven't forgotten your likings and longings all this time. Your home!"

"But—is it paid for?"

"Yes; every shilling. Uncle Joseph has helped me, and that night work was well paid. A good garden, Amy, and a nice place to keep fowls! So you like it eh?"

My face answered him.

We moved out the following week, and kept our May Day among the flowers and birds. And little Bertie grows like a weed in the sweet scents and growing grass; and Aunt Penelope has taken back all she said about Jerome, and has all sorts of trouble with the Outerbridge servants; I am the happiest little wife in all the world!

"The Women of the Hills."

Among the noted women of the Black Hills is Calamity Jane, or Martha Canary. Born in the midst of a wild whirlwind of a dissolute life—thrown when a mere child upon the cold world for sustenance—uneducated, uncared for—with a mother incapacitated to love her—father dead—surrounded with sadness—Jane grew up among the rough-and-tumble of the world, and is to day what delicate society would denominate a strong-minded woman. She is about twenty-two years old, has a dark complexion, high cheek bones, an awkward walk, receding brow, black hair, rather pleasant eye but when in passion emitting a greenish glare. Her movements are all free and unstudied, yet in no sense unbecoming. Her conversation is animated, her language good, and her heart warm and generous. She imitates no one, is an original in herself, despises hypocrisy, and is easily melted to tears. She is generous, forgiving, kind-hearted, sociable, and yet when aroused has all the daring courage of a lion or the devil himself. She has been long in the hills; has been a scout in the army; dressed in soldier's clothes, travelled all over; scaled the mountains; rode horseback; fought Indians, and is now dancing in a hurdy-gurdy house in Deadwood for a living. When dressed in her own garments she looks comely; when equipped as a man she has all the characteristics of the sterner sex, with her pistols, bowie knives and other weapons of death.

Monte Verde is a woman about twenty-five years old. She is probably the most gifted female in the hills, has a somewhat large figure, dark hair; is a most excellent dancer and singer; has a quiet, unostentatious way, yet fully self-possessed. On the stage in the role of a comic singer or songstress, she is greatly admired. In her original play of the "Outcast" (which contains, I understand, only points in her own life), she is an excellent tragedienne, and never fails to draw tears from her admirers. When she first arrived at the hills, she was carried on a board (standing up on it) through the streets of Deadwood, borne on the shoulders of four men. She deals "21," sings, dances, plays excellently, and yet mingles in the rough crowd of the gambling saloon and appears enchanted with her surroundings, and yet I am quite confident she longs for a higher and better life, which she could adorn with honor to herself and her sex.

Nellie, in Central, is one of the woman of the hills. No female attracts so much notice as Nellie. Of course she is a gambler, and that here is not derogatory to one's character. In the ordinary proprieties of every-day life you see nothing to find fault with, but seated at the gaming-table, surrounded with rough miners, Nellie looks her best and her worst—best by comparison, worse by her company—not that her companions are bad, but the place, the scene, the game. But this is a free country. Nellie is only twenty-one, has a very interesting face, a sparkling eye, a charming way with her; her movements are graceful. Yet she loves her cards.

Kitty Leroy, who was killed by her husband only a short time ago, who then killed herself, was of been noted as a jig dancer. She had a large Roman nose, cold, gray eyes, a low, cunning forehead, and was inordinately fond of money. I saw her often in her "Mint" which was opposite my office; where men congregated to squander their money; and as Kitty was a good player like the old grave-digger, she "gathered them in!" that is, their money. Men are, in a general sense, fools. A small tress of golden hair, or a bright eye or soft voice will precipitate them into the ocean of folly, and women of the world (and some out of the world) know this fact and play upon the weak string of men's hearts until all is gone—money, character and even life. Kitty had seen much of human nature, entering upon her wild career at the age of ten. She was married three times and died at twenty-eight. A polite and intelligent German met her. He was doing well with his gold claim; she knew it. Like the spider, she spun her delicate web about him until he poured into her lap $8,000 in gold, and then when his claim would yield no more she beat him over the head with a bottle and drove him from her door. One and another she married, and then when their money was gone, discarded them in rapid succession. Yet there was something peculiarly magnetic about Kitty. Men did love her and there are men living to-day who love her memory. Well, she's gone. I saw her only a short time since, lying dead by the body of her inanimate husband, with whom she said she would not live, but with whom she was obliged to pass quietly to the grave.

Charles Utter has been a noted scout the frontier for many years. He is a singular-looking being; small in stature, with duck legs, thick-set body, long hair, which falls down over his shoulders; a mustache and goatee, strong features, a mild, pleasant eye, and his head capped by a broad-brimmed hat. There is no braggadocio in Utter. He has murdered no "pard," but has killed and hunted Indians. Never drinks, but smokes constantly. When out of his particular line of business he deals "21" and of course, has his Jenny with him, who is as mild and pleasant a woman as Charlie is a man. Utter is very modest, hence newspaper correspondents don't write him up; otherwise he would be and ought to be famous among the scouts of the plains.

"Aunt Sally" is a large negro woman almost as broad as she is long, and living in Crook City. She went out in Custers first expedition, and was with him when he first entered the hills. She is a walking encyclopedia of matters and facts connected with this country, and presents a very animated appearance when she rolls up her great white eyes shows her beautiful teeth and exclaims with earnestness and animation, "I'se the first white woman as ever entered the hills." Of course it would be impolite in the presence of a lady to deny the soft impeachment, so I simply accepted the statement as in every sense true.—*Piedmont Press.*

Stubbern Facts—By J. Billings.

Never borrow anything that you are able to buy. Borrowing will demoralize a man az fast az stealing.

A man iz never throughly played out until he gits so low that nobody will abuz him.

No man can be very cunning only at the expense of his honesty.

The man who don't care whether he wins or not when he flips anything else is a weak poultiss.

"Ignorance is bliss" until you cum to look back upon it, and see what a kussed phool it has made ov you.

Whittles and drink are the great trump kards; mankind thinks more ov ther stummiks than they do any part of their property.

Life iz made ov shunshine and shado—about five shades to one sunshine.

The reason there are so many failures in this world is because most of mankind are anxious to make 10 strikes with pony bal s.

I have figgered a good deal on to it, and haint made up mi mind which a woman iz most powerful in, her will or

Ignorance and cunning is always found together; so is humility and wisdom.

After a man lives to be thirty-eight years he can't form any nu habits. The best he can du iz to steer his old ones.

Truth iz the only thing that don't lose in translashun. Truth iz the same in Hottentot az it iz in Dutch or Anglo Saxony.

The most useless thing i kno iz a monkey, and yet I had rather be a monkey than an elephant.

The man who can't keep a secret hain't got much grip of character.

Secrets and soap bubbles are liable to bust any time.

To giv strengthens a man—to receive weakens him.

Law iz an excellent thing, but it never made a man pious or temperate yet.

When a man ain't got enny thing actually to do I like to see him lazy about it; active lazyness is one of the wust diseazes that enny man can hav.

When a man bekums mad with the world, and sez he iz going into solitude, I take nottiss that the world don't try to hold him, but lets him went.

Extreme gravity iz mere bekuming to a fool than it iz to a wiz man.

He that would put munny in his fob must either do the work or boss the job.

Rust haz eat bigger holes into man's phy-ical and moral potash kittle than frickshun ever haz.

There iz lots ov people in this world whoze only pleasure and repuashun consists in always paying more for things than they are worth.

It iz a risky thing to be a profeshinal funny man; better be a fool; they make fewer blunders.

We all ov us think if we could live our lives over again we should make fewer blunders. This probably isn't so; we should only make different ones.

"What on airth ails these are shirt buttons, I wonder?" said an old lady. "Just the minnit I put the needle through 'em to sew 'em on, they split and flies all to bits." "Why, grandmother them isn't buttons; they's my peppermints, and now you have been spilling 'em."

Tweed never used tobacco. The anti-nicotine people say this abstemiousness is all that kept him from stealing the entire U. States.

GEMS.

Self-sacrifice is the ground of church harmony.

Lies are hilltless swords, which cut the hands that wield them.

We are married to Christ; and what God hath joined together can in no wise be cut asunder.

How livest thou in thy heart, in thy home, in thy private ways, is God's question to all.

Whatever Midas touched, turned into gold. In these days, touch a man with gold, and he will turn into anything.

Deep is the joy of social silence, when we speak not with the loved, but feel their presence.

The existence of moral evil is a far profounder mystery than the awful punishment of it.

The greatest sinner who trusts only in Christ's blood, will assuredly be saved. The best man in the world, who trusts in his own goodness, will be lost.

BREVITIES.

It is a point to engage the thought of both parties to the discussion of dancing, that many, even most, of the irreligions are siding with Rev. Dr. Leftwich. Is it in obedience to the well known instinct of sinners to prove that people out of the church are better than those in it? Or is it a case wherein the children of this world are wiser than the children of light? Now is a good time for Christians to order their conversation as becometh the doctrine of Christ.

I am but a point, a single comma, and God is the literature of eternity.—*Beecher.*

A telegraphic message from Europe seems to arrive at an hour earlier than when it was sent, but there is something which beats all telegraphy—the promise of God, and while they are yet speaking I will hear." The telegraphic operator has his finger on the pulse of the omnipotent arm.—*Tolmadge.*

A man with an excellent voice, who is destitute of a well informed head cannot shine in the pulpit. —*Spurgeon.*

We are taught and we teach by something about us that never goes into language at all.—Bishop Huntington.]

Men are able to fight the devil a great while before they are able to preach Truth.—Beecher.

Nature works responsive to the touch of the Creator, and the pulse responds to the throbbing of the heart.—Sleeve.

When Miss Becky Sharpe said she could be a good woman if she had an assured income of five thousand a year, she uttered not exactly a truth but something very near it. It is easier for the rich to be good than for the poor, if they only have the will. By far the larger portion of those little tricks by which men convince their fellows that they are mean originates in purses too light for the expenditures. The effort to make five of two and two rarely fails of doing injury to the moral character.

Among the curiosities in the Army Medical Museum at Washington is the withered and parched hand and arm of a man who left it on the battle field of Gettysburg. A cannon ball carried it to the top of a high tree, where the wind and sun shriveled it to its present well-tanned condition.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Nothing exasperates an expectant heir so much as to come upon a paragraph that tells about the lively old man or the tough old woman who has just passed into a new century.

A Boston writer, in alluding to the musical taste of the Hub, says: "Our ears have been cultivated until they overshadow our other organs."

Two Irishmen were proceeding in company to a jail yard to witness an execution, when one said to the other: "I say, Pat, where wuz yez be it the hangman had his dues?" Begorra," said Pat, "I'd jist be walkin' down the abstract al ne."

Fashions and Perfumes.

Many persons have a fixed belief that it is the most vulgar of vulgar things to have scent on the hankerchief; others again, appear to think they cannot use too much. A French author, a man of evident taste and culture, declares that he distrusts the people who denounce the use of perfumes. The opposite to a bad odor, he says, and those who have no predilection for agreeable odors will will not at all object to bad odors. A child, a student, an austere and grave scientific dignitary, an old man, may be excused if they use no perfume; but a woman, young and beautiful, imaginative, gay and happy, cannot forego the luxury, the elegance, the poetry of perfume. Fashion has varied greatly in this matter. In Paul de Kock's day peppermint was the rage, sweetmeats were flavored with it, and aromatic dilutions were made of it. Ladies carried it in their scent bottles and in their bonbon boxes, in one form or the other. Then came the turn of what is termed aromatic vinegar, speedily followed by lavendar water, eau de Colonge, rose water, and patchouly. And since the extreme popularity of patchouly, the fashion of using perfumes has somewhat subsided. In these days few ladies positively drop scent upon their hankerchiefs; they prefer to keep their wardrobes well stocked with lavender, or orris root, or sandal wood, so that their clothes emit a pleasant fragrance rather than a distinct odor. A young American lady I knew in Paris had the cupboards and drawers in which her clothes were disposed, strewn with sachets of strong smelling violet powder, that gave a nameless delicate, fresh perfume to everything she wore, from her hat and veil to her hankerchief. For this mode of using perfume, nothing can be much better than lave- [illegible] and wholesome, and has a sweet [illegible] outdo. A young Englishman, whose bachelor home in Paris, I saw only a week or two ago, has sturdy bunches of lavender hung to each of the pegs for his coats in his dressing room. And yet people declaim about the extravagant coquetry of women, as if the hanging up of those masculine coats over fragrant lavender, did not equal any of our harmless little devices.—*Piedmont Press.*

Wit and Humor.

How dear to my hearts is the goat of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents him to me;
The beautiful beast which, e'er he was riled, would
Make everything fly from the presence of he.
My mischievous goat was the frowiest butter
That ever did but a stone fence till it fell;
He'd see it a coming—a scream he would utter,
Then brace his four legs, and go at it pell-mell.
Oh, how he would buck it! An iron bound buck it,
He once tried to buck it and died in the well.

Rev. Joseph Cook says that "Darwin's hypothesis of pangenesis involves several untenable subsidiary hypotheses."

Very few persons supposed it was as bad as that.

"Yer go'n spend every cent I bring yer home for striped stockins', an' ther ain't nuthin' to eat in ther house," is what a drunken man was telling a barber's pole when a policeman arrested him the other day.

A college lecturer in chemistry lately made the strange announcement that many a loaf of bread had been discovered among the ruins of Pompeii, which loaf was as perfectly preserved as if it had been baked and eaten the day before."

"Have you taken any remedy?" asked a physician of a sick person whom he had been called to visit. "Now," said the patient, "I haven't taken any remedy, but I've taken lots of doctor's stuff."

"What is Life Insurance?" exclaimed a bold agent in a street car to a victim of a heated company. "I can answer that," replied the victim. "It is the art of keeping a man poor all through life in order that he may die rich."

Barnum raised a roar of laughter in the Commercial Legislative caucus by saying of his candidate for Assistant Clerk that "he fought through the war, and was ready to make affidavit that he killed as many of the rebels as they did of him!"