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A Mirror for Young Wives.

"I must have it, Charles," said the handsome wife of Mr. Whitman. "So don't put on that sober face."
"How much will it cost?" replied Mr. Whitman. "There was an effort to look cheerful and acquiescent."
"About forty dollars," answered the wife, with just a little faltering in the lady's voice, for she knew the sum would sound extravagant.
"Forty dollars! Why, Ada, do you mean a waste of money?"
Mr. Whitman's countenance underwent a remarkable change of expression.
"I declare, Charles," said his wife a little impatiently, "you look at me as if I were an object of fear instead of affection. I don't think this is kind of you. I've only had three silk dresses since we have married, while Amy Blight has had six or seven during the same period, and every one of her's cost more than mine. I know you think me extravagant, but I wish you had a wife like some I could name. I rather think you'd find out the difference before long."
"There, there, pet, don't talk to me after this fashion! I'll bring the money at dinner time, that is, if—"
"No ifs or buts, if you please. The sentence is complete without them. Thank you, dear, I'll go this afternoon and buy the silk; so don't fail to bring the money. I was in at Silkskin's yesterday, and saw one of the sweetest patterns I ever laid my eyes on; just suite my style of complexion. You won't disappoint me?"
And Mrs. Whitman laid her of white hand on the arm of her husband, and smiled with sweet persuasion in his face.
"Oh, no, you shall have the money," said Mr. Whitman, turning off from his wife, as she thought, a little abruptly, and hurrying from her presence.
"Forty dollars for a new silk dress!" ejaculated the husband of the vain, pretty, thoughtless Mrs. Whitman, as she shut the door after him. "I promised to settle Thompson's coal bill to-day—three dollars—but don't know where the money is to come from. The coal is burnt up, and more must be ordered. Oh, dear! I'm discouraged. Every year I fall behind. This winter I did hope to get a little in advance, but if forty dollar silk dresses are the order of the day, there is an end to that devoutly to be wished for consumption. Oh! if I could but disentangle myself now while I have the strength of early manhood, and the bonds that hold me are weak. If Ada could see as I see—if I could make her understand rightly my position. Alas, that is hopeless, I fear."
And Mr. Whitman hurried his steps because his heart beat quicker and his thoughts were unduly excited.
Not a long time after Mr. Whitman left home, the city postman delivered a letter to his address. The wife examined the writing on the envelope. Something more than curiosity moved her. There intruded on her mind a vague feeling of disquiet, as if the missive bore unpleasant news for her husband. The stamp showed it to be a city letter. A few times of late such letters had come to his address, and she had noticed that he had read them hurriedly, and thrust them, without remark, into his pocket, and become silent.
Mrs. Whitman turned the letter over and over again in her hand, in a thoughtful way, and as she did so, the image of her husband, sober-faced and silent, as he had become, for most of the time of late, presented itself with unusual vividness. "Sympathy stole into her heart."
"Poor Charles!" said she, as the feeling increased; "I'm afraid something is wrong with him."
Placing the letter on the mantel-piece, where he could see it when he came in, Mrs. Whitman entered upon some household duties, but a strange impression, as of weight, lay upon her heart—a sense of impending evil—a vague feeling that all was not going well with her husband.
"He has been a little mysterious of late," she said to herself. The idea fastened her, very unpleasantly. "He grows more silent and reserved," she added, as though her mind, under a feverish kind of excitement, became active in a new direction. "More indrawn, as it were, and less interested in what is going on around him. His coolness

chills me at times, and his irritation hurts me."
"Something is going wrong with him. What can it be?"
The letter was in her hand. "This may give me light." And with careful fingers she opened the envelope, not breaking the paper, that she could not see again if she desired to do so. There was a bill of fifty dollars, and a communication from the person sending the bill. He was a jeweler.
"If this is not settled at once," he wrote, "I shall put the account in suit. It has been standing for over a year. And I am tired of getting excuses instead of my money."
The bill was for a lady's watch, which Mrs. Whitman had almost compelled her husband to purchase.
"Not paid for? Is it possible?" exclaimed the little woman, in blank astonishment, while the blood mounted to her forehead.
Then she sat down to think. Light began to come into her mind. As she sat thus thinking, a second letter came for her husband. She opened it without hesitation. Another bill, and another dunning letter!
"Not paid! Is it possible?" She repeated the ejaculation. It was a bill of twenty-five dollars for gaiters and slippers, which has been standing for three months.
"This will never do!" said the awakening wife—"never, no never!"—and she thrust the two letters into her pocket in a resolute way. From that hour until the return of her husband at dinner time, Mrs. Whitman did an unusual amount of thinking for her little brain. She saw, the moment he entered, that the morning cloud had not passed from his brow. "Here is the money for that new dress," he said, taking a small roll of bills from his vest-pocket, and handing them to her as he came in. He did not kiss her, nor smile in the old, bright way. But his voice was calm, if not cheerful. A kiss and a smile just then would have been more precious to the young wife than a hundred silk dresses. She took the money, saying:
"Thank you, dear. It is kind of you to regard my wishes."
Something in Ada's voice and manner caused Mr. Whitman to lift his eyes, with a look of inquiry in his face. But she turned aside so that he could not read its expression. He was graver and more silent than usual, and ate with scarcely an appearance of appetite.
"Come home early, dear," said Mrs. Whitman, as she walked to the door with her husband after dinner.
"Are you impatient to have me admire your silk dress?" he replied, with a faint effort at a smile.
"Yes, it will be something splendid," she answered.
He turned off from her quickly and left the house. A few moments she stood with a thoughtful face, her mind in-drawn, and her whole manner completely changed. Then she went to her room and commenced dressing to go out.
Two hours later and we find her in a jewelry store on Broadway.
"Can I say a word to you?" She addressed the owner of the store, who knew her very well.
"Certainly," he replied, and he moved to the further end of one of the long show cases. Mrs. Whitman drew from her pocket a lady's watch and chain, and laying them on the show case, said, at the same time holding out the bill she had taken from the envelope addressed to her husband:
"I cannot afford to wear this watch; my husband's circumstances are too limited. I tell you so frankly. It should not have been purchased, but a too indulgent husband yielded to the importunities of a foolish wife. I say this to take the blame from him. Now, sir, meet the case if you can do so in fairness to yourself. Take back the watch and say how much I shall pay you besides."
The jeweler dropped his eyes to think. The lady took him a little by surprise. He stood still nearly a minute, and taking the bill and watch, said:
"Wait a moment," and he went to a desk near by.
"Will that do?" He had come forward again, and now presented her with a receipted bill. His face wore a pleasant expression.
"How much shall I pay you?" asked

Mrs. W., drawing out her pocket book. "Nothing; the watch is not defaced."
"You have done a kind act, sir," said Mrs. Whitman, with a trembling voice. "I hope you will not think unfavorably of my husband; it's no fault of his that the bill has not been paid. Good afternoon, sir."
Mrs. Whitman drew her veil over her face, and went with light steps and light heart from the store. The pleasure she had experienced on receiving her watch was not to be compared to that which she felt in parting with it. From the jeweler's she went to the bootmaker's and paid the bill of twenty-five dollars, and from thence to her milliner's and paid for her last bonnet.
"I know you are dying to see my new dress," said Mrs. Whitman, gaily, as she drew her arm within that of her husband's on his appearance that evening. "Come into the parlor, and let me show it. Come along; don't hang back, Charles, as if you were afraid."
Charles, Whitman went with his wife passively, looking more like a man on his way to receive sentence than in expectation of a pleasant sight. His thoughts were bitter.
"Shall my Ada become lost to me?" he said in his heart—"lost to me in a world of folly, fashion and extravagance?"
"Sit down, Charles," she led him to a large cushioned chair. Her manner had undergone a change; the brightness of her countenance had departed. She took something in a hurried way from a drawer, and taking up a foot-stool, placed it on the floor near him and looked tenderly and lovingly in his face, then handed him the jeweler's bill.
"It is receipted, you see." Her voice fluttered a little.
"Ada, how is this—what does it mean?" He flushed and grew eager.
"I returned the watch and Mr. R. receipted the bill. I would have paid for damages, but he said it was uninjured and asked nothing. And this is receipted also, and this," handing him the other bills which she had paid.
"And now, my dear," she added, quickly, "how do you like my new dress?"
We leave the explanations and spend a little to the reader's imagination. If any fair lady, however, who like Ada, has been drawing too heavily on her husband's slender income, for silks and jewelry, is at a loss to realize the scene, let her try Ada's experiment.

so that is really a matter of oculture as yet in regard to leading sty either in shape or trimming. A novel in Underwear
At Stewart's within the past few days are square-necked chemises with long shoulder straps, and sleeves which become a line of banburg embroidery at the point of the shoulder.
Some of these are lengthened and properly fitted as chemise and undershirt combined, finished at the bottom with one or two narrow ruffles.
Between the neck and the arm, a good time to make up a supply of under-clothing if it is not already prepared. At the present low prices of fine cloths and trimmings there is little need of a scanty supply of all kinds of underwear, and they of all the garments worn by a lady, should be particularly fine and well made. For the clothing test" examine a lady's undergarments, her dress or hat, and decide between the real and the shoddy individual, according as you find them, net, abundant and well made, or faded in a general shabby condition.
The best and most dressy plain sleeve is out of a round piece, cutting slits across the centre, each way, large enough for the arm to pass through, adhering to the outside edge to fit the armhole.
A nine-inch fabric plate will make a good model for a lady's size. Turn it bottom up on a paper and mark it with a pencil, then mark a V shaped point in one side for a cussat, the first being about two inches below the circle. Lay on the pattern with the point on the length of the cloth and cut the slits in the center by the threads, each way. Embroider the points thus made in button-hole stitch, or hem with narrow hem and sew trimming on the edge. This form of sleeve will invariably outwear the garment, which is quite an item with those who desire to "wear out" a garment before throwing it aside. We have worn them for some years, and all who try them will use no other. They are especially pretty for hand embroidery, the points just right for a lovely design.
For the neck we prefer a yoke instead of a band, and this may come just to the point of the shoulder or higher if desired. If you do not understand my meaning, six cents in stamps enclosed with your address to "Q" Chesterfield, N. H., will secure a pattern for you. Pattern boxes do not supply them.

Dresses.
Everything now indicates that the Princess dress, or Princess polonaise will be the favorite style this season.
No dresses are out of vogue in the back that having been one of the styles designed to a short run, luckily, in this case, very short indeed! Never quite becoming to any grown up lady, it is one of the most antiquated and forlorn things imaginable now that its star has set forever, as we hope. It is still seen on girls under ten years, and for them does not look out of place.
Kilt suits, which escape the ground all round, are being made up at houses which make a specialty of made-up suits.
Probably, however, the greater part of the spring and summer suits will sweep the floor in the time-honored, mud-begged style!
The excessive plainness of outline of the Princess dress requires considerable garniture to make it jumble. In all the accessories of dress, such as fichus, vestures, plastrons, simulated waistcoats, etc., which can be used with any suit, there is the greatest possible latitude in style.
Spanish lace scarfs of black or white lace are used as fichus, fastening the folds with a cluster of flowers, or a pretty pin. We cannot advise black lace for young ladies, nor with a black suit at any age under 70 years. A lady of twenty-five to forty in a black suit and black tie! Well, put on the black veil and go into a convent if you wish, but don't stay outside!

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.
White Hands.
BY LITA.
"One can but notice how beautiful and white are little baby hands." "Oh! Father in Heaven, may these tiny hands be ever as white as now," is the prayer of the mother as she sits by the cradle of her darling. "Send to them toil and trials, only keep them white in thy sight—white from the stain of sin."
Years pass rapidly away. That baby is now a strong man. In those great, brown, hardened hands one can scarcely trace any likeness to the tiny, helpless, baby hands of years ago. Yet, the mother's prayers have been abundantly answered. He has become an honest, useful man. Those hands perform their daily labor cheerfully, and have never done an evil deed. Truly, in the sight of Him who sees all things in their true light, they are whiter than snow.
Now the hands of an elegantly attired lady attract our attention. They are perfect in form; costly rings ornament the delicate fingers. At first one thinks as beholding them in their spotless whiteness nothing can be more lovely; or perhaps the thought—"Oh! that were mine, was just ready for utterance, but very fortunate it is that the desire was all for the mind is filled with sadness,

carded both first and second wives. He was a handsome, attractive man, and she a dashing young widow, and it seems it was a desperate case of love at first sight. She knew very well about his matrimonial entanglements, as his first wife was her own cousin, but that did not prevent her accompanying him to Utah under promise to marry him after their arrival if he would discard his other wives, which he accordingly did. This new marriage of course puts out of joint the nose of the monopolizing Philadelphia wife, but the popular verdict is that it serves her right, as she came out to Utah with the calm determination of betraying her own cousin by defrauding her of her husband, and carried her point with dogged pertinacity. She was an Eastern-born and educated girl had already once been married, and could not find shelter under the excuse that she was raised in Mormonism and had been taught that polygamy was right. She may perhaps, have loved John W., but most people believe that she was actuated by pure selfishness.

GEMS.
A real christian loves close, pointed, searching preaching; and seeks not the ministry of those who speak enticing words of man's wisdom.
The worse misfortune is to be unable to bear misfortune.
He that has no bridle on his tongue has no grace in his heart.
Deep waters are still. Wise men talk little, because they think much.
More men grow old from having nothing to do, than from overwork. The running machine will keep bright for years—the idle machine will soon rust out.
Patience is always crowned with success. This rule is without an exception. It may not be a splendid success, but patience never takes anything in hand that it does not succeed with in some form.
"They who strive to help the weary, lighten sorrow's heavy load—They it is whom Christ has chosen, they, the hidden ones of God."
Real greatness does not depend on the things we do, but on the mind with which we do them.
When the presence of Christ is realized, then do love, gratitude, humility, faith, gentleness, meekness, etc., flow forth in sweetest fragrance toward their author.
A natural man desires carnal things as he does food. Thus may we tell what we desire.
There is an essential meanness in the wish to get the better of any one; the only competition worthy a wise man is his himself.
The whole character of the christian seems to be comprehended in this title—a believer in Christ.
We are in the safe path during our pilgrim state while we are in the valley of humiliation.
Wit and Humor.
A low rate—prostrate.
Men are frequently like tea—the real strength and goodness are not properly drawn out until they have been in hot water.
A Chattanooga paper tells of a man who "shot himself according to the verdict of the jury."
A man who had a scolding wife being asked what he did for a living, replied that he kept a hot house.
Is it any wonder where there are so many "pitchers" in baseball clubs that so many noses should be broken?
It is said that the latest mania of pottery decorators is to paste pictures on white heads and coat them with varnish.
The "Father of his Country" hasn't a monument as yet; but there is a burglar alarm connected with his tomb.
The divorce market must be still easy in Indiana. A county paper in that State heads its list of marriages "Limited Partnerships."



(From the Herald of Gospel Liberty.)

Experimental Religion.
To relate an experience at certain times in a religious meeting is proper and right, but I mean something more than this when I talk about experimental religion, or Christian experience. The word experimental means the actual testing of principles, or what not, by applying them to practice, and thus determining the truth or falsity. The word experience means the result of that testing. Thus, if one individual advances a false position which another has tested, he says, I know by experience that it is not true, or vice versa. If the position is correct, he says, I know by experience that it is true.
If man invents a machine, he perfectly believes that it will answer the end for which he designed it. But after he has completed it, he tries the experiment, and thus he gains experience of it. It works well, then his experience proves that his former faith is correct; if it does not work well, his experience is contrary to his former faith.
An individual is convinced that temperance in all things conduces to sound health; that strict virtue will produce happiness, and that economy and industry will command success in business. He actually follows this course, and he finds himself in possession of health, happiness, and the comforts of life. Now, he has had experience; he has actually tested the subject, and the results of his experience prove that what he was previously convinced of is true.
Christian experience, then, I understand to be this: to let faith effectually work within us; or, in other words, to apply divine truth to our wants, desires, and circumstances. Christianity was given because it is exactly fitted for this life. It proposes to take from us the fear of death, to make us love virtue, to render our feelings calm and equable with kindness, to bring us to the duty of ministering good to our brethren, to inspire us with liberality and generosity, with these things we may find genuine happiness. This is what Christianity proposes to do, by its doctrine and the precepts thereunto attached. We must then make the experiment in reference to these proposed results. We must give up our feelings and passions to its constructions. We must conform our lives to its precepts. We in this way make the direct experiment of its powers. And the results to which we arrive form Christian experience. Then have a living witness within ourselves of the truth of Christianity—a new and delightful proof of its authenticity and divine origin—a proof which no argument or skepticism can overcome; for with such experience we know that the gospel is true, because it is exactly fitted to our wants, satisfies the yearnings of the soul, regulates the household of the passions with order, and moulds every action into virtue. We have a fountain within us which unfolds the boundless goodness, forbearance, and love of God manifested in the gospel. We can now say with the apostle, What fruit had we in those things whereof now we are ashamed? But now being made free from sin, we have our fruit unto holiness, and the end of everlasting life. Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift.
A. G. P.
Gregory of the Buffalo Express modestly replies to the Pittsburgh Telegraph's inquiry, "Can you constitute a roan?" by saying, "Not unless they happen to be married."
Milly (just returned from a visit to her grandmother): "Mamma, what do you want mamma for? You're too big to put in a closet."
An Indiana lecturer remarks that "the pulsant wave which oscillates the earth's ecliptic brings to us the wonderful vigor of spring." This is a good thing to know about at this season.