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THE CART

TRUTH WITH

Volume 1.

CARTHAGE, NORTH CAROLINA

The Silver Lining.

"Every cloud has its silver lining," but it seemed to Helen Livingstone that there could be none to her sorrow-cloud, it was so dark and

And yet her home was a most luxurious mansion, she had everything money could buy, she was yet young, and very beautiful. But there is one thing that she does not have.

And now Eddie was gone. And since the day they laid him beside his father, all her energy was gone. All her hopes and interests in life left her and all day long she lay upon the sofa or sat in a deep lounging chair in her darkened chamber, scarcely trying to do enough to sustain life, refusing to see any friends except her own family, and resisting all entreaties to go out for a breath of air.

And here her sister, Mrs. Maxwell, found her, as she came one bright morning, and bringing a breath of Heaven's fresh loveliness into the close, perfumed and heated chamber.

"Come, Helen, do come out for a little ride," she entreated. "I've brought my own carriage and ponies, and I'll drive you myself. It is such a lovely morning! Please, Helen?"

But Helen only turned wearily on her sofa.

"No, no, Sue! How can you ask me?"

"It will do you good, Helen," pleaded Sue.

"I don't want to be done good. I only want to be let alone. I never want to leave this room until I'm carried out as poor little Eddie was," moaned Helen.

"And that won't be long. I'm thinking, if you are allowed to go on in this fashion," muttered Sue, under her breath, while she said aloud, using a last argument, "Please, come, Helen. We'll drive out to Laurel Hill and take some flowers to Edward and Eddie."

But still the mourner only sighed, "No, Sue, no!" I send flowers out every day. But I can't go myself; don't tease me, Sue."

Poor Sue stood still, her bright eyes full of tears, looking at her sister for a little while. Then she turned abruptly and left the room without another word. And she drove her pretty ponies straight to the house of a dear old Quaker friend—in two senses—into whose presence she carried her petition.

"Aunt Rachel, do please go and see Helen!" she begged. "I can't do anything with her—none of us can, and if you can't I don't know what will become of her!"

"These knows I will do what I can," softly returned Rachel Dahyple. "Sit thee down here and tell me all about Helen."

And having heard, Aunt Rachel donned her dove-colored plumage, and went in Sue's carriage to the mourner's home.

"The servants will not want to admit you, but don't be denied," said Sue as Aunt Rachel got out.

The dear old lady nodded, and when the door was opened she walked in at once.

"I have come to see Helen Livingstone," she said.

"Mrs. Livingstone does not see visitors," exclaimed the waiter.

"She will see me. I will not trouble thee to go with me," she said, as she continued straight up to Helen's darkened chamber.

Entering with a soft tap, she crossed the room and took Helen's thin, white hand.

"I have come to see thee, Helen," she said, softly. "But I cannot say I do see thee—thy chamber is too dark, dear."

"She walked at once to the window, and drew aside the heavy curtains, letting in a flood of golden sunlight.

Helen's heart, and she burst into a torrent of such tears as she had not shed before since her bereavement. Two or three hours Aunt Rachel staid, and continued her tender ministrations, and when she left she had won from Helen a promise that she would no longer nurse her sorrow in selfish loneliness, but go about in the world and endeavor to do the duties still left to her.

"If she tries to do right, there'll find there is some happiness left yet," said gentle Aunt Rachel. And thought Helen did not quite believe that she could ever be happy, she knew her wealth afforded her large means of doing good, and for that she would try to live.

A few months later the winter snow had covered Eddie and his father with a robe of spotless white, and it was near the happy Christmas-tide.

More than one humble home in the great city had been brightened by Helen's generous Christmas gifts, and she began to take some pleasure in these pleasant duties.

The day before Christmas she had word of an aged and bedridden relative across the river, on the Jersey side, and she at once went over to see her.

As she stepped upon the ferry boat to return, she found it very crowded and with difficulty got a seat next to a plain, neat country woman who had with her a little fellow of five or six years, and Helen's heart thrilled as she looked at the little face with its bright blue eyes and golden hair, for it bore quite a resemblance to the dear face of her lost Eddie.

She could not help speaking to the child, and trying to win it to her, and presently she had him upon her knee.

"What is your little boy's name?" she said, addressing the woman.

"Eddie Hamilton," said the stranger, with a sigh, and Helen's heart thrilled again at the familiar name.

"But he's not my child, he's an orphan," continued the woman.

"Ah!" commented Helen, interested at once.

"No ma'am, he's not mine. His mother was a widow, and came to Brookville, where I live, a year ago next March. She was very poor, and she had a little house right next to us, and tried to make her living with her needle. But she made her death, ma'am, that's what she made—and we couldn't bear to see the little chap suffer, and him not a friend in the world, as we knowed of, so we took him, me and my John, and we've kept him ever since."

"We can't ma'am, we're poor, hard working folks, and we've got five children of our own. John had a bad fall last week—he can get about the house, but the doctors say he won't be able to work a lick this winter. It don't stand to reason that we could keep an extra one, and be just to the rest, does it, ma'am?"

"No, indeed," returned Helen, politely.

"That's what's taking me to the city to-day," returned the woman. "We hated to do it, me and John did, awful bad, but we didn't see no other way to do, so I'm a taking him to the Orphan Asylum. Do you think they'll be good to him, ma'am?"

A thought which had struggled in Helen's heart for the last few minutes, found expression now.

"I don't know," she said, eagerly. "But I do know some one who would!—You say you are poor—I am rich, and I am widowed and childless. I have lately lost my husband and my little Eddie, and I am alone and lonely. Give me your little Eddie, and I will love him and be good to him, and bring him up as my own child!"

"Are you in earnest, ma'am?" asked the countrywoman.

"Indeed I am! He looks like my lost Eddie—that is what first made me notice him—and it seems to me as if Heaven had sent him to me. He is my Christmas present. Oh, do let me have him!"

"I can't say no, ma'am. I am sure he will have a happy home with you," replied the woman.

"Go with me and see?" cried Helen. "Your John would approve, I am sure. Please tell me your name."

"Reynolds is my name."

"Mine is Livingstone. Now, Mrs. Reynolds you shall go home with me. It is not near the distance it is out to

the Orphan Asylum, and you shall see what I will do for little Eddie. Oh, I am so happy to have him!" And as Helen hugged the child to her bosom, she did, indeed, feel that he was, in some measure, her lost Eddie restored.

So when Mrs. Livingstone's elegant carriage met her on the city side of the ferry, she took Mrs. Reynolds and little Eddie to her handsome home. And over a dainty dinner, which Helen ordered,

they made all arrangements and plans for little Eddie's transfer to his new home.

For Helen proposed to adopt and educate him as her own son, with her own name, taking pride in the thought that, after all, an Edward Livingstone might bear the name, and wear the wealth and honors of the family.

When Mrs. Reynolds returned home, Helen sent her to the ferry in her carriage again to save her the long walk.

"Come to see Eddie whenever you like," she said, as they parted, for Helen had no false pride about her—she was too true a lady for that—and I will bring him to see you. I don't want him to forget his kind benefactors. And here, slipping a tiny roll into Mrs. Reynolds's hands, "is a little Christmas present for John and the children."

And when Mrs. Reynolds looked at the "little Christmas present," she found it was a crisp, new hundred-dollar bill.

And so that Christmas eve a golden curly head rested on the empty crib pillow in Helen Livingstone's room. And the next morning two little stuffed stockings hung over the table loaded with Christmas toys.

While Helen herself was so bright and happy that, when sister Sue and Aunt Rachel came to see the little stranger of whose arrival Helen had sent them word, they stood astounded at the transformation.

"There sees, Helen," said Aunt Rachel, "that I was not wrong when I told thee if thee tried to do right thee would be sure to be happy."

One Illusion Less.
(From the New York Times.)

Theories almost without number have been invented to explain why young ladies do not snore. Mr. Darwin thinks that no one snores unless he sleeps lying on his personal back, and that inasmuch as girls always sleep coiled up after the custom of cats, they could not snore even if they were willing to descend such a depth of baseness. This explanation is perfectly worthless. Mr. Darwin's assertion as to the position in which girls sleep is a mere assumption. He has no evidence to suppose this assumption, and in the nature of things it is impossible that he should have any, and he ought to be ashamed of himself. Mr. Huxley pretends that the proximate cause of snoring is a relaxation of the muscles of the face. "The tightness with which the female back hair is twisted prior to sleep,"—remarks this bold but too speculative naturalist—"prevents the relaxation of the muscles of the scalp and face, and hence renders snoring impracticable." This is a beautiful provision of nature and shows us that the back hair is not merely an ornament, but like every other work of nature, serves a high and holy purpose. "If Rev. Joseph Cook had read these remarks, with what joy would he have proceeded to tear Prof. Huxley's argument to tatters. To say that girls do not snore because their back hair is tightly twisted, is to ignore the fact that the back hair is always detached and hung on the back of a chair, whenever its owner prepares for sleep. How then can it exercise any possible influence upon snoring? Like Mr. Darwin, Prof. Huxley is a very able man so long as he confines himself to extinct animals, but when he undertakes to discuss girls he falls into abysses of error. Apparently, he is perfectly unaware that back hair is detachable. "Get thee to a nunnery," Prof. Huxley! and learn the true nature of back hair before building theories upon no better basis than your own ignorance.

While learned men have thus vainly sought to find why girls do not snore, it does not seem to have occurred to them that perhaps girls do snore after all. On what is the universal belief that snoring is exclusively a masculine vice

based? Obvious girlish testimonies claim that she does in plainly her own claim, and she who one can produce to contradict her. The chief freedom of the laudable practice of snoring, and the foundation

both can and do snore. The world may, perhaps, be slow to believe so unwelcome an assertion, but there is at least one young man, late of Clinton, Ill., who knows to his sorrow that it is true.

This unhappy young man was engaged to one of the fairest daughters of Illinois, and was entrusted by her parents with the precious privilege of conveying her to Oshkosh, where she intended to visit her father's half sister—a Mrs. Johnson, with slightly reddish hair, and a drop in her left eyelid. The train in which the young people traveled started late in the afternoon and arrived in Oshkosh early the next morning. The first part of the journey was delightful. The young man heaped peanuts and prize packages, and illustrated papers, and fresh figs, and other railway delicacies upon his beloved, and felt that he could travel on that train for eighteen months without even once wishing to get out and stretch his legs. Evening, however, arrived, and about 9 o'clock the young lady, in a low tone and with a slight blush remarked that she must "retire," and that perhaps her lover would like to go into the smoking car for a little while. He was, of course, familiar with the Western dialect, and at once understood that she wished to go to bed, and that her delicacy forbade her to indulge in that recreation while he was in the car. Accordingly, he bade her good night and departed, after which she went to bed, and drew her midnight curtains around her.

An hour later the young man, who also had a berth in the sleeping car, entered and was appalled to find that some one was snoring with tremendous violence. He cared little for his own ears, but he was indignant that the slumbers of his beloved should be disturbed by this rude and wicked snorer. He soon found that his indignation was shared by nearly all the other passengers. They found it impossible to sleep, and the language they expressed their views was forcible and sometimes extremely ingenious.

The young man was unwilling to content himself with mere words, and resolving that the object of his affection should know that he was watching over her slumbers, announced in a loud tone that he would wake the snorer up without further delay.

Accordingly, he approached the berth where the wretch was lying, drew aside the curtain, and without trying in the dim light to perceive the snorer's features, shook him violently by the shoulder, and in a loud voice, told him that he ought to be ashamed of himself. The miscreant made a sleepy and inarticulate reply, but ceased to snore, and the young man, feeling that he had accomplished a great work, sought his own berth and composed himself to sleep.

The calm was deceptive. In a few minutes the snoring recommenced louder than ever. Soon a general call was made by the passengers upon the young man who had already shown his desire to protect them. They begged him to get up and kill the wretch, to throw a bucket of cold water over him, or, at least, to drag him out on the floor. Believing that his beloved was awake and waiting for his response, he sprang up determined to earn her gratitude and the admiration of the passengers. With great boldness he caught hold of the snorer's ankles and abruptly dragged the guilty person out of the berth. This time the snorer was thoroughly awakened, and, with a loud shriek, sprang to her feet. Before she had time to plunge back into her berth and wrap herself with the remains of the curtains, the miserable young man had recognized her as his own heart's idol, and she had also recognized him.

bers who live on the suburbs of our town, I found two boys playing marbles. The boys play a different game now from what I used to play. We had a ring with a big marble in the center, and I told them how we used to play, and they told me how they play now. "Well," said I, "boys, you don't play for keeps, do you?" One of them cut his eyes at me in a moment, and said, "Ain't you Joe Hooper's pa?" "Yes," said I, "but how did you know it?" "You can't get him to play for keeps. He says it is gambling, and that his pa says so." I was gratified to hear such a good account of one of my boys from a stranger, for it is not always so. But that boy's recognition of me through my little son set me to thinking. He was not at all like me in person, but when I began to denounce a certain game as sin, the intuition of that strange boy led him to know me as the father of his playmate. Isn't it often the case that our children are but reprints; a kind of pocket edition of ourselves? As they sit around the fireside and hear us talking, as they ask us questions and receive, sometimes, an inconsiderate answer; as they watch our indoor life, when we are not on guard, and draw their inferences, are we not holding a most solemn position, and unconsciously giving tone, and taste, and character to those who, of all others, ought to concern us most? You are rich; your children may inherit your riches. You are poor, but your children may be rich. You are talented, and your children may inherit your talents. But you cannot convey to them by will your education, or your principles, or your religion. These are to be impressed upon them, not by one act, but by the constant, persevering efforts of your daily life. But, under "the grace of God," they may become, and they will become, what we most desire them, and in nine cases out of ten will be reprints of ourselves. Let us learn, then, to "show piety at home."—Chris at Home.

Kitchen Cinders Worth Saving.
Crusts and pieces of bread should be kept in an earthen jar, closely covered, in a dry, cool place. Keep fresh lard in tin vessels. Keep yeast in wood or glass. Keep preserves and jellies in glass. Keep salt in a dry place. Keep meat and flour in a cool, dry, place. Keep vinegar in wood or glass. Sugar is an admirable ingredient in curing meat and fish.

Lard for pastry should be used hard, as it can be cut with a knife. It should be cut through the flour, not rubbed.

In boiling meat for soup, use cold water to extract the juices. If the meat is wanted for itself alone, plunge in boiling water at once.

Broil steak without salting. Salt draws the juices in cooking; it is desirable to keep these in, if possible. Cook over a hot fire, turning frequently, searing on both sides. Place on a platter, salt and pepper to taste.

To prevent meat from scorching during roasting, place a basin of water in the oven. The steam generated prevents scorching and makes the meat cook better.

Beef that has a tendency to be tough can be made very palatable by stewing gently for two hours with pepper and salt, taking out about a pint of the liquor when half done, and letting the rest boil into the pot. Brown the meat in the pot. After taking up, make a gravy of the pint of liquor saved.

—The female gatekeeper on the National Pike has been removed for dead-heading her sweetheart. She never told her love.

maturely, slowly, conscientiously, by men who oftenest succeed in life. People who are habitually in a hurry generally have to do things twice over.—Slow men seldom know their brains out against a post. Foot-races are injurious to health, as are all forms of competitive exercises. Steady labor in the field is the best gymnasium in the world.

Either labor or exercise carried to exhaustion, or prostration, or even to great tiredness, always does more harm than the previous exercise has done good.—All running up stairs, running to catch up with a vehicle or ferry-boat, are extremely injurious to every age, and sex, and condition of life. Those, live long who are deliberate, whose actions are measured, who never embark in any enterprise without "sleeping over it," and who perform all the every-day sets of life with calmness. Quakers are a proverbially calm, quiet people, are a thrifty folk, the world over.—Dr. Hall.

CARE OF THE FEET.—Concerning this subject, the *Scientific American* very truly says:—"Many are careless in the keeping of the feet. If they wash them once a week they think they are doing well. They do not consider that the largest pores of the system are located in the bottom of the foot, and that the most offensive matter is discharged through the pores. They wear stockings from the beginning to the end of the week without change, which becomes completely saturated with offensive matter. Ill-health is generated by such treatment of the feet. The pores are not repellents, but absorbents, and this fetid matter, to a greater or less extent, is taken back into the system. The feet should be washed every day with pure water, and stockings should not be worn more than a day or two at a time."

TREATMENT OF SPRAINS AND BRUISES.—The best treatment of sprains and bruises is the application of water, of such temperature as is most agreeable. The degree of temperature varies with the temperature of the weather and the vigor of the circulation. In a hot day use cool or cold water. If the circulation is low, use warm water. The bruised or sprained part may be immersed in a pail of water, and gently pressed and manipulated with the hand or soft cloth, for ten or fifteen minutes, and even longer in severe cases, after which, wrap up the parts in cloths wet in cold water, and keep quiet. This treatment keeps down inflammation, and in nine cases out of ten proves a speedy cure. The liniments and filthy ointments so much used for sprains and bruises do not compare with this simple treatment in efficacy.

IMPORTANCE OF AIRING BEDS.—The desire of an energetic housekeeper to have her work done at an early hour in the morning, causes her to leave one of the most important items of neatness undone. The most effective purifying of bed and bed-clothes cannot take place if the proper time is not allowed for the free circulation of pure air to remove all human impurities, which have collected during the hours of slumber. At least two or three hours should be allowed for the complete removal of atoms of insensible perspiration which are absorbed by the bed. Every day this thing should be done; and occasionally bedding constantly used should be carried into the open air, and, when practicable, left exposed to the sun and wind for half a day.

HOW TO MAKE A SCANDAL-MONGER.—Take a grain of Falschood, a handful of Ran about, the same quantity of Nimbletongue, a sprig of the herb Backbite, a tea-spoonful of Don't-you-tell-it, six drams of Malice, and a few drops of Envy. Stir well together and simmer half an hour. Add a little Discontent and Jealousy, then strain through a bag of Misconstruction, cork it up in a bottle of Malevolence, and hang it upon a skein of Street-Yarn. Shake it occasionally for a few days, and it will be fit for use. Let a few drops be taken before walking on, and the desired result will follow.

ly credit. God sends his rain in gentle drops, else flowers would be beset to pieces.

When a cloud has been dissolved into a shower, there presently follows a glorious sunshine.

God accepts the first attempt not as a perfect work, but as a beginning. The beginning is the promise of the end.

Manly regret for wrong never weakens, but always strengthens the heart.

A proud man is seldom a grateful man, for he never thinks he gets as much as he deserves.

The liberty to go higher than we are, is given only when we have fulfilled the duty of our present sphere.

If we are good, example is the best lustre of virtue; if we are bad, shame is the best step to amendment.

Wit and Humor.

—A young lady says she longs for fingers like the prong of a pitchfork, with diamond rings enough to fill them to the end.

—The N. Y. Eve. Mail remarks that a woman with bogus diamond fingerings will scratch her nose and rub her eyes oftener than any other being in the world.

—A Georgia negro has no more faith in banks. He lays all his money out in clothes and hair-oil, and the news of a bank suspension causes him to exclaim, "Best away wid ye, but you can't hurt do lavender breeches."

—"George has had a great many pull-backs in life," said the young wife to her lady friend. And when the friend said, "Yes, I saw him with one yesterday."—The young wife didn't know what she meant by it.

—A little girl was heard telling another, "My father is taller and handsomer and cleverer than yours." For a moment the other looked rather put out, but, suddenly brightening up, she answered, "Perhaps he is; but mine is much older than yours."

—The time has now arrived when the ambitious housewife inaugurates a thorough system of house cleaning. While the tired paternal is eating his frugal repast from off a barrel in the shed or on the back stoop, his better nine-tenths and assistants, with mop, broom, etc., producing new and unique specimens of spatter and fret work.

—A farmer was boasting to Sam about the speed of his horse, which, he said, would trot a mile inside of three minutes, and follow it for three miles. "A mile inside of three minutes ain't much to brag about," said Sam. "Why, the other day I was up to 8—, sixteen miles off. Just as I started from home a shower came sweeping on. The rain struck on the back part of the wagon, and the moment it struck I hit old Kate a cut with the whip; away she trotted, scarcely touching her fore-feet to the ground. She kept up and nip with the shower. The wagon was filled with water, but not a drop fell on me."

God is every day estimating churches. He puts a great church into the scales. He puts the minister, and the choir, and the grand structure that costs hundreds of thousands of dollars on the same side. On the other side of the scales he puts the idea of spiritual life that the church ought to possess, or brotherly love, or faith or sympathy for the poor. Up goes the grand meeting-house, with its minister and choir. God says that a church is of much worth only as it saves souls; and if, with all your magnificent machinery you save but a handful of men when you might save a multitude, He will spew you out of his mouth.—Wright and found wanting!