

THE CARthagINIAN.

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THE CARthagINIAN.

TRUTH WITHOUT FEAR.

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GEMS.

God never gives us the light which our children need. He gives it to them.

Scandal, like a kite, to fly well depends greatly on the length of the tale it has to carry.

There are promises in Scripture to help our weakness, but come to overcome our willfulness.

Habit is a cable. We weave a thread of it every day, and every day, and at last we cannot break it.

A helping word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track—But one inch between a wreck and smooth, rolling prosperity.

If you would be pungent, be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.

Redmond, the Outlaw.

A gentleman who arrived here from South Carolina informs us that Redmond, the outlaw who killed Marshal Duckworth in Transylvania county, N. C., and then fled to South Carolina, is making it lively for the U. S. officials in that State. Recently they ascertained that he was at the house of a man named Carney, at a place called Rocky Bottom, which is situated in the mountain district; about 30 miles due north of Pickens Court House. They reconnoitered the position, and discovered Redmond sitting in the door with a child in his arms. Not willing to risk taking the life of an innocent, in an effort to rid society of a wretch whose hands are crimsoned with the blood of his fellow man, they charged upon him and so arranged their force as to block every avenue of escape. But the daring outlaw was not to be taken in their toils—the sands in the hour-glass of his criminal life had not yet run down: Tossing the infant over his head into the middle of the floor; he whipped out his revolver and fired upon his pursuers, seriously wounding three of them—one in the head, another in the left shoulder, and a third in the arm. Stunned by the rapidity of his firing and the accuracy of his aim, before the party could recover from their surprise the hunted criminal had reached the dense underbrush and disappeared. Asheville Pioneer.

A Bride at Fifteen.

The latest and most comical sensation in high life has been the elopement and marriage of Senator Mitchell's daughter, gushing young lady of fifteen summers, to a clerk in the navy department by the name of Handy. Mr. Handy is also a young man of remarkable sentiment. For some time he has been paying his addresses to the Senator's pretty daughter, but no thought of anything serious probably entered the father's head. On Saturday night, however, the young couple having matured their plans, quietly stole off and wended their way to the residence of Rev. Father DeWolf, of St. Peter's Catholic Church, on Capitol Hill where they were married, and took the first train to Baltimore, where they spent the night. This morning they returned home, and the gossips had by this time got hold of the little affair, and were spreading it in all directions.

The senator's daughter called at the house where she had been accustomed to receive the paternal greeting. She was accompanied by her new-found husband. But the reception was not exactly what the happy twain had looked for. Instead of clasping his daughter and son-in-law to his fond embrace, the senator told the young bride she could choose immediately between a husband and a home. After a few moments of deliberation she expressed a preference for the latter, and the groom retired from the scene of his late triumphs. The senator is furious about the matter, and threatens vengeance on the clergyman who united the pair and on the young man who stole her away.

The Last Link is Broken.

BY MRS. MARY E. STEVENS.

Ralph Leighton, with Annie Morton leaning upon his arm, was walking along the beach. The stream stretched out from the white sand-bars like a sheet of molten silver, as the summer's moonlight fell shimmering over the broad expanse of water. The soft sea-breeze gently swayed the feathery foliage of the adjacent shrubbery, whose greenness was increased with the rays of the night-queen.

"Will you trust me, Annie?" asked Ralph Leighton, in a low, mellow tone, bending his head till his drooping moustache swept her cheek; "trust your happiness in my keeping?" he added. "I will be true to the trust, I solemnly vow."

"The young girl, with her fair, fresh face turned toward the sea, hesitated a moment, then lifted her eyes to his, with so much earnestness in their depths.

"Do not press me for an answer now," she said; "let us talk of something else."

"Why put me off that way?" returned he, in a voice so full of pleading, full of chiding. "Annie, my darling, you must know I love you—love you more than my life. Nor can I be happy till you say you will be mine. Be my wife, Annie darling, would you?"

"If I knew we would always be happy together, Ralph—happy as we now are—I would promise to be your wife; but—"

"But what, darling?" asked he, as she hesitated, pressing his lips to hers.

"I have a vague pre-entiment that sometime in the future something might come between us, and cause us to be unhappy; and then it would be better had we never met."

"Nonsense, darling. I never thought you one to indulge in such chimerical fancies. Nothing can come between us—nothing shall come between us. Tell me, sweet one, that you will be my wife."

All was quiet, save the sea leaping the shore, and the occasional peals of altry laughter from other strollers on the beach. Ralph Leighton pressed the little hand that lay upon his arm in his own, and gazed down with an intense look into her face, as he listened and waited for her answer.

Annie Morton loved the handsome man beside her; loved with the one and first pure love of her life, though she had known him but one short week. Yet, as this new life, so filled with love, was so entirely strange to her, she feared to give herself up to the sweet hallucination.

"Ralph, let us return to the house. I dare not speak any more upon that subject to-night. To-morrow evening, at this hour, I will give you my answer—here at this place."

"Why not now, Annie. It is so long to wait. Suspense is terrible. Come, do not be so cruel."

"It is best—best for the happiness of both; that you will see."

But could Ralph have seen within that breast, he would have known that the throbbing heart, the melting love, would have belied those cool, calm words that fell from the rosy lips; he would have seen she longed to tell him she would be his—forever his. Yet with this longing at heart, some inner power held her back, and made her speak the words she had spoken.

Silently they retraced their steps to the house—both seemed to be thinking. On the broad piazza of the hotel, in the shade of the draping vines, they kissed each other good-night.

Annie did not go in the parlor, where merry voices, and music floated out through the open windows to her; she felt she had rather be alone. But Ralph went in. He mingled among the merry people, chatted lively, with a free and easy air; as if no inner thoughts, no inner things, troubled him. He stood by the piano, turning music for a bright-eyed girl, with the full blaze of the chandelier falling in splendor over his handsome person, his clear-cut features appearing to full advantage.

But thus occupied, Ralph was all unconscious of the slight form that passed along the piazza, stopping before the window, in the shade of the vines, fixing her dark eyes intently upon him. With the long, intense look she gave Ralph,

seeming him closely, she silently reflected: "He seems happy; his handsome face has no marks of sorrow; there is no taint about him. Yet with all this, what a blight marked path he leaves behind him!"

With a sigh, heavy and deep, the slight form, with clinging drapery about her, stepped off the piazza, and disappeared among the shrubbery.

Morning broke the gloom of night with the effulgent rays of the day, and as she came looking the earth with the golden smiles, making all things glad.

While Annie sat within her room watching and listening to the beauty and animation of the out-door world, as it revealed in all gladness of a sun-bright morning in midsummer, while she waited for breakfast, Ralph took a stool down on the beach.

The fresh sea-breeze, balmy with the breath of a thousand flowers, sent a new current of life tingling through his veins. Something glittered in the white sand at his feet, as it caught the morning sunlight. He started, and turned pale, as if some one had pointed a deadly weapon at his breast. It was a gold trinket that his child had worn around her neck, when he used to dandle her upon his knee. He turned it over; and there was "Gladly" engraved on the under part—his child's name—his child. It was an echo from the past; the past which he hoped he had buried—which he had fled from. Now he trembled, and was as weak as a child, at this one foot-print of the dead past; and it awoke a train of thoughts within his mind.

"How came it here?" he said. "What does it mean? I wonder where my child is? and its mother—can she be near? O, God! I hope not."

He threw his hands up to his face with a gesture of despair. The glad sunshine now seemed to mock his agonized mind. He sped down the beach with swift steps, around the bluff; and there where the cliff and dense foliage of shrubbery shut out the world, he sat down. The sigh of the sea, as it beat against the rocks, seemed but the sigh of his own bosom. He felt that something terrible was about to happen, which he had not the bravery to meet. His bent head rested upon one hand, while in the other he clasped his child's trinket. He heard the flutter of a dress near him, and looked up. With a face pale as the dead, and a wild stare in the eyes, he started from his seat. Before him stood a woman of slender form, and of dark beauty. The dark eyes were fixed upon him; the whole face, looking proud, calm and defiant, and the white, slender hands clasped tightly together.

"Inez," said the faltering lips, "how came you here?—speak and tell me."

"How? I came just as any one else would come to the sea-shore. But you have no right to question me about my coming and going. It seems that my presence awakes fears within you. It is well it may."

"For God's sake, Inez, go away and leave me alone. I hoped we might never have met again. Why did you cross my path?"

"I looked upon you last night, as you stood in the full light, seemingly so gay and happy. I wondered if you had forgotten all. And I resolved that you should look upon a scene which I feel as well as see. The scene is within my heart. Now look! as I tear a-side the pall. One year ago, I buried you here, from sight of all the world, deep down in my heart; and there you will lie forever entombed. You came with a false, treacherous tongue, with a handsome, smiling face, and won me, heart and soul. God forgive me for loving you so—I made an idol of you; though I knew well enough it was an idol of clay—that some day it would shatter into atoms. I believed you were all that was true and good; and against my father's will, I married you; for which I was disinherited, an outcast from the home of my youth. For a while you made me happy, very happy; but soon your false heart proved traitor, and in your treachery you deserted me—and your child. You coolly told me to go back to the home, and to the father I had deserted, that you had wearied of me, that you had no love for me. What I have suffered since then you will never know."

"O, Inez! have you no pity for me,"

exclaimed the man, pale with terror, as he listened, shivering, trembling. "Can you need pity from me"—an out-cast from all love, from all that gives life, light and warmth. I cannot believe that."

"You are as cruel as death, and as cold as an iceberg. Inez, remember the man you once loved—that you once called husband; will not that remembrance soften your heart toward me?"

A cold, scornful smile curved the lips, while the free remained calm in expression.

"To me, Ralph Leighton, you are forevermore dead; you can never touch my heart again, never awake a single echo of love there. Do not start and shudder so; it can make no difference to you."

"It makes all the difference. O, Inez! take me back to your heart, and to your love again. I now, for the first time, find I love you—love you as I never loved woman, nor ever shall love woman, nor ever shall love woman again. Here down on my knees, sinking at her feet, let me plead for the love that once was mine. Inez, be merciful to me—to your husband."

"Alas! Ralph, you murdered your noble self in my heart in the days-gone, and the dead comes no more to life. It was a cruel blow, but you did it."

A groan escaped from the agonized heart and tears flowed down his cheeks.

"Cruel Inez, have you no heart?"

"Yes, but you can nevermore stir its depth, and your tears move me not. You had no pity for the heart you had wronged—the heart that then loved you so."

"Inez—our child; will not that be a tender link to bring and bind our hearts together?—our own little Gladly—where is she?"

"Gladly is sleeping in the cold, silent tomb. The last link is broken that could have brought our hearts together."

"You are killing me, Inez—my wife. Poor little Gladly! How much I would give to clasp thee, my baby, to my aching heart. Inez," said he, rising up, "I found this on the beach this morning; holding up his baby's trinket, and thought that you and Gladly must be somewhere about, and with thoughts of the past coming in my mind, I sought this nook to be alone—hoping you and I would never meet again. Alas! how little did I think that to meet you would be to awake the love which was never yours all the months that we lived together; and worst of all for that love to be rejected—scornfully rejected—Inez, I love you—how much you cannot tell now. Let us be happy together—forget the past."

"The past is dead, not forgotten. Your love comes too late, it can never awake the corpse which lies buried in my heart."

"Can this be the once loving and tender Inez—so cold, so cruel now? Take me to our baby's grave, and over that little mound let us resolve to be to each other what its parents should be."

"Gladly's grave is far from here, and were you to see that little mound, would not remorse tell you that want and neglect laid her there, while you revelled in luxury, with smiles of beauty and happiness around you?"

"Be pitiful, O, Inez! You torture me with a cruel taunt. The heart that is bleeding you stab afresh with a keen pointed dagger, and can smile as you see the cold, glittering steel cutting among the chords." He choked down the sobs as he added: "This little trinket I will keep as a souvenir of my baby, of the past, of what we once were to each other—husband and wife."

"Rather a souvenir of murder. You murdered yourself in my heart, you sent your child to an untimely grave, and you murdered all joy and happiness and hope of my life."

"You can speak thus to me, and yet, if you will only allow me to, I would clasp you to my heart as the one darling of all my life, and give you such love as woman never yet knew."

Proud and cold as an iceberg she stood there, looking on the man before her, her slight figure erect and hands clasped together, her wrap and dress fluttering with the breeze.

"Ralph," spoke she, after an interval of silence, good-bye. We may never meet again. I hope not—not that I much care; I can look upon you and not be moved, just as I would look upon any other worthless man."

"Wait one moment," asked he, as she

turned to go, "will you not allow me to touch your hand—once it in mine as I did in the days of your—Inez, let me take you in my arms, and kiss you good-bye; please, my darling, my peerless love."

"That voice which had, with its rich melody, won so many hearts, was now full of pathetic pleading.

"It is not worth the while. It will profit neither of us anything."

But with the desperate effort of a man who has lost his mind, he sprang forward, clasped her in his strong arms, pressed her to his agonized heart, and showered burning kisses on the mouth and cheeks. They were the first love kisses he had ever given his wife; and she received them as coldly as if she had been a marble statue. The love that lay within her heart could nevermore be warmed to life; the glowing warmth brought to bear against it now, had come too late.

With his heart beating against her own, his warm breath on her cheeks, his eyes looking into hers, Inez calmly loosed his arms from around her, and stepped backward.

"Farewell! Ralph," she said, as she waved her hand to him, a cold smile playing about the pretty, fine mouth, looking like the rays of a winter's sun falling slant on an iceberg, glittering and cold.

A moment more and she was gone; and with her all hopes, all light, of Ralph Leighton's life went. What was there for him to live for now? With a strong, swift touch something had unlocked the fountain of love in his breast; and he loved his wife with that deep, heart-felt love which brings agony to man when the object that makes it is denied him. The world, and all its pleasures was nothing to him now.

Long and wistfully did Annie Morton look for her lover that day; but he came not. When the hour of appointment on the beach came, she stole down there, thinking perhaps Ralph had avoided seeing her till the hour he was to hear her answer. She thought she must have made him suffer more than she had suspected, by not promising the evening before to be his wife. Her heart was growing tender towards him now. She reached the trying spot; no lover was there. Her grief, and fears grew great and alarming; and after waiting an hour she returned to the house. She went up to her room, and locked herself in. She did not know what to think of her traitor lover; she wandered if anything had happened to him. Tears came to her relief, she indulged in a hearty cry, next day Annie overheard a conversation between some of the boarders. One said that Ralph Leighton had not been seen since he left the hotel the morning before; when another said he was seen late in the morning away down on the beach talking with a woman, and that both had disappeared. This intelligence wounded Annie to the quick. He had not cared for her at all, or he could not have gone off with another, she thought.

Inez Leighton went on her way, living a hopeless, aimless, desolate life, drifting down the tide of time as a dead helpless leaf upon a stream—with no object in view. All the sunshine had been taken out of her life; and her once tender and loving heart had been rendered cold and embittered by cruel coldness and harsh treatment from the eyes who should have loved and protected her from the cold winds of the world. Husband and father both had thrust her from home and love, out upon the cold main, to drift whithersoever she could. The helm of her bark had been placed in the hand of one who had deserted it; and now alone, she had to struggle with the waves and rapids across the stormy sea. Yet the time had come when both, father and husband, needed her love, craved it; but they could nevermore thaw the ice which had gathered around her heart; and in coldness she turned proudly haughtily away from each. She could not forget unredressed wrongs, which were burned into her memory in indelible characters; and rather than accept love that had once been denied her, she would go on her lone way, an outcast from warmth and love forevermore.

After meeting with his wife, Ralph

ton, in whose breast love had for the first time come in all its strength and power, he never again could be happy in his reckless, old way; and with a great pain rankling in his heart, he fled from his life of careless gaiety, to drift hither and thither, with no more rest than the Wandering Jew. He knew there was but one person he could ever be happy with now; and that person was Inez—his wife. But, between them was a barrier—a yawning chasm, which grew wider with each succeeding year; and he was utterly powerless to bridge it.

Ralph set out to search for his wife. After weary searches he at last found her; but he saw her only twice. Once he saw her standing in the doorway of a time-stained hovel, where all around looked bare and drear and cold; with her thin white hands clasped tightly together, and her pale, proud face turned toward the windy sky; her large, starry black eyes all lustrous as if she saw something in the far-lying arches of the blue-heavens to thrill her soul. In spite of shabby apparel, and apparent sadness, she looked beautiful still.

"Inez, Inez!" exclaimed Ralph, as he bounded toward her. "Hear me, Inez," said he, sinking on his knees before her, lifting up his hands imploringly, "listen to me, I pray."

With one swift glance she scanned the crouching figure, and without one word, glided in and shut the door.

All that night the wretched husband haunted that place, walking to and fro underneath the leafless branches, all un-mindful of the cold and a sweeping blast, like some uneasy spirit from another world.

When the sun shone on the cold world again; Ralph saw the door ajar, and entered. But the room was empty—no Inez was there. He looked around at the rude surroundings, and saw what the room contained afforded but little comfort. He reached about and around the place for Inez, but could find her nowhere. He saw a well worn path leading through clustering evergreens which he followed. He soon found the object of his search, lying prone on the ground. He hastened near, and there she was in a heap, with arms thrown over a little mound—a grave. Ralph bent down to raise her up; but when he took hold of her, he drew back, ghastly pallor gathering over his face. It was a corpse; he held in his arms.

"Inez," was all he could articulate; and gently laid the dead body down.

He looked at the white grave-stones and saw the word "Gladly." Grief swept over his once callous heart in strong, swift waves, crushing him down, down, with iron weight. In that hour of supreme agony he felt he was the murderer of the two who slept the silent sleep, lying there before him—his wife and child.

Inez was laid besides Gladly, to rest till the morn when the great trumpet shall sound through all space, and call her among the myriads of pale sleeper, to appear before the Supreme Judge of all beings. And while she rested there, Ralph walked the earth weary-worn and heart-sore, alone, alone, alone; and through all space of future life, not one ray fell upon him to cheer the dreary years. No living hand could heal the bleeding heart, or set its broken chords to tune; and the far of these unstrung chords sounded "Regret, regret, regret."

A Kiss for a Blow.

"I strike 'oo," cried a little boy, in a sharp tone to his sister.

"I kiss 'oo," said his sister, stretching out her arms and putting up her rosy lips in a sweet kiss.

Tommy looked a look of wonder. Did his little ears hear right? They did for there was a kiss on Susy's lips. A smile broke over his angry face, like sunshine on a black cloud.

"I kiss too," he then said; and the little brother and sister hugged and kissed each other right heartily. A kiss for a blow is better than tit for tat, isn't it?

Error loves to walk arm in arm with truth, to make itself thought respectable.

Every one is as God made him—and oftentimes a great deal worse.—Don Quixote.

Overcoming Under Difficulties.

They were courting under difficulties. It was in a room through which the members of the family were continually passing (3 and 4).

"Dear Alice," he said "I cannot longer labor under this ass—"

(The old man appears.) "pension of banks is due to the unwise policy—"

(Old man passes on.) "I was going to say, my dear girl, that I hope you will promise to be mine, and name an early day for the bonds—"

(Old woman happens in.) "—should never be paid in gold alone."

(Exit old girl.) "Name the happy day when I may call you my own, for I cannot believe that you will think if pre—"

(Old man slides in again.) "—sumption cannot be so soon accomplished."

(The intruder retires.) "I say I can't believe that you are entirely indifferent to me, but will soon grant me the privilege of calling you wi—"

(Old lady on deck.) "—it gives the financial question much study."

(Old lady slides off.) "If you love me just nod your head. You and, Oh, one sweet kiss to seal it—one sweet—oh hell!"

(Prospective father-in-law.) "according to eminent divies, is a myth, a superstition."

(They were again left alone.) The old folks conclude that Alice is safe enough in the company of a young man who can talk nothing but finance and theology, and so relax their vigilance.

Avoid the Net, Boys.

Come here, boys, let me speak to you. When are you going? I heard one of your company say, "Come, let us go down to the saloon and get some beer;" is it there you are going? Hold on a moment; that is a bad place for boys. I have seen a great many boys begin at the saloon or liquor shop, and end in state's prison. Did you ever see the fisherman cast in a net and draw in the fish? How the fish dive and flop and try to escape, but can't! Did you ever see birds caught in a snare or net? If you have seen pigeons in a net, you have noticed how they try but can't escape. Listen to what the Bible tells you: "As the fishes are taken in an evil net, and as the birds that are caught in a snare, so are the sons of men snared in an evil time."

Every liquor saloon or dram-shop is a net or snare; if you are there, you are in danger of being caught. Shut it—keep away. If you begin drinking beer, you will soon want still stronger drinks, and once started on this track, no one can tell where you will end. But if you never taste a drop of intoxicating liquor, we all know where you will end—you will end sober men. How easy, then, to escape becoming a drunkard, to wit, by never drinking a drop of intoxicating liquors.

Avoid the ale, the beer, the lager—don't begin, and you will never get into the net or snare. Think of five hundred thousand drunkards in America, all caught in the net. Some try as hard as do the poor fishes to escape; but in vain. Avoid the net, boys, avoid the net! is the cry of an old sentinel. Listen to the note of warning—keep away from the dram-shops.

A poor drunkard tried to borrow five dollars of me a few months ago. He wandered around in drunkenness, and not ten days later was run over on a railroad track and killed. I knew him when a bright, promising boy. But he went to the dram-shop, was caught in the snare, and in an evil hour ruin came suddenly upon him. Keep out of that net! Benjamin Joy.

The ruin of most men dates from some vacant hour. Occupation is the armor of the soul. Their is a satirical poem, in which the devil is represented as fishing for men, and sitting his bait to the taste and business of his prey; but the idler, he said, gave him no trouble, as he bit the naked hook.