

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, JUNE 6, 1878.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION. Rates of Advertising: Square, 1 insertion, \$1.00; 3 months, \$3.00; 6 months, \$5.00; 1 year, \$8.00. Single copy, 10 cents.

Tracked to His Death.

Fair Haven was a peaceful little fishing hamlet on the rock bound coast of Massachusetts. Yet even in this quiet looking place, Love and Hatred, Pride and Jealousy were as actively at work in men's hearts as in the more crowded cities.

There was a place so poor but that it can afford at least one wealthy inhabitant. The magnate of Fair Haven was Richard Devine. He was also universally feared and hated. Men knew him as a grasping, close fisted, and avaricious man. The women of the place hated him because of his excessive insolence and freedom of speech toward them.

Of Devine's previous history they knew nothing. He had come among them some three years before, and brought with him a sweet young girl as his wife. The latter, under his harsh and cruel treatment, had pined away and died. The husband had not appeared to greatly grieve over his loss.

It was only six months, now, since his wife had been laid away, and the sharp eyed gossips of the place were prophesying that he was looking around for another wife.

The belle of the place at that time was Nancy Sheppard. Who her parents were nobody knew. She was the only survivor of a wreck that had been cast upon their shores. The only thing about her which seemed to hold a possible clue was a small gold locket, with the initials 'N. S.'

She had been adopted by the childless wife of a sturdy fisherman named Tom Sheppard. She had named the infant Nancy, and so it remained.

The infant had now grown into a finely developed, mad-cap girl of 18. There was not a young fisherman in the place but would have been happy as a king to have won Nancy for a wife.

Her choice, however, seemed to be made. Joe Crawford was her escort at all the merry makings that transpired, and he successfully defeated all projects to 'cut him out' of her favor.

It was on a pleasant July morning that she and her lover were engaged in raking up seaweed for the cottage garden in which she lived. While talking over their prospects, they were suddenly interrupted by the sound of an approaching horseman. The next moment Richard Devine reined up his horse close by the girl's side.

'Good morning, Nancy,' he exclaimed, chucking her under the chin with coarse familiarity. 'Seems to me you've been particularly careful in keeping out of my sight lately.'

The girl's black eyes flashed fire, and her hand was upraised as if to strike him for his presumption.

In an instant, though, she had regained self-control.

If she angered the man, her lover would be persecuted for revenge. Controlling herself as well as she could, she replied: 'I did not know that my movements were of any consequence to Mr. Devine.'

'Ha! ha! you're a sly puss,' chuckled the man. 'Well, I'll tell you something so there will be no chance of your making such a mistake again. I'm coming down to Widow Sheppard's to-night on purpose to see you. So remember and stay at home.'

'You may save yourself the trouble then,' replied the girl with spirit. 'Mr. Devine can have no business with me of any consequence, and my way is free to go as I please.'

threw them contemptuously in Devine's face. 'Now leave!' he shouted, 'or by all the powers, I'll do as I threatened! If I hear of you attempting to persecute Nancy again with your insults I'll have your life!'

'An ugly threat, that, man,' said Devine, scowling blackly. 'I see how the land lies now, and I'll make this town too hot to hold you in less than twenty-four hours.'

'With those words he rode off. Oh, Joe,' exclaimed the girl, bitterly, 'you've ruined yourself now! You can do nothing against such an enemy as Richard Devine.'

'The world is wide, Nancy,' he replied. 'We can go away and begin life somewhere else.'

'But not without money.' 'That is true,' he answered gloomily. 'I need two things first—money and revenge.'

Fearing to say more lest she might further excite her lover's anger, the girl remained silent.

Soon afterward Joe made some excuse and left her. By 12 o'clock the quiet little hamlet was in a state of intense excitement.

Richard Devine had been found badly wounded on the roadside. In answer to their inquiries he denounced Joe Crawford as his assailant and would be murderer.

The village physician was hastily summoned, and pronounced the case a critical one. There was one chance in a hundred for Devine's recovery, he said, and he might not live until midnight. The wounded man was informed of his danger, and a wicked glitter came in his eyes.

'Bring Nancy Sheppard here while I make my dying statement,' said he, and a few of the villagers he called in as witnesses.

Terror-stricken at the accusation resting upon her lover, and dreading it to be the truth, she came. Richard Devine then said that he had met Joe Crawford that morning, the latter had made threats against him. About an hour afterward he had been suddenly attacked at a quiet spot upon the road by his enemy. He had defended himself to the best of his power with the but end of his broken riding-whip, and had succeeded in leaving some bad bruises upon his assailant's face. The latter, finding himself molested, had drawn his knife and stabbed him, leaving him for dead upon the road. There was a sudden commotion at the doorway, and presently the accused murderer, guarded by two men was brought in the room. His face was discolored with blood, and severely cut. He attempted to speak; but such a storm of execration broke upon his ears that he folded his arms and was silent.

Another witness now stepped forward in Devine's behalf. It was a man who had long been suspected of being a spy in Devine's interest. He had overheard the conversation that had passed between the parties in the morning. He also testified that Crawford's last words before leaving the girl's side were, 'I need two things—money and revenge.'

Richard Devine glanced toward the girl with looks of malignant hatred. 'If I die, as I think I shall, my murderer shall not escape,' said he, grimly. Then he signed his name to the statement which the doctor had drawn up at his dictation.

'Will you solemnly swear, in the presence of this company, that all you say herein is true?' asked the doctor gravely.

'I do,' was the decisive reply. 'And that you accuse Joe Crawford as being your murderer?' 'Yes.'

'You are a perjurer and a double-dyed villain!' exclaimed a wrathful voice, and a stranger strode into their midst. His clothing was stained with blood, and his face was as pale as death.

Richard Devine's eyes opened wide in terror. 'The dead have returned!' he gasped. 'Aye, to avenge the living?' was the stern reply. 'You would sacrifice a man to the gallows, and perjure yourself on your death bed for revenge! Listen, men, to what I have to say: 'Years ago Richard Devine, as he calls himself, was my partner in business. By lies and trickery he gained my confidence. One bright morning I awoke

to find myself a boygar. Every dollar had been stolen from me by that scoundrel, who suddenly disappeared. 'So poor was I that I was compelled to send my wife and child to their distant home on the coast of Maine, until I could obtain a footing. The vessel was wrecked with all on board. From that hour I, Roger Sherwood, lived only for revenge.'

'For years I have been engaged in my search for this villain. To-day I met him. He was then engaged in an angry conversation with the man he now charges as his murderer. At last he struck the young fellow savagely in the face, and galloped off.'

'I watched where he went, and suddenly presented myself before him. He knew me in an instant, and divined my purpose.'

'Before I could reach him, he drew out a pistol, and shot me. I retaliated with a knife thrust, and then fainted from pain.'

'When I recovered my senses, I found myself lying among the rocks on the sea shore. Richard Devine had fancied me dead, and thus disposed of my body.'

'I managed to stagger to the nearest hut, and there learned that my enemy was dangerously wounded, and had denounced Joe Crawford as his murderer.'

'Speak, Richard Devine, and tell me, do I not speak truly?' 'The man cowered in terror, and replied abjectly: 'You do. Joe Crawford is innocent. Give my fortune to Nancy Sheppard—it is only justice. She is—'

He died, leaving the sentence unfinished. 'I have lived long enough to see justice done,' said the stranger, sinking to the floor.

They picked him up, and laid him upon the locket. Then the doctor hurriedly examined his wound. 'No use,' he said, shortly. He is bleeding internally. He cannot live.'

Nancy, filled with compassion, had forced her way to his side, and stood looking pityingly upon him. 'Great Heaven!' exclaimed the wounded man, in agony, 'is it Nora Sherwood my wife, or am I dreaming? I fancied she was lost in the 'Sea Wave.' There is a mystery here. She had a locket upon her neck—I mean my child—with the initials of her name upon it. Do you know—'

It was a di-jointed sentence, for the man's mind was evidently wandering. Nancy was shaking with emotion. 'Is this it?' she asked, drawing it from her bosom, and handing it to him. 'It is! Great Heaven! I have found my daughter only to—'

'To lose her,' he would have said, but Death finished the sentence for him. In his pockets were the papers that showed that he had spoken truly. Nancy Sheppard was, indeed, his daughter.

They buried the avenger and his victim in the quiet graveyard, and Nancy assumed the fortune that was rightfully hers.

Joe Crawford did not leave the place to seek his fortune afterward. He had found it already in Nora Sherwood, in loving whom he had so narrowly missed being hung as a murderer.

Speak Gently.

A loud boisterous tone shows a want of good breeding. The first principle of politeness is to make those about you feel pleasant, and a rude, coarse manner of speaking is annoying to most persons. A good anecdote is related of a man, who went by the name of 'Whispering John,' which was given to him as though he were brought up in a mill. One cold morning he walked into a public house, and called out in his thundering voice: 'Good morning, landlord, how are you?'

'Very well, how are you?' 'Oh, I'm well, but I'm so cold I can hardly talk.'

Just then a nervous traveler who was present, ran up to the landlord, exclaiming: 'Please have my horse brought as soon as possible.'

'Why, what is the matter?' 'Nothing,' replied the traveler, 'only I want to get away before he gets warm.'

Dr. John Hall, in a recent discourse, called special attention to one of the peculiar temptations of city life:

'We live in a great money centre, and the acquisition of money comes to be felt as synonymous with success in life. All our plans and schemes are actuated by that idea, and so a certain exhibition of that which marks the possession of wealth will manifest in the toilet of every woman. They will try to keep up the appearance of great wealth, although they have it not, and thus is introduced an artificial and unhealthy element in our careers. In consequence of this it is difficult to induce our young men to become farmers, artisans or tradesmen of any kind, their idea being that they must come to the great cities and pile up a fortune in Wall street. All this induces a certain laxity of conscience, and we get to think that any means will justify the end when that end is the acquisition of money.'

This is where the strain on our manhood comes, and the fall of so many men of previous high standing and excellent reputation, shows how great the danger is from this source. It is of immense importance that our people should be armed against this peril by strengthening of conscience in regard to the rights of others. It is useless to tell men not to wish for money, when they see that money will bring about everything they desire; that it unlocks almost any door they care to enter, and will enable them to secure any good their hearts are moved to. The thing is not to preach against money, but in behalf of honesty, fidelity to trusts, and respect for the rights of others. Men should be made to feel that, though it is a good thing to have money, it is a far better thing to have integrity and a conscience void of offence. The nobility of resisting temptations to get rich by dishonest means, and daring to be poor for truth's sake and Christ's sake, is not enough thought of in these days. Too many Christians are partly to blame for the dishonesty that brings shame to the Church by treating poor people in a far different spirit and way from rich people. Not until Christians themselves put a higher estimate on character than on wealth, and respect men for their worth instead of their bank stock, and the display they make, without asking at whose expense it is made, shall we escape from one of the worst moral perils of the age.—Evangelist.

Vulgarity.

We have a friend that never speaks a 'vulgar word.' He is a minister and a writer of ability. 'I resolved when I was a child,' said he, 'never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother without offending her.'

He kept his promise. He is a pure-minded, noble, honored man to-day. His rule and example are worthy of imitation.

Boys easily learn a class of low, vulgar words and expressions, which are never heard in respectable circles. The utmost care on the part of parents will scarcely prevent it. Of course, we cannot think of girls being so much exposed to this peril. We cannot imagine a decent girl using words which she would not give utterance to before her father and mother.

Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be 'smart,' the 'next thing to swearing,' and yet not so wicked. It becomes a habit; it leads to profanity; it fills the mind with evil thoughts; it vulgarizes and degrades the soul; it prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society.

Dear young reader, set a watch upon the door of your lips; keep your mouth free from all impurity.—Sunday-school Advocate.

'Madam, do you know that you possess one of the best voices in the world?' said a saucy fellow to a woman. 'Indeed do you think so?' replied she, with a flush of pride at the compliment. 'I do most certainly,' continued the rascal; 'for if you hadn't it would have been worn out long ago.' For the first time in her life that woman had not a word to say.

Politeness of Great Men.

Truly great men are polite by instinct to their inferiors. It is one element of their greatness to be thoughtful for others.

Many years ago the errand boy employed by a publishing house in a great city was sent to procure from Edward Everett the proof sheets of a book he had been examining. The boy entered the vast library, lined from floor to ceiling with books, in fear and trembling. He stood in awe of this famous man, and dreaded to meet him.

But Mr. Everett, turning from the desk where he was writing, received the lad with reassuring courtesy, bade him sit down, chatted kindly as he looked for the proof sheets, and asked:

'Shall I put a paper around them for you?' as politely as if his visitor were the President. The boy departed in a very comfortable state of mind. He had been raised in his own esteem by Mr. Everett's kindness, and he has never forgotten the lesson it taught him.

The Art of Listening.

The art of listening is a delicate and difficult art, and one that is seldom practiced. It is delicate because it demands, if not sympathy, a show of sympathy, and continuous attention, as well as an air of interest. It is difficult because self-assertion is natural, and a state of passiveness, without manifestation of weariness is irksome to maintain. (On account of its delicacy and difficulty that not less, from want of knowing how to manage it, it is the rare art in society. The few listeners that understand listening are invariably liked, even admired, and not infrequently charm the talkers to whom they give ear. The nice listener is pretty sure to get a name for intellect, culture, wit, readiness—for any sort of quality, in deed, which he or she does not reveal and may not possess. The person fond of talking usually enudates the person who listens with whatever attributes he thinks he has himself, and has good opinion of the listener grows steadily, until sometimes it amounts to positive worship. It is not enough to listen merely in a negative manner, for this appears like resignation, like silent suffering, like uncomplaining martyrdom, and, besides, may be mistaken for stupidity, which is fatal to the listeners hope and object. One may be as stupid as an owl in society, but his listeners must disguise his stupidity, if they would be accepted; and, above all, never indicate or intimate to anybody else that the speaker has any possibility. We can be dullness and commonplace itself with impunity, provided we seem to think well of our acquaintances.—Harper's Bazar.

Husband Hunters.

A husband hunter is the most detestable of all young ladies. She is full of starch and puffers, she puts on so many false airs, and she is so nice that she appears ridiculous in the eyes of every decent person. She may generally be found at church, coming in, of course, about the last one, always at social parties, and invariably takes a front seat at concerts. She tries to be the belle of the place, and thinks she is. Poor girl! you are fitting yourself for an old maid, just as sure as the Sabbath comes on Sunday! Men will flirt with you and flatter you, simply because they love to do it; but they have no mere idea of making you a wife than they have of committing suicide.—Exchange.

Two Sides.

Remember that all questions have two sides; one is the right side, the other the wrong side; one side of justice. If you take the right side, the just side, ultimately men, however much they may oppose you, will come to your support. Earth, with all its powers will work with you and for you, and Heaven is pledged to conduct you to complete success. If you take the other side, there is no power in earth or Heaven that can lead you thro' successfully, because it is appointed in the counsels of Heaven that justice, and truth, alone can prevail.

Cultivate One Talent.

One talent, well cultivated, deepened, and enlarged, is worth a hundred shallow faculties. The first law of success at this day, when so many things clamor for attention, is concentration; to bend all the energies to one point, and to go directly to that point, looking neither to the right nor to the left. It has been justly said that a great deal of the wisdom of a man in this century is shown in leaving things unlearned; and a great deal of his practical sense in leaving things undone. The day of universal scholars is past. Life is short, and art is long. The range of human knowledge has increased so enormously, that no brain can grapple with it; and the man who would know one thing, well must have the courage to be ignorant of a thousand other things, however attractive or inviting. As with knowledge, so with work. The man who would get along must single out his specialty, and into that must pour the whole stream of his activity—all the energies of his hand, eye, tongue, heart, and brain. Broad culture, many-sidedness, are beautiful things to contemplate; but it is the narrow-edged men—the men of single and intense purpose, who steel their souls against all things else—that accomplish the hard work of the world, and who are everywhere in demand when hard work is to be done.—Prof. Matthews.

To Girls.

Never marry a man who has only his love for you to recommend him. It is very fascinating, but it does not make the man. If he is not otherwise what he should be, you will never be happy. The most perfect man who did not love you should never be your husband. But though marriage without love is terrible, love will not do. If the man is dishonorable to other men, or mean, or given to any vice, the time will come when you will either loathe him or sink to his level. It is hard to remember, amidst kisses and praises, that there is anything else in the world to be done or thought of but love-making; but the days of life are many, and the husband must be trusted—a companion, a friend, as well as a lover. Many a girl has married a man whom she knew to be anything but good, 'because he loved her so.' And the flame has died out on the hearthstone of home before long, and beside it there has been sitting one that she could never hope would lead her heavenward—or who, if she followed him as a wife should, would guide her steps to perdition. Marriage is a solemn thing—a choice for life; be careful in the choosing.—Belgravia.

Wit and Humor.

A late book is entitled 'Half Hours with Insects.' What a lively half hour one can have with a bee.

The girls say that there is too much color in too little young man to the present style of gent's neck-wear.

An engineer in Liverpool when going on board his steamer was accosted by a son of Sir's Isle. 'Got all your hands engaged, sir?' 'Well, no. What are you doing?' 'Sure an' I can't stir out of foire.' 'Have you been at the sea before?' 'D'ye think I came from Ireland in a cart?'

A gentleman riding in a car on the Hudson River Railroad, not long since, happened to be seated behind a couple—son and daughter of the Emerald Isle—who seemed to be in earnest conversation.

'Narah,' said he, 'now will ye not marry me?' 'An ne, sure, Thomas I will not; I don't want to get married to a wilder.' 'But, Narah, if you could see the four young childer which I have at home, with no mother, I'm sure you'd marry; an' I have a fine farm besides.' 'Yes, but I hear the farm has a big morgie on it,' said Narah. 'Well, be gorry,' said Thomas, 'I'll tell ye what I'll do. If ye'll marry me, I'll bury the money and lift the morgie! She consented.'

He was rather an uncouth looking individual, and as he sauntered into the store the crowd si flag on the barrels winked at each other and made remarks about his person.

'Where did it come from?' asked one, pointing at him. 'Somebody left the door open and it blew in,' said another.

'I don't think it's alive, said a third. 'Touch it and see,' remarked a fourth. 'Yes, it's a man—see it moves?' queried the first.

All hands laughed boisterously. 'I'm a poor Christian, and I don't believe in turmoil and strife and can't participate in it. I pray you worldly minded people, that you will allow me to depart in peace, and the new arrival.

Then the poor Christian took a small volume from his pocket and began reading the Scriptures in a drawing sing song tone.

While he was engaged at this the crowd played all sorts of tricks on him. One put some eggs in his pocket and another mashed them.

Then the biggest man in the house poured some oil on his hat and lighted it.

Then the clerk hit him under the nose with a cod-fish.

Then that man quietly put the little volume in his coat-tail pocket, and the clerk went head first into the molasses barrel.—When the biggest man in the house picked himself from under the counter it was next to an impossibility to guess where his nose left off and where the cod-fish began. No 1 made work for the glazier as he hit a ventilator in the window. No 2 hatched out half a barrel of eggs, and No 5 got up on the pie shelf and stayed there. As No 4 walked out of the door on his back he wondered how much it would cost him to make him as good as new, and the poor Christian man remarked.

'The next time you folks jick me up for a slouch look out you sin' in the wrong paw, Good day, fellers.'

The clerk is waiting for them to come round and settle for the damage done, but they must have forgotten where the place is as they pass right by without looking in and their bills remain unpaid.

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for spaces in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow-men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affections; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless—for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.—Washington Times.

Wit and Humor.

A late book is entitled 'Half Hours with Insects.' What a lively half hour one can have with a bee.

The girls say that there is too much color in too little young man to the present style of gent's neck-wear.

An engineer in Liverpool when going on board his steamer was accosted by a son of Sir's Isle. 'Got all your hands engaged, sir?' 'Well, no. What are you doing?' 'Sure an' I can't stir out of foire.' 'Have you been at the sea before?' 'D'ye think I came from Ireland in a cart?'

A gentleman riding in a car on the Hudson River Railroad, not long since, happened to be seated behind a couple—son and daughter of the Emerald Isle—who seemed to be in earnest conversation.

'Narah,' said he, 'now will ye not marry me?' 'An ne, sure, Thomas I will not; I don't want to get married to a wilder.' 'But, Narah, if you could see the four young childer which I have at home, with no mother, I'm sure you'd marry; an' I have a fine farm besides.' 'Yes, but I hear the farm has a big morgie on it,' said Narah. 'Well, be gorry,' said Thomas, 'I'll tell ye what I'll do. If ye'll marry me, I'll bury the money and lift the morgie! She consented.'

He was rather an uncouth looking individual, and as he sauntered into the store the crowd si flag on the barrels winked at each other and made remarks about his person.

'Where did it come from?' asked one, pointing at him. 'Somebody left the door open and it blew in,' said another.

'I don't think it's alive, said a third. 'Touch it and see,' remarked a fourth. 'Yes, it's a man—see it moves?' queried the first.

All hands laughed boisterously. 'I'm a poor Christian, and I don't believe in turmoil and strife and can't participate in it. I pray you worldly minded people, that you will allow me to depart in peace, and the new arrival.

Then the poor Christian took a small volume from his pocket and began reading the Scriptures in a drawing sing song tone.

While he was engaged at this the crowd played all sorts of tricks on him. One put some eggs in his pocket and another mashed them.

Then the biggest man in the house poured some oil on his hat and lighted it.

Then the clerk hit him under the nose with a cod-fish.

Then that man quietly put the little volume in his coat-tail pocket, and the clerk went head first into the molasses barrel.—When the biggest man in the house picked himself from under the counter it was next to an impossibility to guess where his nose left off and where the cod-fish began. No 1 made work for the glazier as he hit a ventilator in the window. No 2 hatched out half a barrel of eggs, and No 5 got up on the pie shelf and stayed there. As No 4 walked out of the door on his back he wondered how much it would cost him to make him as good as new, and the poor Christian man remarked.

'The next time you folks jick me up for a slouch look out you sin' in the wrong paw, Good day, fellers.'

The clerk is waiting for them to come round and settle for the damage done, but they must have forgotten where the place is as they pass right by without looking in and their bills remain unpaid.

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for spaces in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow-men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affections; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless—for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.—Washington Times.