

Gas S. Herringblow
THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

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STREET BREWER.
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Business Cards.
JAMES D. MEYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
CARTHAGE, N. C.
Practices in all the Courts of the State.
Prompt attention given to all business
entrusted to him.
Jan. 15th, 1878.

J. M. BROWN,
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and adjoining Counties.

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Practices in the Courts of Moore and ad-
joining Counties.
Collections made in any part of the State,
Carthage, Jan. 4, 1878.

J. W. HESSDALE,
Raleigh, N. C.
J. A. WORTHY,
Carthage, N. C.
HINSDALE & WORTHY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Carthage, N. C.
Have formed a partnership for the prac-
tice of the law in the county of Moore.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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Practices in Moore, Hartlett, Montgom-
ery and Randolph counties. Special atten-
tion given to the collection of claims.

Ladies Aid Society.
THE LADIES OF THE M. E. CHURCH
AID SOCIETY will do all kinds of
fancy work, such as Braiding, Embroidery,
Knitting, Cutting and Fitting for
Gentlemen Ladies and Children. They will
keep on hand late styles, and dispose of
patterns very cheap. Sewing of all kinds
received on the 1st and 3rd Wednesday
evenings of each month, at Mr. N. G. S.
MARLEY'S.

BOOTS & SHOES.
I HAVE JUST OPENED OUT A SHOP
Shop at
SANFORD, N. C.
Located in the business part of the town.
Keep on hand a well selected stock of
LEATH. Red and all kinds. Please call or
send in your order. It will be promptly
filled at the SHORTESE NOTE E. Also a
good SHOEMAKER WANTED. Liberal
price will be paid monthly. Give us a
trial.
W. R. CAMPBELL,
Jan. 11th, 1878.

TO THE
TRAVELING PUBLIC.
MAY LINE FROM
CARTHAGE TO CAMERON.
Leaves Cameron, daily, at 10 A. M.
Arrives at Carthage, 5 P. M.
Makes connection with the Cars morning
and evening. Travelers wishing to go
Carthage or return from Carthage to Cam-
eron will always find conveyance ready to
carry them.
GREEN BAILEY,
Mail Contractor.

MYERS & KELLY'S
Hotel
CARTHAGE, N. C.
Tables supplied with the BEST of the Market
affords.
Liberal Prices.
Also all kinds of Liquors, Lager Beer,
Wine, Cigars and Tobacco at the Bar.
BERRY POSTER RYE WHISKY A
Specialty.
Please give us a call
no21-f

TO THE
Traveling Public.
THE GERMAN HOTEL AT
Cameron, N. C.
is now open. GOOD ROOMS. Table sup-
plied with the Best in the market.
PRICES LIBERAL.
All kinds of LIQUORS, CIGARS, TO-
BACCO, &c., found in the Basement.
Very Respectfully,
AUG. MYERS,
Proprietor.
no33-f

Go To
Ruscoe's Tent,
For Good Pictures.

THE CARTHAGINIAN.

Volume 1. CARTHAGE, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1878. Number 35.

Railroads.
CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.
RALEIGH & GASTON RAILROAD.
Superintendent's Office,
Raleigh, N. C., May 20, 1878.
On and after MONDAY May 20, 1878,
trains on the Raleigh & Gaston Railroad
will run daily (Sundays excepted) as fol-
lows:
MAIL TRAIN.
Leaves Raleigh at 10 10 a m
Arrives at Weldon 3 00 p m
Leaves Weldon 12 40 p m
Arrives at Raleigh 5 15 p m
ACCOMMODATION TRAIN.
Leaves Raleigh at 4 15 p m
Arrives at Weldon 3 20 a m
Leaves Weldon 12 40 p m
Arrives at Raleigh 4 00 p m
Mail train makes close connection at
Weldon with the Seaboard and Roanoke
Railroad and by Live Steamers via Balti-
more, to and from all points North, West
and South-west, and with Petersburg, Rich-
mond, and Washington City, to and from
all points North and North-west. And at
Raleigh with the Raleigh & Augusta Air-
Line, to Haywood and Fayetteville, Hamlet,
Charlotte, Wilmington, and all points
South.
JOHN C. WINDER,
General Superintendent.

RALEIGH & AUGUSTA AIR-LINE,
Superintendent's Office,
Raleigh, N. C., May 20, 1878.
ON AND AFTER MONDAY, May 20th,
1878, trains on this line will run as fol-
lows (Sundays excepted):
PASSENGER TRAINS, GOING SOUTH.
Leaves Raleigh at 5 30 p m
Hamlet 6 01 p m
Cary 6 26 p m
New Hill at 6 54 p m
Merry Oaks at 7 38 p m
Moncure at 8 03 p m
Spartanburg at 8 47 p m
Catawba at 9 30 p m
Mauldin at 10 18 p m
Keyser at 10 57 p m
Arrive at Hamlet 12 15 a m
GOING NORTH.
Leaves Hamlet at 1 20 a m
Keyser at 2 33 a m
Mauldin at 3 31 a m
Catawba at 4 23 a m
Spartanburg at 5 08 a m
Moncure at 5 55 a m
Merry Oaks at 6 29 a m
New Hill at 6 41 a m
Merry Oaks at 7 02 a m
Apex at 7 28 a m
Cary at 8 15 a m
Arrive at Raleigh 8 45 a m
This train makes close connections at
Hamlet with the Carolina Central Railroad
to and from Wilmington, Charlotte, Ashe-
ville, Statesville, Warm Springs, and all
points in Western North Carolina and all
points South and Southwest, and at Raleigh
with the Raleigh & Gaston Railroad to and
from all points North and Northwest.
JOHN C. WINDER,
Superintendent.

Time Table Western Railroad.
To take Effect on Monday, May 20, 1878.
DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.
UP.—Leave Fayetteville at 4 00 p. m.
Arrive at Little River 4 40 p. m.
Leave Little River at 4 45 p. m.
Arrive at Spout Springs 5 10 p. m.
Leave Spout Springs at 5 15 p. m.
Arrive at Swan's Station 6 00 p. m.
Leave Swan's Station at 6 05 p. m.
Arrive at Jonesboro 6 30 p. m.
Leave Jonesboro at 6 35 p. m.
Arrive at Sanford 7 00 p. m.
Leave Sanford at 7 05 p. m.
Arrive at Egypt 7 20 p. m.
DOWN.—Leave Egypt at 7 40 p. m.
Arrive at Sanford 8 10 p. m.
Leave Sanford at 8 15 p. m.
Arrive at Jonesboro 8 40 p. m.
Leave Jonesboro at 8 45 p. m.
Arrive at Swan's Station 9 30 p. m.
Leave Swan's Station at 9 35 p. m.
Arrive at Spout Springs 10 35 p. m.
Leave Spout Springs at 10 40 p. m.
Arrive at Little River 11 10 p. m.
Leave Little River at 11 20 p. m.
Arrive at Fayetteville 12 40 p. m.
Connect at Sanford with trains of Raleigh
and Augusta Air-Line—North and South.
L. C. JONES, Superintendent.

Miscellaneous.
INSURE YOUR PROPERTY!
NORTH CAROLINA HOME,
OLD NORTH STATE,
AND OTHER
FIRST-CLASS
INSURANCE COMPANIES
Represented by
W. J. STUART,
Carthage, N. C.
January 8th, 1878. no2-f

For Sale Low.
BACK Volumes of "The Southern Pres-
byterian Review," bound in No. 3,
Vol. 17, to No. 4, Vol. 25, inclusive, 9 years
and six months, ending in December, 1874,
all perfect and in good condition. Enquire
at this office.
April 25, 1878. 17-f.

Job Work
Neatly and Cheaply
Executed at this Of-
fice.

It is Not Your Business Why.
Would you like to know the secrets
Of your neighbor's house and life?
How he lives, or how he doesn't,
And just how he treats his wife?
How he spends his time or leisure,
Whether sorrowful or gay,
And where he goes for pleasure,
To the concert or to the play?
If you wish it, I will tell you—
Let me whisper to you sly—
If your neighbor is not civil,
It is not your business why.

For His Sake.
When the Flying Scud discharged
her cargo and passengers at the London
Dock, there landed among them a gen-
tleman who had been absent from Eng-
land nine years. All that while he had
passed under the burning suns of India
He had suffered as soldiers do. He had
fought as soldiers fight. He had met
the soldier's fate of scars and wounds,
and one of them had invalidated him
home to England.

It was the first time he had trod her
shores for nine years, as we have said,
and for the first time in any year he was
going to see his son, the little boy born
after he left home, and whose birth had
been his mother's death.

ANN GOLDEN.
The poor broken-hearted man almost
sank under the awful news. He had
loved his wife passionately, and when
the baby was old enough to travel, she
would have come to him in India, bring-
ing his terrible orinate and the life of a
soldier's wife abroad, because they could
not live apart. Now he did not want a
little baby on his hands, and he wrote
to Ann as soon as he could command
himself to do so, appointing her his
nurse.

Every quarter since that time, he had
sent money to her for the child's board
and clothes. A receipt was always re-
turned with "her duty, and the young
gentleman was doing well," and this
was all he knew of his Ellen's boy—the
child of a love that had been as strong
as it was tender.

Now that his foot was upon England's
shores again, and the meeting was very
near, Captain Penryn felt new thrills of
a father love through his soldier's heart,
and longed for his boy's presence.

"It would take him to himself," he
said. "They would live together, shar-
ing each other's joys and sorrows. He
would make a man of the boy—not a
soldier, for he knew the trials of a sol-
dier's life too well; but something very
honorable and creditable. He should
be proud of him, and he hoped—ah,
how he hoped!—that Ellen's child
would have Ellen's face."

Then he thought how his heart had
been won by toys and sweetmeats, and
coming to a shop where the former were
sold, passed before the gay window,
and began to make a mental choice be-
tween a red and gilt stage coach and
horses and a train of bright blue car-
riages. He had discarded both for a box
of scarlet-coated soldiers, suddenly he
felt a tug at his coat-tail, and turning
round, he found a grimy little hand
half in, half out of his pocket. He
caught it at once, with his hankerchief
in it and gripped it tight.

And he saw that, besides being
young, and small, and wan, and dirty,
and ragged, he was deformed. His
queer little shoulder were heaped up
to his ears, and his hands were like tal-
ons, so long and bony were they. The
captain held the wrist of this manikin
firmly, but not angrily.

"What did you mean by that, sir?"
he growled slowly, stooping down to
look into the boy's eyes.

"I'm to hook it," said the boy with
perfect candor. "On, please let me be!
Oh, please let go! Oh, please, sir, I
won't do it no more—never, oh, please!"
"I've a mind to send you to jail,"
said the captain.

"No, please, sir!" said the waif.
"Please sir."
"Who taught you to steal?" asked the
captain.

The boy made no answer. Grimy
tears were pouring from his eyes.
"Answer me," said the captain.
"I'll don't steal, I don't get no victu-
als," said the boy, "and my stomach
is as hollow as a drum! She's been begin-
ning to-day, and we'll have stew. I won't
have none if I don't fetch nothin'!"
"Who is she?" asked the captain.

"My mother," said the boy.
"I've been hungry myself," said the
captain, thinking of a certain Indian
prison experience. "It isn't pleas-
ant."
Then he thought of his own boy.

"God knows I ought to be tender to
the little one, for the sake of Nellie's
child," he said softly; "Laddie, I'll not
send you to prison."
"Thank, sir," said the urchin.
"And I'll give you a breakfast," said
the captain.

The dirty elf executed a sort of joy-
ous war-dance.
"Do you know why I forgive you?"
said the captain.
The child shook its head.
"I have a little boy said the captain!
"He's very different from you, poor
child! He would not steal anything.
He washes himself. My lad, you must
wash yourself as soon as you find water.
But I couldn't think of his being hun-
gry, and for his sake I can't bear to see
other little fellows hungry. It's for
his sake that I don't call a constable
and tell him all about it. Remember
that, and try to be like my little fellow,
poor laddie, clean and good. Don't
steal; try to get work. Will you
promise?"

The waif said "yes sir," of course.
Then the captain led him into a
cheap eating house, and watched him
eat until his little stomach was no longer
"hollow."
"You little wretch!" he thought, as
he looked at him. "If I could see my
boy and him together now, what a con-
trast!"

And he fancied his boy round, and
white, and pink, and fair of hair, like
his poor lost Ellen, and I know he said
that he would pity this poor fellow and
be kind to him.

The meal was over. The captain
paid for it, and then drew the boy be-
tween his knees and lectured him. To
be good was to be happy. Honesty
was the best policy. Cleanliness came
next to godliness. These were the
heads of his discourse.

Then he gave him half a crown, and
bade him go and be clean.
And the boy was off like a flash.
"Thousands just such as he in this
great city," sighed the good captain,
and he walked along. "Ah, me!"

Then he went in search of Mrs. Ann
Golden and his own fair darling.
But Mrs. Golden was not so easily
found as he had hope. There was a
little shop in the house he had been di-
rected to, and the keeper thereof said
that she had bought it of Ann Golden;
"but I haven't seen her since," she said;
"only there's a bit of card with her
number of it—that is, if I can find it."

After a search she did find it, and
the captain thanking her, hurried away;
but another disappointment awaited
him.

Mrs. Golden had not lived in this
second place for years, she had moved
into Clumber row, but what num-
ber no one could remember.

At Clumber row, whether the cap-
tain drove in a cab, a woman owned to
having had her for lodger.

"She had a child staying with her,
too," she said. "Little Ned she called
him; but, to tell the truth, she drank
so that I had to turn her out. I couldn't
abide such doings. She went to Fossil
Lane, No. 9."
To Fossil Lane the captain went. It
was a filthy place, and there was a
drunken woman at No. 9 who was not
Ann Golden, and who threw a piece of
wood at him for asking for that lady.
And now every eye was lost, and the
captain, nearly heide himself with anx-
iety, applied to the authorities for help,
and after many days of great unhappi-
ness he heard of Ann Golden, who lived
in a quarter in London so low and
dangerous that all decent people shun-
ned it.

"No wonder," the captain thought,
"if she lived there, that she should
have had his remittances sent to the
post-office, and left him to believe that
his child was still in the decent home to
which she had at first taken him."

Almost ill with excitement, the poor
captain drove, with a policeman as pro-
tector, into the maze of hideous lanes
and courts that led to Ann Golden's
dwelling, and, following his conductor,
dropped into a filthy cellar, where, amid
the horrid leakage of drain pipes and
almost in utter darkness, sat an old
woman with a bottle beside her, who
started up when the captain and his
guard entered, and cried: "What
now? What's the perlice her for? Is
the boys wanted again?"

And, altered as she was with years
drink, the captain knew his wife's old
nurse, Ann Golden. He gave a cry of
rage and darted towards her.
"My boy?" he cried.
And she screamed, "It's the captain!"
"Is my boy living?" he asked.
"Yes," said the woman, shaking all
over; "he's alive and well."
"How dare you to keep him here?"
cried the captain.

"How can I help being poor?" whined
the woman. "I couldn't give up the
bit you pay for him, I'm very old,
I'm very ill. Don't be hard on me."
"Good heavens!" cried the captain.
"My Ellen's baby in a place like this!"
He dropped his head on his hands,
then he lifted it and clasped them.
"I'll have him away from here now!"
he gasped. "I's over, and he's young
and will forget. Where is he? Have
you lied to me dead?"

"No, no," said the old woman. "He'll
be here soon. I hear him now. That's
him. He'll be here in a minute. That's
him. He'll be here in a minute. Don't
kill a poor body, captain, don't."
"I could do it," cried the captain.—
"Listen! There is some one coming.
My child! My child!"

The door opened softly, a head peeped
in low down, then drew back.
"Come in," piped the old woman.
"The perlice ain't arter you—leastways
for harm. Captain, that's him—your
boy Ned."

And as the captain stood with out-
stretched arms there crept in at the
door—who?—what? The wan, de-
formed and dirty creature who had
picked his pockets—whom he had fed
for the sake of his beautiful dram-
child—the wretched waif forgotten ut-
terly in the last few days of anxiety.

THE CARTHAGINIAN
Rates of Advertising:
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" 6 months 3.00
" 1 year 4.00
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" 3 months 1.00
" 6 months 1.50
" 1 year 2.00
" 2 months .25
" 3 months .35
" 6 months .50
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" 1 year .80
Special contracts may be made at THE
CARTHAGINIAN OFFICE.

Advice to Those Who Oppose.
Make a full estimate of all you owe
and all that is owing you. Reduce the
same to a note. As fast as you collect
pay over to those you owe. If you can
not, renew your note every year, and get
the best receipt you can. Go to busi-
ness diligently and be industrious; wage
no idle moments; be economical in all
things; discard all pride be faithful
in your duty to God by regular and
hearty prayer morning and night; at-
tend church and meeting regularly every
Sunday; and do unto other men as you
would they should do unto you. If you
are too needy in circumstances to give
to the poor, do whatever else it in your
power cheerfully, but if you can, help the
poor and unfortunate. Pursue this
course diligently and sincerely for seven
years, and if you are not happy, comfort-
able and independent, come to me and I
will pay your debts.—E.C.

Men and Women.
The real difference between the
mental calibre of the two sexes
lies probably at the very founda-
tion of their natures. That this
difference in earlier growth
should be scarcely apparent, is only
in accordance with the law of like-
ness which pertains to all primary
conditions, while the differentiation
that eventually occurs, to use one
of Mr Spencer's terms, is simply in
obedience to that principle of di-
vergence, or evolution, which marks
all the aspects of nature. . . .
The common assertion that men
have superior opportunity, we believe,
in the main, unfounded.—
There are higher universities for
men, but with the great bulk of
mankind opportunity is more favor-
able to women than men. The
ripest culture among men is often
the product of self-teaching; and
books are as accessible to one sex
as to the other, while with unmar-
ried women, at least, the leisure for
study is more abundant than with
men.—Appleton's Journal.

Wit and Humor.
The Bank Clerk's Association is
not a secret society. They have
tellers.
The "Sunday Question."—I
wonder if they will take a collec-
tion to-day?
When a man's friends natu-
rally suppose he has gone amiss-
ing. When he has gone a-courting.
It is better to be a doorkeeper
in an icehouse than to dwell in a
sanctum with the wicked thermo-
meter.
Aggravating.—To think of a good
joke after getting to bed and not
being able to recall a word of it next
morning.
"Every cloud has a silver lining."
But that is no consolation, after all,
when you reflect that things are
never worn with the lining side
out.
"Is this air tight?" inquired a
man in a hardware store, as he ex-
amined a stove. "No sir," replied
the clerk; "air never gets tight."
He lost a customer.
Schwab, the Communist sells 11
kinds of beer every Communist
meeting.—E.C. And this is the "lev-
en that leavens the whole lump."
—Rockland Free Press.

Starting in the World.
Many an unwise parent labors hard
and lives unsparely all his life for the
purpose of leaving enough to give his
children a start in the world, as it is
called. Setting a young man adrift
with money left him by his relative
is like trying to launch a ship on the
arms of one who cannot swim; the chances are
one he will lose his bladder and go to
the bottom. Teach him to swim, and
he will never need the bladder. Give
your child a sound education, and you
have done enough for him. See to it
that his morals are pure, his mind cul-
tivated, and his whole nature made sub-
servient to laws which govern man, and
you have given what will be of more
value than the wealth of the Indies.

Had Adam commenced counting on
the very day that he was created, and
counted rapidly every day, for twelve
hours a day, to the present time, he
would not have enumerated a trillion. And
yet a trillion can easily be represented by
a line of figures one inch in length.
If it takes as long to count the years
in a line of figures one inch in length,
how long would it take to count the
years in a line one mile, ten miles,
a hundred miles, a million of miles in
length? And if it takes as long simply
to count those years, how long will it
take to live them?
Real happiness is due to enough, yet
how dearly are we in the habit of paying
for it's counterfeit.

One is the "Sword of Bunker
Hill," and the other is the sword
of hunker Bill." This is the answer.
As soon as the weather gets cooler
we may construct a conundrum to
travel with it.—Norristown Her-
ald.