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THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

W. J. STUART.

"TRUTH WITHOUT FEAR."

J. C. BLACK.

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### A Brutal Spectacle.

The town of Shenandoah, Pa., was the scene on Wednesday night of what is known among English miners as a 'purring' match, which is simply a game of endurance, to show which can bear the most kicking on the legs. David T. Davis, a Cornish miner, and Thomas Proudft, of England, were the contestants, each having put up \$50. The fight took place in a barroom. They each wore a new pair of stout brogans, and they kicked so effectively that before the close of the struggle the corduroy pants they wore were kicked to ribbons. The condition of their legs may be imagined. Thirteen rounds were kicked, when Davis gave up and the victory remained with Proudft, who, elated with his success, dived a jug with a tumbler of water on his head. Davis was so much injured that he had to be carried home.

Wine making in Australia is becoming an important industry, and some think will in the course of time rival the trade of some European countries. The total yield this season is estimated at 390,000 gallons.

### Lyra Incantata.

Within a castle haunted,  
As castles were of old,  
There hung a harp enchanted,  
And on its rim of gold  
This legend was enrolled:  
"Whatever bard would win me,  
Must strike and wake within me,  
By one supreme endeavor,  
A chord that sounds forever."

Three bars of lyre and viol,  
By mandate of the king,  
Were hidden to a trial  
To find the magic string  
(If there were such a thing).  
Then, after much essaying  
Of tuning, came the playing;  
And lo! the harp was found  
To be the magic string.

The first—a minstrel's poetry—  
"Who many a rhyme had spun—  
Sang loud of war and glory—  
Of battles fought and won,  
But when his song was done,  
Although the bard was lauded,  
And clapping hands applauded,  
Yet, spite of the laudation,  
The harp ceased its vibration.

The second changed the measure,  
And turned from fire and sword  
To sing a song of pleasure—  
The wine-cup and the board—  
Till, at the wit, all roared,  
And the high hall resounded  
With merriment unbounded!  
The harp—loud as the laughter—  
Grew hushed as that, soon after,

The third, in lover's fashion,  
And with his soul on fire,  
Then sang of love's pure passion—  
The heart and its desire!  
And as he snote the wire,  
The listeners, gathering round him,  
Caught up a wreathe and crowned him.  
The crown—hath faded never!  
The harp—resounds forever!

THEODORE TILTON.

### AUTUMN LEAVES.

A lovely afternoon in October. A party of young people, carrying paper bags, sachets and baskets, strolling up a pleasant country road. Leaning over the garden gate of the picturesque and many-gabled house they have just left, looking after them, the gentleman shading his eyes from the sun with his right hand—Mrs. Mellicent Ogden, widow, and Mr. Sydney Maurice, old bachelor.

Mr. Maurice (turning to his companions, still shading his eyes). One would imagine, judging from those happy youths and maidens, that the violets were here instead of the golden-rod, and that the roses were coming, and not the snow-flakes. They go as merrily to gather autumn leaves as they went to seek for May's sweet blossoms. Life's spring makes all seasons its own.

Mrs. Ogden (laughingly). True. But that is no reason you should protect your sight any longer. You have turned your back upon the sun.

Mr. Maurice (dropping his hand, and walking beside her, as she saunters toward the grape arbor). When we two were young, I thought your beauty much more dazzling than the sun.

Mrs. Ogden (slowly). That was a great many years ago.

Mr. Maurice. We'll say fifteen.

Mrs. Ogden (knowing it be nineteen). At least sixteen.

Mr. Maurice. Is it possible? Looking at you, I can scarcely believe it to be half that number.

Mrs. Ogden. You have not lost your talent for flattering.

Mr. Maurice. I could not lose what I never possessed. I abhor flattery. Time must have fallen in love with you when you entered upon the summer of your life—I don't wonder at it—and the old graybeard ever after, as he made his yearly rounds, only gazed upon you smilingly, and passed on. No hand of his has been laid upon your dark tresses. He has never touched your broad smooth brow. Your wine-brown eyes have the same sparkle and your pretty mouth the same smile as of old. Only your form is more matronly, and your chin not quite so round, and I should suspect—glancing at her plump hand—that you now wear six and a half instead of six. The first philopena I ever gave you—I let you catch me, by-the-by—was a pair of gloves. As for me, the foot-prints of the crow are plainly visible around my eyes, my hair and my moustache are turning gray, and the buttons and button-holes of the brown coat in which you first beheld me—it was at the elder Miss Sargent's sixteenth birthday party, and you threw Bob Taylor over immediately I was introduced, and allowed me to feed you with strawberries and cream the rest of the evening—wouldn't meet at the present moment by a foot or so. Time has smitten me with both hands.

Mrs. Ogden. 'Tis false! He has only touched you with one finger. You look your age, I will confess—nine-and-thirty—she knows he is forty-one—but not a day more. And you are entirely mistaken about the crow's feet, and I see no 'silver threads among the gold.' So,

Mr. Maurice, you get no sympathy from me on that score.

They reach the arbor, and seat themselves upon a rustic bench shaded by heavy vines.

Mr. Maurice, suddenly, after a few moments' thought. Ah! Mellicent, what happy, happy days those were when, you seventeen and I two-and-twenty, were so wildly in love with each other. That is, when I was wildly in love with you, and you thought you were very much in love with me.

Mrs. Ogden. I remember the day we went for water-lilies, and came near being drowned.

Mr. Maurice. I remember the day we went for water-lilies, and came near being drowned. More beautiful shape could death come to us? The smiling sky above, the smiling waters beneath, and the fragrant flowers around us.

Mrs. Ogden. You were always awfully poetical. But in spite of the poetry, I caught a severe cold, and looked like a fright for a week. And can you recall the terrible thunderstorm that overtook us as we were sauntering through the woods one August day, and the fearful clap that shattered the maple-tree beneath which we sought shelter?

Mr. Maurice. Can I recall it? Can I ever forget it, you mean. For the same clap which you call fearful, but which I thought Heaven sent, threw you into my arms, and—I kissed you.

Mrs. Ogden, blushing rosy red. And the day we went for wild flowers, and gathered such a quantity, and, stopping to rest on the porch of the Widow Marshall's cottage when half way home, forgot them, and left them all there, and mamma, who was waiting with pitchers and vases and things to fill, scolded us for nearly an hour? Dear mamma! she always liked you, and never forgot you.

Mr. Maurice, with emphasis. In which respect her daughter did not resemble her.

Mrs. Ogden, ignoring the interruption. And the day I stole the jar of peaches from the storeroom, when we contemplated a lunch among the hens and chickens in the barn.

Mr. Maurice. And the day I started for Japan, and you promised to remain true to me for ever? Do you remember that?

Mrs. Ogden, leaning forward to look down the garden path. Indistinctly. Mr. Maurice, impulsively. Mellicent, why weren't you true to me?

Mr. Maurice. I was; though appearances, I confess, were against me.

Mr. Maurice. You were true to me! Why, I hadn't been gone three months when I heard of your flirting desperately with Jack Hall!

Mrs. Ogden. Poor Jack! He was so entertaining, and used to say so many funny things. I nearly died laughing at them many a time. But as to flirting with him—you accused me of it in your second letter, and I was so indignant that I did not answer it—

Mr. Maurice, sarcastically. Ah! it was indignation, then that kept you from replying?

Mrs. Ogden. I never flirted with him. He got into the habit of strolling over to our house from the hotel, and spending an hour or two every day or evening, and we played cards, and jested, and laughed together—and that's all.

Mr. Maurice. And Will Brown?

Mrs. Ogden. Poor dear Will! His brains were all in his feet. What a capital dancer he was! No one could keep step with me as he did. And it's so refreshing to find a partner who don't tread on your train, or jerk you awkwardly about, or stop before the dance is half through. I did dance with him a great deal one winter, but that's all.

Mr. Maurice. And Percy Germain?

Mrs. Ogden. Poor dear Percy! I never heard anybody, not even you, repeat poetry—especially love poetry—as well as he did.

Mr. Maurice. And Peter Atkins, Esquire?

Mrs. Ogden. Oh, bless his dear old heart! He took me out yachting three or four times—with a party, of course—and sent me a love of a bracelet on Valentine's Day. But the idea of flirting with him! [Laughing merrily.] Fancy one flirting with one's grandfather!

Mr. Maurice. And none of these men made love to you?

Mrs. Ogden. Oh dear! yes, all of them.

Mr. Maurice. And you?

Mrs. Ogden. I? I regarded them as brothers, with the exception of Mr. Atkins. I thought of him as I said before, as of a grandfather.

Mr. Maurice. But Mr. Ogden, whose wife you became—you must have regarded him as something more than a brother, or—a grandfather?

Mrs. Ogden. Well, yes, Sydney—I should say Mr. Maurice—

Mr. Maurice, meaningly. He was very handsome, wasn't he?

Mrs. Ogden, demurely. Yes; but he lost a great deal of money.

Mr. Maurice. After you married him.

Mrs. Ogden. After I married him. You seem to be well informed on the subject. [With a little sigh.] He was a very good husband, and never scolded me during all the ten years of our married life.

Mr. Maurice. And you loved him?

Mrs. Ogden. Certainly. As soon as we were engaged I considered it my duty to begin to love him.

Mr. Maurice. Having totally forgotten me, to whom you had promised to remain true?

Mrs. Ogden. You had not written for three months. You were angry about some one of the 'brothers' or the 'grandfather'—I forget which; and papa, who didn't like you as well as mamma did, said you weren't coming back for five years. Five years! why, that length of time seems an eternity to a young girl. And you know we were not positively engaged to each other. You had never asked papa, and he was on Fred's side anyhow. And yet, now that I was old people, I will confess that I was very fond of you. I never went to gather spring flowers with any one else.

Mr. Maurice. Nor water-lilies?

Mrs. Ogden. Nor water-lilies. Mr. Maurice. Never was caught in thunderstorm with a 'brother' or 'grandfather'?

Mr. Maurice. Never.

Mrs. Ogden. In short, you only married me?

Mrs. Ogden, not noticing the last remark. And you—can it be possible that you are still a bachelor? Are you quite sure you have left no almond-eyed wife in Japan?

Mr. Maurice. Quite sure. I don't like almond eyes. I like well-opened, large, wine-brown eyes that glow in the light like rare old sherry. Mellicent, for your sake I have remained a bachelor. Your image alone has reigned in my heart. You see how much more constant a man can be than a pretty woman.

Mrs. Ogden, with much animation. Sydney, Miss Ralston's a nice girl—a few years past her teens, but very girlish—and she's awfully fond of you. She knows all your favorite dishes. I can only remember you have a fancy for poached eggs and peaches. She ordered your breakfast before you came down this morning, to save you the trouble, she said, and you fairly beamed when the waiter brought it to you. She reads Macaulay mornings to talk him with you evenings. She practices—oh, heavens, how she practices!—when you're away, the two songs you like so well—'Drink to me only with thine eyes,' and 'Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,' She is pretty. You needn't shrug your shoulders: she is. True, the blue of her eyes is somewhat faded, and the gold of her hair is not as goldy as it might be, and her upper lip is a little too long—

Mr. Maurice. I never admired fair hair and blue eyes.

Mrs. Ogden. She would be constant. I know she would. I never saw any male body paying her the slightest attention. I mean I never saw her coquetting with any one. She never could be snag away from you. Never! I'd stake my life on that.

Mr. Maurice, absently. What fools we men are!

Mrs. Ogden. Have you just discovered it?

Mr. Maurice. We forgive everything to the women we love, and we love being watched, careless, faithless flirts, when there are many true hearts—

Mrs. Ogden. And long upper lips to be had for the asking. Why do you do it?

Mr. Maurice. Because we're fools, I suppose. Mellicent, have you any charity for a fool?

Mrs. Ogden. It depends upon what 'fool,' and the manner of his foolishness.

Mr. Maurice, rising. He stands before you, and his foolishness consists in the fact that in spite of your faithlessness he loves you still. Will you marry him?

Mrs. Ogden, also rising, and looking anxiously toward the west, where the clouds are darkening. If it were not

too late in the season, I should fear we were threatened with a thunder-storm.

Mr. Maurice, extending his arms. If you are at all frightened, Mellicent, come to your old refuge. I am as ready to receive and kiss you as on that summer day, sixteen years ago.

She bends toward him. He folds her in his arms and kisses her.

She, looking smilingly up in his face. Sydney, to become your wife will be a fearful punishment. Pause before you inflict it upon me, for, remember, innocent as you are, you will have to share it with me. And remember, also, there will be no more spring flowers, no more summer blossoms for us, nothing but autumn leaves.

Ha. My darling, I thank God for them. For in the sunshine of your love the autumn leaves will keep their gold and crimson beauty while life itself shall last.—Bazar.

### Mark Twain's Speech.

Samuel L. Clements, better known as Mark Twain, the author of 'Roughing It,' presided over a political meeting in Elmira, N. Y., and introduced the orator of the evening, Gen. Hawley, who is his neighbor in Hartford, Conn. The speech, which was eminently characteristic, was as follows:

I see I am advertised to introduce the speaker of the evening, Gen. Hawley, of Connecticut, and I see it is the report that I am to make a political speech.—Now, I must say this is an error. I wasn't constructed to make stump speeches. Gen. Hawley was president of the Centennial commission. He was a gallant soldier in the war. He has been governor of Connecticut, member of Congress, and was president of the convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln.

Gen. Hawley—That nominated Grant, Twain—He says it was Grant, but I know better. He is a member of my church at Hartford and the author of 'Beautiful Snow.' May be he will deny that. But I am only here to give him a character from his last place. As a pure citizen, I respect him; as a personal friend of years, I have the warmest regard for him; as a neighbor whose vegetable garden adjoins mine, why—why I watch him. That's nothing; we all do that with any neighbor.

Gen. Hawley keeps his promises not only in private but in public. He is an editor who believes what he writes in his own paper. As the author of 'Beautiful Snow' he has added a new pang to winter. He is broad-souled, generous, noble, liberal, alive to his moral and religious responsibilities. Whenever the contribution box was passed I never knew him to take out a cent. He is a square, true, honest man in politics, and I must say he occupies a mighty lonesome position. He has never shirked a duty or backed down from any position taken in public life. He has been right every time, and stood there.

As governor, as Congressman, as a soldier, as the head of the Centennial commission, which increased our trade in every port and pushed American production into all the known world, he has conferred honor and credit upon the United States. He is an American of Americans. Would we had more such men! So broad, so beautiful is his character that he never turned a tramp empty-handed from his door, but always gave him a letter of introduction to me. His public trusts have been many, and never in the slightest did he prove unfaithful.

Pure, honest, incorruptible, that is Joe Hawley. Such a man in politics is like a bottle of perfume in a glue factory—it may modify the stench if it doesn't destroy it. And now, in speaking thus highly of the speaker of the evening, I haven't said any more of him than I would say of myself. Ladies and gentlemen, this is Gen. Hawley.

### Read the Papers More.

Mr. Hanbury, a member of the British parliament, has been cautioning his constituents at Newcastle-under-Lyne against reading too much. While he admitted that there were thousands of reasons in favor of an increase in general reading, he urged there were others against it, and one of these was seen to a great extent in Greece, where only one-seventh of the land was under cultivation, owing to the literary ambition of all classes. It rested with the masses to decide what class of books were to be written by our authors, and he advocated strongly the principle of every man reading the newspapers.

It is the common belief that Sitting Bull is the chief of the Northern Sioux. The Sioux City (Iowa) Journal says that he is not the chief, but that Black Moon is head chief or 'president,' Sitting Bull 'secretary of war,' Iron Crow 'general' and Big Road 'brigadier general.'

### ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

A gentleman at Bridgeport, Conn., was indiscreet enough to talk with a juror in the Bucholtz murder case and has been fined \$75 and the costs of the prosecution.

The large cotton gin of Col. W. H. Spratley, in Greensville county, Va., was recently destroyed by fire, caused by a match igniting while passing through the gin.

Every hotel in Brattleboro, Vt., is closed, and travelers are compelled to find accommodations at private houses. This is in pursuance of the plan to make the prohibitory law unpopular.

First bright boy—'Hasn't any.' Teacher—'Next.' Second bright boy—'Nun.' Teacher—'That's right.' First bright boy indignantly ejaculates—'That's just what I said.'

A postal car service from Toledo over the Wabash line to Omaha will be instituted, in addition to the present service. It will save eight hours between Eastern cities and places west of the Mississippi.

It was quaint old Thomas Fuller who said: 'There are fools with little heads and there are fools with big heads; in the one case there is no room for so much wit and in the other case there is no wit for so much room.'

Six miles from Statesville, N. C., is a poisonous spring, which has been fenced in and looked up. The water, on analysis, was found to contain a trace of phosphoric acid, and sulphate and carbonate of barium in much strength.

It is estimated that the production of silk manufactures in Paterson, N. J., this year will reach fully \$10,000,000.—The weekly consumption of raw silk is estimated at 10,000 to 15,000 pounds, and between 9,000 and 10,000 persons are engaged in the industry.

Some weeks ago a little girl in Des Moines swallowed a small piece of tin. Since then the tin has worked up under her ear, descended to her jaw, and the other day was taken out from under her tongue. The little one has suffered intensely, but is now all right.

A West Philadelphian, who designed and erected a novel and handsome porch to his house, was so incensed at another person's copying it, that he sued for damages. The judge declared that as the design had not been copyrighted, and had been made public, it had become common property.

As he scrambled from his bed, and gazing through the window saw the dark, gloomy, despairing-looking weather, he softly whistled, 'Tis the last throes of summer,' and prepared to get out his ulster. About noon he had an idea that even a chest protector would be a superfluous abundance of clothing.

Mr. Robert P. Crockett, the only surviving son of 'Davy' Crockett, has a farm near Granbury, Texas, and is the keeper of the bridge across the Brazos river at that place. Ashley Crockett, one of Robert Crockett's sons, is one of the two editors and proprietors of a flourishing newspaper of that region.

Miss Miller, of Ferris, Texas, chloroformed her father's dogs and eloped with the young man whom her father had forbidden the premises. The probabilities are that about a year hence she will conclude that her life would have been less miserable if she had chloroformed the young man and eloped with her father's dogs.

Sir Garnet Wolseley is a little more than forty years old, and after the Ashantee campaign he might have had a baronetcy that he refused. He did not, however, decline the \$100,000 which were offered to him. He was badly wounded in the Crimean war. He hates newspaper men, whom he calls 'drones.' He tries to be very just, and he believes in books.

Mr. Emanuel Geeting, living near Keedysville, Md., fearing a visit from thieves, removed his meat from his meat house a few days since and left the door unlocked. The thieves did make a raid on his place, and, without trying the door of the meat house, dug a tunnel into it. Their feelings on finding it empty and the door unlocked may be imagined.

A gentleman who has been living in the Peruvian town of Iquique, during the war between the different powers, writes: 'To give you an idea of the expenses of living in Iquique during the blockade, I will quote the prices, by wholesale, of a few articles of the greatest necessity. The prices are quoted in silver coin, which exists here only in name, but I reduce the prices to silver, to give you a better idea of them. Flour, \$16 a hundredweight; rice, (India) \$14 a hundredweight; lard (American), \$16 a hundredweight; beans, \$10 a hundredweight; sugar, \$12 a hundredweight; beef, 40 cents a pound; distilled water 20 cents a paulful.