

MOORE INDEX.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

W. J. STUART.

"TRUTH WITHOUT FEAR."

J. C. BLACK.

VOL. I.

CARTHAGE, MOORE CO.,

DECEMBER 18, 1879.

NO. 11.

Moore Index.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
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STUART & BLACK,
AT CARTHAGE, MOORE CO., N. C.

Rates of Subscription.
One copy, one year..... \$1.50
One copy, six months..... 1.00
One copy, three months..... .50

Rates of Advertising.
One insertion..... \$1.00
One month..... 2.50
Three months..... 6.00
Six months..... 10.00
One year..... 18.00
Special contracts

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Circumstantial Evidence.
The fact leaked out upon the trial of Mrs. Barnes, at Sandy Hill, that, about a year ago, a lady died in Salem under circumstances which, but for a fortunate incident, would probably have caused the arrest and conviction of her husband upon a charge of murder. It seems that the gentleman had occasion to use some arsenic, and, purchasing an ounce of the poison, he used what he wanted and put away the remainder in an old bureau in the upper part of the wood-shed. He did not tell his wife of the purchase, and she did not know how he had disposed of it. A few months afterward the lady was taken suddenly ill, and when Dr. Young arrived she was in a comatose condition. She recovered consciousness a few hours before her demise, and stated to her assembled friends that she had been carried by some irresistible impulse to visit the loft in the wood-shed—a place she had never visited before—and opening the bureau-drawer, found the arsenic and ate some of it. But for that statement her husband would undoubtedly have been arrested, and, as it could have been proved that he bought arsenic, and some of it being found in her stomach, he would have experienced great difficulty in convincing the public of his innocence.

My Sacrifice.
I laid on thine altar, O my Lord divine,
Accept this gift to-day for Jesus' sake.
I have no jewels to adorn thy shrine,
Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make;
But here I bring, within my trembling hand,
This will of mine—a thing that seemeth small;
And Thou alone, oh Lord, canst understand
How, when I yield Thee this, I yield mine all.
Hidden therein Thy searching gaze canst see
Struggles of passion, visions of delight,
All that I love, or am, or fain would be—
Deep loves, fond hopes and longings infinite;
It hath been wet with tears and dimmed with sighs,
Clenched in my grasp till beauty bath it none!
Now, from Thy footstool, where it vanquished lies,
The prayer ascendeth—may Thy will be done!

And merge it so in Thine own will that 't were
If in some desperate hour my cries prevail,
And Thou give back my gift, it may have
been
So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,
So one with Thee, so filled with peace divine,
I may not know or feel it as my own,
But, gaining back my will, may find it Thine!

OUR PORKER.

'A pig?' I exclaimed, in great astonishment, pausing in the act of helping Nelly to a slice of the steak. We were at breakfast.

'Yes, my dear,' said Mrs. Dobbs, 'a pig. We could keep one just as well as not, and it would be quite a little item of saving, when meat is so high.'

'Why, Katie, you'd have to buy food for it—corn and apples, and I don't know what all—it would cost more than it would come to.'

'No,' persisted my wife, 'it would not, James. Father always kept a pig.'

'But he lived in the country. I was talking with neighbor Jones about it over the fence yesterday, and he said we threw away will enough every day to keep ten pigs.'

'I should like to know what Jones knows about our will,' said I.

'Why, he judged from his own experience, James. He keeps a pig.'

'And while we are on the subject, Katie, I'll just take the opportunity to say I do not approve of your flirting with married men over the fence.'

'James, do be serious! Flirting, indeed—with pigs and will as a basis of conversation. You just want to vex me.'

'Oh, pigs are a pretext; anything will do for a pretext when a woman is determined to flirt. I knew a woman once who tried to use a portrait of her dead grandmother as a pretext for a flirtation. As for Jones—'

'Now, James, you shall not go on in that way; before the children, too.—Look at Nellie's eyes!'

'Perhaps you'll pretend,' I continued, 'that Jones didn't bring you a bunch of Isabellas at the same time?'

'Yah,' Peter said he could, and so I sent him off after tools and materials, leaving the pig tied to a tree by one leg. My family gathered about the new-comer and viewed him with deep interest. He was a little fellow, but healthy, as was proved by the capacity of his lungs.

'Mercy!' cried Katie; 'what a noise he makes. He must be hungry, James.' Katie's experience with babies encouraged her in this conclusion.

When I came home at night the pig was fast asleep in his pen on a heap of straw, and I felt quite a pride in him. I had secret hopes of my own in regard to him, though I did not impart them to Katie. He cost \$2, that is, per se. The pen cost about \$10 more, and Peter's fare brought the sum total up to \$14.83.

I watched the growth of our porker with a high degree of interest. The swill-pail always stood by the side of the wood-house door, and though it was not an agreeable object in an aesthetic point of view, I could not for some time get over a vexatious kind of curiosity as to its contents. I found strange things in it sometimes—viewed as articles of food; one of Fred's boots, for instance, or a pair of scissors, or a teaspoon.—

Once, when I found a silver fork in the swill, I remonstrated with the servant girl—a stupid German creature, who had succeeded to our intelligent Bridget when the latter got married.

'It is not so much that I care for the silver, Katharine,' said I, 'but I don't want the porker choked to death in his prime.'

My wife discharged Katharine, in an impatient moment, soon after this, because the girl threw into the swill-pail four quarts of rich, cream-colored milk that had been procured with great trouble from the country, to make a prize pudding for a dinner party that I gave to some of my friends. Katharine was pure city bred, and had never seen such looking milk before in her life; she supposed it spoiled, and into the swill-pail it went.

We had our porker about a month, and he had grown with marvelous celerity. The condition of things in my back garden occupied a large share of my attention; for though small, it had been liberally stocked and diligently cared for, and there was quite a rivalry between my neighbor Jones and myself in this matter. Jones boasted of very superior erudition in these things, and being a gentleman of leisure, he had more time to look after them than I had; but I struggled hard not to be displaced.

There was no disputing the point of Jones' Isabellas being rather ahead of mine, but in most respects I felt myself his peer.

September showed our garden rich with an abundance of tomatoes, cabbages, onions, beets, beans and so on, while the apple tree, the two plum trees and the grapevines hung heavy with their load.

One day our porker got out of his pen, and went rooting around in the garden with a tumultuous exercise of his freedom. Of course, these women never saw him; it was washing day, I believe. The havoc he had made by the time I came home at night was thrilling to witness. Nobody could tell how long he had been out of his pen; but judging by the devastation I witnessed, he must have been out since morning.

There was nothing to do now, however, but to put him back into his pen. I soon found there was no driving him back to the pen. He dodged on in the most exasperating manner. He doubled and twisted in a way to set at naught all my calculations. I was no match for him. Jones came out while I was exercising the porker, and laughed at me over the fence.

'You don't go at it in the right way, Dobbs,' said he.

'Perhaps you'd like to try it yourself, Mr. Jones,' I said, with some dignity and a very red face.

'Take him by the tail,' said Jones, calmly, in reply. 'Get his nose aimed toward the pen, and then pull his more. The more you pull one way the more he'll pull the other, and he'll be in the pen before you know it.'

Katie, who was standing on the back steps looking at me, laughed so heartily at this, that I felt quite good humored again, and I asked Jones to come over and give us the benefit of his superior wisdom. After a little banter, and the handing of a cluster of Isabellas to Katie, he climbed the fence.

'Now, Dobbs,' said Jones, 'we'll form a line—you and I, and Mrs. Dobbs and the servant girl.' Porker stood by the fence, eyeing us with a deep expression of interest. We moved down upon him; he wheeled about, snorted, and then made a dive at us, or rather at me, and, whilst he went right between my legs, so that I sprang out on the ground most ungracefully. Katie and the servant girl ran screaming into the house, and Jones was over the fence in no time.

The result of it was, we sent for Peter. It had now grown somewhat dark, but Peter made short work of the job. He got a rope and took in his other hand the big stick I had been flourishing; then he went up to porker, fetched him one tremendous blow over the proboscis, and while poor piggy was staggering and seeing a million stars, slipped the rope over one of his hind legs, and had him into the pen in a trice.

'Peter,' said I, after that, 'you may come round to-morrow, if you are not engaged, and gather what's left of the vegetables.'

He did so. There was a good deal left after all. Porker's havoc was greater in appearance than in reality. Peter stored the cellar with abundance—among other things, with a nice lot of superior beans in the soft pods, which

were fit for nothing, got very moldy, and I remember, as I sat by the fire, the morning after, these beans were fed to our pig. I was going out of town to be gone three days, on business of importance. I saw a supply of the moldy beans laid to the porker, and then I departed.

I seldom away from home, and consequently I am missed when I am away—and my welcome on returning is wont to be of the most affectionate description. But on this occasion, greatly to my surprise, Katie was not in the front hall to greet me. I waded through the children into the back part of the house, where Katie was. I fancied she looked at me with a half-frightened air, but I took her fondly to my arms, and was about imprinting a rapturous kiss on her cheek when my eye chanced to go on to a window, and I suspended the kiss midway of delivery. The door of the pig pen stood wide open, and there was a peculiar aspect of desolation about it.

'Where's our porker?' I asked, post-pone the kiss pro tempore.

'Our porker,' said Mrs. Dobbs, gravely, 'is in his grave.'

'Good heavens!' I cried, 'dead!' and immediately went out to look at his deserted abode.

I was quite calm by dinner time, and informed Katie that I was ready to hear the particulars of the sad event.

'Well, James,' she commenced, 'you know you directed those beans to be fed to him.'

'Oh, that's it! I thought it would be laid at my door in some manner, notwithstanding the little circumstance that I was over two hundred miles away. Well, proceed.'

'So the girl gave him beans for dinner and beans for supper, and the next morning she went out with some more, and then I heard her scream; I went out and there he was—swelled up—oh, dreadfully—twice as large as life, dead, and lying on his side and kicking his legs faintly. Neighbor Jones looked over the fence and asked what the matter was—'

'With a bunch of Isabellas, doubtless.'

'And when we told him, he came over to see the pig, and said pooh! he wasn't dead; that he knew what was the matter with the pig; bloated stomach; he could cure him. Have you any brandy?' said he; I told him we had, and came into the house and got a bottle.

'What! that S. O. P. brandy?' I exclaimed.

Napoleon's Parents.

The family of Bonapartes were of pure Italian race; there was not a drop of French blood in any of them. Their ancestors had come from the mainland in the early history of Corsica, and their names are found in the remote annals of the Ajaccio. Carlo Bonaparte was a poor gentleman of excellent breeding and character, who carried in his youth a vocal and romantic girl named Letizia Ramolino, who followed him in his campaigns up to the moment of the birth of Napoleon. It is impossible to say how much the history of Europe owes to the high heart and indomitable spirit of this soldierly woman. She never relinquished her authority in her family.—When all her children were princes and potentates, she was still the severe, stern Madame Mere. The beauty and grace of Josephine Bonaparte never dimmed the light of her eyes.

England is now having business, and the world is now looking upon America as the fodderland.

much superior in point of quality than those produced in England.

The old trick of getting up a fight in the gallery of a theater and then throwing the stuffed figure of a man over the railing was successfully played at Louisville recently. The excitement in the lower part of the house caused a panic, and an actress fainted on the stage.

An Emmett county, Iowa, farmer's hen picked up the burning stump of a cigar which he had thrown away, and carried it into the hayloft. That farmer arrived at the barn just in time to save his grain and stock by picking the burning stub from its nest among the inflammable substance that surrounded it.

The Indians at Williams Lake, British Columbia, are reported starving.—Their chief has had translated for publication a pathetic appeal to her majesty, reciting how they have been deprived of their lands and means of livelihood by whites, and asking relief, saying his young men will not starve in peace.

Mr. Robert Bonner, the owner of Dexter and other noted trotters, disposed of seventy-six head of his blooded stock at public auction in New York, realizing therefrom \$34,700. The prices ranged from \$1,000 for Keene Jim to \$150 for colts. Charles A. Dana, of the Sun, bought Keene Jim, who has a record of 2:18.

A young Georgia lady, a short time since, sent through the mail to a gentleman of Washington, a box of flowers. Unfortunately she had put in the box a slip of paper with the simple legend, 'With love,' written thereon. The postmaster found out about the writing, and the young man had to pay letter postage to the amount of sixty cents on the package—thirty cents apiece for two simple words.

Discipline is discipline. A private in the Seventy-Ninth Highlanders recently saved a child from drowning in the river at Kirtley, India, at imminent peril of his own life, and then kept the crowd back while the surgeon resuscitated the little one. This occupied some time, so that he was late in returning to the barracks, and when the officers heard his explanation they ordered him to be confined for fourteen days.

Phineas Hough, Jr., who died lately in Philadelphia, left the interest of \$20,000 to his wife, to be paid her so long as she should remain his widow. In case of her marriage, however, payment of the interest should cease and the whole estate should pass to the father of the decedent. The widow married again and the father claimed under the will. The court decided that the wife's claim ceased with her widowhood.

In June last a blacksmith of Plain City, Ohio, brought suit against a farmer to recover ten cents for a bolt for his buggy. He gained the suit and an execution followed to recover the ten cents and costs, amounting to more than \$15. Since, there have been various steps taken to evade the execution, and the defendant has incurred \$150 and the plaintiff about half that amount without any settlement in prospect.

It costs \$250,000 or less to build a first-class iron freight steamer of 2,600 tons, that will rate A1 for twenty years. Six weeks are allowed for a round trip from New York or Philadelphia to Europe and back by a steamer of this class. Granting a liberal allowance for laying up for repairs, the ship will make seven round trips a year. The average value of her outward cargoes may be fairly estimated at \$100,000, and the freight list will average not less than \$16,000.

Some of the Michigan people are exciting themselves over what they call the 'discovery' that the whole peninsula which contains that State is afloat on an underground sea, of which surrounding lakes are the visible portions. In proof of this extraordinary theory it is held that unfathomable lakes abound in all parts of Michigan with inlets, but without any perceptible outlet; that strange fishes have been imported to stock some of these lakes, and have shortly been found in others; and that some lakes have sprung aleak and are disappearing, as if the bottom had dropped out.

In the course of a sermon Rev. Mr. Beecher remarked, incidentally, that there are but two objects of punishment above and below. One is the preservation of society; the other the reformation of the criminal. The infliction of infinite and endless punishment for any other object is a token of demonic cruelty. It is demonic and not divine to inflict pain for the sake of pain. 'If I thought,' said he, 'that a God stood at the door where men go out of life, ready to send them to eternal punishment, my soul would cry out: Let there be no God! My instincts would say, Annihilate Him!'

Statistics show that the number of freshmen in the different colleges is as follows: Yale, 228; Harvard, 209; Cornell, 125; Princeton, 110; Amherst, 109; Dartmouth, 84; Brown, 80; Williams, 70; Wesleyan, 60; Union, 57; Rochester, 40; Madison, 40; Colby, 36; Pennsylvania, 34; Trinity, 23; Colorado college, 10.

A Western paper remarks that the world will soon look upon America as the fodderland.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Yale College has 1,100 students in all departments.

Fifty-three cotton mills in operation in North Carolina consumed last year 38,484 bales of cotton.

A London journal estimates that the Irish in America have sent home to their friends in Ireland since 1847 not less than \$75,000,000.

In 1867 there were 6,000 English clergymen of the Established Church with incomes under \$750 a year, and probably there are now many more.

Since 1870 city and county officers in St. Louis have defaulted to the amount of \$463,000, of which only \$197,000 has been recovered or collected.

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