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## DIRECTORY.

 $\underset{\text { P. M. }}{\substack{\text { excepte } \\ \text { P. }}}$
High Point Mail (bi-weekly) arrives on
Tnesaday at 10 A M., and on Fridays at 8 P . M . La Lavase on Tnendays at 1
M , and on Saturdays at 7 A M . Norwood Mail arrives on Fridey, at 7
P. M., and leavea on Saturdeys at 6
A. M. .
days at 6 P . M. . and leaves on Sat
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A. M. and arrives on Satardays at
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Ano. C Jackson, Register of Dee is.
W. C. Willoox, Coroner W. O. Willoox, Ooroner.
D. A. McDonald, surveror
D. A. McDonald, Burveror.
Bur erior conrt beld 21 Monday is
Febraary and Angust. February and Angust.
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Jno. D. Mulver,
M. J. Blece.
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E. T. Williame.
the first $\mathbf{M}$ )nday in each month.
 eervices 21 8abbath in each month.
Sunday-school every Sabbath at 9 A. M. M. E. Crugreq. - Rev. A. P. Tyre, pastor; servicos 4th Sabbath in each
month, at 11 A. M., and 7. M. M. month, at 11 A. M., and 7P. M.-


$\begin{array}{cc}\text { J. W. Hyssdale, } & \begin{array}{c}\text { J. Ar., Worth } \\ \text { Oarthage, N. C. }\end{array}\end{array}$ HINSDALE \& WORTHY, Attorneymat Law, Cartiagr, N. O.,

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NET STORE AND NEW GOODS.

Growler Grim's Dream.
Why tbould I be so thankful, pras?"' Grim Growler, readinz, ronghly spake.
Ire had my own hard row to hoe-Ive had my own hard row to hoe-
My way all through the world to make; My way all through the world to make;
I've earned the comforta that I I wna I'vernubbed my lot to make it bright; I've toiled, an any man may do,
And hold my plase to-day of rigts. Thankggiving eve! yet thankless thoughts Chankggiving eve! yet thanklees thoughts
Came trooping through old Growler's brain As he sat sippipg crusty port
And oonting ap hit worrdily gain
 Upon the printed psge, laid down,
Bome words, it eeemed, bad canght hik Of thanks that were the morrow's due
For blessinge sent ns from on high For blessings sent as from on high. Bat when the twill ght dusisy grew,
And leaping firelight fickered And leaping firelight fickered faint,
Beaide his hearthstone something toodBeside his hearthstono eomething stood-
Whicesoneor, white robed ile a ssint;
Which, pointing to the Which, pointing to the ruddy gray
Of tailing fre, by orrant Of failing Are, by ourrent stirred, Bpake low and soft, and strangely sweet:
'Oh mortal, thou hast greatly erred.
Who keeps that mondrocs metronome Of beating heart without thy care?
Who keeps the body the in Who keeppg the body zafe in inleap
And wake it to the morning fair? You oarved your lote you aeked for work? For capital your hands were all? Who kept that right arm strong and sound?
Who bade the rioh man heed your oallp 'Behold!' The 'Bebolap' The roxy ashes stirred-
A country boy stood esi and shy Before the mighty merchant privoe With restless hande and drooping eye. The while, until he turned, approved, Though neither boy nor master knew The fair shape of a mother's praser. Agsian the drifting ashes shono: -Thure go your ships eafe to the land;
See yon, above the talles See you, above the tallest mast,
The guidance of s shining hand? You make your bosat no miesing ship Whe ever marked from ouf your list:
Who gave the wild wind to Who gave the wild wind to your hand
From ont that mighty ollow Ato Ther turn 'Look thon! Cpon a conen of pain
A baby weak and helplees lies; Can you give back the rosy life Thast E emse just nearing paradiee?
Behold! Two anglee bear the child Behold! Two anglee bear the child
Jnast neas enough for God to kise Jues near enough for God to kigs,
Then give it buek to mother-arms To keep a while. Could you đo thise? -When eore temptation trod the verge, Aud you came enary nagr to foll,
twoee trying years, was that my faith in Obed was deep as the sea and firm as ed it possible for him to no more believ ed it possible for bim to do what hi
thought to be wrong than $4 t$ was him to fly. He is not a brilliant fellow, you know, but for solid qualities, as honesty, integrfy, purenees of heart earnestness, oharitableness of judgment, accuracy of knowledge and a high and keen sense of justice, I have never his yielding to temptation, or sbandon ing any good canse because it was weak. In my estimation he was as a bulwark of strength. I suppose that 1 endowed dina, पif a way, with my own decision and firmness, which have always made it as easy for me to say no as yes in revictions were clear.
5 he greatest trial we had to contend with was our inability to be liberal and thoroughly hospitable. This suburban o wn where we now live is much weal thier now than then, but even then it was aristocratic enough to tell what its future would be. Every denomination must have its own ohurch, and there scriptions for this and that; and Obed was a church member, and very much looked up to because of his abilities, fine social position and high character, and you can imagine how, with our miserable income, it was utterly impossible for us to bay tiokets for everything, sub soribe toward the preacher's salary, or expenses in any way. The very that we could do was to cast in onr 'widow's mite,' and whenever help was needed that entailed no expense, to render that But when it came to money, mind you, we conld go no farther. We held it to be a crime to let our honest debts go unpaid for the sake of feeding
the contribution box. We knew men who did that way, but they were always in financial trouble, and I don't think they enjored their religion much, es pecially when they were sold out by the sherif their fa inilies reduced to penn

That innoble thought quite passed away, and half an hour later I heard Obed's step on the walls, a little less esger than usual, it seemed to me, and snew something was wrong for I cas 1 ways tell from Obed's face the state of his feelinge.
'Well, back agair, are yon, Obed?' I win by way of greeting, as he threw his hat town with a boyish fling.
'Tcus; and what do you think I're done 'I couldn't say, Obed,'
etly.
"Subseribed a hundred dollars to the pesky ohurch! I'm ashamed of myself ! in despise myself I never felt so mean you here slaving yund find dollars!-anc I deserve to be shot for my ignominy 'A hundred dollars,' I eehoed faint. $y$, feeling the blood rushing to my heart, It may seem silly to you that or that paltry sum of money we shonld have been made so miserable; bat to us, at that time, it was like a million.
'Obedl' I cried, 'after tome moments bundred dollars would I have lost my faith in your strength to do right.' 'Ob, Nell, 'tis jast that whioh cut me to the quick,' he quickly retorted 'Nobody could have made me believ that I would do such a thing. I am as surprised and pained as you can possibly be, for I had no idea that I had such Paul must have foreseen me, for sure when he warned man to take heed lest they fall, while thiuking that they stand.' Poor Obed! I had never mortified and hamilisted, an ant of that 'pesky church.' Then I asked him to tell me how employed by the bishop and his official to raise the sir thousand dollars. The offlcials each went among the congrega. tion, soliciting sabscriptions from oceu pants of each pew; then, as the amonn

Two years ago Obed, almost entirely $t$ his own expense, for he had come inpossession of his patrimony then, reatted the old church, which. after all, has come to be fashionable ay well as
useful. When the suggestion was made o have the old charch repaired Obed made a little speech, in which he said bat rather than have a single man or oman subscribe a farthing beyond what he or she was abrudantly able to give, e muci preferred to bear the entire tions to the fand must be voluntary.Ee atterward said to me that rather han have ady person subjected to the aie and humiliation that we had underne because of that 'dreadful subsoripion,' he would worehip in a barn to the nd of his days. I often think if people noe that amounts to insolence, would bat consider the possible harm they commit, that they would ply their business with more consideration, remem. ering that overcoming a good man's enee of right and duty, is leading him to the temptation from which he daily prays to be deliveres.

Mary Wagrr $^{\text {Fishirb }}$
In the Early Callfornia Days. Tae Virginia City, Ner., Chronicle Is this story: 'Why didn't I save my eered when I bad it, young feller ? ad been bragging to the loungers in Koy's evartronm of the piles of gold he ad got rid of in early days, 'Well, praps its nat ral to ask that, seein' you In them dass a man bad to be hia banker, au' the only asfe eller's pocket. It would your dust nowhere if you © tarn up missin' when
A thoueand dollars A A thoufand dollars it get four or five thousand a ain't no onasy load to pack blowed if the dead weigh man's belt hasn't driven diggin's down to Frikco.

