

# MOORE INDEX.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

W. J. STUART.

"TRUTH WITHOUT FEAR."

J. C. BLACK.

VOL. I.

CARTHAGE, MOORE CO., N. C., MARCH 18, 1880.

NO. 24.

## MOORE INDEX.

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W. C. Wiles, Coroner.  
D. A. McDonald, Surveyor.  
Superior court held 21 Monday in February and August.  
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The board of commissioners meets on the first Monday in each month.

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BAPTIST.—Rev. A. D. Cohen, pastor; services 21 Sabbath in each month. Sunday-school every Sabbath at 9 A. M.  
M. E. CHURCH.—Rev. A. P. Tyre, pastor; services 4th Sabbath in each month, at 11 A. M., and 7 P. M. Sunday-school every Sabbath at 9 A. M.  
PRESBYTERIAN.—Rev. M. McQueen, pastor; services 1st and 3d Sabbaths at 11 A. M. Sunday-school every Sabbath at 9 30 A. M.

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**HINSDALE & WORTHY,**  
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Have formed a copartnership for the practice of law in the county of Moore.

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Practices in the Courts of Montgomery and adjoining counties.

**Footsteps at the Door.**  
As we know families, we call,  
Every new voice silent chambers,  
"Coming those in the hall;  
With distinct all unerring,  
Ever strengthening more and more,  
We can read the varied language  
Of the footsteps at the door.

Grandpa's faltering tread, now heavy  
With the weight of fruitful years,  
Nearing yonder golden city—  
Almost through this vale of tears;  
Stoic feet that never loitered,  
Bravely going on before;  
By and by we'll miss their music—  
Precious footsteps at the door!  
Then the patter of the children,  
Happy darlings! out and in,  
Like the butterflies and sunbeams  
With no thought or care of sin;  
Little feet that need sure guiding  
Past the pitfalls on the shore,  
Lest they turn aside to mischief;  
Blessed footsteps at the door!  
Then the matron glad and cheery,  
Hears her good man drawing nigh;  
And the children hear the mother  
As her busy footsteps fly;  
Household music! We all hear it!  
While we love it more and more,  
And we hope to welcome with it  
Angel footsteps at the door.

## EFFIE'S MONEY;

OR, TRUE SYMPATHY REWARDED.

"It is no use, mother, I would sooner stay at home than wear that dress again,—I did want to go to this party, and I want a dress of some kind, but I could get a tartan and have it just as pretty as I want for \$2. Indeed, it is too hard," Effie said, almost crying.  
"I am very sorry, my dear, but you know I began this year with the determination of not going into debt for a thing. I am just getting a little relieved now.—Bear up, my child, next year you can have more pretty clothes," the mother said, soothingly.  
"Next year! Oh, mother! Next year I may not care for them. Don't you know that Mr. Arthur told us Willie Carleton would be home, and the party was given for him?"  
There was a bright flush on the pretty face that looked so entreatingly into her mother's.

"How can I manage it? No way that I can see."  
"Mamma—oh, I know! Please mamma, Mr. Stewart's rent will be due in—let me see—yes, just eight days. Ask him to let you have half of it. Do!"  
Her voice was raised in the excitement of the moment, and Mrs. Fairleigh said: "Hush, dear, he will hear you."  
"Oh, no, he cannot. I heard him go out over half an hour ago. Will you not, mother?"  
"Indeed I cannot dear. Mr. Stewart has always been so prompt. I might borrow it, but hate so to do it. Well, we will see; but don't make up your mind to it."  
Then her thoughts flew to the one she wanted to wear the dress to please.

Two years before—when Willie was on the eve of leaving home for a sea voyage, he had told Effie she ought all ways wear pink. And he looked so much, and said not a great deal, but only a word now and then, that with his image, had been treasured in Effie's heart ever since.  
"Why, mother, how pretty you look! I declare that puts me in mind of what Mrs. Arthur said the other day—that she did not know how Mr. Stewart could live in the same house with you and not fall in love with you—that you were prettier now than half the young girls she knew."

"Hush—hush directly, Effie. How could Mrs. Arthur talk so? I am astonished at you Effie, to repeat her words. Dear me! suppose Mr. Stewart should be in his room! Do go and try the door. I shall be miserable until I am sure he has gone out. He could hear every word, and what would he think of you and me?" Mrs. Fairleigh said, looking very uneasy.

Mr. Stewart was in his room, and he heard every word. Quick as thought he darted across the floor and noisily turned the key.  
"Now rest easy; the door is locked and he is out, of course. You know when he is in, the door is never fastened," Effie said.  
"Go and see if the key is out. I cannot rest, I'm so afraid. And what would he think of me?"  
Quickly across the room Mr. Stewart went again, returning to his armchair with the key not only to Mrs. Fairleigh's front door, but with the key to the little woman's heart and her reserve of love.

"Then she does care what I think of her," Mr. Stewart said; "I am glad of that."  
"The key is out, mother," said Effie.  
"I am relieved now. Now, child, don't you ever talk or let anybody talk to you like that again. Mr. Stewart has some sorrow, I know, and I would not add to that by having such talk reach his ears. But, indeed, I should like to know what his trouble is, and I'd like to comfort him if I could. He is a good man, I know, and I'm sorry enough for him."  
And in the front room Mr. Stewart thought.

The next day there was a light tap on the back door, and Mr. Stewart stepped in, saying:  
"I am going out of town to-day, Mrs. Fairleigh. I may get back to-morrow,

if you please, I'll pay for my room. And, madame, if you would have the little among your neighbors, the mortification of knowing that I was paying your room for £2, £1 less than kind gentlemen are paying for the same amount of room. There it is for this Good-bye, and the balance of last month.— And morning, madame."  
"Oh, that's all right, and off he offered a astonished little woman could say, "Oh, word of remembrance."  
"Oh, how lucky! Mr. Stewart is my better half. And if I did not know and should think he was in the room bright and us! Effie exclaimed, her eyes danced with delight.  
"In less than an hour the happy girl tarried her way to purchase the pink dress."  
"This is a clever little ruse of mine," said Mr. Stewart. "But, unless I can have a chance to steal in unobserved, I shall not stay all night at a hotel, or—let me tell you—cannot I fix up some story—Wasn't I sweet voice she had! Ah! I have learned to say I received a letter, and need not that the gentleman I had been longed for was in town, and there was no will any necessity for going. Yes, that is all."  
"For Effie, well pleased with the little plan he devised to return home as usual, and give the invented reasons for his Effie's going out of town."  
When she was just stepping into a draper's, and she felt her dress pulled gently, with a burning, she saw a little, pale face, to her great, pleading brown eyes raised.

"Please, oh please, give me something and mamma. She's so sick, and so cold. The angry, too!"  
"The little thing was shivering. And of that saw the poor blue toes peeping out of her shoes."  
"Come on, Effie; it's the same old some day all tell. I am going to get a friend's things for the party; are you?" said Effie, coming up.  
"Please!" the quivering lips uttered again.  
"Come on, Effie, do," said the gay girl.  
"I will put her hand in her pocket, took out a small, round, silver coin. Nothing there but two pound notes.  
"On her child's eyes were fixed so eagerly as she saw the pale face so wasted and full of suffering. Effie listened to her story, and then bidding the child to stay with her mother, she started off.  
"In less than half an hour she was back again, with a strong, pleasant looking woman, bringing a basket well filled with things. Effie thought the best for the sick woman."

A fire was soon started in the little grate; a cup of tea and toast were placed before the mother. Nell started down stairs to beg their landlady to let the girl brook a piece of steak on her fire.— From the basket Effie took a pair of shoes and a warm stockings for little Nell. When the dear, good girl had made them comfortable in the woman's hand, telling her that she must take it to buy medicine for a doctor, and sent him where she had been.

"Willingly he went, bless his kind heart, feeling never better paid than when having a chance to help God's needy ones."  
"And that's where the money's gone?" said Mrs. Fairleigh, that afternoon, when Effie told her story of the sick woman and poor, half-dressed child.  
"Yes, mother; and I hope you are not hurt about it. I'm not going to ask for any more dress now," Effie said, looking doubtfully at her mother.  
"Dear child, I am not hurt about it, but you were so happy when you went off to spend your money—"  
"Oh, yes, mother; but oh! I am happier now; indeed I am. Just think how much my money has done."  
"But their names, my child; you have not told me that."  
"Why, here is Eleanor Fenton, and Nell, her little child."  
"Scarce! had she uttered these words when a quick, crossed Mr. Stewart's room; his door opened, and without a knock they went in.  
"Take me to them!" Mr. Stewart cried.  
"They are my child and hers! God bless you, for what you have done! With me, quickly, do!"  
Now came a hardy passed when a carriage door, and in his arms his daughter.— Gently he laid her in his armchair, before the brightly burning fire, and then turned to Effie, he said:  
"Will you stay and take care of them while I spend the world was a woman so taken by surprise as Mrs. Fairleigh, when, entering her in the hall, Mr. Stewart said, taking her hand and drawing her into her own room:  
"Mrs. Fairleigh, if I had had a cheerful heart, I should have offered it to you

long ago. But I could not think of casting my gloom over you. Now I am relieved, and will be happy if you will just say yes to my question—can you care enough for me to marry me? My poor daughter wants a mother's care, and Effie ought to have a father, and I—I want the little woman who said, only yesterday, she would like to comfort me."  
"Oh! did you hear?" Mrs. Fairleigh began saying, blushing like a young girl.  
"Yes, but—what my answer?"  
"Yes, it—"  
"Yes, That's enough. Thank you, dear Mary," Mr. Stewart said, raising her hand to his lips and then drawing her nearer. "I have felt like kissing you many times. I might as well begin now."  
And before Mary could object, the kiss was taken; and with a merry laugh, the first she had ever heard from Mr. Stewart, he drew her with him to his daughter's side.

"Here my daughter, is the mother of your kind little friend, and she will very soon, I hope, be your mother, too."  
And when Mary Fairleigh was bending over to kiss Eleanor, Mr. Stewart went and put his arm around Effie, and asked:  
"Can you make up your mind to welcome me with a kiss, little daughter?"  
"Indeed I can," said little Effie, with a warm kiss, "and I am just as glad as I can be."  
Under their loving care the widowed daughter soon grew well and cheerful again; and Nell's merry laugh resounded throughout the house.

The night of the party Effie stayed at home. She forgot all about it in the excitement of that day on which Mr. Stewart found his daughter, and the next was to be. Then the third day it was to be, and then it was too late to get ready.  
How happy she was! How happy they both were! The party was quite forgotten until after 11 o'clock, when Willie started up, saying:  
"They will never forgive me. But how I hate to go. May I come to-morrow? Will you take a walk? And in the evening we will go to the opera, and—I am selfish enough to make you promise that while I am here you will go with no one else? Say, Effie, promise me that, and I will go away contented to night and happy enough, too!"  
Of course she promised, and was glad enough to do it. And, with such a beginning, we may know before a week had passed, Mr. Stewart's name was more than that of an elegant home just as soon as their daughter was well enough to be removed, and that was scarcely a month after he found her. And in the new home there is to be a wedding right soon. Willie doesn't believe in long engagements, neither do I.

"You are very happy, Effie," her mother said, as they were busy in making beautiful things for Effie's wedding.  
"Indeed, I am, mother. I have been every hour since I spent my money. Oh, mother, did ever two pounds bring such happiness before?"  
"Oh, my love, it is all the reward of a pure, kind and loving heart."

## Chinese Astuteness.

In ways that are dark the Chinese are, we know, peculiar, and the *Herald*, of Foochow, relates an instance of fraud, the ingenuity of which is really remarkable. A short time since a native bullion broker called at one of the gold shops there and offered four gold bars for sale. The proper weight of the native gold bar is Tls. 10, and the four bars should therefore have weighed Tls. 40. The broker told the dealer that his bars were, he knew, Tls. 2 under weight, and the dealer thereupon put them in the scale, but found that they weighed over the Tls. 40, rather than under. Thinking, however, that he would do a sharp thing, and gain the value of the Tls. 2 of gold, he remarked to the broker that the bars were certainly only Tls. 38 in weight, but that he would buy them at that weight. He thereupon paid the money, and the native broker was leaving the shop when, as if struck with a sudden idea, he turned to the dealer and said, "Perhaps you would not object to give me an acknowledgement in writing of the weight, so that in the event of there being any dispute hereafter I might be cleared." The dealer gave the acknowledgement that the bars he had purchased weighed only Tls. 38, and the native broker retired. Shortly afterward the dealer, chuckling over the gain he had made, reweighed the bars, and then examined them more closely. A suspicion seized him that he had been done, and, upon the bars being examined, they were found to consist partly of iron. The over-sharp dealer found himself without any remedy whatever against the astute Chinaman, for the adulterated bars weighed over Tls. 40, while the broker was in a position to prove by his receipt that those which he had sold weighed under Tls. 38. It is clear from this that our countrymen in the East act unwisely when they try to make money out of the simplicity of the heathen Chinese, for the latter is up to all sorts of dark ways even in "games he does not understand."

The *Jersey City Journal* believes that there are probably not over a dozen or so of perfectly able-minded adults in the world who have never told a lie, and the most of them have told a good many. It therefore wonders that the average man hates so to be called a liar.  
The *Burlington Hawk-Eye* grammarian is again at it. He says: "Ah, young man, if you only had not dyed your linen ulster last fall for to make of it a overcoat, you wouldn't not now had to of bought a linen duster for your summer wear."

## ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

RICE culture is increasing in Louisiana. TENNISON gets \$15 a line for his poetry. JOAQUIN MILLER is very green and awkward in society.

NASHVILLE will celebrate her centennial April 23, 1880.

PRESIDENT HAYES owns a section of land near Bismarck, Dakota. JAMES GORDON BENNETT has a steam-launch at Newport, which he is forbidden to use because it contains a boiler of English manufacture.

The Queensland transcontinental railway party speak hopefully of the practicability of constructing a railway across the Australian continent.

A BOSTON court has decided that if a woman lends money to her husband she cannot get it back. The decision will not be new to many wives.

TWO LITTLE negro boys at Paris, Ky., were given a pistol by their mother, who told them to go out and amuse themselves. They did, and one was killed.

THE Russian Society of Hygiene propose to print school books in white letters on a black ground, in order to check the increase of myopia—short-sightedness in scholars.

FOR want of tenants, Sir John Ramsden, who owns Huddersfield, England, and has an income of \$500,000, has been compelled to take six of his huge Scotch sheep farms into his own hands.

DURING the recent eruption of Mount Aetna, the hills, plains, seashore, white roads, house tops and gardens in the neighborhood were black with ashes.

CHARLES WADE, the Chinaman who was conspicuous among the Chinese party brought to North Adams, Mass., by Sampson, the shoe manufacturer, has married an American girl.

THE coffin of the late Baron Lionel de Rothschild was of lead, in a case of fine elm with a plain black cloth covering. In accordance with Jewish custom it bore no inscription.

IN India 20,000 to 30,000 people perished on their way home from a fair. Possibly while at the fair they had attempted to sustain life on the oyster stew dispensed at said fair.—*Boston Herald*.

THE grasshoppers are marching out in myriads on the plains west of the Missouri river. The train out of Virginia City, Nev., passed through a mile of them on their migrations the other afternoon.

A GLASS-SPINNER of Vienna offers for human wear glass muffs, white and curly; glass hats, feathers, cuffs, collars, veils and dresses for ladies, glass carpets and wool, hardly to be distinguished from the real.

TWENTY-FIVE lashes are henceforward to be the maximum of flogging in the British army, and this only when a soldier is on active service. The subject lately afforded a brisk debate in the House of Commons.

THERE is a rumor that the British Government contemplates the embodiment of one or perhaps two regiments of troops in Canada for foreign service. The Canadian papers are of opinion that the men could be obtained easily.

COCAUNT SQUEALER, father of the first monkey born at the Philadelphia Zoological Garden, is dying. He is over 50 years old, is stooped, emaciated, wrinkled, toothless, half blind, and partly paralyzed—altogether far from healthy.

An old bachelor being ill, his sister presented him a cup of medicine. "What is it?" he asked. She answered, "It is elixir asthmatic; it is very aromatic, and will make you feel ecstatic." "Nancy," he replied, with a smile, "you are very sister-matic."

THE British Museum is about to acquire a well preserved Egyptian papyrus, belonging to the time of the later Ptolemies. It contains nearly the whole of the thirty-fourth book of the *Iliad*. The museum has secured another papyrus, even more ancient, recently found in an Egyptian tomb, and containing an almost complete transcript of the eighteenth book of the *Iliad*.

FIVE outlaws were hanged by a mob in Henry county, Ky., several years ago, and until lately that section was free of robbers. A new gang, however, has proved its existence by a particularly heinous crime. Raiding on a farmer's premises at night, they murdered three persons and burned the buildings, for the sake of stealing things worth less than \$500. Gov. McCreery says, in a proclamation offering a reward, that Kentucky cannot afford to let the criminals escape.

The sleep of winter and that of night are different in those animals which are torpid for months. The bat, the hedgehog, the tawny, the marmot, the hamster, tortoise, the toad, snakes, molluscs, spiders, bees, flies, bears, badgers, etc., retire to their closed holes, and in various degrees undergo a temporary death of four, five, six and even seven months of the year. They usually roll themselves up, but bats suspend themselves in caves. Those who lay up provisions use them before they become torpid, and on reviving before they venture abroad. Their temperature lowers; their respiration is less frequent, and at times their circulation is reduced; they lose their feeling; the digestive organs are inactive and they suffer loss of weight. The confined air in which they shut themselves, added to the cold, is one cause of their torpidity. Facts lead to the belief that some birds hibernate.

## NEW STORE AND NEW GOODS.

C. C. GRAVES

Takes pleasure in announcing to his friends and the public generally, that he has associated as a PARTNER IN HIS STORE

DR. J. C. BLUE.

And we have moved over to my New Building opposite my old stand, where we will do business as

## GRAVES & BLUE

Have just returned from the Northern Cities, where we have purchased the Largest Stock of Drugs ever in Carthage. We have also added a

## General Stock of Merchandise.

LARGE AND HANDSOME STOCK OF DRY GOODS,

Consisting of beautiful Calicoes, Ladies' Dress Goods, White Goods, And a splendid assortment of Trimmings, Bleached and Unbleached Shirtings, Kentucky Jeans, Cassimers, Table Cloths, Towels, Tickens, Blankets, &c., &c.

## LARGE STOCK OF NOTIONS.

OF ALL KINDS, INCLUDING MANY NOVELTIES NEVER BEFORE OFFERED IN THE MARKET.

Also a splendid assortment of Hats, Boots and Shoes, Hardware and Cutlery, Crockery and Glassware, Tinware.

## A Good Line of Groceries and Provisions.

TOYS AND CANDIES.

Have given this Department unusual attention, have bought a very Large Stock of both. Many attractive things especially for the little folks. Which we will sell very low for cash or exchange for produce, allowing liberal prices for produce especially cotton. We cannot particularize our

## LARGE STOCK

On paper, but give us a call, one and all, and we will take pleasure in showing them. ALL NEW. Carthage, N. C., Oct. 9th, 1879. GRAVES & BLUE.

## CARRIAGES,

BUGGIES,

ROCKAWAYS,

SULKIES,

PHÆTONS,

Of the Latest Popular Styles, and the Most Elegant Finish.

MADE BY EXPERIENCED WORKMEN,

AND OF THE BEST MATERIALS.

A Good Supply Constantly on Hand and Offered at Exceedingly Low Prices. Our Mr. Jones has just returned from the Northern cities, where he laid in a carefully selected Stock of the VERY BEST materials, and our facilities for manufacturing all kinds of pleasure carriages, and our long experience in the business enables us to turn out work which in style, finish and durability will compete successfully with that of any other Manufactory, North or South.

Repairing neatly done on short notice and at reasonable rates.

We also manufacture and keep constantly on hand an elegant assortment of Hand-made Harness, Double and Single.

Thankful for the liberal patronage bestowed on us in the past, we solicit a continuance of the same.

Oct. 16, 1879.

TYSON & JONES