

## The Carthage Blade.

CARTHAGE, N. C.  
JOHN W. SCOTT, JR.,  
Editor and Pub.

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy, one year \$1.00  
One copy, six months .50  
One copy, three months .25  
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### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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Yearly or standing advertisements will be published at the rate of \$50.00 per column, that is as low as one-fourth of column; for less space we will invariably charge the above rates.

Persons sending advertisements must write them as they desire them printed, stating the space and position wanted.

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## GENERAL DIRECTORY.

### CARTHAGE, N. C.

MAYOR—A. M. D. Williamson.

COMMISSIONERS—T. B. Tyson, J. C. Jackson, A. H. McNeill, H. J. Muse and W. T. Jones.

Meet first Monday in every month at 7:30 o'clock p. m.

CHIEF OF POLICE—

### CHURCHES.

PRESBYTERIAN—Rev. M. M. McQueen, Pastor. Services every first and third Sundays at 11 o'clock a. m. Sunday school every Sabbath morning.

METHODIST—Rev. W. B. Doubt, Pastor. Services every second and fourth Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school on Sabbath morning. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night.

BAPTIST—Rev. W. F. Watson, Pastor. Services every second Sunday, Sunday school every Sabbath morning. Young Men's Prayer meeting every Tuesday night.

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JUDGE—D. A. McDonald.

REGISTER OF DEEDS—J. B. Cole.

SOLICITOR—Frank McNeill.

SHERIFF—W. M. Black.

TREASURER—J. A. Worthy.

SURVEYOR—Martin Blue.

COUNTY SUI T. OF PUBLIC IN

STRICTURE—M. G. Shields.

CORONER—Dr. R. M. Ferguson.

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SCHOOL BOARD—M. M. Fry, D.

P. Shields, N. H. Duplap.

SUPERIOR COURT—1st Monday in December; 3rd Monday in April; 2nd Monday in August.

## W. J. ADAMS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

CARTHAGE, N. C.

Prompt attention to the securing and collection of claims, and to all legal business.

J. D. McIVER, J. C. BLACK,  
Carthage, N. C.

### McIVER & BLACK,

Attorneys and Counselors at

Law.

Practice in Moore and adjoining coun-

ties. Special attention given to the

collection of Claims.

## BARNES'S HOTEL,

JONESBORO, N. C.

Mrs. BARNES desires to inform the public that she is prepared to furnish the transient traveling public with good board and lodging. With a large and commodious building, she is also well prepared for permanent boarders—students, both male and female, and others, and offers at her table, the very best that the market affords.

Good rooms and polite attention always

guaranteed.

Charles A. McNeill.

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

CARTHAGE, N. C.

Claims collected and returns promptly

made.

E. L. Baker, United States Consul at

Buenos Ayres, in his monthly report to

the Department of State, treats in great

detail of the native sheep of the Argen-

tine Republic and the practicability of

introducing them into this country. He

describes the larger sheep—the llama and

alpaca, the former of which attain the

height of five feet—as being animals

having many points in common with the

camel. The alpaca is the most valuable

of its soft and abundant wool, its fleece

frequently attaining a length of sixteen

inches. Of the smaller varieties of sheep,

the guanaco and vicuña, the wool of the

latter is the most silky and is known and

regarded as the most valuable in the

world, while that of the former is found

to be the best in the manufacture of hats

and umbrellas. The guanaco runs wild

and its fleece can only be obtained by

the killing of the animal. Most of the

animals killed are females, whose currier

leads them to approach the hunter.

Consul Baker thinks that all these varie-

ties could be domesticated with advantage

in the desert portions of Texas, New

Mexico and Arizona.

## IN SILENCE.

In the hush of the valley of silence  
I dream all the songs that I sing;  
And the music floats down the dim valley,  
Till each finds a word for a wing.  
That to hearts, like the dove of the deluge,  
A message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows  
That never shall break on the beach;  
And I have heard songs in the silence  
That never shall float into speech;  
And I have had dreams in the valley  
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the valley.  
Ah! how my spirit was stirred!  
And they were holy veils on their faces—  
Their footprints can scarcely be heard;  
They pass through the valley like virgins  
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the valley,  
Ye hearts that are hallowed by care?  
It lies far between mountains,  
And God and his angels are there;  
One is the dark mountain of sorrow,  
And on the bright mountain of prayer.

—Father Ryan.

## A LITTLE HEROINE.

"I'll go and try my fortune with Uncle Robert," said Jack. "Bess and Maria failed because they could not stand up with such fine ideas; but I won't trouble him that way. The old fellow is all right if one only stirs him up in the right way."

"My child," said the gentle Mrs. Raymond, "I do not like to hear you speak in that boyish, rude manner. I fear your uncle would have less patience with you than with your sisters. No, you do not intend to forsake me, and we will make no further advances."

"Oh, yes, we will," said Jack, and Jack's curly head buried itself in the mother's shoulder coaxingly. "Do, do let me try to win the obstinate old—well, there, then—to win our honored relative to a proper sense of his obligations toward his only sister and her interesting family. How will that do, oh! Now, mother, don't shake your head so; it's no use. Why did you give me a boy's name and bring me up on tops and marbles if you want me to be a real girl?"

"It was your father's wish, you know, dear. He was so seriously disappointed because he had no son, but Jacqueline is not a boy's name," and Mrs. Raymond shook her head smilingly at her wayward daughter.

"No, but Jack is; and I'm never called anything else," that young lady replied, triumphantly, with an obstinate little shake of the pretty curls that gave such piquancy to her bright face. "If father were only here he would let me try anything that would take the burden off your shoulders; and now that he's dead, uncle must surely forgive you for marrying against his wishes. What right had he to have wishes, anyhow?"

"He was my only living relative and guardian," answered Mrs. Raymond, who was always ready to excuse her brother's harsh treatment.

"Well, mother, do let me go! I heard the lion in his den, the Douglas in his hall," said Jack, gayly. "You know we must do something, for we can get no work of any kind in this place, though we've tried so faithfully."

"Well, go, my dear, and I shall pray for your success," said the gentle mother.

Mr. Robert Doran sat cowering beside a dull, spiritless fire one bright spring morning. His room was dusty and disordered, though its furniture was good, and even luxurious. He looked moody and discontented, as if the wealth that showed itself in the handsome surroundings brought no pleasure to its owner.

Perhaps he was thinking of the sister who had once made sunshine in the now gloomy home, and wished that his pride would let him beg her to come back and take for him in his dreary old age.

A tap at the doors aroused him.

"Who is it?" he demanded in sur-

prise; for his servants never came unsum-

moned.

The door opened slowly and a bright

face peeped in.

"It's Jack Raymond, at your service,

uncle," and in the venturesome girl

walked, and stood before him.

She wore a long ulster, closely but-

toned to the throat, where a standing col-

lar and neat black tie showed themselves,

while on the short, glossy curls was a

jaunty "Dorcy" gossamer of any trim-

ming save the shingle and line band.

"Why, I didn't know my sister had a

son!" exclaimed the old gentleman, his

wrinkled face showing something very

like satisfaction as he looked at the new-

comer.

"She hasn't," said Jack, with dancing

eyes; "but it isn't my fault. I do my

best. I'm awfully sorry I'm not a boy,

uncle, if it would please you; but let me

stay awhile, and you'll see what a first-

class substitute I am. Remembering her

and bowing with easy grace. "But, dear

me! how dull it is here! Your fire wants

a good stirring up!"

And seizing the poker, she attacked the

coals in the grate with an energy that

seemed to imply she would like to treat

him in the same fashion.

A light blaze followed her vigorous

action, dancing on the walls and show-

ing the bright lines of pictures and fur-

niture, despite the dust that covered

them, bringing a cheery look, too, even

to Mr. Doran's grim face.

"There!" said Jack, giving a last ap-

proving poke; "that's better. Now, if I

just open this window and let in the sun

shine, so,"—smiting the action to the

word—"you'll feel as bright as a Spring

morning."

The girl was like a May-day herself,

fluttering around the room as if wafted

by invisible breezes; her bright face the

embodiment of sunshine; and the

lonely old man watched her light fingers

bringing order out of the confusion that

had reigned so long, a quizzical smile

dawned on his face.

"For a would-be boy, you seem to

know a good deal about such things," he

remarked dryly.

"That's the mother-part of me," said

Jack, as she "settled" the chairs and

furniture with a touch that only a woman

has.

Then she came and sat down on a foot-

stool beside him, and clapping her knee

with both hands, looked up with smiling

audacity, saying, "I'd better let

me stay awhile, and you'll see what a

great deal more comfortable."

There was deep anxiety beneath the

merry exterior, for she knew well how

vital her uncle's favor was. Her mother

was too delicate, her sisters too fine ladies

to work, and the child (she was not much

up her family to such idle habits, he

would have nothing more to do with

them.

The one longing of the old man's heart

had been for a son to bear his name.

That hope disappointed in the early death

of his son, he had gradually grown into

the selfish, gloomy man Jack found him

this fair Spring morning.

There was something in her bright,

boyish face that fascinated him; and now,

with a warmth that surprised himself, he

said: "Stay if you like, my child. It's

a dull place within doors; but there are

flowers and sunshine."

It was so much kinder than Jack had

dared hope that she could have cried for

joy.

"Oh, you dear uncle!" she said; and

kissed his wrinkled old face with an

honest heartiness that he was quick to

feel.

"There, then," he said impatiently, as

if ashamed of the unwonted softness he

had shown. "Go and tell cook that you're

going to stay, and that she must give you

a room and see to your meals. Do not

be afraid of her cross, she added, some-

what anxiously; "she does not like

trouble or work."

"I won't," said Jack, as she ran off.

Half an hour later she looked in the

door again, saying: "Come to lunch,

Uncle Robert. Yes" (as she stared at her

in amazement), "I know cook always

brought you just what she liked up here

because she did not want you down

stairs. There has been a skirmish, but

it's all right now. Come for my sake,

please."

Mr. Doran drew his dressing gown

more closely around him, and followed

Jack down into the small breakfast room,

which she had chosen because it was so

near the door. There the great oak

waistcoated dining-room.

A most tempting lunch was spread

upon the round table, and flowers were

intermingled with the dishes in profusion.

It was pretty to see the air with which

she led her uncle to the table, then took

her own opposite him, almost forgetting

—in her eagerness to serve him—to sat-

isfy the demands of her own healthy

young appetite.

"Did cook do all this?" Mr. Doran

asked, with some curiosity.

"No," replied Jack, blushing. "She

wanted to take you up some smoky soup,

and because I said no, she wouldn't do

anything else, so I did it myself. Don't

you like it all?" and she looked anxiously

at him.

"You are not like your sisters," he

said, not replying to her question.

"Oh, no," and Jack shook her head

somewhat dejectedly. "They are very

accomplished—real young ladies, you

know. But then, I can cook and sweep,

and do things that they can't."

"But I don't do any of those things,"

said Mr. Doran, "and I'm a cook" and a

housemaid," said Mr. Doran.

"I think you do," laughed Jack. "If

you had only tested the soup?"

"Child!" cried Mr. Doran, suddenly

catching at her hand, "I'm a disap-

pointed, heart-broken old man. If you

could only love me a little!"

"I do, Uncle Robert; I do, truly," said

Jack.

And she meant it; for her warm heart

had gone out once to the lonely old

man, so unhappy in the midst of his

wealth; and he comforted him now, in

the best way he knew, with loving words

that, despite his age, he felt were honest

and true.

"I fear master be a-going to die; he

was never so gentle afore," said cook, a

weak cry.

That very night Mr. Doran was taken

suddenly and violently ill. Jack heard

him, though his furnishing was good, and

even luxurious. He looked moody and

discontented, as if the wealth that showed

itself in the handsome surroundings brought

no pleasure to its owner.

Perhaps he was thinking of the sister who

had once made sunshine in the now gloomy

home, and wished that his pride would let

him beg her to come back and take for him