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# THE CARTHAGE BLADE.

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OUR HOME AND HOME FOLKS AGAINST THE WORLD.

VOL. VIII. NO. 40.

CARTHAGE, MOORE CO., N. C., TUESDAY, MAY 8, 1894.

Price 5 Cents.



## The Old Friend

And the best friend, that never fails you, is Simmons Liver Regulator, (the Red Z)—that's what you hear at the mention of this excellent Liver medicine, and people should not be persuaded that anything else will do. It is the King of Liver Medicines; it better than pills, as it takes the place of Quinine, the Colonel. It acts directly on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels and gives new life to the whole system. This is the medicine you want. Sold by all Druggists. Liquid, or in Powder to be dissolved in water.

DIRECTORY OF CARTHAGE AND MOORE COUNTY.

Schedule of Arrivals and Departures of Mails from the P. O. at Carthage, N. C.

BY CARTHAGE RAILROAD, DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

For Carthage, via Rubicon and Lenoir, leaves at 7:30 a. m. Arrives at 10:10 a. m.

ASHBORO mail, via Parkwood, Longnecks, Carters Mills, N. C. R. R., Long Leaf, Browns Mill, and Morris Mills. Arrives at 7 p. m. Leaves Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays 6 a. m.

RAMSEY mail via Moochance, Prospect, Braxville, etc., Fall Creek and Emilly. Arrives Mondays and Fridays 6 p. m. Leaves Wednesdays and Saturdays 6:30 a. m.

ORE "L" mail via Q. B. Fair Haven and the new cross roads. Arrives Tuesdays and Fridays 11 a. m. Leaves Tuesdays and Fridays 12 m.

Mail for Starva, N. C. via Carolina Elk Oak, Bonalden, Spencer, etc. Way Not Filed; York, Gale and Rockaway. Arrives Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays 12 m. Leaves Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays 1 p. m.

ADJUDICATOR, P. M.

SUPERIOR COURTS FOR 1894

Solicitor, Frank McNeil, Rockingham, N. C.

March Term begins the 5th—2 weeks. Aug. " " " 13—3 " Dec. " " " 10—2 "

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS

Capt. D. O. Bryan, J. Nestor, Chas. J. W. Cole, Ca. thage.

Notary Public—A. H. McNeil, W. H. McNeil

TOWN GOVERNMENT

Mayor—W. H. McNeil

Commissioners—J. C. Black, A. D. Mose, T. A. Watson, R. S. S. Fields and R. A. H. Everett.

Constable—Hugh R. Ly.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

Carthage Circuit, M. E. church—Rev. J. A. Lee pastor. At Carthage 2nd and 4th Sundays, morning and night. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night, Center St. Sunday, morning. Evening 1st Sunday, 4th, and on 5th Sundays. Cool Springs 3rd Sunday morning.

Baptist church—Rev. C. J. F. Anderson, pastor. At Carthage every 1st Sunday morning and night. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night.

Presbyterian church—Rev. W. M. E. D. Lee, pastor. At Carthage 1st and 3rd Sundays, morning and night. Prayer meeting every Thursday night. At Union 2nd Sundays, at Caldee 4th Sundays, and at Euphonia 5th Sundays.

Itch on human, mange on hogs, dogs and all stock, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails.

Sold by Chas. Cole & Co., Druggists, Carthage, N. C.

## FRANK W. THORNTON.

HAVING JUST RETURNED FROM NEW YORK AND OTHER NORTHERN CITIES, I DESIRE THE PRESENCE OF INTENDING PURCHASERS EVERY DAY, AT MY HANDSOME

### DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING STORES

IN THE CITY OF FAYETTEVILLE.

I promise to show them the prettiest and newest attractive stock of spring and summer goods, it has ever been their good fortune to inspect.

MY STOCK OF BLACK AND COLORED SILKS. Is not only very beautiful, but is large and varied. Wool Dress goods for Spring wear are shown in black and colors in all the staples as well as all the high grade novelties of the newest approved styles and fashionable shades. My line of washable Dress fabrics, consisting in part of Ginghams, Perals, Zephyrs, Canvas, Effects, Satines and White Goods, for beauty and variety in all that the most extravagant fancy can picture. MY LACE DEPARTMENT is a thing of Beauty and contains all the newest and most fashionable kinds, and every width desired.

Floor Coverings, Elegant Carpets, Seamless China and Japanese Mattings, Art Squares, Rugs, &c. In Great Variety.

IN MY SHOE DEPARTMENT \$20,000 worth of fine Shoes may be seen almost at a glance. Anybody can get suited here.

### CLOTHING!

My Clothing Department is a separate and distinct feature of my business, and occupies two large stores, opposite side of the Street from my Dry Goods Store. In this department, I show a line of Elegant Custom-Made Suits for Men, Youths and Boys, selected with great care, and every suit is guaranteed to fit perfectly and give satisfaction. I can fit the short, stout man, the long slim man or any other man. All classes of goods are cheaper than ever before, and while I quote no prices, yet in marking my goods, I have kept the maxim that "the little sixpence is better than the slow shilling," constantly in view. If it is not convenient for purchasers to come to Fayetteville, then I kindly invite them to send me their orders. This Department is a growing feature of my business, and is in charge of a competent and pains-taking salesman, who will give your orders prompt and careful attention. Samples cheerfully and promptly sent on application.

All orders amounting to \$5.00 or more, when accompanied with the cash, will be delivered free to the purchaser. Agents for Butterick's Patterns. Butterick's Scissors and other Cutlery on hand and for sale.

## FRANK W. THORNTON & SON, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

### MAJOR ROBBINS AT GETTYSBURG.

#### HE SPEAKS AT A CAMP-FIRE MEETING

His Eloquent and Thrilling Address—Reminiscences of Gettysburg—A Defense of the Motives of the South in the Fight for Secession.

Correspondence Charlotte Observer.

Gettysburg, Pa., May 2.—Last Monday night the veterans of Gettysburg Post of the G. A. R. held a "camp-fire" meeting here which was attended by a large audience of our old soldiers, citizens, students and ladies, filling the hall to overflowing. The entertainment, consisting of patriotic recitations by young girls, songs of the jubilee club, music by the band and orchestra and speeches by two or three gentlemen, lasted till near 11 o'clock and was quite a success.

A feature of the occasion, which excited great interest and has been the topic of town talk since, was the speech of Major W. M. Robbins, lately appointed one of the battle-field commission and the only Confederate on it. The Union veterans especially invited him and sent a committee and the band to escort him to the hall, and Capt. Long, a veteran, introduced him. Thinking your readers might be interested in it, I send you a synopsis of his speech, from notes taken at the time, very brief and imperfect but giving some idea of his points.

He began by saying that he appeared before this large audience of strangers with nearly as much trepidation as he felt when he stood before that other still larger gathering at Gettysburg thirty years ago. He was received then with more warmth than now, but far less cordiality. They must pardon him for coming before them without preparation. He did not know how to prepare for a speech under such novel circumstances, and so he should have to do like the old preacher who did not believe in studying his sermons beforehand, but opened his Bible and took for a text the first verse that met his eye and preached as the Lord handed it down to him.

"I come here to-night," said he "simply to lay a flower on the altar of peace and fraternity. I have been thinking since I took my seat on this platform and listened to your exercises, how different this scene is from what we have in the South when our veterans and their friends meet at their re-unions. Here all faces wear the glow of pride and rejoicing, your music rings out peans of triumph, and the laurel is twined all about you. There the halls are draped with cypress, the music is a dirge, and women's faces are wet with

tears for heroes who died for a Lost Cause—but heroes whose memory we cherish and whose graves are kept green and strewn with flowers by the fair hands of their sisters and daughters. You wish to know how we old Confederates felt and thought in the days of the war, and how we think and feel now. I propose to tell you something of this; for I think we have been, and are yet, much misunderstood by many of the Northern people. And you will allow me to speak to-night as a proud and true man should when talking to proud and high-souled men and women, and to say my say independently. You would not expect me as an "old Reb.," who waded through fire and blood for four years, to come here and cringe in your presence and apologize for what he did, and I shall not do so. I'd fight the battle of Gettysburg over again before I'd do that.

"We believed we were right. Every man of sense in the United States knows this. The sacrifices we made, the losses and hardships we endured, the valor we showed in that Titanic contest sufficiently proved the honesty of our convictions. We were fighting (as we saw it) for home and fireside—for the right of governing ourselves in our own way and as we pleased, without interference from outsiders. That was our theory; and it looks very close akin to sound American doctrine yet, don't it? But I am not here to argue the question over again. Our theory got knocked up by facts, and those facts were your heavier artillery and more numerous battalions. We played the game for all it was worth, but you out held us, and we lost. We had sense enough to know when we were beaten, and then we threw down the cards and gave up the game for good and all. There's where you have mightily misunderstood us. You have suspected us of secretly repining over the result and meditating a renewal some day of that strife. Flushed with the pride of victory, you could not understand how as proud a people as ours could submit to such a defeat, patiently and in good faith. Let me explain it to you by stating a solemn and saving truth. Proud as our Southern people were and are, there is One before whom they bow with all humility. They believe in God and His providence,—that what He does is right and what He wills is best. On this solid rock we stand and face with unquailing hearts whatever destiny may have in store for us; for we do not forget that whom He loves He chastens. When our old bronzed veterans fell down on their faces at Appomattox and

wept aloud like children,—a scene such as no artist can ever put on canvas,—they arose at length and dried their tears, and said: "Well, we surrender to God Almighty, and not to those Yanks."

istening between the races in the South; of how imperfectly the Northern people seemed to understand the negro; spoke of the race problem so-called, and said it was a problem untried before in history how two races so unlike were to live together on the same soil both free and equal before the law, without discord and collision. But he predicted that under the benign influence of our Christian civilization and the guidance of Divine providence this problem would solve itself peacefully and happily for both races if left to solve itself without meddlesome interference by outsiders.

His remarks were interspersed with amusing and stirring stories of the war. He spoke of how the Southern young men at first feared the war would end before they got to fight a battle, and they would have to go home inglorious to their sweethearts—said when his regiment was entering the first battle of Bull Run, and some of them began to cheer at the sight of three or four Yankees running away, one of his men turned wrathfully to the others and exclaimed: "Stop your darned hollerin', or we won't get a shot!" He told of his visit here thirty years ago, and said: "Some of my friends and I tried to go up on Little Round Top, but your folks were so plucky contrary they wouldn't let us go." He complimented the ladies of Gettysburg on their beauty and fine manners, and begged all woman-kind everywhere to understand that Southern men had never been disloyal to the union—with them! Alluding to an incident mentioned by one of the speakers, that a woman of Gettysburg during the battle here had shot at a Rebel soldier, he vowed that he would pay the ladies of this town for that by kissing one of the prettiest before he left, and warned them to be on the lookout, for it would come as unexpected as that shot did. All the jokes of the war, he said, were not on one side, and then he told, to the intense amusement of the audience, the incident he witnessed while marching through Chambersburg—of how a very handsome and romantic young lady, trying to emulate the heroism of the mythical Barbara Fritchie, was promenading back and forth on the sidewalk with a small Union flag fluttering above her head, on a slender staff which ran down by her ear and was fastened to her bosom, her face pale and solemn, and her heart evidently swelling with thoughts of the glory she would win by flaunting that banner before the faces of "the Rebel horde," among whom there was no man who would not have risked his life, if necessary, to save her from harm.

It is impossible to report the major's speech in full. He congratulated everybody on the destruction of African slavery and said he knew of nobody who regretted it; but with all its evils it had proved a providential school for the training of the negroes; it was great nonsense to say, as some Northern men do, that it had brutalized them; it had really transformed a race of barbarians into civilized men, christianized and elevated them until they were deemed worthy and fit to become citizens and sufferers of this enlightened country. Strange brutalizing, that! He spoke of the pleasant and mutually kind relations ex-

isting between the races in the South; of how imperfectly the Northern people seemed to understand the negro; spoke of the race problem so-called, and said it was a problem untried before in history how two races so unlike were to live together on the same soil both free and equal before the law, without discord and collision. But he predicted that under the benign influence of our Christian civilization and the guidance of Divine providence this problem would solve itself peacefully and happily for both races if left to solve itself without meddlesome interference by outsiders.

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Every reduction made by the democrats of the House in a regular appropriation bill adds to the chances for the election of a democratic majority of the next House. Economy is being practiced by nearly everybody, and the people expect the democrats in Congress to see that it is practiced by the Government.

and how all the romance and glory were squelched in a moment by a ragged "old Reb" calling out to her good naturedly from the ranks as they strided by: "Looky here, miss, maybe you'd better haul down that 'ar flag; we've tuck it off'n a heap stronger breastworks than that!" and the poor girl scooted into the house discomfited, amid shouts of laughter from citizens as well as soldiers.

The major concluded his half hour speech by saying he was here as a commissioner to aid in carrying out the design of our government to have this great battle field marked by permanent monuments and tablets to show the lines, positions and evolutions of the numerous bodies of troops of both armies. He said: "The Union soldiers of course are glad and proud to have this done, but it is plain that their fame will suffer if the field does not also contain the photograph of their adversaries. And there is no reason for Confederates to blush at the record. In looking over this field and viewing the long slopes over which those heroic columns charged in the face of all war's engines, defying danger and death, my heart swells with pride and I say to myself: 'My soul, what men they were that dared to assail these heights!' It is true that victory here averted from them her familiar face, but glory crowned them, and the God of war numbers them among his stoutest sons. The day will come when every patriot from the Gulf to the Lakes can stand on this ground, covered with memorials of our matchless American manhood, and feel that he has a share in the heritage of glory achieved here by both sides."

During the delivery of this speech the applause was frequent and hearty and at its close became tumultuous and deafening. Many Union veterans came forward and grasped the Major's hand, and several ladies said they had very different ideas about the "Rebels" from any they ever had before.

R. L. PATTERSON.

Every reduction made by the democrats of the House in a regular appropriation bill adds to the chances for the election of a democratic majority of the next House. Economy is being practiced by nearly everybody, and the people expect the democrats in Congress to see that it is practiced by the Government.

### EDITORIAL PENCILINGS.

Let the democratic Senators pass the tariff bill; the voters will do the rest.

The republican Senators are beginning to realize that their expectations of staving off tariff reform is but a Coxeized dream.

The Pacific railroads should be brought to time by Congress; they have from the beginning been given the best end of the bargain.

The republicans are beginning to hedge on the confidence with which they have been predicting the election of a majority of the next House.

The republican editor who can laud the work done by his party in the New York legislature, at the session just closed, is either a knave or a fool.

The society which has been started to erect a monument to Gen. Braddock, who was killed near Braddock, Pa., in 1755, may be classed among the better-late-than-nevers.

Congress might easily do a worse thing than to so change the law as to give the President authority to veto any part of a bill without having to veto the whole bill, as at present.

The people of the country, who are sick and tired of delay, will support the democratic Senators in any method, however radical, they may adopt to force a vote on the tariff bill.

Coxey's "enormous" army of four hundred odd is at Washington, and the Government still lives, and Congress has not run away. The spring crop of fools was not as large as some people expected.

It took some railroad officials sometime to realize the absurdity of furnishing free transportation to gangs of tramps. Any scheme calculated to mass desperate unemployed men must necessarily be a dangerous one.

Gov. Waite, of Colorado, may not be able to pose as the incarnation of wisdom, but he seems to have succeeded in sizing up Senator Wolcott, who the Governor says "is incapable of taking a broad and statesman-like view of any question," and who "sits in the U. S. Senate the paid attorney of a railroad corporation."

Nobody has raised one word of protest against the invasion of this country within the last ten days by a foreign army 1,000 strong, and no wonder; the army is composed of pretty Irish girls who come to make war upon American hearts. It is said to have been the finest aggregation of feminine beauty ever landed in New York.

The late Senator Hearst would never have been caught allowing the use of his name and influence to something he knew nothing about, as his son William R., publisher of the San Francisco Examiner, acknowledges, in his application for the appointment of a receiver for the "Press Claims Co.," and the "Examiner Claims Bureau," of Washington, he was.

A woman speaking at a woman's suffrage meeting is quoted as saying: "A man goes slowly around a subject, while a woman jumps over." Well, that depends entirely on what the subject is. For instance, a man is not going very slowly around a pretty woman, if there is any chance to get up real close to her quickly; and a woman isn't going to jump over a live mouse, unless there are walls in every other direction.

**The Bump on Your Face**  
Are caused by impure blood, and will never be well unless you cleanse it and build it up in richness and purity. Botanic Blood Balm, the great blood purifier and tonic, is what you need. One bottle will clear your complexion and purify your blood. Try it. Price \$1.00 per bottle. For sale by druggists.