

North Carolina Argus.



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CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY. PIER & BRANNIN. RETURNING their sincere thanks to a liberal public...

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY. situated on Military Green, in the rear of the Fayetteville Hotel...

half-drowned before we again." said Lucy. "The first time I made a face at us, when he was laughing again like a man!" said Lucy...

"And your silk umbrella," said Lucy, "did you lose that too?" "Yes indeed—seventeen and sixpence more, by Jove!" said Harry...

The Messrs. Herbert kept a very extensive Jewelry establishment in one of our large cities, and for the better security of their store against fire and other casualties...

Now Young Loring regretted that he had no weapon, but not through fear—that was not a characteristic of the young gentleman...

Young Loring felt inclined to chop off the hand with a hatchet that lay hard by, but he refrained, and bethought himself of a powerful caustic vitriol and other penetrating stuffs...

"Bill," at length exclaimed the burglar to his comrade, "I've got a cursed burning on the back of my hand, it's so sore I can hardly work this saw..."

"And after sundry oaths being exchanged, until the first and worst attack of pain was over, they renewed the attempt to make an entrance..."

The clerk permitted them to go on a while unintercepted, knowing that any moment he could stop their efforts by crying out, but he hoped to hear some watchman passing the front of the store...

Seeing that he must do something to stop them the clerk crept in the dark close at one side of the window, and uttered a low, but fierce growl in imitation of a dog...

"Hang it, Bill there's a cursed dog in here, I did not know that the Herberts kept one," said one to the other. "A dog? that's bad. Curse 'em, if it was a man, why, a shot or a dirk stroke would fix him; but a dog is quite another thing, for if we shoot him he would be sure to half kill one of us!"

"Confound the dog!" exclaimed both. "Never mind; go ahead, Bill, and get it open, now. I'll fix him when we get in." The burglar addressed as Bill, thrust his hand in once more to wrench off the last piece of wood that obstructed their entrance...

"For heavens sake, Jack, lend me a hand here; this cursed animal is biting my hand half off!" said the burglar to his confederate. "Pull it away—pull it away quick." "I can't." "Give it a jerk," said the other. "O-o-o! I can't, murder, murder!"

This is a fact, and occurred in New York City during the winter; and Bill Sikes served out his imprisonment at Bledwell's Island. POPPING THE QUESTION. BY TOM PIPER.

The course adopted by Laura Glendon, to secure a husband, who was decidedly slow, is a case in point. She was pleased with James Dawson, and he worshipped the ground she trod upon...

He turned towards her with a kind look, and said in a rather earnest tone. "Give me your hand, Miss Laura, and—" But she did not allow him to finish the sentence. "Oh, James!" said she, looking confused. "do you really mean it? Well, if it must be so, I will give it freely, and my heart too..."

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER. There is a world of buxom beauty flourishing in the shades of the country. Farm houses are dangerous places. As you are thinking only of sheep or curds, you may be suddenly shot through by a pair of bright eyes, and melted away in a bewitching smile...

Poetry.—A correspondent relates that one morning last spring a bob-a-link came and sang in a field near his house. His little four year old daughter was much delighted, and asked—"What makes her sing so sweet, mother? do he eat flowers?"

A SOLEMN FACT.—The Southern Cultivator says: "It is a solemn fact that not one marriageable girl in twenty can make a really good cup of coffee."

of eighteen. Fair as the lily, fresh as May dew, rosy as the rose itself; graceful as the peacock perched on the pales there by the window; sweet as the ploy of violets and "gloves gilliviers;" modest as early morning, and amiable as imagination of Desdemona or Gertrude of Wyoming...

There, give him all the path. Tread slowly and reverently in his presence. Hush that rude laughter; check that idle jest. See you not upon his temples the snow of many winters? See you not his wrinkled eye, the bowed form, the thin hand upon whose surface the blue veins stand out like cords?

Standing upon the boundary line between life and the untired future, his feet would fain turn backward into the paths of the past. One moment he looks for rest—the next some lack the making memories of departed joys. The thorns have dropped silently away amidst the leaves of the roses he gathered in childhood and youth—their beauty and fragrance alone remain...

Honor the aged, that he may leave you his blessing on the threshold of the unknown land. Honor him, and God will raise up for you friends to remove the thorns from the last league of your own life-journey; for the sake of the weary one of the long ago, who never yet for your ingratitude, whose bowed form never assuaged with a weight of care or grief which you might have carried, while you walked carelessly along, intent upon your own ease and pleasure.

Honor the aged, for His sake who is old before the world was—whose life is from everlasting to everlasting. Honor him that feebly walketh with his staff, the white haired age, G-d will curse the wretch that mocketh hoary hairs, with slighted age.

THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE. A pin and a needle being neighbors in a work basket, and both being idle, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do. "I should like to know," said the pin, "what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a head?" "What is the use of your head," replied the needle, rather sharply, "if you have no eyes?" "What is the use of an eye," said the pin, "if there is always something in it?"

"I am always active, and can go through more work than you can," said the needle. "Yes; but you will not live long." "Why not?" "Because you have always a stitch in your side," said the pin. "You're a poor, crooked creature," said the needle. "And you are so proud that you can't bend without breaking your back." "I'll pull your head off if you insult me again."

"I'll put out your eye if you touch me; remember, your life hangs on a single thread," said the pin. "While they were conversing, a little girl entered, and undertaking to sew she very soon broke off the needle to the eye. Then she tied the thread around the neck of the pin, and attempting to sew with it, she pulled its head off, and threw it into the dirt by the side of the broken needle." "Well, here we are," said the needle. "We have no living to fight about now," said the pin. "It seems misfortune has brought us to our senses."

"A pity we had not come to them sooner," said the needle. "How much we resemble human beings, who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them, and never find out that they are brothers till they lie down in the dust together, as we do."