

The North Carolina Argus.

The Argus is the people's right's daily eternal vigil keep: No soothing strain of Aitia's son can lull his hundred eyes to sleep.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I.

WADESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1869.

NUMBER 27.

North Carolina Argus,

Published Weekly.

Published by J. B. McLENNAN, Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For twelve months, Cash in advance, \$2.50.
 For six months, " " " " 1.50.
 For three months, " " " " .75.

The cost of mailing in every instance exceeds the price of the paper.

WAYS OF ADVERTISING.

1. In the Argus, once a week for one year, for first insertion, 25 cents per line; for each subsequent insertion, 15 cents per line.
 2. In the Argus, once a week for one year, for first insertion, 25 cents per line; for each subsequent insertion, 15 cents per line.
 3. In the Argus, once a week for one year, for first insertion, 25 cents per line; for each subsequent insertion, 15 cents per line.

Miscellaneous.

The Deaf Aunt and her Visit.

I had an aunt coming to visit me for the first time since my marriage, and I don't know what evil genius prompted the wickedness which I perpetrated toward my wife and ancient relation.

"My dear," said I to my wife on the day before my aunt's arrival, "you know Aunt Mary is coming to-morrow. Well I forgot to mention to you a rather annoying circumstance with regard to her. She is very deaf, although she can hear my voice, to which she is accustomed, in its ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud in order to be heard. It will be rather inconvenient, but I know you will do everything in your power to make her visit agreeable."

Mrs. — announced her determination to be heard, if it is in her power.

I then went to John N., who loves a joke about as well as any person I know of, and told him to be at the house at six P. M. on the following evening; and, comparatively happy, I went to the railroad depot with a carriage next night, and when I was on my way home with my aunt, I said:

"My dear aunt, there is one rather annoying circumstance that Aunt Mary (my wife) has, which I forgot to mention before. She is very deaf, and although she can hear my voice to which she is accustomed, in its ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud in order to be heard. I am very sorry for it."

Aunt Mary in the goodness of her heart, protested that she rather liked speaking loud, and to do so would afford her great pleasure.

The carriage drove up—the steps were my wife—in the window was John N., with a face as solemn as if he had buried his relatives that afternoon.

"I am delighted to see you," shrieked my wife. And the policeman on the opposite sidewalk started, and my aunt came near falling down the steps.

"Kin me, my dear," howled my aunt. And the windows shook as with the fever and ague. I looked at the window—John had disappeared. Human nature could stand it no longer. I poked my head into the carriage and went into convulsions.

When I entered the parlor, my wife was helping Aunt Mary to take off her hat and cape; and there sat John, with his face buried in his handkerchief.

Suddenly, "Did you have a pleasant journey?" went off my wife like a pistol, and John nearly jumped to his feet.

"Rather dusty," was the response in a war-whop, and the conversation continued.

The neighbors for blocks around must have heard it. When I was in the third story of the building, I heard every word of it.

In the course of evening my aunt took occasion to say to me:

"How loud your wife talks!"

I told her deaf persons talked loudly and that my wife, being used to it, did not object by the exertion, and that she was getting along nicely with her.

Presently my wife said softly:

"Ah, how very loud your aunt talks!"

"Yes," said I, "all deaf persons do. You're getting along nicely with her. She hears every word you say." I should rather thin she did.

Elated at their success at being understood, they went at it hammer and tongs, till everything on the mantle piece clattered again, and I was seriously afraid of a crowd collecting in front of the house.

But the end was near. My aunt being of an investigating turn of mind was desirous of finding out whether the exertions of talking was injurious to my wife. So—

"Doesn't talking so loud strain your lungs?" said she, in an unearthly whoop, for her voice was not quite as musical as when she was young.

"It is an exertion," shrieked my wife.

"Then why do you do it?" was the answering scream.

"Because—because—you cannot hear me if I don't," squealed my wife.

"What!" said aunt, fairly rivaling a railroad whistle at the time.

I began to think it time to evacuate the premises, and looking around and seeing John N. Lapped into the back parlor; and there he lay flat on his back, with his feet at right angles with his body, rolling from side to side, with his face poked into his ribs, and a most agonized expression of countenance, but not uttering a single word. I immediately and involuntarily assumed a similar attitude, and I think from the relative position of our head and feet, got attempt to restrain our laughter, apostrophizing Aunt Mary as follows: "If a terrible gale, which came west to us, had kept my word, Mary," said the aunt affectionately.

"I'll get this very evening. I believe somewhere about me." I then saw Bobby and Frank were snoring snugly up in bed,

Spread Upon the Waters.

"Please, sir, will you buy my chestnut?"

"Chestnut? No!" returned Ralph Moore, looking carefully down, on the distressed face, whose large brown eyes, shadowed by tangled curls of flaxen hair, were appealing so pitifully to his own. "What do I want of chestnuts?"

"But please, sir, do buy 'em," pleaded the little one, reassured by the rough kindness of his tone. "Nobody seems to care for them, and—"

She fairly burst into tears, and Moore, who had fixed on the point of brushing delicately past her, stopped instinctively.

"Are you very much in want of the money?"

"Indeed, sir, we are," sobbed the child; "mother sent me out, and—"

"Nay, little one, don't cry in such a heart-broken way," said Ralph, smoothing her hair down with careless gentleness; "I don't want your chestnuts; but there's a quarter for you, if that will do you any good."

He did not stay to hear the delighted, incoherent thanks the child poured out through a rainbow of smiles and tears, but strode on his way, muttering between his teeth:

"That cure off my supply of cigars for the next twenty-four hours. I don't care, though, for the brown-eyed object really did cry as if she hadn't a friend in the world. Hang it! I wish I was fit enough to help every poor creature out of the slough of despondency."

While Ralph Moore was indulging in these very natural reflections, the dark-eyed little damsel, whom he had confronted, was dashing down the street, with quick, elastic step, utterly regardless of the basket of unsold nuts that still dangled upon her arm. Down an obscure lane she darted, lit upon a tall, ruinous row of houses, and up a narrow, wooden stair-case to a room where a pale, neat-looking woman, with large brown eyes like her own, was sewing as busily as if the breath of life depended upon every stitch, and two little ones were contentedly playing in the sunshine that temporarily supplied the place of the absent fire.

"Mary! back already! Surely you have sold your chestnuts so soon?"

"Oh! mother, mother, see!" ejaculated the breathless child. "A gentleman gave me a whole quarter! Only think, mother, a whole quarter!"

If Ralph Moore could only have seen the rapture which his tiny silver gift diffused around it in the poor widow's poverty-stricken home he would have grudged still less the temporary privation of cigars to which his generosity had subjected him.

Years came and went. The little chestnut girl passed on entirely out of Ralph's memory as if her pleading eyes had never touched the soft spot in his heart; but Mary Lee never forgot the stranger, who had given her the silver piece.

The Orinon window—curtains were closely drawn to shut out the storm and tempest of the dark December night; the fire was glowing cheerfully in the well-filled grate; and the dinner-table, all in a glitter with glass, rare china, and polished silver was only waiting for the presence of Mr. Audley.

"What can it be that detains papa?" said Mrs. Audley, a fair, handsome matron of about thirty, as she glanced at the dial of a silver enameled watch. "Six o'clock, and he does not make his appearance?"

"There's a man with him in the study, mamma—come on business," said Robert Audley, a pretty boy, eleven years old, who was reading by the fire.

"I'll call him again," said Mrs. Audley, stepping to the door.

But as she opened it the brilliant daylight fell full on the face of a hunched-looking man in worn and threadbare garments, who was leaving the house, while her husband stood in the doorway of his study, apparently relieved to be rid of his visitor.

"Charles," said Mrs. Audley, whose cheek had paled and flushed, "who is that man—and what does he want?"

"His name is Moore, I believe, and he came to see if I would bestow upon him that recent membership in the bank."

"And will you?"

"I don't know, Mary—I must think about it."

"Charles, give him the station."

"Why, no, mamma?"

"Eh, what! do you give a favor and you refuse to give it?"

"I'll keep my word, Mary," said the man affectionately.

"I'll get this very evening. I believe somewhere about me." I then saw Bobby and Frank were snoring snugly up in bed,

in the spacious nursery above stairs, Mrs. Audley told her husband why she was interested in the fate of a man whose face she had not seen for twenty years.

"That's right, my little wife!" said her husband, folding her fondly in his breast, when the simple tale was concluded, "never forget one who has been kind to you in the days when you needed kind words most."

Ralph Moore was sitting the selfsame night in his poor lodgings, beside his ailing wife's sick bed, when a liveried servant brought a note from that rich and prosperous bank director, Charles Audley.

"Good news, Bertha!" he exclaimed joyously, as he read the brief words; "we shall not starve—Mr. Audley promises me the vacant situation!"

"You have dropped something from the note, Ralph," said Mrs. Moore, pointing to a slip of paper that lay on the floor.

Moore stooped to recover the stray. It was a fifty dollar bill, neatly folded in a piece of paper, on which was written:

"In grateful remembrance of the silver quarter that a kind stranger bestowed on the little chestnut girl twenty years ago."

Ralph Moore had thrown his morsel of bread on the waters of life, and after many years it had returned to him.

Josh Billings Insures his Life.

I can tell the conclusion lately that life was so uncertain that the only way for me to stand a chance with other folks was to get my life insured, and so I called on the agent of Garden Angel Life Insurance Co., and answered the following questions which was put to me over a pair of gold specks, by a slick little, fat, old feller, with a round grey head:

QUESTIONS:

Are you male or female? If so how long have you been so?

Are you subject to fits, and if so, do you have more than one at a time?

What is your precise fitting weight?

Did you ever have any ancestors, and if so, how much?

What is your opinion of the constitutionality of the 10 commandments?

Do you ever have any nitewares?

Are you married and live single, or are you a bachelor?

Do you believe in a further state? If you do state it.

What are your private sentiments about a rash of rats to the West—can it be successfully?

Have you ever committed suicide, and if so, how does it seem to affect you?

Did you ever have the measles, if so how many?

After answering the above questions like a man, on the affirmative, the slick, little, fat old feller with gold specks on, and I was insured for life, and would probably remain so far a tirm of years. I thanked him and smiled one of my most pensive smiles.

What Answer?

A young parson of the Universalist faith, many years since, when the Simon-pure Universalism was preached, started westward to attend a convention of his brethren in the faith. He took the precaution to carry a vial of cayenne pepper in his pocket to sprinkle his food with as a preventive against fever and ague. The convention met; and at dinner a tall Hoosier observed the parson as he seasoned his meat, and addressed him thus:

"Stranger, I'll thank you for a little of that 'red salt' for I'm kinder o' cur'ous to try it."

"Certainly," returned the parson, "but you will find it very powerful; be careful how you use it."

The Hoosier took the proffered vial, and, feeling himself proof against any quantity of raw whiskey, thought he could stand the "red salt" with impunity, and accordingly sprinkled a chunk of beef tenderly with it, and forthwith introduced it into his capacious mouth. It soon began to take hold. He shut his eyes, and his features began to writhe, denoting a very inharmonious condition physically. Finally he could stand it no longer. He opened his mouth and screamed "fire."

"Take a drink of cold water from the jug," said the parson.

"Will that put it out?" asked the martyr, cutting the action to the word. In a short time the unfortunate man began to recover, and, turning to the parson, his eyes yet swimming in water, exclaimed:

"Stranger, you call yourself a 'Varsalist, I believe?"

"I do," mildly answered the parson.

"Wal, I want to know if you think it consistent with your belief to go about with hell fire in your breeches pocket?"

HARD SOAP.—Put in an iron kettle 5 pounds of unslaked lime, 5 pounds salerod and three gallons of soft water; let it soak over a night, in the morning pour off the water, and add to the water three and a half pounds of grease; boil thick, turn in a pan to cool, then out in bars.

Mark That.

Out West, a small boy, one cold day, was assisting his father to mark sheep with a paint brush.

The father would catch a sheep and say to the boy:

"Mark that."

After the job was done he started for home, which was some distance off, and was overtaken by a minister on horseback, who, seeing the boy was barefooted, invited him to ride behind him.

After the lad was seated, he began to catechize him thus:

"My lad, do you attend sabbath School?"

"No," was the reply.

"You should attend Sabbath school, mark that. All good children attend both Church and Sabbath school, mark that."

Many other good things the minister told the boy, always ending with the order to "mark that," when at last the boy shouted out:

"Mister don't tell me any more, for I've got your back all marked over now, and it looks like thunder."

Sprague on Collins.

But I cannot close without pointing to the recent exhibition, in the presence of the whole people, of the Vice-President of the United States travelling and speaking in the interest of the powers I condemn. He reminds me of the man who stole the habiliments of the king of the forest; for when he asserts that the country is prosperous and contented he but shows the ears which prove his true character. He came among us more especially as the representative of the mighty West, a people not yet hide-bound to the dictates of the moneyed aristocracy, or to customs and institutions founded upon it. But he joined counsel and co-operation with those powers which in themselves and in their representative capacity are so in hostility to the independence and growth of the West. Let him and those who have induced him to degrade his high office to their level be prepared to meet on the floor of the Senate, for the information of the people from whom he comes, his true character, and that of the alliance he has made.

Reviving Drowning Persons.

If the drowned person be a politician, whisper in his ear that he has just been appointed to a fat office.

If a married woman, softly tell her that her husband is just cutting it fat with that woman she hates.

If it be a young man, tell him, accidentally, that another fellow is after his sweetheart.

If a married man, softly tell him that a handsome young lady called yesterday, and is so well again to-day at his office, on important private business.

If a carpet-bagger, let him drown.—Pomroy's Democrat.

Artemus Ward once said: Brigham Young has two hundred wives. Just think of that.—Oblige me by thinking of that. That is—he has eighty actual wives and he is spiritually married to one hundred and twenty more. So we are to have two hundred wives. He lives not wisely, but two hundred well. He is deadily married. He's the most married man I ever saw in my life. I saw his mother-in-law while I was there. I can't exactly tell you how many there is of her, but it's a good deal. It strikes me that one mother-in-law is about enough to have in one family—unless you're very fond of excitement.

Everybody loves to drive fore-in-hand better than they do a single boss.

The more you look for perfection the more blunders you will come across, and the more suckers you get into your net, the more you will haul for, and the more danger there is of the nets bursting and letting out the fish leak out.

I can't tell you which one of the three fellows you had better care, but my advice is to take the one which you find yourself the most anxious to please, and to keep on doing so after you are one flesh, and if you ain't a happy pair your husband is simply a man Kuss.—Josh Billings.

The Mobile Colored Democratic Club has invited an address to the colored voters of Alabama, informing them that sooner or later the political power of the South will pass into the hands of the white men, and that it is to the interests of the negro to cultivate friendly relations with the whites.

Love Song.

I'd offer thee this head of mine
 If you but had the dime,
 But purses short and slim as thine
 Won't do for these hard times.
 I leave thee in thy wretchedness,
 As one too poor to mate,
 For love, you know, can only bleed
 When based on real estate.

Of one part of the influx we fear the South will have enough (the Chinese), for if it be found that these people can be used in the cotton field as they can be everywhere else, they will be brought over in ship-loads to the Southern States.—Springfield (Ill.) Republican.

A lady in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, has made 7,000 vests within the past 26 years by hand work.

Granger's Hotel,

(formerly of the City.)

T. A. GRANGER & CO., Proprietors,
 WILMINGTON, N. C.

All Ballrooms containing all and passing this point have their Ticket Office in this Hotel.

Passengers going South, East and West sleep at this Hotel.

See Baggage taken to and from the House free of Charge, and checked to any distant point.

J. B. McLENNAN, MANAGER W. McLENNAN

HARGRAVE & McMILLAN,

Attorneys at Law,
 WADESBORO, N. C.

OFFICE IN THE COURTS OF ANSON, GASTON, HANCOCK, HENDERSON, AND CUMBERLAND.

Deep Creek High School.

THE FIRST SESSION OF THIS HIGH SCHOOL will commence on Monday the 18th of July, 1869, and continue twenty weeks.

The school is located ten miles north of Waidesboro, and is convenient to church.

CUTION FOR SCHOLARS.

Firstly course, \$15.00; Middle, \$10.00; Chemical, \$10.00.

The course of instruction will be thorough, and scholars will be prepared for any class in college, or for all the branches necessary in practical life, such as the immediate preparation of AGRICULTURE, MECHANICS, and the elements of NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, and on terms to suit the times.

Board can be obtained, in the best families in the neighborhood, at \$10.00 per month, and ample provisions for both male and female boarders who pay \$5.00.

No deduction will be from time of entrance except in cases of protracted sickness.

For circulars and further information apply to the Principal,

A. A. McMILLAN.

Deep Creek, N. C.—24-47.

DR. BISHOP, DR. BISHOP, W. D. LYNCH.

Bingham School,

HEBANEVILLE, N. C.

THE SESSION OF 1869-70 BEGINS AUGUST 1st, and continues forty weeks.

The course of instruction includes all the ordinary branches, the Ancient Languages, French, Mathematics, Book Keeping, and the elements of Natural Philosophy, (including tailors, shoemaking, bookbinding and printing), &c.

Circulars sent on application. \$1 6.

SUTTON & CHILD,

Fin and Sheet Iron Workers,
 Corner Princess and Front Streets,
 WILMINGTON, N. C.

ALWAYS ON HAND AN ASSORTMENT

of Green Groceries, Pump, Lamps, Lanterns, and all kinds of Hardware, Oil, &c., &c.

METAL ROOFING executed in the most perfect manner, and on terms to suit the times.

Orders of all descriptions, constantly on hand, and promptly attended to.

AARON W. BARKINSFEIN,
 Sole Agent and Dealer in
 Goods, Clothing,
 Boots and Shoes,
 Hats, Caps,
 &c., &c., &c.

WILMINGTON, N. C.

When I entered the parlor, my wife was helping Aunt Mary to take off her hat and cape; and there sat John, with his face buried in his handkerchief.

Suddenly, "Did you have a pleasant journey?" went off my wife like a pistol, and John nearly jumped to his feet.

"Rather dusty," was the response in a war-whop, and the conversation continued.

The neighbors for blocks around must have heard it. When I was in the third story of the building, I heard every word of it.

In the course of evening my aunt took occasion to say to me:

"How loud your wife talks!"

I told her deaf persons talked loudly and that my wife, being used to it, did not object by the exertion, and that she was getting along nicely with her.

Presently my wife said softly:

"Ah, how very loud your aunt talks!"

"Yes," said I, "all deaf persons do. You're getting along nicely with her. She hears every word you say." I should rather thin she did.

Elated at their success at being understood, they went at it hammer and tongs, till everything on the mantle piece clattered again, and I was seriously afraid of a crowd collecting in front of the house.

But the end was near. My aunt being of an investigating turn of mind was desirous of finding out whether the exertions of talking was injurious to my wife. So—

"Doesn't talking so loud strain your lungs?" said she, in an unearthly whoop, for her voice was not quite as musical as when she was young.

"It is an exertion," shrieked my wife.

"Then why do you do it?" was the answering scream.

"Because—because—you cannot hear me if I don't," squealed my wife.

"What!" said aunt, fairly rivaling a railroad whistle at the time.

I began to think it time to evacuate the premises, and looking around and seeing John N. Lapped into the back parlor; and there he lay flat on his back, with his feet at right angles with his body, rolling from side to side, with his face poked into his ribs, and a most agonized expression of countenance, but not uttering a single word. I immediately and involuntarily assumed a similar attitude, and I think from the relative position of our head and feet, got attempt to restrain our laughter, apostrophizing Aunt Mary as follows: "If a terrible gale, which came west to us, had kept my word, Mary," said the aunt affectionately.

"I'll get this very evening. I believe somewhere about me." I then saw Bobby and Frank were snoring snugly up in bed,

in the spacious nursery above stairs, Mrs. Audley told her husband why she was interested in the fate of a man whose face she had not seen for twenty years.

"That's right, my little wife!" said her husband, folding her fondly in his breast, when the simple tale was concluded, "never forget one who has been kind to you in the days when you needed kind words most."

Ralph Moore was sitting the selfsame night in his poor lodgings, beside his ailing wife's sick bed, when a liveried servant brought a note from that rich and prosperous bank director, Charles Audley.

"Good news, Bertha!" he exclaimed joyously, as he read the brief words; "we shall not starve—Mr. Audley promises me the vacant situation!"

"You have dropped something from the note, Ralph," said Mrs. Moore, pointing to a slip of paper that lay on the floor.

Moore stooped to recover the stray. It was a fifty dollar bill, neatly folded in a piece of paper, on which was written:

"In grateful remembrance of the silver quarter that a kind stranger bestowed on the little chestnut girl twenty years ago."

Ralph Moore had thrown his morsel of bread on the waters of life, and after many years it had returned to him.

Josh Billings Insures his Life.

I can tell the conclusion lately that life was so uncertain that the only way for me to stand a chance with other folks was to get my life insured, and so I called on the agent of Garden Angel Life Insurance Co., and answered the following questions which was put to me over a pair of gold specks, by a slick little, fat, old feller, with a round grey head:

QUESTIONS:

Are you male or female? If so how long have you been so?

Are you subject to fits, and if so, do you have more than one at a time?

What is your precise fitting weight?

Did you ever have any ancestors, and if so, how much?

What is your opinion of the constitutionality of the 10 commandments?

Do you ever have any nitewares?

Are you married and live single, or are you a bachelor?

Do you believe in a further state? If you do state it.

What are your private sentiments about a rash of rats to the West—can it be successfully?

Have you ever committed suicide, and if so, how does it seem to affect you?

Did you ever have the measles, if so how many?

After answering the above questions like a man, on the affirmative, the slick, little, fat old feller with gold specks on, and I was insured for life, and would probably remain so far a tirm of years. I thanked him and smiled one of my most pensive smiles.

What Answer?

A young parson of the Universalist faith, many years since, when the Simon-pure Universalism was preached, started westward to attend a convention of his brethren in the faith. He took the precaution to carry a vial of cayenne pepper in his pocket to sprinkle his food with as a preventive against fever and ague. The convention met; and at dinner a tall Hoosier observed the parson as he seasoned his meat, and addressed him thus:

"Stranger, I'll thank you for a little of that 'red salt' for I'm kinder o' cur'ous to try it."

"Certainly," returned the parson, "but you will find it very powerful; be careful how you use it."

The Hoosier took the proffered vial, and, feeling himself proof against any quantity of raw whiskey, thought he could stand the "red salt" with impunity, and accordingly sprinkled a chunk of beef tenderly with it, and forthwith introduced it into his capacious mouth. It soon began to take hold. He shut his eyes, and his features began to writhe, denoting a very inharmonious condition physically. Finally he could stand it no longer. He opened his mouth and screamed "fire."

"Take a drink of cold water from the jug," said the parson.

"Will that put it out?" asked the martyr, cutting the action to the word. In a short time the unfortunate man began to recover, and, turning to the parson, his eyes yet swimming in water, exclaimed:

"Stranger, you call yourself a 'Varsalist, I believe?"

"I do," mildly answered the parson.

"Wal, I want to know if you think it consistent with your belief to go about with hell fire in your breeches pocket?"

HARD SOAP.—Put in an iron kettle 5 pounds of unslaked lime, 5 pounds salerod and three gallons of soft water; let it soak over a night, in the morning pour off the water, and add to the water three and a half pounds of grease; boil thick, turn in a pan to cool, then out in bars.

When I entered the parlor, my wife was helping Aunt Mary to take off her hat and cape; and there sat John, with his face buried in his handkerchief.

Suddenly, "Did you have a pleasant journey?" went off my wife like a pistol, and John nearly jumped to his feet.

"Rather dusty," was the response in a war-whop, and the conversation continued.

The neighbors for blocks around must have heard it. When I was in the third story of the building, I heard every word of it.

In the course of evening my aunt took occasion to say to me:

"How loud your wife talks!"

I told her deaf persons talked loudly and that my wife, being used to it, did not object by the exertion, and that she was getting along nicely with her.

Presently my wife said softly:

"Ah, how very loud your aunt talks!"

"Yes," said I, "all deaf persons do. You're getting along nicely with her. She hears every word you say." I should rather thin she did.

Elated at their success at being understood, they went at it hammer and tongs, till everything on the mantle piece clattered again, and I was seriously afraid of a crowd collecting in front of the house.

But the end was near. My aunt being of an investigating turn of mind was desirous of finding out whether the exertions of talking was injurious to my wife. So—

"Doesn't talking so loud strain your lungs?" said she, in an unearthly whoop, for her voice was not quite as musical as when she was young.

"It is an exertion," shrieked my wife.

"Then why do you do it?" was the answering scream.

"Because—because—you cannot hear me if I don't," squealed my wife.

"What!" said aunt, fairly rivaling a railroad whistle at the time.

I began to think it time to evacuate the premises, and looking around and seeing John N. Lapped into the back parlor; and there he lay flat on his back, with his feet at right angles with his body, rolling from side to side, with his face poked into his ribs, and a most agonized expression of countenance, but not uttering a single word. I immediately and involuntarily assumed a similar attitude, and I think from the relative position of our head and feet, got attempt to restrain our laughter, apostrophizing Aunt Mary as follows: "If a terrible gale, which came west to us, had kept my word, Mary," said the aunt affectionately.

"I'll get this very evening. I believe somewhere about me." I then saw Bobby and Frank were snoring snugly up in bed,

When I entered the parlor, my wife was helping Aunt Mary to take off her hat and cape; and there sat John, with his face buried in his handkerchief.

Suddenly, "Did you have a pleasant journey?" went off my wife like a pistol, and John nearly jumped to his feet.

"Rather dusty," was the response in a war-whop, and the conversation continued.

The neighbors for blocks around must have heard it. When I was in the third story of the building, I heard every word of it.

In the course of evening my aunt took occasion to say to me:

"How loud your wife talks!"

I told her deaf persons talked loudly and that my wife, being used to it, did not object by the exertion, and that she was getting along nicely with her.

Presently my wife said softly:

"Ah, how very loud your aunt talks!"

"Yes," said I, "all deaf persons do. You're getting along nicely with her. She hears every word you say." I should rather thin she did.

Elated at their success at being understood, they went at it hammer and tongs, till everything on the mantle piece clattered again, and I was seriously afraid of a crowd collecting in front of the house.

But the end was near. My aunt being of an investigating turn of mind was desirous of finding out whether the exertions of talking was injurious to my wife. So—

"Doesn't talking so loud strain your lungs?" said she, in an unearthly whoop, for her voice was not quite as musical as when she was young.

"It is an exertion," shrieked my wife.

"Then why do you do it?" was the answering scream.

"Because—because—you cannot hear me if I don't," squealed my wife.

"What!" said aunt, fairly rivaling a railroad whistle at the time.

I began to think it time to evacuate the premises, and looking around and seeing John N. Lapped into the back parlor; and there he lay flat on his back, with his feet at right angles with his body, rolling from side to side, with his face poked into his ribs, and a most agonized expression of countenance, but not uttering a single word. I immediately and involuntarily assumed a similar attitude, and I think from the relative position of our head and feet, got attempt to restrain our laughter, apostrophizing Aunt Mary as follows: "If a terrible gale, which came west to us, had kept my word, Mary," said the aunt affectionately.

"I'll get this very evening. I believe somewhere about me." I then saw Bobby and Frank were snoring snugly up in bed,