

# North Carolina Argus.

(ESTABLISHED 1843.)

"THIS ARGUS O'ER THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS DOTH AN ETERNAL VIGIL KEEP, NO SOOTHING STRAIN OF MAIA'S SON CAN LULL HIS HUNDRED EYES TO SLEEP."

(35 YEARS OLD)

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## THE ARGUS.

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### THE SOUTH.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Yes, give me the land  
Where the rains are spread,  
And the living tread light  
On the heart of the dead;  
Yes, give me the land  
That is blest by the dust,  
And bright with the deeds  
Of the down-trodden just.

Yes, give me the land  
Where the battle's red blast  
Has flashed on the future  
The form of the past,  
Yes, give me the land  
That hath legends and lays  
That tell of the memories  
Of long vanished days.

Yes, give me the land  
That hath strife and song,  
To tell of the wrong;  
Yes, give me the land  
With a grave in each spot,  
And names in the graves  
That shall not be forgot.

Yes, give me the land  
Of the wreck and the tomb;  
There's grandeur in graves  
There's glory in gloom:  
For out of the gloom  
Future brightness is born;  
As, after the night,  
Looms the sunrise of morn.

And, the graves of the dead,  
With the grass overgrown,  
May rest from the footstep  
Of Liberty's throne,  
And each simple wreck  
In the way-path of night,  
Shall yet be a rock  
In the temple of right.

### THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

He plodded on, through sleet and snow, with step awkward and shuffling, yet with a certain resolution, in it. Other men might have turned aside, unwilling to breast the full force of such a storm. Not so Daniel Newton—"Shuffling Dan," his fellow-workmen called him. He was no favorite among them—silent, brooding, sullen fellow, they thought him—but he lived a life of which they understood very little. He had been consecrated for fourteen years to one object; and there was in it an element of chivalrous self-sacrifice of which he was utterly unconscious himself. He passed a store, where some of his comrades were laughing, then the forge, with its door indignantly open, and the bright red light streaming out of it cheerily into the murky, gathering night. For a moment he was tempted just to go in and warm himself a little in that glow; but he shook his shaggy head, and turned away. "She'll be waitin'," he said, as he drew up the collar of his coarse coat; "little lamb, she'll be waitin'." And then as if the thought had given him new life, he plodded on again valiantly.

On through sleet and snow, till he came at last in front of a low cottage, standing in the midst of a square lot. A light streamed forth from its front window over the white pathway. It had shone there for him every winter night for many a year; and he never saw that beacon-ray without blessing his "little lamb" over and over again. How warm she had kept his heart! And yet among the hard things in his life, people who took the trouble to speak of him at all, always reckoned "that crippled child." When his wife died, and left him her four old-baby to bring up as best he could, they commiserated him, and wondered what he was to do. And when it was found that the child would never be able to walk, they thought his burden was heavier than he could well bear. But he knew—only he could not have told them or reasoned about it—what had been his sweet compensation. At first, to be sure, it was a hard blow when he found that the little one he loved was never to be quite like other children—that she never would come toddling down the path to meet him, clinging to his hard hands with rosy little fingers—but this very grief about her made his love all the more tender.

She was the one idea of his life. The only a'stording feeling he had ever known was for her. He had liked her mother well enough; but it had been an ordinary, commonplace regard, until she died and left this tender, blue-eyed blossom, which he was half afraid to touch. The child consecrated the mother's memory, and he cared for her dead more than he had ever cared for her living. But it was little Eunice who filled his heart full, and sat on her throne queen regent forever more. He had her nursed carefully, and he cheerfully gave up every hour of his life to the task of being father and mother to her, both in one. When she was old and strong enough to sit in a little wheeled chair in which she could trundle herself about the room, his delight knew no bounds. In summer she was always at the open door to meet him; and in winter her cheery lamp burned always at the cottage window. When she was twelve years old, she herself proposed to keep house for him. There were three rooms in their little cottage, all on one floor, besides the unfinished garret over head. From room to room of these three she could trundle herself around. She contrived to do a good many household tasks; and, with a neighbor hired to come and help each day, she managed nicely, and was the proudest of little housewives. Of late, however, she had been growing weaker, and her father had insisted that she should not be left alone at all. So the neighbor who helped her stayed all day now, but went home at night when Dan came; for he was not ready to give up the pleasure of having his darling quite to himself in the long evenings.

Now, as he entered the yard, his steps grew quicker. All that was shuffling and uncertain passed out of his manner, and he walked with the strong, firm tread of one sure of his welcome. Drawing near, he saw her face at the window which the light illumined—a face of almost ideal beauty. Not the features so much, when you analyzed, then they were far from regular, and bore a curious likeness to his own. But the great blue eyes were full of light, the color came and went on the cheeks in faint pink flushes, and the skin was transparent as the most delicate crystal. Around this wistful, loving, wifely face floated a mass of soft golden hair, like the halos you see sometimes in old pictures around the brows of saints. When she saw him the blue eyes kindled, then the face disappeared from the window, and when he opened the door there she was in front of it, with her lips uplifted for his kiss. The neighbor stood by, her things on ready to go, and it struck Dan that there was a look of pity on her face.

"You'd better not get too near the child with those wet things on," she said kindly. "She's but a weak little thing, and she mustn't take cold." He started back remorsefully, and did not go to the girl again until he had taken all his wet things off in his own room, and made himself quite dry and tidy. By this time the neighbor was gone, and he and Eunice sat down together to the supper which waited. He had the keen, hungry appetite of a working-man, but it did not keep him from noticing, presently that the food on his child's plate remained untouched. He laid down his knife and fork, and looked at her anxiously.

"Are you going to keep father company a little, dear? You ain't never hearty, I know, but I want to see you eat something."

"You know you don't let me work any more, father; and I can't get hungry like you, that are busy all day, working for me."

"Yes, lamb, for you," he repeated, as if the words gave him pleasure. "God knows it's all for you, and he knows how thankful I am to have you to work for. Folks talk about my lot bein' hard, but that's all they know. I wouldn't change places with no man. So long as he leaves me you, I'll never doubt that God loves me."

The girl sighed, and a look of white pain quivered a moment about her lips.

"Take me up, father," she said, half an hour after, as they sat before the bright fire together. No mother's touch could have been more tender than that rough man's as he lifted the little twisted form into his arms, and laid the sunny head carefully against his bosom. She rested there for a while silently, looking fondly up into his face, and now and then touching his cheeks gently with her thin fingers. At last, she said, with an air earnest, yet slightly hesitating: "You do believe God loves you, don't you, father?"

"Yes, lamb, yes; so long," he leaves me you."

too, was because he loved you?" The man's face darkened with a sudden, sick terror.

"Look here," said he, in a voice of passionate entreaty, "don't talk about that, don't! It couldn't be love, no way, that wouldn't leave you. You're all I've got, child—all. God don't want to take all away, does he? That ain't love?"

The girl stretched her arm up and drew it around his neck, and laid her face on his shoulder to hide the tears she could not keep back. But she made no answer. After a while he asked a sudden question, breathlessly, as if a suspicion had pierced him with a pang too sharp to be borne.

"As Dr. Peters been here to-day, Eunice?"

She trembled a little, but she answered quietly, "Yes father."

"And he says you're goin', does he, the way your mother went? Child, don't you believe him! You shan't go. My love will keep you alive. Hasn't it kept you, now, fourteen years? Why, the doctor said you wouldn't live, the first time he laid you in my arms! But you have lived, and here you are, and here I'll hold you. Hasn't my love kept you so long?"

"Your love, and God's love, father. But what if he thinks, now, that it's time for me to go home?"

And then they sat on silently, for a long, still hour; and the wood fire burned brightly, and now and then a brand dropped on the hearth, and that and the storm outside were the only sounds which broke the stillness, save when, once or twice, a great gasping came up from Shuffling Dan's deep sleep. At last he bent over, and touched his girl's face to ward him, and looked into it with eager, hungry eyes.

"It'll be a sorry world, lamb," he said, "when you're not in it—when there's nobody waitin' at the door, and no light burnin' in the window."

She looked up, her blue eyes full of tears.

"Father," she said gently, "don't you know you've told me sometimes, how the thought that I was waitin' made it easy for you to get home, when the storms drove ever so hard, and kept you from waitin' to turn into store or tavern?"

"Yes, lamb, yes; but what'll keep me on my way when you're gone?" he answered bitterly.

"I thought of the times you'd said that father, after Dr. Peters went away, to-day; and I wondered if it wasn't God's love that was goin' to take me to the heavenly home, so as to make it easier for you to come. I'll wait for you there, father; and I won't be lame any more, and I'll come to meet you, when you get on that threshold—as I never could here—strong and free, father, strong and free. Won't it make it easy for you to come on, in spite of storms, and not turn aside by the way, when you know I'm waitin' there, just as sure as ever I waited?"

But the father said nothing. He only held her hand against his aching heart, with a grasp that almost hurt her, as if to ease his pain—held her till bed time came, and then carried her to her room, and left her there with a long, sad, silent kiss. Once alone, the passion of his agony clutched him in its grasp; but he suffered no sound to escape him which should reach her ears. Rigid as stone he sat before the fire, and never heeded when the room grew cold, and the last brand burned out fell into grey ashes.

After that night, he never returned again to the subject. He saw that she failed every day, but he could not talk about it, and she understood him too well to urge him. Every day he went to his work; now was not the time to fail, when she needed unwonted luxuries, and might need them no one knew how long. Every night he came to her, his face pallid with apprehension. At last she grew too weak to sit up any more, and lay patiently all day on her little bed, bearing without a moan her torturing pain, and never forgetting at night to have the lamp put in the window—the beacon-light for the father coming home.

Just at the last, there was a time when all knew that the end was near. That week her father did not go to his work. There was money enough for all she would ever need in this life, and more. So, motionless, except when he could do something for her comfort, he sat all day long by her pillow, and watched her, save when sometimes his agony grew too mighty to be borne, and he had to rush away from her, out under the desolate sky, where the winter winds were blowing, and shriek out the madness of his woe to the pitiless heavens. Eunice watched him, too, in her turn, with loving, anxious, searching gaze, but she saw no hope in his face. She knew that he was hardening his heart. There came a night, at length, when he was with

her alone. A woman who had come to watch had fallen asleep in the other room. Dan would not wake her—he was greedy of every moment in which he could have his girl all to himself. So he sat as usual, looking at her silently, and she as silently gazed back into his face with her great, far-seeing blue eyes. At last she said:

"Then I must not wait for you there father? You won't come?"

He looked at her with startled gaze. He had never thought of the matter in that light before. She waited a moment, and then went on: "I thought you'd want to come, father; I thought you'd see how God meant to draw you to him by taking me first. And I thought I could die easy, feelin' sure of your comin', and then wait for you there a little while. But you won't see God's love; and you won't feel that I'm waitin'."

Something touched his heart at last—her look, perhaps, or her words, or her tone of piteous pleading, or all these combined. He sank sobbing in his knees beside her.

"God pity me!" he gasped; "God forgive me! Wait for me there, lamb—I'll come, surely. I'll walk in His way."

Does not my story fly end here, where Eunice's work ended? Here life went out, after that, painlessly and quietly. Her hand was in her father's to the very last, and he murmured, in answer to the appeal in her dying eyes, "I'll come, lamb, surely!"

He buried his girl beside her mother; but to him she is not dead. He believes, simple, literal soul, that God's love has given him one of the many mansions, and that she waits for him there at its window, her face illumined by a light that will never grow dim or fade away.

### Poverty in New York.

For the last week the N. Y. papers have been publishing in detail the most sickening and revolting reports and descriptions of the poverty, destitution and wretchedness that prevail to so fearful an extent among the poor of that great city. To read them, cannot fail to chill the blood.

Warm-hearted, and they make us wonder how so much of human destitution and misery is permitted to exist for a day in the very midst of excessive wealth, luxury, fashion, gaiety and splendidly peopled churches. One of the reporters of the Herald interviewed a beggarly broker, several panic ruined clerks and others who were on the verge of starvation. Several instances are known in which respectable ladies have stayed in bed for days and nights together because they had neither fire nor food, and one woman, a widow, who had pawned everything else in the world but a velvet cloak, in which she had her misery and rags, absolutely stopped a lady going to church and begged from her fifty cents with which to purchase the first food she had eaten for forty-eight hours. The report gives an insight into the dark side of city life, taken from the lower strata, and shows the terrible distress that is stalking the streets of the Metropolis, precipitated it is supposed in a great measure by the commercial and financial panic.

Unfortunately nine tenths of the world are ignorant, and too often careless, of how the tenth live or die, and while millions of wealth are squandered in foolish excesses, and billions are lavished in these great cities on splendid churches to insure the rich safe passports to heaven, unnumbered thousands of human beings are starving and shivering under the very shadow of marble palaces, and almost in the glided sanctuaries of wealthy churches! There is too much wealth, too much charity, and too much piety all in a corner.

### A Religious War.

The signs of an approaching religious, or rather irreligious war in Europe, are beginning to increase. The Tablet, a Roman Catholic organ in Europe, and a leading Protestant journal, both speak of the probability that Bismarck will use Italy as a catspaw to involve France in another war upon the pretext of putting down the alleged plottings and machinations of the Jesuits and other Roman orders, within Italian limits. When this war gets under way, Germany will throw her heavy sword into the scale. The German government has already complained to that of France of the denunciatory language used by the Bishops of the French Roman Church in regard to Germany, and the French administration has sought to put an end to it. But it is doubtful whether the passions that are at work on both sides can be long suppressed.

### The Minor's Liquor Law.

An act to prohibit the sale of ardent spirits to minors.

Sec. 1. The General Assembly of North Carolina do enact, That it shall be unlawful for any dealer, trader or retailer of intoxicating liquors to sell or give away any such drinks or liquors, and in any manner to receive compensation therefor, either directly or indirectly, to any person under the age of twenty-one years, knowing the said person to be under twenty-one years of age. Any person who keeps on hand intoxicating liquors for the purpose of sale or profit, shall be considered a dealer within the meaning of this act.

Sec. 2. The father, or if he be dead, the mother, guardian or employer, of any minor to whom sales or gifts shall be made in violation of this Act, shall have a right of action in a civil suit against the person or persons so offending by such sales or gifts, and upon proof of such illicit sales or gifts shall recover from such party or parties so offending, such exemplary damages as a jury may assess, provided such assessment shall not be less than twenty-five dollars.

Sec. 3. Any person or persons violating the provisions of section one of this Act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction, shall pay a fine of not less than ten dollars, or more than fifty dollars, or imprisoned not more than one month; or the Court may, in its discretion impose both such fine and imprisonment. Provided, however, that this act shall not apply in case of minors who are married.

Sec. 4. That this Act shall take effect on the first day of May, 1874. Ratified 29th day of January, 1874.

### The Enigma Unravelled.

The Surry Visitor, published at Mt. Airy, the home of the Siamese twins, says:

"The bodies of the Siamese twins underwent a post-mortem examination on last Sunday, by three eminent physicians of Philadelphia, accompanied by the physicians of our town, when, to the astonishment of all, it was discovered that the twins could have been separated at any time during life without endangering their lives. It is also understood that had a physician or surgeon been present in time, after the death of the first, he could have easily saved the life of the other by cutting them apart. It is thought that the last one died through fright, as they had been told often during life, by the most learned doctors of the world, that one would not survive the other more than forty minutes, so when Chang discovered that Eng was dead he thought his time had come also, and died within two hours."

### Kind Words Don't Cost Much.

They never blister the tongue or lips. And we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this matter. Though they do not cost much—1. They help one's own good nature. Soft words soften our souls. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and I make it blaze more fiercely. 2. Kind words make other people good natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kind of words in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words and idle words, and hasty words and spiteful words, and silly words and empty words, and profane words, and boisterous words, and warlike words. Kind words also produce their own image on men's souls. And a beautiful image it is. They soothe and quiet and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose and unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in abundance as they ought to be used.

NOVEL GIFT.—It is a novel sort of donation to make to the community, but Gov. Caburn has given to the people of Sknowhegan, Me., a beautiful new court house with a mansard roof, and calls for prisoners in the basement. The building cost \$50,000; the lot was given by the town.

TIME KEPT.—By means of the telegraph the Capital at Washington is placed in direct communication with the National Observatory, and for two minutes before 12 noon the tick, tick, tick of the clock of the Observatory is reproduced on the magnet at the Capital with the utmost precision and regularity.

HUMAN NATURE.—By nature, I have known them both to give a good race of men, and then to give a bad one.

### The Danbury Man on Advertising.

In the advertising pages of a January magazine, are the prospectuses of twenty-five newspapers, wherein is set forth the fact that each of these papers is better in every respect than any paper published. This surprises us. When we incorporated in an advertisement for this journal the statement that the paper contained the best stories, the freshest correspondence, etc., we thought we had struck something original. But seeing those other advertisements lead us to believe that we have come upon a dreadful coincidence. And we wish to say here that we pointedly back down from every claim we have made for the superiority of this paper. It is our desire to work in an unoccupied field, so we cheerfully take our place as a humble and unpretending journal, and although we may occasionally feel lonesome, we shall take comfort in remembering that we have no rivals.

What to write on. When to write. Where to write. How to write. How much to write. What to write for. With any other hint on the subject that may occur you.

Yours truly, A. B. BISHOP.

I am gratified always to be able to impart any information in my power to one about to begin to write with me. Struggling genius I am prone to encourage. I am not like some in the profession who keep all they know about writing, so closely to themselves that poor people would not suspect they knew anything about it. As far as writing is concerned, chirographic pugilist that I am, I always stand ready to "let go my write."

"What I write on." I generally write on a table or desk and profoundly. Some of my desk-antics are fearfully and wonderfully made.

Don't try to write on multiplication table, unless you are a complete master of figures, especially figures of speech. I have frequently written on my knees, but I am aware that many people have a repugnance to getting on their knees, either to write or do anything else.

There may be occasions when you will be compelled to write on the top of your hat, but it hurts one's (style) to do it habitually.

Literary men often affect eccentricities regarding what they write on. Shelley, I believe, wrote his "Shell (ie) of Ocean" on his thumb nail. Byron wrote on a gin, and Edgar A. Poe wrote on a drink.

"When to write." Write when you feel like it, but be sure you feel like it. Some people think they feel like it when they don't, which produces a good deal of suffering among readers. I would lay it down as a general rule for young men of "ambitious like yours, when you can't find employment that will pay for your salt, then write."

"Where to write." That depends a good deal on where she is. If she is in Chicago it would be manifestly absurd to write to Montreal.

"How to write." Is it possible that in this country of common schools there is any young man who doesn't know how to write? You should consult a writing master and not me.

"How much to write." Better leave that to the editor to whom you send your contributions. He will tell you for "How Much."

Slippery business.—The corner in land.

Man of the time.—Chronometer makers.

A legal tender.—A lawyer minding his baby.

The best substitute for coal.—Warm weather.

A boarding establishment.—A carpenter's shop.

Is taking a hack the first stage of consumption?

What has a cat that nothing else has? Kittens.

A western jury returned a verdict of "Death from hanging round a run-shop."

What is the key note of good breeding? B natural.

Man is an animal that bargains.—No other animal does. No dogs exchange bones.

"If George had not blown into the muzzle of his gun," sighed a rural widow at the funeral of her husband, "he might have got plenty of squirrels; it was such a good day for them."

A man called at one of our shoe stores yesterday, and vainly essayed to get on eight numbers 11, 12 or 13 shoes. The store-keeper then suggested that he should put on a thinner pair of stockings and try on the box.

A New Jersey grocer, when complained to about selling bad eggs, replied, "At this time of year the hens are sick and often lay bad eggs."

"Yes, my hearers," said a Wisconsin minister, "little Johnny Glen skated into heaven by way of an air-hole on Grass Lake, and he is happy now."

The Biblical editor of the Argus suggests for its boat house the name "Golgotha—the place of a skull." Would this be appropriate where there are so little brains?

### Advice to New Writers.

BY "GRIS."

I received the other day the following note inquiry:

DEAR SIR—I think I have got a talent into me to write. I want to try it but don't know how to begin. Ya, I no, have had experience. Will you please rite and give me information on the following points, two wit, namely:

What to rite on. When to rite. Where to rite. How to rite. How much to rite. What to rite for. With any other hint on the subject that may occur you.

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