

THE NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.

H. KNIGHT & SON,
Proprietors.

"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."

50 CENTS PER ANNUM,
In Advance

VOL XXXI.

WADESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1874.

NO. 2.

THE ARGUS.

WADESBORO, N. C.
THURSDAY, APRIL 9.



H. KNIGHT & SON, Proprietors.

POETRY.

COUNTRY CHILDREN.

Blue eyes and hazel eyes,
Peep from the hedges,
Shaded by sun-bonnets,
Frayed at the edges:
Up in the apple trees,
Headless of danger,
Manhood in embryo,
Stares at the stranger.

Out in the hill patch,
Seeking the berries—
Under the orchard trees
Feasting on cherries;
Trampling the blossoms
Down 'mong the grasses,
No voice to hinder them,
Dear lads and lassies.

No grim propriety—
No indirection;
Free as the birdlings
From city restriction!
Coining the purest blood,
Strengthening the muscle,
Downing the health armor
'Gainst life's coming bustle.

Dear little innocents!
Born in the wild wood;
Oh, that all little ones
Had such a childhood;
God's blue spread over them,
God's garden beneath them;
No sweeter heritage
Could we bequeath them!

OUR STORY.

ALL FOR APPEARANCES.

BY MARY REED CRUWELL.

"Don't do it, Will; please don't! I am sure our home will look as nice, if furnished less expensively. We must not be extravagant at first, you know." And pretty little Hattie Lewis smiled at the gloomy face of her father.

"I don't think that it would be extravagant, Hattie. The upholsterer agreed to give me a year to pay him and I am confident that we can make ten dollars a week, for one year, out of the twenty-five I earn."

"I hope we can, Will. Yet how much better to have that money to save with an object in view, than to keep paying it away for what we are using! Oh, Will, please don't let us run in debt to commence with! Indeed, I'd rather hire a fourth floor on Sixth avenue, and buy our house-keeping articles one at a time, than obtain even a loan credit for it."

Her earnest womanly eyes were slight with the correct principle she advocated; but Will Hathorne did not seem to agree with the prudent little finance.

"See here, now, Hattie; look at this pleasant parlor—the Brussels carpet, the green reps furniture, the marble top tables, the piano. How can you bear to leave your home, and content yourself with the commoner one we were planning?"

"I will be perfectly content, Will. I know you are a poor man, and if I were not willing to begin at the lowest round of the ladder I should be willing to accompany you up—I certainly would never consent to marry you. Oh, dearest Will, don't let us begin at the top, where our parents left off; for if we do, we'll surely fall to the bottom."

Will Hathorne laughed at Hattie's earnestness and flushed cheeks. "You're going to be a model little housekeeper, darling, and I don't think I could find a better banker for my fortune. But seriously, pet, I am strongly inclined to get the carpet for the parlor, and the suite. It will look so nice, Hattie, and then you needn't feel ashamed when your callers come. I shall feel prouder, too, for a stylish looking parlor."

"You are so intent looking on the bright side, that there is no use trying to convince you. Can't I coax you, Will, to wait at least three months, and see how we get along?" She laid her hands on his shoulders, and looked bewitchingly in his eyes. "Oh, you temptress! stop your wiles, at once; for, of all things, I can least stand a woman's persuasions—get your hat and shawl, and let us take a walk."

One month from that night witnessed the wedding of Will Hathorne and Hattie Lewis. Will was a tall, stalwart fellow, whose roguish gray eyes had won pretty little Hattie's heart long ago. Their engagements had been of a year's duration, during which time the ambitious lover had worked early and late, thereby scouring in the bank several hundred dollars with which to commence housekeeping; while Hattie had, under a loving mother's eye, perfected herself in culinary requirements, notwithstanding Will insisted that Hattie should not do her own work.

They had just returned from a fortnight's tour to Washington, and on a blustery, rainy evening in early winter, took formal possession of their elegant little home.

The house was brightly lighted, and the tea-table spread by Hattie's thoughtful mother; while father Lewis had kindled a glowing fire in the parlor grate, in the dining-room oratory, and the kitchen range.

It was a beautiful picture of home cheer that the young couple saw, as they entered alone—for the old folks could not be prevailed to remain after they had opened the front door for the returned travelers—and Will's eyes beamed with pride and delight.

"There, little Mrs. Hathorne, welcome to your home! And, now of all! tell me candidly your opinion?" A flush of exquisite delight mantled the young wife's face.

"Perfect—more than perfect! The carpet suits exactly; the pictures are selected and hung better than one would have ever dreamed of. The furniture is splendid. Oh, Will, I don't deserve all this!"

"Don't deserve it! You little darling, you! Why, that very minute I was saying to myself, 'It is not half good enough for her.'"

Suspicious little tear-drops glittered on Hattie's lashes, but she wasn't going to let Will see even happy tears on their first evening at home.

"Come now, Will, show me the bed-rooms and the dining-room. She nestled her hand in his arm, and they went over the house—Hattie's admiration being unbounded.

"And now, husband, while we eat our first supper—don't it taste good off our own dishes, on our own table, in our own house?—you must tell me how you made your hoarded six hundred dollars purchase so many things?"

demanded it. Consequently he knew that he would have to endure the shame and disgrace—so it looked to him—certainly the mortification of a foreclosure. His very cheeks tingled as he thought of it, not so much for himself as for Hattie, who had been so opposed to it, yet had accepted the mistake—he saw now what a mistake it had been—so nobly, without any murmuring, and reproaching.

Several times Hattie had asked him how he was getting along as regarded the four hundred dollars; and always, in his light, merry way, he had told her:

"That'll be all right, darling." And so he had honestly intended it should; but somehow or other, when he had had an extra five or ten dollars—and they were not very usual occurrences—there was a way for it to go he had never thought of.

"Then, again, he had almost made up his mind that there would come a windfall. Perhaps he should have made some money outside, some way; he hardly knew how, he confessed. But now, after dreaming away the working time, he awoke to find himself involved beyond his most sanguine hopes of relief.

Poor chilly spring evening and went down to Rosewood & Walnut; but all his persuasions were of no avail. They must have their money or the foreclosure would inevitably take place.

Visions of his pretty home, with a sofa here, a chair there, gone from the place so gracefully furnished by them now; pictures of Hattie's distress and her just grief, present indignation, thronged through his brain as he walked home to tea.

A cozy room and a dainty repast were awaiting him; and Hattie, in a pretty dress of black, with bright blue ribbons at her fair throat and in her hair, was standing by the window watching for him.

"Why are you ill or hurt, Will? You walk so slowly, and look so pale and haggard! What's the matter, Will?"

"She was beside him in the hall. He tried to smile, but he couldn't; and he resolved to have the worst over with, and tell Hattie all.

"I've had news for you; can you hear it?"

"Not about the folks?" She looked pale and alarmed.

"Oh, no, pet, about me one; it is concerning ourselves."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Smuggles the Bachelor.

Here is a series of misfortunes rarely witnessed in one family, the account pertains to

SMUGGS MIXTURES
I'm a bachelor. Have never had an intention matrimonial until recently. Now will you place your mental faculties in working order and mix them with your experience—then sharpen your pencil and tell me through the papers what to do; you may prevent a suicide or a trip to Styx. Not wishing to go fishing and furnish my body for bait, and having no great desire to cultivate the acquaintance of Charon, I take the next worst in the list and appeal to you.

I met a lady (and, by-the-way, I once heard of, dreamed of, read of, or perhaps heard it in the nursery, that another man had done the same thing and was at once astonished to find that I liked her.) I determined to pop. Having all the self-confidence that is usual with persons of my age, and making a most impressive toilet, I presented myself and went through with what I supposed to be a most excellent proposal. She complimented me as to my ability to declaim the "Burial of Sir John Moore," and remarked that I had forgotten three verses. I went home and then called my mother's son a goose for one time having taken part in a school exhibition. But as faint lady never won fair heart, I determined to try it again; so in a week I presented myself, after having rehearsed numerous what and how I was to say my piece, and went at it with a will. There are times in one's life when he is not himself at all. Waiting her reply, she with increased admiration said:

"I have heard the Lord's Prayer recited hundreds of times, but must confess that I have never heard it equalled; but for the sake of preserving the purity of the bible, please do not again mix it with that horrid Dabury News Man's story of setting up a stove."

Did you ever desire a plunge in Lethe? I did. Well, there is time the third, in which is (supposed to have its origin in Kamahar) the water is relied upon with the same degree of faith as one has in Washington being the paternal parent of his country. But as to the origin of the fable, it is about as definite as to who was the mother of the country; this of course involves the offspring and the fable's legitimacy. However, I determined to take two weeks, and if by an impromptu relying on my capacity to improvise for the occasion. As usual I presented myself, and for fear of losing time, went at it at once, but could not remember whether I stood on my head or at a devotional attitude; however, when I got through and waited for that word "Yes," or "Ask papa," it came differently from what imagination painted it. Quoth she:

"Smiggs, I never knew you went to Sunday school, and although I supposed you something sheepish, I was not aware that you was one of the Lord's little lambs."

Now what is a fellow to do, I always respected the results of school exhibitions, church attendance, Sunday schools, etc.; but when these things will persistently injure themselves at so inopportune a time, I have my opinion of them. Shall I try not only seven but seventy times seven; or had I better read my declaration from the MSS. Are there any attitudes to assume that are disposed to be overpowering. Tell me all you know and I'll promise to live a couple of weeks yet to read your advice.

There is another thing I cannot understand. I had a ring which seemed to fit her finger. I saw it recently on her hand, and by some freak of mixtures there is a ring banging on my watch chain that I am sure I have seen on her hand. I asked her what it meant and she gave me no satisfaction other than to get a book called "David Copperfield" and see what Barkis wrote with a piece of chalk on his wagon cover.

Please enlighten me and oblige. Yours, chaotically,
Smiggs.

First Love.

We have some very vivid recollections of the first time we lost our heart. We were about seventeen years of age at that time and had the disease in its most violent form. We used three quires of gilt-edged note paper, a whole bottle of red ink, and exhausted the English language in our endeavors to indite a satisfactory billet-doux to the fair object of our affections, but without success, however. Then we called in person for the purpose of urging our suit, but was seized by a fit of bashfulness immediately after we got there. The first symptom of the disease that we noticed was a very high fever in our face, accompanied by a choking sensation in our throat, loss of speech,

weakness in the knees and general debility. Then the disease attacked our mental faculties, and we arrived at the conclusion, after a thorough examination, that our legs closely resembled a couple of crooked sticks stuck in a pair of raw potatoes; and we didn't know what to do with our hands, as we could find no place in our immediate vicinity where we thought they looked right. We could have employed them profitably in asserting and twisting our moustache, only we didn't wear one at that time, owing to our extreme youth. After we had recovered from the first shock of the meeting and succeeded in convincing Miss Julia that we were having very nice weather, that being the only topic we could call to mind just at that time, we informed her that we had an engagement with a friend that evening and must be going. We had adjusted our fine beaver hat on our head and assumed control of our case, and was just backing up to the door with a winning smile playing over our features, when we came in contact with a chair that was going that same road, and lost our equilibrium. When we became cognizant of a change in our position, we were lying on our back, partially supported by the chair, and our feet describing circles in the air in the immediate neighborhood of the ceiling. We judge our position at this time was very affecting, as we heard Julia smothering her sobs in her handkerchief very distinctly. After some minutes of severe exertion on our part we succeeded in regaining our perpendicular, but was surprised to find that the concussion had driven our head down into our beaver and knocked the bottom, or rather the top of it, entirely out. We attempted to remove it by gently lifting it upward, but the operation was attended by so much pain to our nasal projection that we were constrained to desist. Then we gave it a few tender jerks downward, and by elongating our neck to its fullest extent, succeeded in getting our organs of vision far enough above the hat to get the bearings of the door. We went out immediately without waiting to make the bow we had intended to make, but we presume it was unnecessary, as we heard the back door creak.

JOHN OLIVER.

CHAFF.

Party ties—white cravat.
Lot's wife got into a pretty pickle.
Extensive furniture—Indian Bureau.
Air of importance—One's first breath.
A journalistic indignation—Paper cheler.
The place for a picnic—The Sandwich Islands.
Cure for a felon—Take it to the penitentiary.
A criminal court—Sparking another man's wife.
Goldboro' Township wants a Grange. Where's Bro. Pou?
Quite a large number of converts is the result of the Goldboro' revival.
It is denied by French physicians that atropine is a specific against cholera, or that is of any use whatsoever.
It is calculated that Miss Lucille Western pulls the fringe off fifty-two shawls per year as an expression of remorse in Lady Isabel and Mme. Vine.
At a fashionable church in New York the contribution plates are carried round by young ladies, to the great benefit of the treasury.
Next to the sweetness of having a friend whom you can trust, is the convenience of having a friend who will occasionally trust you.
"Napkins, sir! napkins!" roared a Green Bay landlord; "no, sir, we haven't got any; but if you want to wipe your nose I'll lend you my handkerchief!"
A gentleman of Jackson, Tenn., has preserved in alcohol, a bed-bug which was caught in a bed that General Jackson slept in.
Mr. Marrowfat rather snappishly remarked to his wife, last Sunday, that a man can't be always thinking of his immortal soul. He must have time to eat his meals.
The children of the Siamese twins rejoice in the names of Christopher Columbus, Patrick Henry, Stephen Decatur, &c. No wonder they are willing to sell their father's remains.
The Cincinnati Commercial says the best way to keep the lid snugly on a tea kettle full of boiling water is to sit on it. Few people would have ever thought of that.
Query—When a western member of congress recently alluded so feelingly to the "hay-seed in his hair" and the "cats in his throat," why didn't he complete the diagnosis of his case by speaking of the rye in his stomach?

A young lady from Texas died of heart disease in the Salem Academy last week.
Sheridan's "stead that saved the day" at Winchester is rebuchad-nazzaring near Shrewsbury, Pa.
In the good old times it used to be, "Know Yourself." Nowadays we put it, "You know how it is yourself."
A Hartford pawnbroker's advertisement begins with "Don't be bashful if you need money." That's the kind of man we are.
A Reading storekeeper sells calico by the pound. That's nothing. Danbury restaurants serve out ox-tail soup with yard aricks.
But it must have been the fellow who got the three hundredth smack that suffered the most in this case.—St. Louis Times.
Bad Habits are the thistles of the heart, and every indulgence of them is a seed from which will spring a new crop of weeds.
An ox that had been eating fermented grain, which was in preparation for making ale, became intoxicated, and was offered for sale by its owner for "corned" beef.
A friend informs us that notwithstanding the severity of the weather and depth of snow he saw a cowslip in the open air yesterday. The cow was on the ice.
A young lady in Georgia allowed 300 men to kiss her at twenty-five cents a head and gave the proceeds to an orphan asylum. Charity suffereh long and is kind.—Boston Post.
Those who are formed to win general admiration are seldom calculated to bestow individual happiness. Men and women in search of wives and husbands may do well to note this truth.
At a political meeting in Bridgeport the other night the chairman was introduced as follows:—"Gentlemen, I have the honor of presenting Mr. John Stevenson, an honest man, like Saul's wife, above reproach."
Jimmy my boy, take these eggs to the store, and if you can't get a quarter below them back. The boying: Father it takes me to make a trade. They all wanted them at forty cents, but I screwed them down to twenty-five.

Do you go to Sabbath-school, my lad?" kindly asked a city missionary of a depraved little Dubuque urchin. "Nary," answered the innocent child, "but I've got a fighting cock that can walk over any bird in this town that wears guffs."
The steamship Rocoonia, while on a voyage recently from Alexandria, Egypt, for Algier, having as passengers 278 pilgrims returning from Mecca, encountered terrific gales. One huge wave which struck the vessel washed overboard from her deck 117 of the pilgrims and all were drowned.
"Sambo, where is the pies?"
"Wid de cakes, massa."
"Where is the cakes?"
"Wid de pies, massa."
"Where are they both, Sam?"
"Massa, you 'pears to be mighty 'ticer, de are both together."

A slab above a grave in Arkansas bears the following legend, evidently the tribute of a devoted but discriminating husband:
"She washed the children,
Fed the fowls,
And made her home
Resound with howls."
In the town of Waterloo Seneca county, N. Y., lives a Mr. G.—who is noted for his fondness of good books; he liked good liquor better. An agent called one day and asked if the house was supplied with the Bible. "Ah, yes," he said, "they always had it." The agent was a little inquisitive, and requested to see it. Whereupon Mr. G.—searched the house and found a few stray leaves saying, he "had no idea they were so near out of Bible."

WONDERFUL PHENOMENON.—The study of Natural History was fully developed the other week, in a phenomenon which occurred in New-Branksome.
A farmer spent three weeks in building a scarecrow for the benefit of the section. When finished, the ablest "common-sense" and critics of the district pronounced it the ugliest thing in creation.
Its effects on the feathered tribe was truly remarkable. In shock on the nervous system of the crows in that section turned them white, and ever since they've been passing themselves off as pigeons.

Epitaph for a Grumbler.
Here rests a case of chronic grumbling.
Whose bones in Death's embrace are crumbling;
And now he only rests in peace,
Because his breath with life did cease.
Stranger, pass on! nor seek to know
Why, when and how he grumbled so.

Mr. T. R. Rogers, of Wetherfield, reports that his thirty-five Brahma hens produced 850 eggs during the month of February, which is 158 more than the same fowls laid in January, and February is a short month too. Mr. Rogers hopes to make the number 1000 for March. Middleton Constitution.

There is no doubt but that a band of professional burglars are now operating in this city. Wilmington and Raleigh have recently been worked on by the band, and as soon as the Police of these cities waked up, the scoundrels fled to Charlotte and are assisted by the resident rogues. As the whipping-post is considered barbarous by the "mine" people will have to adopt some speedy punishment for house-robbing. Would it not be better to disperse with the Police and establish a citizens' Patrol? Thirty companies of six men each might be formed. Each man would only be required to do duty once in thirty nights.—Charlotte Democrat.

Col. Fremont, the Chief Superintendent of the Carolina Central Railway, was in this city last Thursday on an inspection tour. He says that he will do all he can to finish up the "gap" between Charlotte and Wilmington by the middle of August next. Capt. Ames, the contractor, is putting all the force on the work he can procure.
Work on the Western Division, between Buffalo and Shelby, will be completed this Spring if possible. Our Shelby friends may rest assured that the Road will be completed to their town at an early day—Providence permitting.—Charlotte Democrat.

What scenes have passed in editorial dens! What scenes are passing there now! Editors are the centres of attraction. The world lies before them like a map. Its echoes are all around them. All professions speak to them. Every interest and prejudice passes before them in procession. They think rapidly, write forcibly and speak boldly. They cannot long be the slaves of power in such an atmosphere. And that is why there is such a defiance and searching spirit in a politician's signature or party office. His no charms to men who have better offices in their printing houses. Politicians are tolerable only as they are competent.—J. B. Fowey.

Gov. VANCE'S LECTURE.—Spartanburg will not soon forget the generous condescension of ex-Gov. Vance, who, while solicited by so many places of greater importance, so kindly consented to pay a visit and deliver his justly celebrated Lecture here, and that, too, for the benefit of one of our churches. After all that has been said by the press of the lecturer anything like justice. Suffice it to say that after all of our expectations, the most sanguine hopes and anticipations were more than realized. The Governor, on the second night of his stay here, was called on by a large and enthusiastic crowd of admirers, who would not be satisfied until they had heard from him in regard to the political affairs of the country. He entertained them some time with a speech full of "wit and wisdom," the manner, style and anecdotes of which made a lively and lasting impression.—Spartanburg (S. C.) Spartan.

TELEGRAPH OF THE M. & A. GARRER HORN.
"Do you keep heads here?" was the anxious inquiry of one of our verdant young gentlemen at the window of the post-office in the village one day last week.
"Heads" returned the puzzled postmaster, "none but our own. Haven't you got one?"
"Oh, I mean them little green heads that they put on the backs of letters."
"You mean stamps."
"Well, have it stamps; let's have one, will you?"
A stamp was shown him, which he looked at, and asked:
"How much do you charge for this?"
"Three cents."
"Three cents for the little bit?"
"Yes, three cents," replied John, (our worthy P. M.), putting it back.
"Stay!—hold on stranger; stop! I take a lot; a hundred or so, can't you take less?"
"No; not if you take a million."
"Will you give me a dozen or so for a sample, and if I like 'em I'll take a whole lot?"
John, who now perceived that the fellow was really green, entered into an explanation of the matter, and value of the article, showing him that the price could not be changed to suit the whims of the purchaser, and the poor fellow walked off with the single stamp, for which he was compelled to pay the exact three cents.

Treas. 86,000,000, \$4,000,000
ex. and 32