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Original Poetry.

(For the Argus.)

LINES

TO "PUGG," OF LIBERTYVILLE.

Although the ST us is surely at hand,
Since Pugg has dated as *poetical* MAN;
On wonderful they' the age seems bent,
But none are so charming as *development*.
It is strange, passing strange, but then 'tis true
That *knights of the pen* have strayed, of late, too
To sketch the full charms of face, form, [illegible]
[illegible] Said is the "*Hero of* [illegible]
[illegible] Puggie, since now you have entered
(poets and thymers, don't take it amiss
a friend should notice (allowable freak)
our verse or your theme, in a *kindly* [illegible]
now, to begin—your subject's quite good,
simply, as so—it is least understood;
on speak of a *fair one*, her graces you claim
[illegible] to none—*a delectable theme*.
First comes her abode; 'twould much more attract
[illegible] her in bower, near some cataract,
[illegible] lake's calm bosom, or high mountain peak,
[illegible] here on the earth. Pugg, except *Jonie's Creek*,
[illegible] learn as you live, and *develop*, but
[illegible] must know that a poet can't ever
[illegible] often used to enter his verse;
[illegible] is *bad*, but a *common one worse*
[illegible] once next, (of verses full five,)
[illegible] and graces and charms all
[illegible] scarce might encircle an angel above,
[illegible] you have ascribed them to your "snowy-white dove."
[illegible] *sincerity*, too, you extol to the skies,
[illegible] *truehearted* and *innocence* fondly you prize.
[illegible] Puggie confess, and your faint hopes review,
[illegible] "truehearted" beat warmly, *sincerely* for YOU?
[illegible] all that made—now comes the climax,
[illegible] grounded *theology* who says that he lacks?)
[illegible] arms of his *fair one* may be stricken,
[illegible] given,
[illegible] sent to fit her a place up in heaven!
[illegible] *hangs a tale*—take care, my dear Pugg,
[illegible] now are in fashion; YOU'LL soon be [illegible] vogue.
[illegible] the digression, I'll come to the point
[illegible] Pugg's *theology* got so out of joint.
[illegible] once in his *wings*, came near to a church;
[illegible] favor of brief, yes no doubt was his search;
[illegible] last she was found; then, with usual [illegible]
[illegible] proffered his petitions, thus hoping to please.
[illegible] wrapt in devotion and giving good heed
To sermon and songs, she forgot quite, indeed,
Poor Puggie's attentions. (Now "keeping the peace,")
He began with forebodings his steps to retrace.
[illegible] thoughts were confused. How could it be so,
That she would such pleasant attention forego,
To hear e'en a sermon? He'd fairly opine
Such creature was surely no less than DIVINE.
Not so fast, my dear Pugg, don't be in such haste,
Trasporting your HOPE to the "haven of rest,"
You'll regret it too soon, for 'tis clear to my *ken*,
You'd ne'er see your "tender and sweet one" again.
In conclusion, dear Pugg, I think you did well,
For a *novice* 'twere good—for *you* better still.
Your *sentiments* clearly were none of the worst,
[illegible] *measure* throughout, I can't well [illegible]
[illegible] verse;
[illegible] in "S. M." you then intermix—
[illegible] *dictu*—from twelve down to [illegible]
[illegible] careful now, Pugg, [illegible] verses can [illegible]
[illegible] think you're a KNIGHT *of the honored* YARDSTICK.
Anesville [illegible] H.

My Story-Teller.

NO CARDS.

"My de[illegible] I swore you I never [illegible] beyond my means, and lose neither head nor temper, whichever my luck goes. I may play for amusement in a [illegible] where all play—men and wo[illegible]

[illegible] broke in my companion, [illegible] lips with disdain, not [illegible] irritation. "I and many [illegible] to simply to kill time. You [illegible] that is a pleasure to you may [illegible]

[illegible] a source of content is poison [illegible] Collini and [illegible] I had ma[illegible] acquaintance at M——, a small town, the inhabitants of which were much given to games of chance. I had found the Countess so charming that I instantly pitched my tent there to enjoy her society, and, as I have said, for amusement often dropped into the Casino for an hour or so during the evening. Being at Rome, I did as Rome did, that was all; but it brought down on me the Countess' wrath.

She had lived much in England, spoke the language perfectly, and had so acquired our manners that she appeared but half Italian. She was very beautiful but looked most so when she was excited. The subject of gambling always rendered her so, and I own to selfishly indulging my admiration by frequently bringing it upon the tapis.

The game was just commencing. Carelessly put down my stake. I won. I left the lyra and what it had gained on the color, and won it again. Indeed, a tide of luck had set in my favor.

People gathered around me, but my attention was most attracted by a man shabbily attired, opposite me. He was an Italian, sallow, black-haired, black-mustached, thin and haggered. He staked small sums, but almost invariably lost; ill luck pursued him.

I noticed him from the avidity with which he watched the heap of gold and notes ever increasing before me.

Indifferent to success, I put down yet more recklessly. Still I won, until the game stopped. I had broken the bank. As I was placing my heavy gains away in my breast coat pocket, when a voice addressed me.

"You have been fortunate to night, signor. Englishmen always are."

I turned. It was the Italian. A ghastly smile on his brow and a strange wildness on his countenance.

"Yes, signor I answered, "you should have backed my play, then I might have returned the compliment."

"Backed such a play," he muttered; "it was the evil ones luck."

"Signor, you played recklessly."

A friend coming up, the Italian moved away; but I saw with some anxiety he kept his glance furtively fixed upon me.

"That man's dangerous!" I thought.—"It's hardly, I fancy, for me to carry this money!" But I kept a sharp lookout on my way home, and I reached my apartments in safety.

It was late in the afternoon when, the next day, I called on the Countess Collini.

"Well, Signor Melville," she said immediately accosting me. "So you broke the bank last night."

"Then the news has reached you?"

"It always travels fast," she responded drily.

I began self-extenuation as usual when she stopped me.

"Stay! Let us say no more on the subject just now. I have a visit to make. Will you act as my cavalier?"

I accepted the offer, and the Countess retired. She soon came back dressed for walking, when we set forth. As we went I perceived something had evidently gone wrong with my companion. She was grave and talked but little. I was at last about to comment it upon when she stopped before a very high, wretched house, in a poor street.

"It is here I have to call," she remarked. "A wretched abode, Mr. Melville; but will you come with me?"

"If it were the unmentionable region itself, dear Countess, I would follow you," I rejoined, bowing gallantly.

Whereupon we went into the dark, close-smelling passage, and mounted up the stairs until nearly under the tiles. Here she knocked at a door. I heard sobs within; but no answer coming, the Countess entered. Never had I beheld a scene of such misery.

The wretched room was almost bare of furniture, and on a chair by a table, on which her arms and face rested, was a woman with disheveled hair, weeping passionately; while the two pretty, but ill-clad children clinging to her dress, lifted their voices with their mother's.

The Countess approached and addressed her in soothing tones, which calmed her grief. Then she asked, "Lina, may I go into the next room with this gentleman?"

The weepping woman bowed assent, and my *cicerone* beckoned me to follow. It was a miserable bedchamber, while on the bed evidently lay the cause of the woman's tears—a body covered by a sheet.

"Her husband!" I exclaimed, interrogatively.

"Yes a suicide. He made way with himself last night." "Mr. Melville," proceeded the Countes solemnly, "yesterday you broke the bank and deprived a wife of a husband, and her children of a father. His few coins increased your gain. Do you know the face?"

She drew the sheet aside, and I shrank back with self-reproach. It was the Italian—the man whom I suspetced intended to raise his hand against me. It had been lifted against himself.

"This is, indeed, my work!" I ejaculated.

"Not altogether. It's the reward of play," she answered. "Lina Decard was my lady's maid, as pretty as good. She married this man, who was well-to-do. They settled here. Gaming attracted him. All else was neglected; he sold everything for the tables. You see the result. Last night he returned penniless. He forced from his wife the few cents she had kept to get bread for her children, and brought the poison which has caused his death."

"Cover that ghastly accusing face," I said, with deep loathing; "it will haunt me to my grave. Let us go from here; the air is stifling!"

She obeyed. We returned to the other room. There I laid my purse, containing fifty pounds, on the widow's lap, and withdrew. I was not, yet I felt myself, the indirect cause of her husband's ruin.

"Poor wretch! when I saw him at the tables, suicide was on his mind" I said when, the Countess joined me.

"Yes," she remarked slowly, "you played for amusement, he for life. Ah! it is you easy rich people who are criminal. These wretched houses would not be kept open for such as he. Shut up, the weak would not be fascinated, and such as Decard driven to evil deeds."

"Countess, your lesson has been a severe but effectual one."

"I believe it, Mr. Melville. I knew I had not misunderstood you; so let me ease the pain you now suffer. Lina has lost but father in her husband's death. Living he would have kept her poor. Now is good and industrious, and with your good munificence and my help will soon have once again a comfortable home.

I dined with the Countess that day, and this great we are both in London. She is married, so am I. In that jar she is my wife. Lina is also married. When we go to Italy we make it a point to call on her, and when I see her bright smiles and rosy, laughing children, I cannot but contrast them with those of other faces I had first beheld in the wretched attic. I think, too, of the ghastly face of her first husband, and stick more firmly to my motto, which is—save in a quiet social rubber—"No cards."

Miscellaneous.

Scenes in Real Life.

Dumberton sometimes gets drunk; but he will never confess it. If any one intimates that less liquor would be better for him, immediately becomes greatly astonished to you thereupon expresses in words his address surprise that so ignoble a thing should be attributed to him, and that folks should be so easily deceived.

He drink?

No! it were entirely preposterous to lisp such a thing.

Did he ever carry liquor about his person?

Oh, yes, certainly. He always carries it, so to have it handy in case of sickness. And on the occasion when he last meant to expected to use it, but there might be such a thing as getting wet.

He could not tell.

He was not a prophet.

When he arrived at the pond, on the occasion above mentioned, his first move was to examine the black bottle—commonly known as "Dumberton's Carall"—which he generally carried in his inside coat pocket.

Fearing that the contents might have become hurt in his tramp to the pond, he took the bottle from his pocket, he drew out the cork, and raised it with the intention of looking into its snout; but whether Dumberton's arms were too short, or the flask too heavy, is not known, but he utterly failed in getting the neck above ed-mouth, and that being open, and he ca[illegible] ing his foot at the same time, unintentionally on his part, the nose of the bottle entered his mouth, and before he could recover from his extreme astonishment, half of the contents had disappeared down his throat.

"Well, well, I wouldn't have believed such a thing of that bottle; but accidents will happen," and the matter-of-fact Dumberton carefully replaced the flask in his pocket.

Whether Dumberton was naturally absent-minded or not, is hard to tell, but before he had fished ten minutes, his hand unconciously wandered to his pocket, the black bottle unconsciously wandered to his lip track in a very short time he, the novice Dumberton, was gloriously drunk.

He had been in this state but a brief period when he became partly conscious that some one, or some thing, was essaying earnestly to arouse him.

Dumberton grunted his disapproval, but was only greeted by a blow that knocked him half a rod, and forced a bright constellation of stars on his vision.

Dumberton was getting mad. He knew some one was imposing on him, and he rose on his hands and knees to expostulate, when he received a tercible rap in the rear that completely keeled him over.

Dumberton muttered something about being able to turn his own summersaults without any assistance, and was preparing to arise to his feet, when he received a blow in the pit of the stomach, which completely doubled him up.

As he gradually lost consciousness, he was faintly of the opinion that he was being battered into pulp. When he regained consciousness he found himself at home, on a bed, with an unpleasant recollection of past trouble, and, worse still, saw the wrathful Mrs. Dumberton glaring at him over the bedpost. He essayed to arise and question his irate spouse, but he fell back with a cry of pain.

"What in thunder," he said, finally "has this come to pass, Mrs. Dumberton?"

"Come to pass, you villian you. You went a fishing and got beastly drunk, that's what has come to pass," vociferated the irascible lady, shaking her fist in impotent fury.

"Drunk?" gasped the astonished Dumberton. "I really think you have taken leave of your senses. I never touch, taste or handle the vile stuff only for medicinal purposes."

Here the exasperated Mrs. Dumberton stormed from the apartment leaving the puzzled Dumberton to collect his rambling faculties as best he could.

It is needless to say that he lay in bed nearly a week, and that when he arose he was not able to sit comfortably in a chair for several days. He eventually learned that he had actually been drunk, and that Squire Diggerton's old ram had been the cause of his illness.

Dumberton became very mad, when he heard this, and at last accounts he had gone a hunting, not to kill the birds of the air, but the beasts of the field, and prominent among the number was Squire Diggerton's old ram.

The Customs and Manners of the Good Old Times.

The tradesmen before the Revolution were a different race from the present. They were none of them ashamed of their leather aprons. Faded buckskin breeches, once radiant in yellow splendor, checked shirts and red flannel jackets were the common wear of most workingmen. All the hired women wore short gowns and linsey-woolsey petticoats. Calfskin shoes were the exclusive property of the gentry. The servants wore cowhide. Toothbrushes were unknown. The better sort were content to rub the teeth with a chalked rag or with snuff. It was commonly thought effeminate for men to clean the teeth at all. Not only the roystering cavalier but the quiet citizens were fond of a certain bravery in dress. Men wore cocked hats and wigs, coats with large cuffs and big skirts, lined with buckram. The coat of a beau had three large plaits in the skirts, wadded profusely to keep them smoothe, with low collars to show off the fine linen cambric stock, and the largest silver buckle on the back of the neck. The shirt was ruffled to the wrists. The breeches had silver, stone or paste buckles. Gold or silver sleeve buttons, set with stones, were generally worn. No cotton fabrics were then known. Stockings were of thread of silk in summer and of worsted in winter. Surtouts were never worn, but they had cloth great coats instead, or brown camlet cloaks, with green baize lining. In the time of the Revolution many of the American officers introduced the use of Dutch blankets for great-coats. In winter gentlemen wore little woolen muffs to protect their hands. It was not uncommon to see old people with large silver buttons on their coats and vests, with their knee buckles, large pinched shoes, silk gowns, and white aprons. No color but black was ever made up for silk or satin bonnets. Fancy colors were unknown and white silk bonnets had never been seen. The use of lace veils did not commence until the present century. Ladies' shoes were made of silk or russet, stitched with white waxed thread and having wooden heels. The sole leather was worked with the flesh side out. Subscription balls became very fashionable after the Revolution. No gentlemen under twenty-one and no lady under sixteen were admitted. The supper consisted of tea, chocolate, and rusks. Everything was conducted by six married managers. They distributed places by lot and arranged the partners for the evening. The gentlemen drank tea with the parents of their partners the day after the ball, which gave a chance for a more lasting acquaintance.

The Philosophy of Rain.

To understand the philosophy of this beautiful and often sublime phenomenon, so often witnessed and so very essential to the existence of plants and animals, a few facts derived from observation and a long train of experiments, must be remembered.

1. Were the atmosphere here, everywhere and at all times, of a uniform temperature, we should never have rain, hail or snow. The water absorbed by it in evaporation from the sea and the earth's surface, would descend in an imperceptible vapor, or cease to be absorbed by the air when it was once fully saturated.

2. The absorbing power of the atmosphere, and consequently its capacity to retain humidity, is apportionately greater in warm than in cold air. The air near the surface of the earth is warmer than it is in the region of the clouds. The higher we ascend from the earth the colder we find the atmosphere. Hence the perpetual snow on very high mountains in the hottest climate.

Now, when from continued evaporation the air is highly saturated with vapor, though it be invisible and the sky cloudless if its temperature is suddenly reduced by cold currents descending from above, or rushing from a higher to a lower latitude, its capacity to retain moisture is diminished, clouds are formed, and rain is the result. It condenses, cools, and like a sponge filled with water and compressed, pours out the water which its diminished capacity cannot hold.

UNIVERSAL PRAYER.—The British, German, French, Belgian, Swedish, Dutch, Norwegian, Turkish, Grecian and Syrian branches of the Avangelical Alliance have issued an invitation for the universal observance of the first week of January, 1875, from the 3rd to the 10th, for prayer in behalf of the whole world. Subjects are designated for each day. A similar programme will be prepared for the United States.

Patience is a flower that grows not in every one's flower garden.

Diphtheria.

Well considered sanitary regulations, strictly enforced, should well nigh eradicate from a city like this, says the New York *Herald*, every disease that is propagated principally by contagion. If it be definitely certain that a disease is kept up in a community only by contagion, and the authorities have such power to deal with it as the Board of Health has in this city, it is conceivable that such a disease could be so thoroughly under the control of the sanitary police that a person who caught it might have his right of action against the city, just as he would for an injury resulting from a defective pavement. Over diphtheria, however, it cannot be conceived that they have so clear a control, simply because, though mainly continued by contagion, its manifestations are apparently not limited to such an origin. It is a disease, nevertheless, that is indisputably of the number of those that are kept down by an effective sanitary police, and the fact that it is unduly prevalent in certain parts of the city and has become epidemic points to the inadequacy of the steps taken to compel the report of cases and the isolation of the cases reported. Diphtheria seems to depend alike on the pestilential elements that abound in badly kept neighborhoods and on atmospheric influences that be common with these and with neighborhoods that are irreproachable hygienically. Our city is now subject to a scourge of malaria, and this has its influence, no doubt, in keeping up the malady; and it is possible that the promiscuous daily mingling of many hundreds of little ones in our public schools has an influence in the same way. Whatever may be the special circumstances in our hygienic condition which foster this disease, they seem to call for an attention which they appear not to have received from the sanitary authorities; for, with the winter coming on, the cold, the hunger and the misery that it may find in the homes of the poor will tend still more to spread the contagion, that may assume the proportions of a public calamity.

A Grecian Legend.

When Bacchus was a boy he journeyed through Hellas to go to Naxia; and as the way was very long, he grew tired and sat down on a stone to rest. As he sat there with his eyes on the ground, he saw a little plant spring up between his feet, and was so much pleased with it that he determined to take it with him and plant it in Naxia. He took it up and carried it away with him. It might wither before he reached his destination. He found a bird's skeleton, into which he thrust it, and went on. But in his hand the plant sprouted so fast that it started out of the bones above and below. This gave him fresh fear of its withering, and he cast about for a remedy. He found a lion's bone, which was thicker than the birds skeleton, and stuck the skeleton with the plant in it into the bone of the lion. Ere long, however, the plant grew out of the lion's bone likewise. Then he found the bone of an ass, larger than that of the lion; so he put the lion's bone containing the bird's skeleton and the plant, into the ass' bone thus he made his way to Naxia. When about to set the plant he found that the roots entwined themselves around the bird's skeleton, and the lion's bone, and the ass' bone; and as he could not take it out without damaging the roots he planted it as it was, and it came up speedily, and bore to his great joy the most delicious grapes, from which he made the first wine, and gave it to men to drink. But behold a miracle! When men first drank of it, they first sang like birds; next, after drinking a little, they became vigorous and gallant like lions; but when they drank more still, they began to behave like asses.

The Rothschild Women.

We take pleasure in referring to the merits of the ladies of the Rothschild family, not because they are wealthy, but for the simple reason that, in spite of their wealth, they strive to be useful to their kind. The men are immersed in business; they are charitable, but people will say that it is easy to be charitable if you are rich. The women are public-spirited, intelligent and warm-hearted, founding hospitals, reformatories, children's homes, endowing scholastic institutions, encouraging struggling professionals, and taking a personal interest in the doings of the poor. Barodes Lionel makes weekly visits in the meanest portions of London, brightening the home of the Jewish artisan, giving her good counsel to the earnest teachers, in the free schools, the matrons and assistants in the various charities. The daughter of Alphonse, of Paris, teaches a good lesson to her sisters in faith, and to rich young ladies of every creed, by receiving a well-deserved diploma as teacher. Anselm's daughter in Vienna is prominent in music, not only composing songs that attain popularity, but aiding struggling musicians by pen and purse.—*Jewish Messenger.*

There is a place in New Hampshire where they never have any old maids. When a girl reaches twenty-nine, and is still on the ladder of expectation, the young fellows club together and draw lots for her. Those who escape pay a bonus to the one who gets her.

"Men scorn to kiss among themselves,
And scarce would kiss a brother;
But women want to kiss so bad,
They kiss and kiss each other."

HUMAN FIGS.—The people who have reared large families of children without any boys and girls among them are unfortunate. There are such people. A child without any childhood is a miserable little animal, and the poorest compliment that can be paid to a boy—if it is a true one—is that he is "a little man." I have read somewhere—perhaps it is a mistake—that a fig makes its appearance upon the tree a fig, suffering no progressive changes except to grow bigger. Once a fig, always a fig. I do not think we want any more human figs. First the baby, then the breezy boy, then the boots, then the bother, then the young man, then the hope of the homestead—that is the good, old-fashioned order of development. Not having the delight of sitting under my "own vine and fig tree," perhaps my knowledge of figs is imperfect, but yet I insist upon the boy. We do not want him wise and profound and owl-like and right-angle triangled. What becomes of the precocious children seven or eight years older at their heads than they are at their heels? Once in a hundred times do they turn into anything at all—say into men? Call the roll and see.

Strong Men.

Strength of character consists of two things; power of will of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence; strong feelings and a strong command over them. Now, we, all very often mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose wild burst of fury the children of the household quake, because he has his own way in all things. We call him a strong man. The truth is, he is a weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak.

You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those that subdue him. And hence, composure is often the highest result of strength. Did we ever see a man receive a flagrant injury, and then reply calmly? That man is morally strong. Or did we ever see a man in anguish stand as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home peace? That is strength. He who, with strong passions, remains chaste; he who, with indignation within him, can be provoked and yet restrain himself and forgive, those are strong men, the moral heroes in a [illegible]

An Invention for Women.

[illegible] notions of reform in women's dress [illegible] the women's Congress, which recently met in Chicago. The Tribune says, her invention, which consists of the usual articles in wearing apparel, fastened together by strings, tapes, straps and buttons so as to make the whole fabric hang from the shoulders instead of the hips, [illegible] much curiosity and some favor; but Mrs. Flint proceeded to advocate the abolition of the corset, these lovely women in rebellion against any interference with their dearest vested right. Even Dr. Livermore shook her head dubiously, and wanted to know how she was to overcome the all-gone' feeling she often had if she had no corsets to hold her up. Mrs. Flint proposed warm milk and water, sweetened a little, as an excellent tonic—a suggestion which created as much disgust as the lamented Eccles experienced when he found the milk pitcher where the gin should have been. Mrs. Vibbord of Boston, had a remedy for the 'all-gone' feeling consequent upon the loss of corsets, which delicacy forbids us to mention, but which involves a new and rather extraordinary use for husbands. This was unfortunate in a double respect. First, the most of these ladies are of the strong minded sort, engaged in preparing the way for a declaration of independence, and this makes them dependent upon the tyrant man. Second, some of these ladies have no husbands. What are they going to do?

Railroad Signals.

A Blue flag by day, and Blue Lantern by night, when placed on the front of an engine, indicate that another engine is following; or a Blue Flag by day and Blue Lantern by night, when placed upon the track, are signals of caution, and engineers, on observing them, must proceed slowly.

A Red Flag by day, and a Red Lantern by night, when placed on the front of an engine, indicate that another engine is following closely, and section-masters and bridge men must keep the track clear the expected engine has passed.

A Red Flag by day, and a Red Lantern by night, when placed upon the track are signals of danger, perceiving which, the engineer must stop the train and ascertain the cause.

Red Flags and Red Lanterns are to be used as signals of caution as well as always of danger.

THOSE TOBACCO PUFFERS.—We appealed to the men guilty of this spitting, and every way we deemed necessary for the Christian gentlemen, in vain. Notices will do them. We now turn to the ladies and beg you not to allow this habit to come all the rules of decency your mothers taught you. We think it wrong. It is a reproach upon the teachers' training and an insult and injury to the ladies who visit the Churches and instruct not what old man, grown gray in deficient Superintendent, squire, church elder or school-teacher, of North Carolina, you the example, it is wrong, [illegible] able and [illegible] you will stop it.

[illegible] $6,000,000, $4,000,000 of which was paid [illegible] and $2,000,600 by individ- [illegible] ments