THE NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.

"This Argus, o'er the People's Rights doth an Eternal Vigil Keep; No Stealing Strain of Malice's Sin can Lull his Hundred Eyes to Sleep."

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Selected Poetry.

How Little We Know.

How little we know of each other,
We pass through the journey of life,
With its struggles, its fears and temptations,
Its heart-breaking cares and its strife!
We can only see things on the surface,
For few people glory in sin,
And an unruffled face is no index
To the tumult which rages within.

How little we know of each other!
The man to-day passes by
Blessed with fortune and honor and titles,
And holding his proud head on high,
May carry a dread secret with him
Which makes his bosom a hell;
And he, sooner or later, a felon,
May right in the prisoner's cell.

How little we know of each other!
That woman of fashion, who sneers
At the poor girl betrayed and abandoned,
And left to her sighs and her tears,
May, ere the sun rises to-morrow,
Have the mask rudely torn from her face,
And sink from the height of her glory
To the dark shades of shame and disgrace.

How little we know of each other!
Of ourselves too little we know!
We are all weak when under temptation,
All subject to error and woe.
Then let blessed charity rule us,
Let us put away envy and spite—
For the skeleton grim in our closet
May some day be brought to light.

Contrast.

There is happy sailing for others
Adown life's calm, sweet seas,
Whose boats are gayly dancing
Before the fragrant breeze;
There are adverse winds and a billowy sea,
And storms, and clouds, and gloom for me.

Some walk long paths all fair and sweet
Abloom with countless flowers,
And scarce can tell which first to pluck
In all love's radiant bowers;
I walk along the thorny road,
Bearing a cross—a heavy load.

Some have their homes all bright with love
And kisses and fond good-byes,
That only made short absence sweet,
And tearless, sparkling eyes;
There's a dear one's grave on the hill for me,
And rest, sweet rest, beyond the sea.

I, too, had countless treasures once,
More than my heart could hold;
Love scattered its pearls down at my feet,
My pearls were gathered by
My gold was tarnished by his breath.

God, steer my boat adown the sea,
Through all the murk and gloom;
Help me to walk along the road
Where not one flower doth bloom;
Open the pearl-gates 'cross Death's sea,
And give my darling back to me.

Who Killed "Old Cockeye?"

Who killed Old Cockeye?
"I," said the Press,
"I rather guess
I killed Old Cockeye."

Who saw him die?
Quoth Dawes, "It was I,
I'd a finger in the pie,
I saw him die."

Who caught his blood?
Quoth Simmons, "I could,
If the devil ever would
Take the rascal for good."

Who'll dig his grave?
"I, Essex county,
And pay a stiff bounty
For digging his grave."

Who'll be the parson?
"I," quoth the preacher,
Henry Ward Beecher,
"I'll play the parson."

Who'll pull the bell?
"I," shouted Blaine,
"Pull it way down in Maine,
And make it ding, wall!"

Who'll preach the sermon?
"I, parson Murray,
Will preach in a hurry
A 2:40 sermon!"

Who'll be the mourners?
"I guess," quoth a chap,
"Those down by Dutch Gap—
Sort o' crocodile mourners!"

—*New Haven Register*

Good-Bye.

Sweetheart good-bye! the fluttering sail
Is spread to wait me far from thee,
And soon before the fav'ring gale
My ship shall bound upon the sea.
Perchance, all desolate and forlorn,
Those eyes shall miss me many a year;
But unforgotten ev'ry charm
Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear.

Sweetheart, good-bye! the last embrace.
O' cruel Fate! true souls to sever!
But in this heart's most sacred place
Thou, thou alone shalt dwell forever.
And still shall recollections trace
In fancy's mirror ever near,
Each smile, each tear, that form, that face,
Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear.

Mme. McMahon, wife of the President of France, is short, stout, and unstylish looking, and in her dress of dark blue silk, with tunic and sleeves of openworked black silk, a hat with pale pink roses, and a bouquet of pink roses in her hand, looks like the housekeeper of some aristocratic family abroad in her best clothes.

Miscellaneous.

Bidding Them Good-Bye—A Detroit Rough who Listened to the Words of a Dying Mother.

He had been missing from the "Potomac" for several days, and Cleveland Tom, Port Huron Bill, Tall Chicago, and the rest of the boys who were wont to get drunk with him, couldn't make out what had happened. They hadn't heard that there was a warrant out for him, had never known of his being sick for a day, and his absence from the old haunts puzzled them. They were in the Hole-in-the-Wall saloon, nearly a dozen of them, drinking, smoking, and playing cards, when in walked Ugly Sam.

There was a deep silence for a moment as they looked at him. Sam had a new hat, had been shaved clean, had on a clean collar and a white shirt, and they didn't known him at first. When they saw that it was Ugly Sam, they uttered a shout and leaped up.

"Cave in that hat!" cried one.

"Yank that collar off!" shouted another.

"Let's roll him on the floor!" screamed a third.

There was something in his look and bearing which made them hesitate. The whisky-red had almost faded from his face, and he looked sober and dignified. His features expressed disgust and contempt as he looked around the room, and then revealed pity as his eyes fell upon the red eyes and bloated faces of the crowd before him.

"Why, what ails you, Sam?" inquired Tall Chicago, as they all stood there.

"I've come down to bid you good-bye, boys," he replied, removing his hat and drawing a clean handkerchief from his pocket.

"What! Hev ye turned preacher?" they asked in chorus.

"Boys, ye know I can lick any two of ye; but I hain't on the fight any more, and I've put down the last drop of whisky which is ever to go into my mouth! I've switched off. I've taken an oath. I'm going to be decent!"

"Sam, be you crazy?" asked Port Huron Bill, coming nearer to him.

"I've come down here to tell ye all about it," answered Sam. "Move the chairs back a little and give me room. Ye all know I've been rough, and more too. I've been a drinker, a fighter, a gambler, and a loafer. I can't look back and remember when I've earned an honest dollar. The and the papers has said that Ugly Sam was the terror of the Potomac. Ye all know this boys, but ye didn't know I had an old mother."

The faces of the crowd expressed amazement.

"I never mentioned it to any of ye, for I was neglecting her," he went on. "She was a poor old body living up here in the alley, and, if the neighbors hadn't helped her to fuel and food, she'd have been fou dead long ago. I never helped her cent—didn't see her for weeks and and I used to feel mean about it. feller goes back on his mother, h ting purty low, and I know it. dead—buried yesterday! I w up there afore she died. She sent for by Pete, and when I got there I see was all day with her."

"Did she say anything?" asked one of the boys, as Sam hesitated.

"That's what ails me now," he went on. "When I went she reached out her hand to me, and says she, 'Samuel, I'm going to die, and I know'd you'd want to see me afore I passed away!' I sat down, feeling queer like. She didn't go on and say as how I was a loafer, and had neglected her, and all that, but says she, 'Samuel, you'll be all alone when I'm gone. I've tried to be a mother to you, and have prayed hundreds o' nights, and cried about till my old heart was sore!' Some o the neighbors had dropped in, and the women were crying. I tell you boys I felt weak."

He paused for a moment, and then continued:

"And the old woman said she'd like to kiss me afore death came and that broke me right down. She kept hold of my hand, and by-and-bye she whispered: 'Samuel, you are throwing your life away. You've got it in you to be a man if you'll only make up your mind. I hate to die and feel that my only son and the last of our family may go to the gallows. If I had your promise that you'd turn over a new leaf and try and be good it seems as if I'd die easier. Won't you promise me, my son?' And I promised her, boys, and that's what ails me! She died holding my hand, and I promised to quit this low business and go to work. I came down to tell ye, and how you won't see me on the Potoma again. I've bought an ax and am going up in Canada to winter."

There was a dead silence for a moment, and then he said:

"Well, boys, I'll shake hands with ye all around afore I go. Good-bye, Pete—good-bye, Jack—Tom—Jim. I hope you won't fling any bricks at me, and I shan't never fling at any of ye. It's a dying promise, ye see, and I'll keep it if it takes a right arm!"

The men looked reflectively at each other after he had passed out, and it was a long time before any one spoke. Then Tall Chicago flung his clay pipe into a corner, and said:

"I'll lick the man who says Ugly Sam's head isn't level!"

"So'd I!" repeated the others.

His Experience.

"No, sir, I never regretted marrying Mollie here. She's been the making of me. I was an idle dog when I met her and thought of nothing but spending my money at saloons just as fast as I earned it. She was only a poor seamstress, but was industrious, honest, and frugal in habits, for she'd had a hard row to hoe, poor girl! Well, for her sake I grew saving and careful, and soon had a little money in the bank. Finally we were married, and after furnishing two rooms had just a hundred dollars left. It was not much, but it was our own. That was fourteen months back. Now we have this little house. We have carpets on the floor of two rooms. We have nine pictures on the walls, and nearly fifty books in that case of shelves up there which I made. Our house is small, but there is no envy, no fear of the future, faults-finding or selfishness in it. We have nearly a hundred dollars saved, besides these things in the house. Our rent is paid for the entire year till next spring. We go to church regularly, attend concerts and lectures and amusements when the price is not too high. Sometimes the prices are so high we cannot afford to go. Then we stay at home, read to each other, have visitors or go out a little way and a little while to visit a few friends close by. I havn't been in a saloon since I was married, sir, and will never enter one again. I had rather these books, pictures, carpets and that organ should be in our house than in the house of the man who makes his saloon attractive so as to entice men there to spend their earnings. We find that this life is what we make it. We are helping each other, and the more we do for each other, the better we love each other, and thus my wife is leading me to heaven. And from the bottom of my heart I wish that all young men who are now traveling the road I traveled two years ago would follow my example, for, sir, they'd never regret it."

Advice to a Girl who is "Finished."

Josh Billings gives the following:

Gertrude—Yu tell me that yu hav been 2 years at a boarding skool, and hav just

Listen, mi gdvning, and I will tell yu.

Git up in the morning in good season, go down into the kitchen, sieze a potato by the throat with one hand and a knife with the other, skin the potato, and a dozen others just like it, stir up the buckwheat batter, look in the oven and see how the biskitt are doing, bustle around generally, step on the cat's tail, and help yure good old mother git breakfast.

After breakfast put up the yung children's luncheon for skool, help wash up the dishes, sweep sum, put things in order, and sumtime during the day nit at least two inches and a half on sum one ov yure brother's little blue woolen stockings for next Winter.

In other words go to work and make yureself useful now that yu have bekum ornamental, and if yu hav enny time left, after the beds are all made, and the ducks hav been fed, pitch into the pianna, and make the old rattle box skream with music.

Do this for one year, and sum likely yung fellow in the naberhood will hear ov it, and will begin to hang around yu, and say sweeter things than yu ever heard before, and finally will give yu a chance to keep house on your own book.

You follow mi advice, Gerty, and see if he don't.

Position of a Woman in Italy.

Among the masses, the physical ill-treatment of women is considered a matter of privilege. To lift the hand against the wife and the mother is regarded as the ultimate exercise of authority on the part of a man who yet, in his intercourse with strangers, may appear gracious and obliging, and even make a picturesque figure in a tourist's sketchbook or journal.

"One day at Florence," a lady writes to us, "I got several mobbed by a workman who was most shamefully ill-using a fine watch dog. The man came to our house, and after much violent abuse he said:

"Imagine if I am to be reproved for a dog! Whenever I choose I can *bastonare* my wife, and am I to be dictated too about a miserable dog!"

Of course, as our correspondent points out, women under such a system acquire all the vices of the slave. To escape punishment at the hands of the domestic tyrant, they lie themselves, and teach their children to lie also. The poor children, under such a system of irresponsible authority, have very hard times at the hands of the mothers, who, oppressed themselves, are very incapable of exercising fair and gentle authority. In Elba, I have known mothers with hot blood to bite their offending children with the wildest instincts of animal rage. Thus men, women and children are alike degraded by the brutality, which is the lord and master of the household practices toward its weaker members.

A Healthy Individual.

The following is the last thing written by the late "Artemus Ward." Until quite recently I've been a healthy individual. I'm hardly forty and yet I've got a muskle in my arm which will make my fists resemble the head of a canary bird when they fly about and hit a man. Only a few weeks ago I was exhibitin' in East Skowhegan, in a bildin' which had formerly been okkupied by a pugylist—one of them fellows which hits from the shoulder and teaches the manly art of self defense. And he cum and said he was goin' to fine in consequence of previsly okkupying said bilding, with a large yellow dog." He sed, "Do you?" I sed, "O, yes." I sed, "O, no." He sed, "Do you want to be ground to powder?" I sed, "Yes, I do, if there is a powder grinder handy." When he struck me a disgustin' blow in the left eye, which caused the convict to at once close for repairs; but he did'nt hurt me any more. I went for him energetically. His parents lived near by, and I will simply state that fifteen minutes after I had gone for him his mother, seeing the prostrate form of her son approachin' the house on a shutter carried by four men, run out doors, keerfully looked him over, and sed, "My son, you've been foolin' round a thrashin' macheen. You went in at the end where they put the grain in, come out with the straw, and then got up in the thingumajig and let the horses tread on you, didn't you, my son?" You can judge by this what a disagreeable person I am when I'm agry.

Fight It Out.

A story is told of a daughter of a prominent person now in the lecture field, which is peculiarly interesting and suggestive of unconscious wisdom. A gentleman was invited to the lecturer's house to tea. Immediately on being seated at the table, the little girl astonished the family circle and the guest by the abrupt question:

"Where is your wife?"

Now, the gentleman, having been recently separated from the partner of his life, was taken so completely by surprise that he stammered forth the truth:

"I don't know."

"Don't know!" replied the child, in interrogatories, despite the mild reproof of her parents, he concluded to make a clean breast of the matter, and have it over at once. So he said with a calmness which was the result of inward expletives:

"Well, we don't live together; we think, as we can't agree, we'd better not."

He stifled a groan as the child began again, and darted an exasperated look at her parents. But the little torment would not be quieted until she exclaimed:

"Can't agree! Then why don't you fight it out, as pa and ma do?"

"Vengeance is mine," laughingly retorted the visitor, after "pa" and "ma" exchanged looks of holy horror, followed by the inevitable roar.

APPROPRIATE PRESENTS.—Those who propose giving presents at this gift-giving season should read and ponder the following brief tale, which we clip from an exchange: "Mr. Graves, of Middlefield, Mass., recently lost his stock of hay by fire, and his sympathizing friends immediately presented him with a valuable cow. Undoubtedly, if Graves had lost his stock of cow, the friends would have sent him a stock of hay." It matters not whether the above incident is founded on fact or not, the moral is all the same—don't give inappropriate presents. There are always appropriate things pretty and appropriate to best friends, if one will only have the time to select such.

The Louisburg Courier says: Mr. J. K. Spencer, of this county, raised last year on 4 acres of land, using 1 ton guano, 5 bales of cotton, weighing on an average 420 lbs., also 41 barrels of corn on 6 acres. He made also 4,000 pounds of oats, and cut and saved 7,000 pounds of hay. This without any extra labor. We challenge the country to beat him.

The Raleigh Sentinel says: Guilford Carpenter, in Buckhorn, Chatham County is one hundred and ten years old and still gets around the house and does little outdoor jobs without a grunt or an ache. If he would only stop chewing tobacco.

The Tarboro Southerner says: Nineteen persons from the lower part of Edgecombe county took the cars at this place last monday destined for Texas. There were only five men in the party, these seemed to be most disabled and infirmed, there were fourteen women and children in the party.

Three sisters, all of Yadkin county at three births, delivered six girl children, says the Mt. Airy Watchman.

Thunnygraphs.

A high note—One of a thousand dollars.

A compositor on a St Louis paper made an editorial say that "this war-cry is the keynote of victory."

"Give us a rest," said the boy being flogged; and then he wrested the whip from the teacher's hand.

A tall policeman complaining of a young man for insulting him, by asking "if it was cool up there."

You look as if you were beside yourself, as the wag said to the fellow who stood by the side of an ass.

A vinegar-hearted old bachelor says he always looked under the head of "marriages" for the news of the week.

Mercy Consolation Smith, is Fort Wayne's handsomest girl. Mercy will no doubt be a Consolation to some fellow.

In case of a Kansas man being struck by lightning the deceased's fury rendered a verdict: "He was killed by the Lord, but the Lord is all right."

"Is that your offspring, madam?" asked a Missouri judge of a woman who had hold of a stubb-nosed boy's hand. "No sir," she replied. "This is my oldest boy."

When the yallow corn sighs to be husked and the golden pumpkins yearn to be gathered, it is no time for a paper to stop and argue whether Edna Dean Proctor is nineteen or ninety.

A rich but parsimonious old gentleman on being taken to task for his uncharitableness, said: "True, I don't give much, but you only know how it hurts when I give anything, you wouldn't wonder."

An inquiring man thrust his fingers into a horse's mouth to see how many teeth he had. The horse closed his mouth to see how many fingers the man had. The curiosity of each was fully satisfied.

"Don't prevaricate, sir!" thundered Judge Shell, to a witness. "Can't help it Judge," answered the youth. "Ever since I got kick from a mule, that knocked my tee out, I prevaricate a good deal."

The report of a wedding in Kent concludes in this wise: "The bride far from being handsome, but her threw in a span of horses and seven cows and the bridegroom was satisfied." It is

When a Nevada miner leaps into a fu with a revolver in each hand and a bow knife under his arm, and ask, "I work this soul-destroying shebang?" no I has to answer, with the crowd on the back door.

The gallant secretary of company, being in command during the late unpleasant at early morn through the mestic chambers: "Mary Jan the fire;" and a prompt and responds, "I'll see you dodred then I won't you old brutel celestial harmonies of domes

For full dress Kalakaua tionably cut black broadcloth, coat, studless white shirt front, the box toe pattern, a parti-colored in his button hole, three immense plain go rings a bracelet on his left wrist, a tu down collar and a black tie. He wears a pair of pants.

As my wife at the window one beaut day, stood watching a man with a monk a cart came along with a broth of a who was driving a stout little donkey. my wife then I spoke, by way of a jo "There's a relation of yours in that c riage." To which she replied, when donkey she spied, "Ah yes, a relation marriage."

One morning, on entering the ch of a French marquis, whom he had ded through a very dangerous illne doctor was thus accosted: "Good day Dr. Bouvart; I feel quite in spir think my fever has left me." "I am has," replied Bouvart dryly. "The v expression you used convinced me "Pray explain yourself." "Nothing In the first day of your illness, life was in danger, I was your dear as you began to get better, I was Bouvart; and now I am Dr. Bou pend upon it, you are quite recov

Sir Walter Scot was a sports on one occasion narrowly esca in this character. It was in 1828, when he was enjoying day's sport in the woods of along the flat borders of the T of his guests' guns, being carri gutt foremost, entangled with wood, and went off full in th great novelist, whose hat th trans'd; quickly picking up w ter pointed to a hole in the good-humoredly. "Mr. G— nearly done what all the erities of the literary world fect—put an end to the W

LAND ON RAILROADS.—Some unknown parties squandered a fort on the railroad track between town a few nights ago, and of the greasing, stuck up when the train arrived a shone upon it, revealed t —"Blow, d—n you, the old blow. He blowed and he blowed his own the blowed out some chance for eternal sal tinkers denunciation.

dead habit, train hand were put to work sanding the aid of a yoke of Mrs. Fannie Woodrow in motion. It got to blood thar. That engineer if he will come up here for Justice of the Peace.

ARTHUR'S Home Magazine.

1875

Great Household Magazine

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