THE NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.

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

WADESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1875. NO. 46

Our Story-Teller.

A New Year's Reform—Old Jim Drayton Swears Off.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

He came up town last night to drink the old year out and the new year in. There are men who can remember when he had a cottage of his own; when he was well-dressed and had a frank, honest face; when his children went to Sunday school and his wife was well clothed and carried a happy face. Old Jim found himself going down the hill, and almost in a year he had changed from a hard working, respectable man to a ragged, lazy sot, and no effort on the part of those who loved him could stop his decent. His home went, his furniture went, good clothes and happy faces disappeared, and wretchedness and poverty moved into the old tenement house on Beaubien street with him.

Do you remember when his child was run over and killed? Old Jim was dead drunk while the body lay in the house. Were you ever at the Central Station Court when he was sent up for drunkenness or for beating his wife? Have you never seen him sleeping his drunken sleep in the alley? Haven't you heard the police speak of "Old Jim Drayton?" A red, wicked face, having not one soft line in it—red eyes, looking stupidly and vacantly at you—a battered hat—ragged clothes—you surely must have met him at some time.

Old Jim meant to have a big drunk. That was a good way to wind the old year up. He had been drunk Thanksgiving, he had staggered home Christmas night, and when his boys were heard wishing that Santa Claus had not passed them by the father became angered and beat them. The bar-keeper knew him as he entered the saloon and called for drinks. He had called there dozens of times before, and his face was as familiar as the sight of the big decanter from which he poured his drink.

"Wait a minute," said the bar-tender, who was wiping off the bar; and old Jim sat down at one of the tables.

Two young men came in and sat down near him. Jim was in the shadow, and they did not know who it was. As they drank their beer they spoke of the dying year, and of their resolves to break off some of their bad habits, and finally one said:

"Some woman was saying old Jim Drayton had cut his throat!"

"It's good news, if true," replied the other. "No one will miss the old sot, not even his family. His wife and children are in rags, his home hasn't a comfort, and if he'd only die folks would feel like thanking them. He's the lowest drunkard in Detroit!"

"Yes, I've often wondered why he didn't jump into the river," rejoined the other. "If I ever get as low and ragged and mean as old Jim Drayton I'll shoot myself!"

Old Jim heard every word. If he had had a glass of whisky down he'd have leaped up and cursed them but he was sober, as sober as he had been for ten years, and he made no move. Was he low and mean? Did everybody feel that way toward him? Did everybody notice his poor old house, his ragged children, his red and watery eyes? Did men speak to each other of his degradation, his neglect of his family, would his death be good news to the public?

"Do you want whisky or gin?" asked the bar-tender, but old Jim did not hear him. He had leaned back against the wall, pulled his hat over his eyes and was thinking. Drink had robbed him of his honest look, his frank tone and his strength and skill, but it had not robbed him of memory. He could go back over the decade and remember his pleasant home, his happy family and his own honest, independent feeling. Shame came with memory. He had not got so low but words could strike him.

Two or three other men came in, and while they were drinking one of them asked:

"Isn't that old Jim Drayton in the corner?"

"Yes, that's the old sot," answered another.

"Wonder if he isn't going to swear off [illegible] laughed the [illegible] again. They called up something of his old spirit, and he sprang out of his chair and exclaimed:

"Yes, I *am* going to swear off!"

"*You* swear off—YOU—ha! ha! ha!" laughed the men.

"But I *will!* I know I'm a drunkard and that I'm ragged and low, but I can reform!"

"That's good!" they laughed, "biggest thing out! Old Jim Drayton swearing off, ha! ha!"

"I will—with God's help I WILL!" he replied, striking the bar with his fist.

Their shouts of laughter followed him as he went out, but they strengthened his sudden resolution. He walked directly home. He stopped for a moment at the gate and wondered why he had never before noticed how gloomy and wretched and lonesome the old hovel looked. It was a fit home for a drunkard and a wife-beater. He opened the gate, paused, then turned and went to the grocery on the corner, and with the money he meant to get drunk on purchased some little toys for the children and returned and entered his dark house. He stood in the door for a minute and looked around at the bare and battered walls, the bare floor, the wretchedness and poverty. His wife crept away, fearing his drunken wrath. He knew what moved her, and it cut him like a knife.

"O God!" he said, as he closed

She slowly approached him, wondering if drink had not crazed him.

"Mary!" said he as he clasped her hand, "I haven't drank a drop to-night!"

"Oh, James!" she sobbed, breaking right down in an instant.

"They call me old Jim Drayton, say I'm a sot, wonder why I don't die; say I can't reform," he went on, "but I'm going to stop drinking—I have stopped!"

She put her arms around his neck, but could not speak.

"From to-night, as long as I live, I'll be James Drayton again sober, steady, a kind husband and a good father! Go and wake up the children, Mary, and let us all pray together!"

"Is father going to kill us?" they whispered as they were aroused from their wretched beds.

"No, no, he's sober, he's going to be good again!" she sobbed.

At midnight the voice of prayer, broken by sobs, was heard in the old hovel, and old Jim Drayton, kneeling at his chair said:

"Mary—children—may Heaven help me to be a better man!"

So may it be.

Miscellaneous.

Suggestions to Patrons by a Patron.

Our Order in the State is becoming gigantic as regards numbers, but its benefits and advantages are hardly comprehended by a majority of members of the Order. They have gone through the ceremonial and initiation, received the degrees, and are recognized as patrons, yet they have done nothing to avail themselves of the advantages that are within their easy reach. They have not given a thought as to how they can accomplish or aid in diffusing valuable information, or what they might reasonably expect from the organization in return for their investment of time and money.

It is the bounden duty of every Patron to know all that can be learned, and to communicate anything that will instruct his fellows. Patrons have all the machinery within their organization for estimating more nearly than others can the prospects of crops and the probable demand, supply and price.

Patrons can and should know the best methods of cultivation, the best seeds, implements, and breeds of stock for each locality, and the means of procuring them in their purity, and at a reasonable rate.

The result of varied experiences should be made common property among the fraternity; in fact, the Grange should be a school of instruction, thereby increasing the interest in the Order and its work.

The younger portion of the members have ever been most successful in beautifying, decorating, and arranging the Grange, supplying the music and contributing generally to the enjoyment of all by their management of the feasts, festivals, etc., making the Grange a place of delight for all.

Patrons should know each other better, trust each other more, and help each other to make life's burdens lighter. We want more and better reading, more information on the subject that directly contribute to our present working. We cannot overestimate the good that valuable information that may be gained and dispensed—with the opportunities the Order offers.

Patrons can afford to be so busy in producing something for somebody else to set a price upon and to give no thought to the situation.

We are a power in this land. We number to-day at least seventy thousand of the best informed, most enterprising and most industrious people in this State—in the United States more than one million.

To make the Grange profitable or available, it must be regularly attended by the members. To secure this attendance, it must be interesting enough and profitable enough to make the members come out, because they like to come. Some question of interest or some business should be announced at each meeting for the next. In order to do this, it must be somebody's special work; that which is left for everybody to do will remain undone.

I suggest standing committees, appointed with care and with regard to their fitness and industry, upon stock pastures and meadows, grain, gardenning, fruits, fertilizers, and also a corresponding secretary, who shall act as business agent for the Grange; procure a list of manufactures who will deal directly with farmers' organizations at club rates; ascertain on how much better terms 100,000 bushels of corn can be shipped than a wagon load; see if 2,000 hogs cannot be carried and sold at a much better rate when 200 are marketed, etc, etc; assess quarterly dues for necessary expenses. Let there be good, profitable

ther than a weekly or fortnightly abortion, and make the Grange in all respects progressive; a practical, useful, thorough organization, with life in it, with business in it for individual improvement and common benefit.

Above all things, let there be harmony among yourselves. If our opposers can afford to pay money to make confusion, it is evident that that is what we need most to guard against. Men will always differ in their views, but need not fight each other as a consequence.

These instructions or suggestions are recommended by the consideration that these organizations are not or ought not to be temporary merely, but permanent, and each year, adding to their usefulness, extention and efficacy. At least they should last as long as the evils we desire to correct. If judiciously managed, they will be permanent as the wants they are intended to supply. While they are useful, make them educational and intellectual, for no intelligent people will submit to long continued oppression.—*Industrial Age.*

"Remember the Words of the Lord Jesus, how He said"—

"Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching".—Luke xii. 32.

Child of God! is this thine attitude, as the expectant of thy Lord's appearing? are thy loins girded, and thy lights burning? If the cry were to break upon thine ears this day, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh," couldst thou joyfully respond—"Lo, this is my God, I have waited for Him?" When he may come, we cannot tell; ages may elapse before then. It may be centuries before our graves are gilded with the beams of a Millennial sun; but while He may or may not come soon, He must come at sometime—aye, and the day of our death is virtually to all of us the day of his coming.

Be not deceived or deluded with the mocker's presumptuous challenge, "Where is the promise of His coming?" See to it that the calls of an engrossing world without, do not foster this procrastinating spirit within. It may be now or never with thee. Put off thy sowing time till harvest is past. Leave nothing for a dying hour, to die, and calmly to resign thy spirit into the hands of Jesus. Of all times, that is least suitable to have the vessel replenished—to attend to the great business of life when life is ebbing—to trim the lamp when the oil is done and it is flickering in its socket—to begin to watch, when the summons is heard to leave the watch tower to meet our God!

Were you never struck how often, amid the many gentle words of Jesus, the summons "to watch," is over and over repeated, like a succession of alarum-bells breaking ever and anon, amid chimes of heavenly music, to rouse a sleeping Church and a slumbering world?

Let this last "Word" of thy Lord's send thee to thy knees with the question,—"Am I indeed a servant of Christ?" Have I fled to Him, and am I reposing in Him, as my only Saviour?—or am I still lingering, like Lot, when I should be escaping—sleeping, when I should be waking—neglecting and trifling, when "a long eternity is lying at my door?" He is my last and only refuge; neglect Him—all is lost!

Believer! thou who art standing on the watch-tower, be more faithful than ever at thy post. Remember what is required in watching. It is no dreamy state of inactive torpor: it is a holy jealousy over the heart—waking vigilance regarding sin—every avenue and loophole of the soul carefully guarded. Holy living is the best, the only, preparative for holy dying. "Persuade yourself," says Rutherford, "the King is coming." Read His letter sent before Him. "Behold, I come quickly, wait with the wearied night-watch for the breaking of the Eastern sky."

Let these "Words of Jesus" we have now been meditating upon in this little volume, be as the Golden Bells of old, hung on the vestments of the officiating High priest, emitting sweet sounds to His spiritual Israel—telling that the true High Priest is still living and pleading in "the Holiest of all;" and that soon He will come forth to pour His blessing on His waiting Church. We have been pleasingly employed in gathering up a few "crumbs" falling from "the Master's table." Soon we shall have, not the "Words," but the presence of Jesus—not the crumbs falling from His table, but everlasting fellowship

—*McDuff.*

[Written for the Southern Home.]

MR. EDITOR:—Among your many readers are, I apprehend, not a few enterprising farmers. With these, just now, the inquiry is for some "better way." One great need is, more, better and cheaper forage than can be obtained by pulling fodder, or by mowing, with some grass, many rushes on swamp lands. To meet, in part at least, this need, I would suggest German Millet. I can say nothing from experience, but something from observation, and more from information derived through conversation with several sensible, practical farmers in Middle Tennessee, last fall. Its recommendations are:

1. It has displaced all other varieties in that country, and is extensively sown.

2. Last year much more than ever before, and that sowing was limited by the exhaustion of the supply of seed. The seed price having been previously $1.50 per bushel, rose to $3.50. The reason assigned for this heavy sowing was the prospective failure of their corn crop. To compensate for this, they sowed Millet as late as July.

3. It makes excellent hay, and a heavier crop than any thing else ever tried in that country. On it, young stock, not only live through the winter, but even thrive without any other grain than that in the hay.

4. It can be sown at any time from April till July: thus allowing the farmer to divide his hay making time as may be convenient.

5. The quantity of seed per acre usually raised, is 30 bushels. As high as 60 have been raised.

Here, I apprehend, some practical farmer reader will be ready to say 'All that may do very well for such a country as Middle Tennessee; but will it do for North Carolina?' Now that is the proper question which I have purposed to answer by a trial, ever since I saw the Tennesseans mowing their Millet. But I am happy in being able to state that I learned recently that a Mecklenburg farmer has anticipated me in that trial. Though not acquainted with him, I feel certain that such an enterprise deserves the credit of making public what I have learned concerning his experiment. Mr. B[illegible]tt McKee, (he will please pardon me, if I do not spell his name aright,) had German Millet last year. (He lives in Sharon Township, between Sharon and Sardis Churches.) From the statements of several gentlemen, I infer that it was but little, if any, inferior to the Tennessee growth. He tried it on both upland and bottom. The former did best. A Providence farmer, by no means addicted to talking extravagantly, says that it was worth riding twenty miles to see it while growing.

Tennessee farmers advise the following preparation:

Break the ground thoroughly. Harrow to make it fine and surface smooth. Sow seed, one bushel per acre, and harrow in. If for raising seed, sow in narrow drills, half bushels per acre, and cultivate by running sweep between the rows.

The next question is seed. Where can it be obtained? Captain J. F. Johnston of Charlotte, will soon, if he has not already have all necessary information on that point.

A. R.

Huntersville, N. C., Jan. 19th, 1875.

[illegible]ch Outdone.

King Kalakaua surpasses all other monarchs because he can jump into the water from a height of six hundred feet or [illegible]. Here is what he told a Washington reporter about it:

"I shall return to America during the Centennial Exhibition," said Kalakaua, "and I think there will be many crowned heads here. If my information is correct, it is the intention of the royalty of Europe to have many of its highest representatives here. But I want to be free and enjoy myself. During my next visit I propose to challenge American single oarsmen in a race."

"Then you are fond of athletic sports?"

"Hardly anything suits me so much. We have in Hawaii several excellent base ball clubs, and as swimmers we are proficient. I think nothing of making a leap into the water from a precipice five hundred feet high."

"Five hundred feet high! Why, your Majesty, that beats Sam Patch."

"From what height did he leap?" the King asked.

Minister Pierce was appealed to for information, and if he was correct, he thought it somewhere in the neighborhood of one hundred and [illegible] feet. At this the King could not [illegible] a smile, and said:

"Why, great [illegible]

[illegible] EAPLY PRINTED [illegible] Sale at the Ar[illegible]

place of [illegible] Even little girls jump from heights of three hundred and four hundred feet from the water!"

We are informed, says the New York Sun, that when his majesty performs a royal jump (this act he swings straightforward into the air, and commences the descent by holding himself quite rigid, with the legs downward. When within sixty or eighty feet of the water he suddenly draws his body together, almost in the shape of a ball, and then, just as he strikes he throws out his legs and goes down feet first, straight as an arrow.

We trust the King is not in error when he anticipates the presence of many other royal personages in the United States during the great Centennial Exhibition of 1876 at Philadelphia. The managers of the enterprise should take advantage of the occasion by anchoring one of the tallest ships in the Delaware, and inviting the kings generally to a centennial jumping match from the very top of the mainmast. At a dollar a ticket, and five dollars for front seats, it would draw enormously, and we hereby offer to bet fifty dollars that Kalakaua can jump better from that elevation than any other king, emperor or simple prince in the known world.

He is Faithful that Promised.

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.—Isaiah 1. 18.

My soul, thy God summons thee to his audience-chamber. Infinite purity seeks to reason with infinite vileness. Deity stoops to speak to dust. Dread not the meeting. It is the most gracious, as well as wonderful of all conferences. Jehovah himself breaks the silence. He utters the best tidings to a worn soul or a lost world can hear: "God in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing unto men their trespasses." What *scarlet* sins and *crimson* stains are these all to be forgiven and washed away? The just God "justifying" the ungodly—the holiness of all beings, the sinner's friend! O, what is there in thee to merit such a call as this? Thou mightest have known God only as the "consuming fire," "a devouring fire" before thee, "a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation" on account of vengeance." This gracious conference bids thee dispel thy fears. It tells thee, thou art no longer a "fearful," but a blessed thing to be in His hands. Hast thou closed with these His overtures? Until thou art at peace with Him, happiness must be a stranger to thy bosom. Though thou hast all else besides, bereft of God thou must be "bereft indeed."

Lord, I come. As thy pardoning grace is freely tendered, so shall I freely accept it. May it be mine, even now, to listen to the gladdening accents, Son, Daughter, be of good cheer; thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee!—*McDuff.*

POPULATION OF EUROPE.—The Bureau of Statistics furnishes some curious as well as instructive and important facts.

From the tables recently issued we learn that the estimated population of the whole earth is about 1,391,032,000.—Geographers estimated the earth's population at 1,300,000,000 in 1850, and hence it appears by this report, there has been an increase of 90,000,000 in twenty-five years.

Asia is the most populous, containing 798,000,000; Europe has 300,500,000; America, 203,000,000; and Australia and Polynesia about 4,500,000.

London is the most populous city in the world, reporting 3,254,300 inhabitants. Philadelphia is the eighteenth city in point of population. There being seventeen containing more inhabitants than it, viz: London Sutchan, (China,) 2,0[illegible] Paris, 1,851,792; Pekin, 1,300,000; Canton and Canton each, 1,000,000; New York, 942,300; Tientin, 900,000; [illegible] 834,484; Berlin, 826,341; Hankau, [illegible]000; Tobingtu-fee, 800,000; Calcutta, [illegible]645; Yeddo, 674,447.

It is also estimated that 90,000,000 of all the inhabitants of the earth speak the English language, seventy-five millions German, fifty-millions speak the Russian and only forty five millions speak the French language.

HONESTY TESTED.—There was a boy in Ireland, who was put to work in a factory, and while he was at work a piece of cloth was wanted to be cut which was short of the length it was to have been; but the master thought it might be made longer by a little stretching. He thereupon unrolled the cloth, taking hold of one end of it himself and bidding the other. He then said, "Pull Adam, pull!" But the boy stood still. The master again said, "Pull, Adam, pull!" The boy said, "I can't." "Why not?" said the master.—"Because it is wrong," said Adam, and refused to pull. Upon this the master said he would not do for a linen manufactory. But the boy became the Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke, and the strict principles of honesty in his youthful age laid the foundation of future greatness.

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[illegible] Woman: her work and [illegible] A new serial story By T. S. [illegible] commencement in January.

[illegible] Lizzie: or the Cabins [illegible] By Rose Terry Cooke, We anticipate a series of article with pleasure [illegible] that it will be among the most [illegible] we shall offer our readers next [illegible] Rose, besides holding the pen of a writer, has in her possession a geniunal [illegible] material from which to draw, and a [illegible] acquaintance with people whose personal [illegible] are rich with powerful incidents and [illegible].

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—THE—

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