

THE NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.

This Argus, o'er the People's Rights doth an Eternal Vigil Keep; No Nothing Strain of Man's Son can Lull his Hundred Eyes to Sleep.

WADESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1875.

NO. 47

Selected Poetry.

Be Happy as You can. This life is not all sunshine, Nor is it yet all showers...

This life has heavy crosses, As well as joy to share, And griefs and disappointments, Which you and I must bear...

The sum of our enjoyment Is made of little things, As of the broadest rivers Are formed from smaller springs...

There may be burning deserts Through which our feet may go, But there are given oases Where pleasant palm trees grow...

Perchance we may not climb with Ambition to its goal, Still let us answer "present," Where Duty calls the roll...

Be happy as we can. There may be burning deserts Through which our feet may go, But there are given oases Where pleasant palm trees grow...

Miscellaneous.

Brasser's son Claudius - The Fun he Made for a Neighbor's Boy - Disturbing the Old Folks - A Good Shot - Smashing Glass and Arousing a Policeman

Mr. Brasser, who lives on Ninth avenue, has a son about twelve years old named Claudius, and the other evening this boy received permission to allow a neighbor's boy to stay all night with him...

"You'll see more fun around here to-night than would lie on a ten-acre lot!" From a closet they brought out a cast off suit of Brasser's clothes, stuffed them with whatever came handy, tied the mask and an old straw hat on for a head, and while one boy was carefully raising the window the other was tying the clothes line around the "man"...

"Great bottles but it's a robber!" and jumped into bed. "Theodore Brasser, are you a fool?" screamed the wife as he monopolized all the bed clothes to cover up his head. "Be quiet, you old jade, you!" he whispered, "perhaps he'll go away?"

"Don't you call me a jade!" she replied, reaching over and trying to find his hair. "Git up and git the gun and blow his head off!" "Oh you do it!" "Git up, you old coward," she snapped. "I'll never live with you another day if you don't do it!"

"Now, then, for blood!" he continued, as he advanced to the window and held the candle. "The man was there, I saw the glass, and he had such a malignant expression of countenance that Brasser jumped back with a cry of alarm. Kill him! Shoot him down, you old noodle!" screamed the wife. "I will - by thunder! I will!" replied Brasser, and he blazed away, and tore out nearly all the lower part.

The boys up stairs uttered a yell and a roan, and Brasser jumped for the window and looked down. He wasn't looking for any one, but he saw a man jumping down, and he yelled: "Now, then, for blood!"

Singular Conduct on the Gallows.

At Carson, California, John Murphy expired on the gallows the murder of John McCallum. And this is the way the doomed man conducted himself while in the presence of death, according to the San Francisco Chronicle.

Murphy entered upon a long protest against capital punishment, ending, "There is another poor unfortunate man sentenced to be hanged in your State day after tomorrow. For God's sake, save his life. You can do it if you try. It is worse than murder to hang him."

After reading extracts from the works of Judge Edmonds, he asked for a chew of tobacco, and repeated a poem of great length in the Scotch dialect, said to have been dictated by the spirit of Robert Burns to Lizzie Dolan, spiritualistic lecturer.

The Cincinnati Enquirer tells the following: He came into the office of a West End undertaker yesterday with a look of great care on his honest face. His eyes were heavy and slightly blood-shot, telling of nightly vigils and loss of sleep.

"Can I do anything for you to-day, sir?" "Well I reckon so, stranger!" Another silence. Once more the undertaker began by suggesting: "Your sister?"

"No - my wife." "Sudden?" "No - expected su'thun' of the kind for several months."

"What looks natural?" "Father." (Spoken carefully, and expressive of some doubt.) "About what do you want the cost of it to be?"

"Don't care a duration for expense; git it up kinder nice. I'll treat her handsum, cause she is the first one I ever had." "Very well, my friend; you'll have it lined with white satin, I suppose?"

"Y-a-a-s, I s'pose so. An', stranger, just put a bully top to it." "Oh, of course; and you'll want a glass in it, also, I suppose?"

"Y-a-a-s-Oh certainly - you bet. Gather up snipponies, you know, old fellow. None of your dratted one-hoss fixing for me. No, sir-ee."

"Just so. Silver handles, of course?" "Eh? What's that you say, stranger - silver handles? Oh durned how, won't that be piling it on to' heff'n sake? I kin stand silver screws; and sich, but there's no use makin' the hull tarnation trap of silver. The thing has to be moved, and must have handles, but I ain't got no stock up as that now - not quite no stock."

"Very well," answered the man of obsequies. "I'll put silver handles to it, then?" "Eg'actly - them's 'em, mister; now yer talkin'. Or'nary handles 'll do. But, I say, stranger (respectfully), make the wheels listen like thunder to my wh-ee-els!"

Home - Home is the one place in all this world where hearts are sure of each other.

Home - Home is the one place in all this world where hearts are sure of each other, and where we pour out the unreserved communication of full and confiding hearts. It is the spot where expressions of tenderness gush out without any sensation of awkwardness, and without any dread of ridicule.

There is nothing to be so highly prized as a soft, sweet voice in woman except her ability to take in washing when hard times come.

There, now: a fellow is said to be a workaholic Judge Walsh, of Brooklyn, has died, and his wife has no right to open up his husband's letters.

A circuit preacher in Missouri preached for an hour one night at a farmer's house, and the farmer, who had a horse race arranged for next day, was so mad that he turned the good man out of doors.

The young man who resolved to commit suicide because his sweetheart married an undertaker, owes his life to the second thought that he might be furnishing his rival a job.

A facetious fellow, having unwittingly offended a conceited puppy, the latter told him he was "no gentleman."

A disrespectful son asked his father: "Why is neighbor Smith's liquor store like a counterfeit dollar?" "I can't tell, my son." "Because you can't pass it," said the boy. That boy got a leather medal in the shape of a number ten boot.

"When the cold wind blows, take care of your nose that it doesn't get froze, and wrap up your toes in warm woolen hose." The above, we suppose, was written in prose by some one who knows the effects of cold winds.

"You know, madam, that you cannot make a pure out of a sow's ear." "Oh, sir, please fan me. I have intimations of a swoon. When you use that odious specimen of vulgarity again clothe it in refined phraseology! I should say it is impossible to fabricate a pecuniary receipt from the articular organ of the pig's leg!"

Pieces of horse radish added to vinegar on pickles improve their flavor and prevent mould.

A Small piece of borax allowed to dissolve in the mouth is said to be an excellent remedy for sudden hoarseness or loss of voice.

A torchlight procession and other amusements are reported to be awaiting the arrival of Andrew Johnson in Washington.

GENERAL LONGSTREET RETIRES.

One prominent man has shaken the mud of Louisiana politics off his feet in disgust, and gone in search of fresh fields and pastures new. It is General Longstreet, whom Confederate commander, and once a Republican, politician in the District of State.

He has bought a farm near Galesville, Georgia, and there proposes to spend in peace and quiet the remainder of his days, forgetting in a country life the memories of the battle-field and the carnage.

In January, 1874 a French professor of natural history placed a frog in a hole dug in a solid stone and closed and hermetically sealed the opening.

On the 17th of the month the stone was opened at the Museum of Natural History in Paris. The frog was found in the poultry-yard. - The Living but not lively.

FEED FOWLS A LITTLE AND OFTEN.

is a very common method of feeding fowls which was so often adopted, where the grain is thrown down in great heaps on the ground or floor. It is not only wasteful, but injurious to the fowls, because they get overfed, and it is in an important respect contrary to their habits.

For their nature is to scratch. Watch the old hen with a bucket when she is just let out of the coop. She hardly stirs from the spot, but as soon as she has realized her freedom down go her claws into the soil, and afterward whenever you see her she is at it.

Always feed no more than can be eaten at once, and take care that they may have the luxury of scratching for it. If feed is buried in fresh earth, then they get with their mouthful of grain something of use to their peculiar digestive organs.

Grain, however, should not be allowed to come in contact with the filthy-tainted soil too often found in the poultry-yard. - The Living World.

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