

THE NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.

"This Argus, O'er the People's Rights doth an Eternal Vigil Keep: No Slithering Streets of Man's Sin can Seal his Hundred Eyes to Sleep."

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stuffed in two of the prairie dogs that happened to be wandering about.

Boy—"O middle!" But one of the keepers let his revolver lay on a bench and the casemate scooped that in, too, and in the morning, while they were drivin' it into the pen, it ran into the fence, and two men heard growling and rambling on its sides, and the next minute the smoke came out of its mouth and it rolled over and stopped out. The old man says the dog had started the revolver.

Rep—"Anything the now?"
Boy—"No, this; but you come round yer whenever you get an item. There's most always something, you see. You see the old man; he'll astonish you with information. Good mornin'—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

The Story of a Life—From Opulence to Poverty—A Touching Story.

She died on Thursday night, says a city paper, and on Friday afternoon she was carried from the fourth story back of a cheap tenement house in a stained pine coffin. It must have been a relief to die, for after death there is at least no hunger; and so it would have been but for the two children who issued on her as on a reed that breaks beneath the weight. Naturally she was anxious for them, and it is not strange that while she lay in her muslin shroud, the four strangers besides the clergyman who attended her funeral remarked a lingering earnest expression, as though the last sleep, which is said to smooth out all wrinkles, had been powerless to efface her solicitude. It was hard to leave those little ones to the uncertain charity of a feeble world, but doubtless the sisters who supplied the slender means of the invalid will see to it, that they have some roof to cover them and clothing to keep them from the pinching cold.

The story goes that she has seen better days. She could hardly have seen worse. Only ten years ago she was the mistress of a freestone front, admired for her grace and beauty and courted for her wealth. Her husband was a successful dealer in stocks. When the war broke out he had little or nothing. When Lee gave his sword to the victor he counted his wealth by millions, and was generous to a fault. But who can tell what changes may occur in the mercantile life of New York in the course of a few years? We are like a huge caldron of water kept at the bubbling, boiling point all the time. The hurrying drops which are at the bottom to-day rise to the top to-morrow, while those which to-day fondly dream that they are permanently secure at the top suddenly begin to sink, and do not rest until they touch the bottom. So this man's hundreds of thousands faded away into mere thousands, and his thousands, as though saturated with the demoniac spirit of ill luck, became paltry hundreds, which melted like snowflakes when they fell on the river. He could not endure the shock, and his end was chronicled in an obscure corner of the daily paper under the heading "painful suicide."

The mother was horror-struck as she folded her babes to her bosom and stared the world in the face. The old acquaintances. They were as though they had never been. They flattered past her on the December sidewalk with their silks and furs, but they neither knew her nor cared to remember her. She had dropped from "the set," and that was enough. She sewed with bleeding fingers, and a broken heart, and somehow the tears unbidden fell on her pale cheeks as she thought of the past and sighed at the frailty of human life. She could just pay the bill of the funeral.

She worked fourteen hours a day, unfortunately, poor people have no systems, and fourteen hours work, with insufficient food and broken rest, brought her to the edge of the grave. Just then the friendly knock of charity was heard, the few wants of the broken-hearted were supplied, and, with a last, long, agonized look—a look and prayer in one—she was lifted out of her sick bed and the pestilence of the dark alley, into heaven. What a change!

This is but a single illustration of the vicissitudes and changes which are inevitably connected with the life of a city. **SINGULAR MATHEMATICAL FACT.**—Any number of figures you may wish to multiply by 5 will give the same result if divided by 2—a much quicker operation; but you must remember to annex a cipher to the answer whenever there is no remainder. Example:— $4 \times 5 = 20$, and $20 \div 2 = 10$. Multiply 46 by 5 and the answer is 230; dividing the same number by 2, and you have 232, and, as there is no remainder, you add a cipher. Now, take 357, and multiply by 5; there is 1,785—divide the same number by 2, and you have 892 and a remainder, you therefore

Anti-Railroad Days.

Two centuries ago, there did not exist in England a single navigable canal, not an inch of railway, (as we understand the term, not a public conveyance that would bear comparison with the most lumbering farm wagon that can be found on the prairie beyond the Mississippi, and not a mile of road which the traveler to-day would not consider as impassable. By the public highways both travelers and goods passed from place to place, and those highways appear to have been far worse than the most ruinous roads that can now be found outside of the sheepwalks of Australia or the jungles of South Africa. Thereby has left us accounts of journeys made with a guide along roads that led "over most prodigious high hills," "steeper than the roofs of many houses," of rides "along the edges of precipices that grew to that height and steepness, and withal so exceeding narrow, that we had not an inch of ground to set foot upon to alight from our horses," and of tramps over highways "full of ice and snow, rougher than a ploughed field, yet hard as iron." Haghsbush lane, the principal bridge path from London to the north of England, was worn so deep that the rider's head was beneath the level of the ground on either side, and so narrow as barely to afford passage for a single horseman. Indeed, in many parts, being once in it, to turn back became utterly impossible, such was its extreme narrowness. Nor does this seem to be the exception rather than the rule. Many other bits of road were almost, if not quite, as bad. Even on roads which the Englishmen of that day were accustomed to regard as the best, the ruts were deep, the decents precipitous, and the mud often lay so thick that all communication was cut off for months at a time, between towns separated by scarcely a score of miles. Over such roads as these, as may well be supposed, the only practicable method of travelling was on foot or on horseback. The rich rode—the poor walked. To add to the discomforts of the situation, highway robbery was an admitted and apparently irremediable evil, as mounted highwaymen were to be found on every main road. And yet, with all the obstinacy of his nature, John Bull for a long time opposed the introduction of the stage-coach, saying, among other things that such an innovation would be ruinous to trade, as saddlers and porters would be ruined by hundreds; that people who rode on horseback would lose their clothing; that those who kept themselves clean and neat in coaches, "and were forced to have new very often, and that increased the consumption of the manufactures and the employment of the manufacturers, which travelling in coaches doth no way do." Such were the cogent reasons for which our worthy forefathers demanded that the stage-coach should be "put down." How it ultimately triumphed over all opposition, and became with its racy gilled coachman, facetious guard, its upsets and break downs, its "outsides" and "insides," a peculiarly English institution, is familiar to all readers of English novels for three generations back.

Thoughts and Thoughts.

Man willingly believes what they wish to be true. Prejudice squints when it looks, and lies when it talks.

He is furiously religious who is irreligious. Vulgarity, profanity and villeness are not wit or humor.

Things are shadows, but the chase after them is real exercise.

The great end of a good education is to form a reasonable man.

Money treats the gospel with indifference and the name of liberality.

He often builds the nest in which poverty hatches out its sorrows.

Liberality makes friends of enemies; pride makes enemies of friends.

He must be a thorough fool who can learn nothing from his own folly.

The true secret of living at peace with all the world is to have a humble opinion of ourselves.

It is not wise to lose a friend to whom you can do a kindness, or from whom you can take one.

That man is voted a bore who persists in talking about himself when you wish to talk about yourself.

Teach children to love everything that is beautiful and you will teach them to be good.

It is a base thing in seal for a friend, but a noble thing in a man that ties their hearts together.

Mankind in the gross is a gaping monster that loves to be

Uncle Billy's Objections to Civil Rights.

"I interviewed" Uncle Billy, a good old colored friend of mine, the other day, on the question of civil rights.

"Don't want nigger no!" said Uncle Billy. "Got too much already for the nigger."

"How is that Uncle Billy? Is it not a good thing to be equal before the law?"

"Now, Mars Boss," granted Billy, plaintively, "dar's jist what the misery come in. We're ekal befo' de law, and dar you hit our weak pint. Bolo de waw, o' nigger stole chicken an' pig, yer jarked him up, giv' him thirty-nine lashes, an' let him go. But jist let a culled pussen try it now! Yer hauls him 'fore court, and sen's him to de pablicatory, jist like he 'vas one yer poor white trash. Dat's what 'tis to be ekal 'fore de law."

I suggested to Uncle Billy that this might be obviated by being a little more honest.

"Mars Boss," interrupted Billy, "we can't run agin natur." It's nat'ral for nigger to steal pig and chicken, fryin' size. Yer knows it, an' 'tain't no use tryin' to stop us. Now we uns are willin' to let you uns alone, and you all jist let us alone on this pint. We're powerful weak on dis pint Mars Boss."

Just here a perverse and disloyal spirit tempted me to hint to Uncle Billy that the colored people were indebted to their Republican friends for this change in their status.

"Well, den, Mars Boss," said he, "all I see got to say is, de law's got to be changed. Mas' hab a law for de white man and a law for de black man."

Strange as it may seem, some of our best citizens echo Uncle Billy's sentiment. They are inclined to view the negro's minor transgressions in a lenient light, and I know that some of our Democratic judges impose lighter penalties upon colored men for small offenses than they would do in cases where the guilty parties were white.

Before Uncle Billy left I asked him how he would like to sit down at the table with white folks in the hotels.

"Great God! I wouldn't," he exclaimed the good old man. "I allow, youns tryin' to make fun o' dis chile! Why, you know yourself dat no culled pussen eber lets a white man see 'em eat o' dey can help it!"

This is strictly true. The ordinary Southern negro will not eat in the presence of a white spectator.

"Well, Uncle Billy," I said, "it is very evident that you don't want any civil rights."

"Anyting no," I task you," replied Billy. "Nearly done ruined now. Hev a pay my own doctor's bills; lost all my money to de Freedmen's Bank; nigger got no forty cents an' de mule dey promised me; an' can't help myself to a little chicken fryin' size, od gwine to de penitentiary. I've got nuff' abbal rights!"

The above is no production of the fancy. It is a true incident, honestly told, and it is impossible to talk to the country negroes without hearing just such things as I have related.—*The Independent*.

From the New York Tribune.

The Third Term Improbable.

Sm: I notice that the newspapers generally in our country talk about the Third Term question as if, though we might not want Grant to be President for another term, yet, if he decided he ought to have it and so wished, we would not dare to say "No," and out of fear would get in the traces and vote for him. I would have the press take a different tone, and talk as if the thing were impossible. We put him in office in the first place more out of hatred and pride and a rebuke to the South than from foresight. He is no statesman, and is out of harmony with our ideas and wishes and institutions. I am in no sense a Republican; but parties are party means. We ought ever to be ready to leave a party when it proves to be wrong and false, and be ready to perfect and take the best. I consider our people endangered by money, selfishness, and ambition. We must be wise as well as just. We cannot afford to take a single risk; our elements are so crude and heterogeneous. H. B. Howell.

Shelburne Falls, Mass., Feb. 19, 1875.

A CURIOUS CHICKEN CHOLERA.

The following ingredients are said to be an infallible remedy for chicken cholera when used in time: 10 grains cayenne pepper, 10 pulverized sulphur, 1 ounce bacon.

Mix the sulphur and pepper and then rub it on the bacon, open the fowl's mouth and force it to swallow it. It will not only cure but prevent the disease from spreading.

"Al, parson, I wish I could carry my gold with me," said a dying man to his neighbor. "It might melt," was the consolation.

The Art of Printing.

China claims precedence over all other nations in the discovery of the art of printing. The period is supposed to be 950 A. D., and Fong-Tsu, a Minister of State, the supposed inventor. Laurentius, son of John Castor (or Coster), of Haarlem, commenced printing from solid blocks of wood, on which the characters were cut, about the year 1450. In 1442, metal types, instead of wooden ones, were invented; and in 1458 a mode of casting types in matrices was discovered by Faust. In 1456 a printing press was privately set up at Oxford, but the first book known to have been printed there is only dated 1468. A press was afterward established by Caxton at St. Albans, and another adjoining Westminster Abbey, in 1471. A book on the game of chess, printed in 1474, may be regarded as the first production of the English press, though the first book printed in the English tongue was the "Recuyall of the History of Troy," printed at Cologne, September 19, 1471. The first press in America was established at Lima, Peru, about 1590, and the next in Mexico, in 1600. The first press in North America was at Cambridge, Mass., about 1638. The first newspaper in the United States was the *Boston News Letter*, 1704, which was regularly published for nearly seventy years.

Home stretch—The stretch across the national keys.

What is better than a promising young man?—A paying one.

The inhabitants of Green Bay, Wis., are called Green Babies.

And now they adulterate honey. This is a beauty's fault.

Heat generates motion. So the boy found who sat down on a piece of lighted punk.

This jute the ladies patch their back hair with never looks more like real hair than when it appears in the gutter.

The fellow who wrote to us to know what kind of paper is best to write on for a newspaper is respectfully informed that foolscap will make him feel more at home.

Spain's cry to-day—'Hail, Alfonso Francis d' Assises Ferdinand Pie Juan Marie de la Concepcion Gregoire, King of Spain!'

A citizen of Syracuse has thirteen children, all girls. What that father has spent for hairpins would have bought the Western Union Telegraph wire.

A California preacher is preaching on the best way to raise boys. We have always found a number 14 boot about as effective as anything for raising them.

The *Garrison (Me.) Journal* says there is a store in that place in which a skull is kept on the counter, marked "This man was a drummer. Beware!"

Nothing recalls to the mind of the married man the joys of his single life so vividly as to find that the baby has been eating crackers in bed.

A Utica editor whose ear is shedding its skin, explains that he has not been anywhere to freeze it, but he has been exposed to a good deal of domestic discipline.

It must make a man feel mean to pay an old debt because he thinks he is going to die, and then have the doctor put through all right.

An exchange refuses to publish the commencing; "I breathed on the face of my mailer," until the editor knows what the author drinks.

A newspaper warmed, and placed inside the waistcoat, will keep out the cold better than a large quantity of clothing.—Now is the time to subscribe.

A Detroit lady compositor has succeeded in catching a husband in the person of a Detroit editor. Detroit feminine compositors appear to have quite a reputation for setting traps.

"Mary, I love the well," wrote an impassioned swain to his sweetheart; but she couldn't imagine what his affections for a well had to do with the question of an early marriage.

A Milwaukee man hid in a public doorway and jumped out and kissed his wife. She didn't hoop and yell, as he expected, but replied: "Don't be so bold mister-folks around her know me!"

"You are from the country are you not, sir?" asked a city clerk of a Quaker who had just arrived. "Yes." "Well, here is an essay on the rearing of calves." "That," said Ammadab, "thee had best present to thy mother."

Josh Billings says, "If you are going to give a man anything give it to him cheerfully, and quick, don't make him git down on his knees in front of you, and listen to the 10 commandments, and then give him five cents."

A surgeon who lodges over a butcher shop in Paris feels much aggrieved at an announcement on the shop window: "Killing takes place daily in this establishment." The doctor considers that his professional skill is impugned by the notice and resorts sufficiently to go to law about it.

British parson and commercial traveler in the cars (conversation slow). Parson: "What line are you in?" Questioner answers, with a faint smile, "I'm in the spiritual line." "Ha, ha," says the other, "blessed if I didn't think you got up in it."

"Oh! your nose is as cold as ice," says a man to his father, who had just returned from a long journey. "I don't know what you mean," says the father, who had heard his daughter exclaim the other evening, as he was waiting in the next room. He walked in for an explanation, but the young fellow was at one end of the sofa and the girl at the other, while both looked so innocent and unconcerned that the old gentleman concluded that his ears had deceived him, and retired from the scene without a word.

One night, not long since, a son of a comestible in Clinton, Kansas, awoke in a great fright, and coming down stairs, told his father that a neighbor's boy had killed him and his little brother, and his brother died, but he did not die until the next morning the father dropped a loaded revolver on the floor, one of which was discharged, and the other killed the little "brother" and was the other son, just as he had dreamed it the night before.

He was describing a dinner he had attended: "After that the clott was took off and the liquors war bro't in. And what liquors they wuz, too! The whisky was none o' this yer kind that makes a man feel like saying: 'I kin lik any son of a gun in the house,' and makes him smash things generally. No sir, it was the kind that jist makes a man lift his glass up gently, and say: 'Joe, old pard, I've lookin' at yer.'"

An old negro woman who had never been in town before, came on a visit to one of her relations, and during the first night of her visit was awakened by the blasts of the watchman's cough. Jumping up, she commenced shouting, "O Lor, de Gabel a blowin' ob he's trumpet, an' judgment day comin' in de night time."

An old bac helor says: "When I member all the girls I've met together feel like a rooster in the fall—except every weather! I feel like one who always some hard-yard all deserted, gals are fed, white hens."

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