

THE NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.

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

25 CENTS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

WADESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1875.

NO. 52.

and climate—all marvellous. If Southern people will move, let them go to Oregon or Southern California.

The Conference was held on a campground twelve miles from Salem. We had a pleasant time. Here the Dr. and I planned a preaching campaign—which took us to every important point. We betwixt and between. While there, an opportunity offered for a trip up the river as high as the cascades. I never enjoyed a jaunt as I did this. The weather was beautiful—the boat was fine—the scenery awe inspiring—the river the finest on the continent—the objects of interest innumerable. When I was a boy, I read Washington Irving's "Astoria" and it seemed like a legend of some far off mythical region, and weird, where nature dwelt alone with her birds and fish and furred animals, and a solitary trapper here and there—the only human inhabitant; and now, as the illusions of fancy fled away and I, a pilgrim from the East, stood in the presence of this river and these mountains, I was hardly conscious of my own identity. It seemed as though the magical wand of imagination was still playing fantastic tricks with my memories and ideas. Ah me! this Methodist itinerant system tosses men about very strangely. But for this, I never should have seen the natural wonders that ravished my vision as the proud steamer ploughed the bosom of the grand Columbia river.

At night I preached, by courteous invitation, in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Portland did not impress me favorably as a place of residence. I prefer Salem. We returned to the latter place—spent a day and night. Here the Dr. and I parted for a season, to fill our respective appointments—arranging to meet at certain places. To tell the whole truth, we were never long apart, and our meetings were occasions of well, mutual gratulation. He was a great comfort to me, and I have thanked his wife for a three months loan of him.

We preached day and night, right through the heart of the country for two hundred and seventy-five miles—Portland to Astland. We had many incidents, rare and rare, to freshen our spirits and beguile our weariness, but I have no time to write.

With the memory of that stage ride in our hearts (and as to that, in other parts as well) and with its fear before our eyes—how we should get back to California was a very serious question. The Dr. was strongly inclined to the boat and the ocean; I favored the stage. So we took counsel. We advised with every new comer we met, with this result. If he came by steamer, he advised us to take the stage; if he came by stage, he advised us to take the steamer. This was uniform. There was no help to either side. I kick the beam, I plead the chance to stop and preach. So we took the stage again, but relieved ourselves by stopping to preach. We took the stage by instalments, and made the trip with comparative comfort. The last night I shall never forget. It was raining—the heavens were black as ink—the air dense with fog and darkness—the road the most perilous on the whole trip—but on we go with six large horses—two feeble lamps to light our way—sweeping in a gallop, in curves around the mountain summits, whirling whizzing on the very edge of abyssal depths. The Dr. was solemn—I kept silence—and in the midst of it all—nature asserted her rights and we slept. About two hours after midnight, we landed at Redding, the terminus of the railroad.

Sacramento, I never felt a livelier sense of safety.

Mt. Shasta—these mountains among mountains. The first stand of the Saul, a head and shoulders above the brethren—him I saw at a distance, but Shasta I was near, both going and coming, and the sight was and is an astonishment. From base to top 14,450 feet, his head is heavy with perpetual snow and the atmosphere forty miles around attests his icy domain. On our return, as we stopped, his foot to change, his hand to hold, his eye to follow, his ear to listen, his heart to thrill, his soul to thrill. As we started the clouds were rifted by a gust of wind, the sun beamed full upon his white locks, and his shining face, all unveiled, was turned upon us like a benediction. At a turn in the road the Dr. got another glorious glimpse and was wrapt in poetic frenzy. He begged me to take a picture of him. I did so, and he seemed to me that I laid there and held it for an hour, expecting every minute to see the bar roll me into the hole. Afterward I ventured to peek out, and would you believe, there was

G. F. PIERCE

Tom Wilson's Scare.

After an absence of about half an hour Tom appeared staggering under the weight of a fine fat doe, which was soon dressed, and a portion of it broiling over the coals for our supper. This over, we threw ourselves upon our blankets, and, while enjoying the cheerful light of our camp fire, Tom related his experience with the first grizzly he ever saw.

"You see when I first came up to this country, I didn't know much about it; but General Garland allowed I was the man he wanted to scout for him, and so I entered his service. When he was a-travelin' over the country, I used to make it a point to look round considerable when in camp, so as to get acquainted with it like, because in my business a feller had to know it pre-middling well.

"I'd heard a good deal about grizzly, though I'd never seen one, for they don't have 'em up in Kentuck, where I come from, or in Texas either; but when I heard old trappers talking about 'em, and tellin' how savage and strong they was, I always allowed that there warn't no kind of a bar that I was afeard of, and I didn't know there was either. You see, I didn't let 'em know that I'd never seed one of the critters, for I made up my mind that if ever I come across one, I'd have a tussel with him, and he shouldn't get away from me neither, though I must confess that I felt a little skeery of a critter that could crunch a man or kill a buffalo as easy as I could break an egg. Still, I talked big, 'cause talk is cheap, you know.

"Well, one day we was to the north of this, camped on the San Juan River. The trail was eight or ten miles long, and perhaps a couple wide, with the biggest oak-trees growin' in it that I ever seed growing anywhere; some of 'em would measure twenty feet round the butts, and the General said he reckoned they was more'n a hundred years old.

"I got tired of stayin' round camp and doin' nothin'; so I walked down to where the animals was feedin', and talked to the herder a while, and then went on down the valley, lookin' at the rocks and mountains and trees, till I got a long ways from camp and calculated it would take me a good hour to get back. After startin' on the back trail I happened to notice one tree, which stood a little to one side of my track, that looked so much larger than the others, that the idea came into my head to just examine it. I had a stout oak stick in my hand, and as I came up to the tree, I hit the trunk two or three blows to see if it was sound, you know. Then I thought I'd see how big round it was, so that I could tell the General how many steps it took to circumnavigate it. So I stuck my stick in the ground for a mark and started.

"When I got about half-way round, I happened to look up, and I'll be blest if there wasn't a grizzly as big as an ox, with in two feet of me, a-settin' on his haunches, and watchin' me out of a hole in the stump of that tree.

"I brought up pretty quick, I tell you, and took one good look at him. He looked meek enough in the sight, but in a jiffy he fixed his eyes on me, and his great mouth, which was half open, with his white teeth, looked waterlike like, as though it was just achin' to git hold of me. I see him kinder half raise one of his paws, and then I started. I heard him give a low wheezy kind of growl, as he started after me, and I didn't wait to hear any more—ever a feller run, that feller was Tom Wilson.

"I reckon I thought of every step I'd ever heered about grizzlies; how savage they was; how they could beat a hoss runnin' any time. The more I thought, the faster I run, and the plainer I could hear the bear coming after me.

"I declare I never knewed it was in me to do so. I throwed off pretty nigh all the clothes I had on, and was doin' jest my level best, when suddenly I tripped on somethin' or other, and went down. Then I knowed 'twas all up with me for certain, and I expected every minute to feel that bar's paw on to me.

"I remembered how I'd heerd Nat Beal say, that if a grizzly thought a man was dead, he'd dig a hole and bury him, without hurtin' him any, and after a day or two, would come back and dig him up. So I did still and held my breath, waitin' for the bar to bury me.

"I could hear him diggin' the hole, and though my eyes was aht, I could see jest how he looked, as he handle them paws of his. He seemed to me that I laid there and held my breath for nigh an hour, expecting every minute to see the bar roll me into the hole. Afterward I ventured to peek out, and would you believe, there was

"I jest picked myself up mighty sudden and made tracks for camp, and I reckon if ever a feller felt beat that feller was me, then and there.

"It was a long time before I said anything about my scare in camp; but, at last I told the General, and I thought he'd split a laughin'.

"Well, Tom," said I, "you must have been pretty badly frightened."

"Frightened! I jest tell you, sir, I was the worst seart man this side of the San Juan, and I didn't git over it neither in a hurry, sure's you're born."

"What had become of the bear?" asked I.

"Why, you see, he was a sleep in that hole, and when I thumped on the tree with my stick it woke him up. As a natural consequence, his curiosity was rix, and he poked his head out to see who was a-knockin'; but," added Tom with a laugh, "before he could say 'come in,' I was gone.—I've always owed grizzlies a grudge since that scare."—From "An Adventure with a Grizzly," by Samuel Woodworth Cozens.

The Detroit Police Business.

TOO MUCH TALK.

"I don't care a cent for your crow-bars and your cross-cut saws—I want to know what I'm in here for!" exclaimed Orlando, Jackson as he came out.

"Be gentle, be kind, be patient," answered his Honor as he looked over his papers.

"You've no right to keep me in here, and you can't do it!" continued Orlando.

"Ah! here's the paper—the charge is drunkenness."

"It's a lie!" shouted the prisoner.

His Honor laid the paper down and looked at Orlando for a long minute.

You could have heard a snow-flake fall.

"Come, hurry up with this nonsense!" exclaimed the prisoner, putting his hat on his head.

In a low, sweet voice, unmingled by a single passionate strain, his Honor replied:

"I make it three months, and if you don't take off that hat I'll have Bijah take all your hair off with it!"

"Well, I hain't—!"

The court raised his hand, pointed to the corridor, and Orlando was drawn in among the saw-horses and oil cans.

A FLEETING SHOW.

"Guilty of being drunk, and I want to go up three months," said Thomas Payne as he stepped out.

His Honor nodded, the prisoner retired, and all was over in sixteen seconds.

THE MISSING BRIDE.

"Why, where am I?" inquired Augusta Peters, a dame of forty-five, as she stepped out.

"Among thy friends, noble Countess of Wyandotte," replied the court.

"Why, what happened! Is this a hospital?" she continued, as she gazed around, apparently much astonished.

"We often make people sick," replied his Honor, as he opened the warrant.

"I must have fallen down in a fit. Ah! I remember now!" she said as she tied her bonnet strings.

"Come, Gusts, no more fooling," he replied. "You've been here twenty times, and you can't throw sand into my eyes by any such nonsense. This paper says you were on a royal spree last night."

"Oh! your Honor, I was—I own up—I'm sorry—never any more—oh! I feel so bad."

"Didn't I warn you last week?"

"You did—oh! you did—but I'm going to get married to-night to Mr. Jackson and you must let me off."

"I'd like to see you married off and occupying a five-story residence," continued the court; "but justice cries aloud for vengeance, and I shall make it five dollars or thirty days."

"Here! come here!" whispered Augusta, snapping her fingers at some one in the crowd.

A sickly looking man about five feet high, with a mammoth comforter tied around his ears, obeyed her beck and was announced as her future husband.

"Do you love her?" inquired the court.

"Kinder!" replied Jackson.

"Well, you'll have to pay her fine or see her go up."

Mr. Jackson pulled out a very large wallet, took a long time to look it over, and finally laid down three ten-cent pieces and four coppers.

"Can't do it!" called his Honor, as he turned away from the bouanza, "the bridal feast must wait!"

"Oh! Judge—Oh! darling—Oh! you dear man!" wailed Augusta, but she was wafted away to a seat in the Maria.

"Disturbing the peace," said his Honor, as Samuel Lewis, colored, stood on the line.

"Sturbing the peace, eh?"

"Yes, sir; you are charged with throwing a stone through a saloon window."

"Frowing a stun, eh?"

"Yes, sir; throwing a stone and then running away."

"Runnin' away, eh?"

"Yes, sir; what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Dey say I frode a stun, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"And that I run away?"

"Yes, sir."

"And dat I was fetched here?"

"Yes, sir; do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

The prisoner buttoned up his coat, shifted around to face the audience, and then stretched out his arm and demanded:

"Whar's de man who says I frode a stun?"

No answer.

"Whar's de man who says I run away?"

Painful suspense.

"Whar's de accuser?"

The officer in the case had failed to put in an appearance, as well as the witnesses, and the prisoner was discharged. He left the court room with dignified step, and as a crowd assembled around him at the door he was heard saying:

"Sposen I hadn't stood up and made dem speeches! Whar' would I be now?"

And the cold north wind moaned around the gables, tumbled over the house-roofs and sadly echoed:

"Whar!"

—From the Detroit Free Press.

The tale-bearer and the tale-hearer should be hanged up both together—the former by the tongue, and the latter by the ear.

Prize fighters have sunk so low in the estimation of the people of the Far Western States that they have great difficulty in saving themselves from being sent to Congress.

When an affectionate man in Mount Vernon, Illinois, published a "personal" soliciting correspondence with "young cultured ladies," the type fiend set it "colored ladies" and the poor fellow is in trouble.

At a printer's festival lately, the following toast was offered: "Women—Second only to the press in the dissemination of news." The ladies are yet undecided whether to regard this as a compliment or otherwise.

At an anti-monopoly convention in Iowa, recently, some fellow bawled at the door, "Candidates are requested to step down stairs a few minutes." Then everybody went down stairs except one deaf old fellow who wanted to run for jailor.

I won a beautiful maid,
Or rather thought I had;
But when I asked her dad
He got so thunderin' mad,
I felt afraid.

And when she bade me "stick,"
I did; but with a frown
He snatched me by the crown,
And yanked me up and down,
And then—
I "dusted" quick.

NEW STYLES
AT
New Prices,
AT
P. J. COPPEDGE & CO'S.

WE respectfully invite the attention of our
Old Customers
AND THE
PUBLIC GENERALLY
to the fact that we are NOW RECEIVING a large and well selected stock of
STAPLE AND FANCY

Dry Goods,
Notions, Hats,
Ready Made Clothing,
Boots and Shoes,
Hardware, Wood
and Willow Ware,
Tin Ware, Crockery,
Saddles, &c. &c. &c.

Also a full line of
GROCERIES

Always on hand and at reasonable prices.
Agents for W. P. RUSSEL & CO.

White Stone Academy.

THE SPRING SESSION

OF THIS SCHOOL will begin

Monday, February 1st, 1875.

Tuition:—Primary Department—\$10 00
Intermediate " " 14 00
Higher English and Languages from \$15 00 to \$22 00, per session.

Board can be obtained at reasonable rates convenient to the school.
W. D. GULLEIDGE, Principal.
For further particulars address Dr. J. A. McRae, Chairman, Board of Trustees, White Stone, Anson co., N. C.
Jan. 18th, 1875—43-3mpd

Special Notice!

THOSE INDEBTED TO DR. E. A. COVINGTON and to the firm of Drs. Ashe & Covington are hereby notified to settle without delay as further indulgence will not be given.
ASHE & COVINGTON.
40-4

DO YOU WANT

Goods Cheap?

Try Gaddy & Williams, who always keep a good stock of everything suited to the Farmer, the Mechanic, and the Ladies.
GADDY & WILLIAMS.

Copartnership.

R. B. GADDY J. M. WILLIAMS.

HAVING this day purchased the interest of L. L. Polk in the late firm of Polk & Gaddy, we offer our present stock at

LOW FOR CASH,

to make room for our New Goods now daily arriving.
This March 26th, 1874.
GADDY & WILLIAMS.

VANCE & BURWELL,

Attorneys at Law,

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

THE SENIOR WILL HEREAFTER

attend the courts of Anson County regularly.
January 1st 1875-40-4f

Watches and Clock

R. P. Simmons,

LATE OF ANSONVILLE, has opened an office in Wadeboro for the sale and repairing of Watches and Clocks.

He returns his thanks to his friends for former favors and engages to do all in his line promptly and on reasonable terms.
39-

Mrs. J. A. Cliffore

Begs permission to inform her friends and the public generally that she is at all time prepared to furnish first class board and lodgings at reasonable rates. Her place of business is between 2d and 3d Market St. Wilmington N. C.
40-4f.

NEW 1874 FALL

GOODS. 1874 WINTER.

Crawford & Crowder,

WADESBORO, N. C.

OUR STOCK is now full in all kinds of Merchandise.
Every week brings fresh arrivals of Seasonable Goods, and our

FALL

—AND—

WINTER STOCK

Comprises a very Full Assortment of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

WE invite the attention of all to every effort will be used to please customers, and articles not in our line will be ordered at once from the most reliable houses in Northern cities.

HONESTY, INDUSTRY

AND POLITENESS

ARE OUR WATCHWORDS

COUNTRY Produce of every description taken in exchange for GOODS.

Highest Market Rates

DON'T dispose of your Produce by giving us a call.
We may be found at Rose and stand, opposite P. J. Coppedge, Oct. 8.

Discount!

THE FIRM OF POLK & GADDY, has been dissolved, by mutual consent, and the business will be carried on by L. L. Polk at the old stand, with R. B. Gaddy as his partner.

POLK & GADDY.
This, March 30, 1874.

WE KEEP ALWAYS

fine lot of Fresh, water-ground meal from our country corn—at—at—low, come and see.
GADDY & WILLIAMS.