

# THE NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.

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

WADESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1875.

NO. 4

and blessed her. "It is a hard lot you have, Judy," she said.

"Not half as hard as yours, granny, not half as hard as many a young girl has to bear. And I am so thankful, dear, that the children are good and that father and mother brought us up so carefully. They did the best they could."

Judith found her task an arduous one. Rest she never knew. Up with the dawn she arranged matters at home for the day, before she went to the shop, and when her day's work for Lassowitch & Jacobs was finished, a new one commenced at home. When she could obtain sewing to do after hours she did that, when she could not she was never idle; there was mending and making to do to keep grand-mother and the children comfortable and herself in decent trim for her work, and it was seldom that she had more than six hours rest out of twenty-four.

"Judith Marston is always as neat and tidy as if she had just stepped out of a show case," said one of the girls to another as they ate their lunch one day, "but she never wears a ribbon or a ruffle on her dress, not the sign of an ornament, only the little plain collar and cuffs. I should think she would try to be like other girls." The young woman who said this, wore a soiled ruffled alpaca dress trailing some inches upon the ground and plentifully encrusted with mud; her hair was puffed and frizzed and ornamented with a dirty pink ribbon, while about her neck was a ruffle that had once been white, fastened with a bow to match that in her hair. "Judith Marston," she called out, "why don't you dress like folks? Are you going to turn Quakeress? You never wear a ribbon or a bit of trimming on your dress; and that plain straw hat you wore all last winter. Don't you care for nice things?"

Judith flushed a little as she answered. "Yes, Kitty, I care for nice things, but I cannot afford to buy anything but what is necessary, and I haven't time to spend in making up my things any other way than plainly."

Another girl spoke up and said, "Don't you know girls that Judith Marston has a family to support. I guess if we had such a family as hers, we would be as well as she do."

It soon came to be understood that Judith had no time for any of the amusements of other young girls. She devoted herself so earnestly to her work, that her employers learned to appreciate her faithfulness and thoroughness, and when the slack season arrived she was the last to be discharged. But oh! the Ranges—the poor sewing girls' friends!—such it means, that she could not prepare for it; but work so hard as she might, it was very little she could put by after the rent was paid, and the barest necessities purchased. Grand-mother sometimes earned a few shillings by her knitting, which she always handed over to Judith, and this Judith always put in a little silk bag by itself. "If granny is ill, she shall have something to buy comforts with," she said. When school vacation came, the little girls were taught to sew and to do cooking and prepare for usefulness—but many days there were when hunger was not satisfied and Judith's heart ached that she could not provide better for her charge.

Carrie was a very bright child and devoted to her books. Frequently she came home with commendations from her teachers. She stood high, almost first in all her classes. After two years had passed and Carrie was fourteen years old, the grand-mother said, one day, "Judith, it is time as to me Carrie has had schooling, and ought to be helping you now. It makes my heart ache to have you work so hard; the boys are getting big and more and more wear out more clothes, and you are the girls, and it makes just so much more for you to do."

"Well, granny, I'll speak to Carrie and see what she says. I have an idea that she would like to be a teacher, and if that is so, I want her to be one, no matter how hard I have to work for it."

That night Judith said, "Carrie, I see you've been thinking hard all vacation, ever since you've had. Now tell me, would you like to be a teacher?"

"O sister," answered the young girl, "that is just what I am trying to fit myself for; Mr. Johnston, our principal, told me last term that I had the gift, and if I would only prepare myself for it, he had no doubt I would succeed, but I have never said anything about it, for I have felt that since you have to work so hard I ought to be earning something to help you. I cannot do it in less than two years if I am to be a teacher."

"My dear," said Judith, "we must think of what will be best for you and the child

You must commence going to school again with the opening term. Lucy, what are you going to do? I mean when you quit school. While we are about it we may as well see what plans the little girl has."

"Well, sister, I am the best scholar in my class in spelling and grammar, and I know all the rules for punctuation. Martha Jones says her sister has learned typesetting and is making twelve dollars a week. Now, I don't want to teach; I could have patience like Carrie, but if you'd let me go and learn typesetting I could get a place where Jenny Jones is and I could begin next week. If I'm smart I can begin to earn wages, Jenny says, in six months—she did, and I guess I'm as quick as she is, if I'm not an old. I'll do my very best, and then I can help you to keep up granny and the boys. I wonder what the boys will be."

Said Betty, "I'll be a butcher and have plenty of meat. We'll have roast beef and roast turkey every day."

Said J. J., "I'll keep a grocery, and granny shall have all the tea she wants, and we'll have lots of goodies."

The years passed on. Lucy was as good as her word, at the end of a year she was earning wages and helping bear the burden of the family. After graduating, Carrie was advised to go to the high school, and her sister insisted it should be so. "It will be better in the end," said Judith. And Judith was right; at the time I write Carrie is twenty-one years old and has a principal's place in one of the ward schools. Lucy is proof-reader for a daily paper; and she has changed their minds as to occupation are both learning the machinist's trade. Judith at twenty-five is forewoman in the work room of one of the largest manufactories of ladies' apparel in New York, and is looked up to by her little family as the angel of the household. Grand-mother still sits by the sunny window, but it is in a comfortable house, with geraniums and roses, heliotrope and anemones, waft their fragrance over her, she knits socks for her boys.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

## Miscellaneous.

### Some Every-Day Maxims:

"Moral Courage" was printed in large letters and put as the caption of the following items, and placed in a conspicuous part of the store of a systematic merchant in New York for constant reference:

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and hold your tongue when it is prudent that you should do so.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a "sandy" coat, even though you are in company with a rich one richly attired.

Have the courage to own you are poor, and thus disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.

Have the courage to tell a man why you refuse to credit him.

Have the courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance you have when you are convinced that he lacks principle; a friend should bear with a friend's infirmities, but not with his vices.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears, or your contempt for dishonesty and duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can buy for new ones.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance rather than to seek for knowledge under false pretenses.

Have the courage to offer comfort and property to the poor, in all things.

Have the courage, in providing an entertainment for your friend, not to exceed your means.

Have the courage to insure the property in your possession, and thereby pay your debts in full.

Have the courage to obey your maker at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

SCANDAL.—The story is told of a woman who freely used her tongue to the scandal of others, and made a confession of the priest of what she had done. He gave her a ripe thistle-top, and told her to go out in various directions, and scatter the seeds one by one. Wondering at the pebance, she obeyed, and then returned and told her confessor. To her amazement he bade her go back and gather the scattered seeds, and when she objected that it would be more difficult to gather up and destroy all the evil reports which she had circulated about others. Any thoughtless, careless child can scatter a handful of thistle-seed before the wind in a moment, but the strongest and wisest cannot gather up and destroy all the evil reports which she had circulated about others. Any thoughtless, careless child can scatter a handful of thistle-seed before the wind in a moment, but the strongest and wisest cannot gather up and destroy all the evil reports which she had circulated about others.

THE DECEITFUL SMALL BOY.—The Burlington Hawkeye discourses thus of the deceitful small boy:

"Passing one of the city schools, yesterday, we listened to the scholars singing. 'O, how I love my teacher, dear.' There was one boy with a voice like a tornado, who was so enthusiastic that he emphasized every word, and roared, 'O, how I love my teacher, dear' with a vim that left no possible doubt of his affection. Ten minutes after that boy had stood on the floor for putting shoemakers' wax on his teacher's chair, got three demerit marks for drawing a picture of her with red chalk on the back of an atlas, been well shaken for putting bent pins in another boy's chair, scolded for whittling out long, sentenced to stay after school for drawing ink smudges on his face and blacking another boy's nose, and soundly whipped for slapping three hundred and forty-nine spit-balls up against the ceiling, and throwing a big one into a girl's ear. You can't believe half a boy says when he sings."

A DOG STORY.—Here is a true Parisian dog story. The other evening a reporter for the Gaulois was going home late at night in the midst of most horrible weather, when he overtook a drunken man trying to climb the Rue de Rome.

He was followed by a mongrel cur, who kept at his heels and seemed to stagger like his master. The drunken man stopped, and the dog began to bite at his legs. "Let me alone will you?" cried the drunkard, "I'm going after a rest." But the dog continued to tug at his trousers. The reporter stopped to see the end of this curious scene. "There, there!" cried the man, at length, "I'm going on. You'll tear the breeches off me." He started, and the dog trotted at his heels.

After a few yards the drunkard again stopped, and the same scene occurred, the dog growling and snapping until his master began to go forward. The reporter went a mile out of his way to see this intelligent dog take his master home, and saw him wag his tail with evident satisfaction as the drunkard reeled over his threshold.

FLOWER GARDEN AND LAWN.—Any bulbous or tuberous rooted plants should be put in the ground at once and the most careful observation given them until the flowering season is passed. Rose bushes should be liberally top-dressed with some long stable manure or rich compost, and as soon as the first blossoming period is over severely pruned in order to develop new bearing wood as early in the season as possible. All roses should be removed from the bushes as soon as they begin to fade. Tie up carefully all running vines that require it, or that have a tendency to straggle in their growth, and pinch in all laterals that are not required to fill unoccupied space. Never allow a flowering shrub, vine or plant to mature seed unless with a view to raising seedlings—as the ripening of seed is the greatest of all exhausters of vital force. In dry weather keep the soil light and well watered.—*Our Home Journal.*

Truthful James, writing from Florida, tells the Savannah News that taken on an average the past year: has been the best financially, socially and politically since the year of much litigation, civil or criminal; the street beggars have diminished by death or removal; the scoundrels are fewer, many reformed and repented, and others left the State. The negroes, outside of towns, are getting more industrious, though there is plenty of room for improvement. The educational and religious status is growing better. Agriculture is improving rapidly—and here I must note that the white land owner and his family are hard at work, from early morn till late at night, and the results are already seen in good farming and pecuniary results. With fertile soil, a genial climate, and intelligent cultivation the reward is sure for a Florida farmer.

TO CURE HOARSENESS.—When the voice is lost, as is sometimes the case, from the effects of cold, a simple, pleasant remedy is furnished by beating up the whole of an egg, adding to it the juice of one lemon, and sweetening with white sugar to the taste. Take a teaspoonful from time to time. It has been known to effectually cure the ailment.

True religious life consists in standing where God has put you, and exercising Christian qualities. It consists in showing pity where pity is called for; in manifesting patience where patience is required; in exhibiting gentleness where gentleness is needed.

Make, Save, Work. Make before you spend; save that you may be able to give; work, that you may have the wherewithal to bestow and bless. These are good rules for all, and any departure from them is at once a self-condemnation.

## MINOR TOPICS.

The Baltimore oyster trade employs 20,000 men.

A Baltimore beggar has retired from business with a fortune of \$25,000.

Total receipts and total manufacture of flour in St. Louis, in 1874, 2,981,760 barrels.

Union Pacific Railroad stock, in six weeks, has risen from 40 to 70.

The Delaware and Hudson canal was opened for navigation on Monday, April 12.

Mrs. Philander P. Clifford, an invalid lost her life by the burning of her house at Vineyard Haven, Mass.

Mrs. George W. Dinmore and her aged father were burned to death at Clinton, Mass., April 12, and on the same day.

Next month ten thousand men will be put to work on the Philadelphia Centennial buildings.

A Virginia mule has just kicked the bucket at 60 years of age. An old bucket, truly; older, even, than "The Old Oaken Bucket."

A Richmond firm has received a letter from New Orleans which had been eight years, two months and fifteen days on the way.

Prof. Tice, of St. Louis, predicts that from the 5th of June to the middle of July, we may prepare for cyclones, water-spouts and tornadoes.

Thomas McDowell, father of Miss Lizette McDowell, who was killed in Atlanta some time ago, by a passing train, is suing the Georgia Railroad for fifty thousand dollars for killing his child. W. F. Parkhurst, her administrator, is also suing the same road for fifty thousand dollars for causing her death.

The census gives some interesting items about the Jews. In 1850 they counted only 18,371 members in the country, and in 1870 73,265. In 1850 they had but 36 synagogues, and 1870 they had 152. Such progress as this shows the attraction this country has afforded this people. In Philadelphia they have eight synagogues, and in New York twenty-six.

The following is from the pen of Quarles, an old English poet, whose works are about to be republished:

Our life is but a winter's day;  
Some only breakfast, and away!  
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed;  
The oldest man but sips and goes to bed!  
Large is his debt who lingers through the day;  
Who goes the soonest, has the least to pay!

Egypt had her first snow storm within the memory of man, during the late "winter of our discontent,"—now in a fair way to be made "glorious summer" by the "clerk of the weather"—and to "aggravate the case" in the Orient, Dr. De Haas, our Consul at Jerusalem, sends information that for the first time known to the present inhabitants the cold weather there was so severe as to form ice. The Arabs having never seen ice before, were completely puzzled and could not understand "why water should change into glass!"

The Express has this fair hit at a funny man: "Sunset" Cox, in the first of his series of papers on "American Honor," in Harper's monthly, opens by declaring that "humor, in its literal meaning is moisture," according to this, a London fog is one of the most humorous things imaginable; likewise is a Chicago drizzle; likewise, also a Baptist immersion; likewise, moreover, old Noah's deluge, which was the most moist affair that we have ever heard of, and therefore, we suppose the most funny.

## Copartnership.

R. B. GADLY; 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

LOW FOR CASH,

to make room for our New Goods now daily arriving.

This, March 30th, 1874.

GADLY & WILLIAMS.

## "Barberism!"

I HEREBY wish to inform the public that I am now prepared to do all kinds of work in my line, such as

SHAVING,

SHAMPOOING,

HAIR-CUTTING, &c.

I may be found at all hours during Wednesdays and Saturdays in my shop, up stairs in the corner brick store opposite the Court House.

THOS. CLUZIE.

July 9.

## For Rent!

A STORE at Lileville, N. C.

Confessionally by E. A. FLY PRINTED the place.

For Sale at the Auction of the

## NEW STYLES

New Prices,

P. J. COPPEEDGE & CO'S

WE respectfully invite the attention of

Old Customers

AND THE

PUBLIC GENERALLY

to the fact that we are NOW RECEIVING

ING 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,

Cutlery, &c. &c. &c.

Also a full line of

GROCERIES

Always on hand and at reasonable prices

Agents for W. P. RUSSEL & CO., Blind

and Sash Dealers.

VANCE & BURWELL,

Attorneys at Law,

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

THE SENIOR WILL HEREAFTER

attend the courts of Anson County

regularly.

January 1st 1875-40 ct

Watches and Clocks.

R. P. Simmons,

LATE OF ANSONVILLE, has

opened an office in Waidesboro

for the sale and repairing of Watch-

es and Clocks.

He returns his thanks to his friends for

former favors and engages to do all work

in his line promptly and on reasonable

terms.

39-17.

Mrs. J. A. Clifford,

Begs permission to inform high

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.

40-15.

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 Se-

asonable Goods, and our

FALL

AND

WINTER STOCK

Comprises a very Full Assortment

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

WE invite the attention of all. Every

effort will be used to please our

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 descrip-

tion taken in exchange for GOODS, at

Highest Market Rates.

DON'T dispose of your Produce be-

giving us a call.

WE may be found at Rose & Bro's

stand, opposite P. J. Coppeedge & Co's store,

Oct. 8.

Special Notice!

THIS IS HEREBY TO BE NOTICE TO ALL

that the firm of Polk & Gaddy has

this day dissolved, by mutual consent.

All indebted to us will call and settle either

by note or the cash, with L. L. Polk at the

office of the Ansonian, or with R. B. Gaddy

at the old stand.

POLK & GADDY.

This, March 30, 1874.

ADVERTISE IN THE

ARGUS.