

# THE NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.

"This Argus, over the People's Rights doth an Eternal Vigil Keep. No Soothsaying Oracle of Mortals can ever last; his hundred Eyes to Cognize what is True."

WADESBORO, N.C., THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1875.

Entered at Post Office, Wadesboro, N.C., as Second Class Mail.

The agent was in despair. Adjoining the office was one of the largest and most fashionable churches in the city, the parsonage of which was next to the stable. A little boy who resided there, came to the stable next day and said he to the day-hoster: "Mister, I say, make that animal honest. My pa can't ever hear him," and the little "fieud" actually danced with joy when the jack-ass struck up one of his melodies.

Next day was Sunday. The church was crowded, the choir in all their places, and the organist had just played a beautiful prelude on the organ, when the choir commenced a beautiful anthem. The jack-ass took it into his head that it was Sunday and he ought to help. He did help with a vengeance. Not much of the anthem was heard, but a good deal of the jack-ass was.

The audience was shocked, the choir indignant, the organist enraged. The minister finished his sermon and was thankful that the jack ass had quieted down, so he commenced the closing prayer—when "Oh, horror!" the jack started louder than ever. The prayer could scarcely be heard. Handkerchiefs went up hasty to cover faces and smiles were hidden by devout hands. The minister grew red in the face, and fairly shouted to be heard and bravely leaped to the end. His would willingly have leaped up that jack ass as a peace offering and applied the sacrificial knife himself with pleasure.

Next morning a quiet looking gentleman, the stable master, Wadesboro, jack, and quiet once more prevailed.

Mr. Coffin's Spelling Match—The Old Lady Fails Him Down with One of Her Spells—Striking Effects.

The other evening old Mr. and Mrs. Coffin, who live on Brush street, sat in their easy back parlor, he reading the paper and she knitting, and the family were seated under the stars. The old man felt sorry for the poor old dog. It was a quiet, decent household, and there was love in his heart as Mr. Coffin put down his newspaper and remarked:

"I see that the whole country is becoming excited about spelling schools."

"Well, it's good to know how to spell," replied the wife. "I didn't have the chance some girl's had, but I pride myself that I can spell almost any word that comes along."

"I'll see about that," he laughed, "come, now, spell 'buggy'."

"Humph! that's nothing—b-u-g-g-y,"

said the wife.

"Missed the first time—ha! ha!" he roared, slapping his leg.

"Not much—that was right."

"It was, eh? Well, I'd like to see any body get two g's in a buggy, I would."

"But it is spelled with two g's, and any schoolboy will tell you so," she persisted.

"Well, I know a darn sight better than that!" he exclaimed, striking the table with his fist.

"I don't care what you know!" she squeaked. "I know that there are two g's in buggy!"

"Do you mean to tell me that I've got how to spell?" he asked.

"It looks that way."

"It does, eh? Well, I want you and all other relations to understand that I know more about spelling than the whole caboodle of you siring on a wire!"

"And I want you to understand, Jonathan, that you are an ignoramus old man, and when you don't put two g's in the word buggy—yes you are!"

"Don't talk that way to me!" he warned.

"And don't shake your fist at me!" she replied.

"Who's a shaking his fist?"

"You were!"

"That's a lie—an infernal lie!"

"Don't call me a liar, you old billygoat! I've put up with your meanness for fifty years past, but don't call me a liar, and don't lay a hand on me!"

"Do you want a divorce?" he shouted, springing up; "you can go now, this minute!"

"Don't spit in my face—don't you dare do it or I'll make a dead man of you!" she warned.

"I haven't spit in your freckled old visage yet, but I may if you provoke me further!"

"Who's got a freckled face, you old turkey-buzzard?"

That was a little too much. He made a motion as if he would strike, and she seized him by the neck tie. Then he reached out and grabbed her right ear and tried to pull off her hair, but she twisted up on the tickle until his tongue ran out.

"Let go of me, you old deadhead!" she screamed.

"Get down on your knees and beg my pardon, you old wild cat!" he replied.

He surged and swayed and struggled, and the peaceful cat was struck by the overturning table and had her back broken, while the clock fell down, and the pictures danced round. The woman finally shut her husband's supply of air off and flopped him, and then she bumped his head up and down on the floor and scattered his gray hairs she snatched.

"You want to get up another spelling school with us, don't you?"

He was soon limping around the yard yesterday, a stocking pinned around his throat, and she had a court plaster on her nose and one finger tied up. He wore the look of a martyr, while she had the bearing of a victor, and from this time out "buggy" will be spelled with two g's in that house.

Why should a woman become a Mason?

The following is the answer which was uttered by the orator of the day at a late anniversary celebration of the Masons at Austin Novada:

"Woman sometimes complains that she is not permitted to enter our lodges and work with the craft in their labors, and learn all there is to be learned in the institution. We will explain the reason. We learn that before the Almighty had finished his work, that he might appear doubt of creating Eve. Therefore living and creeping thing had been accomplished, and the Almighty had made Adam (who was a simpleton) and the led him to his finest lodge in the world and called it Paradise No. 1. He then caused all the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air to pass before Adam for him to name them, which was a piece of work he had to do alone, so that no confusion might then arise when Eve, whom he knew would make trouble if she was allowed to participate in it, if he created her before hand. Adam being very much fatigued with the labors of his first task fell asleep. When he awoke he found Eve in the lodge with him. Adam being Senior Warden, placed Eve as the pillar of beauty in the South, and they received their instructions from the Grand Master in the East, which, when finished, she immediately called the craft from labor to refreshment. Instead of attending to the duties of the office as she ought, she left her station, violated her obligation, and leaped up with ribbons, dragging a woman who had no business there, and went around with him, leaving Adam to look after the jewels. This fellow had been expelled from the Grand Lodge, with several others, some time before. But hearing the footsteps of the Grand Master, he suddenly took his leave, telling Eve to go to making amends, as she and Adam were not in proper regalia. She went and told Adam, and when the Grand Master returned to the lodge he found his gavel had been stolen. He called for the Senior and Junior Wardens, who had neglected to guard the door, and found the absent. After searching some time he found them. They were hid, and demanded of Adam what he was doing there instead of occupying his official station.

Adam replied that he was waiting for Eve to call the craft from refreshment to labor again, and that the craft was not properly clothed, which they were making provisions for. Turning to Eve he asked her what she had to offer in excuse for her unofficial and unmasculine conduct. She replied that a fellow passing himself off as a Grand Lecturer had been giving her instructions, and she thought it wise to harm to learn them. The Grand Master then asked her what had become of his gavel; she said she didn't know unless that fellow had taken it away. Finding that Eve was no longer trustworthy, and that she had caused Adam to neglect his duty, and had let in one whom he had expelled, the Grand Master closed the Lodge, and turning them out, set a faithful tyler to guard the door with a flaming sword. Adam repeating of his intent to work like a man and a good Mason, in order to get reinstated among the Craft, he got angry about it and commenced raising Cain. And on account of his reformation was per-

mitted to establish lodges and work in 180 degrees, and white robes were allowed to join him in works of charity outside, she was never again to be admitted to any meeting in the regular Lodge work of the Craft. Hence the reason why women cannot be chosen as initiates Masons."

Mrs. Partington.

Mrs. Partington is considered a mythical person "evolved" from the brain of Mr. Shullaber, but her counterparts are often found in real life. One of these ladies was overheard at an evening assembly speaking in high praise of a pretty girl just passing.

"Why, she is a perfect parallelogram of a young lady!"

"I think you mean parallelogram, do you not?" suggested the wily gentleman addressed.

"I said parallelogram, Mr. —"

claimed the lady, with a combination of dignity and indignation impossible to describe.

"Do you intend to mortify your mother, injured a Western lady of a friend of mine who was building. He was a critical, cultured New Englander, as exact as witty. What a droll look came over his face as he answered:

"My wife says I can eat like an anadromous fish, and I am blessed with the digestion of an ostrich—but, really madam, I don't think I could manage my three-story brick."

This makes me think of Leach Hunt's reply (not, as all suppose, to a lady who said to him at dinner:

"Mr. Hunt, won't you venture on to an orange?"

"I would most gladly, dear madam, only I'm afraid I should tumble off."

But to keep our theme. A lady visiting Washington for the first time sent word to friends at home that she was dreadfully disappointed; she meant to have gone to the Indian Bureau for Jennings' room, but there weren't any to be had; and that she was so busy shampooing a young lady from one place to another that she had no time to write letters.

A rather old girl (who had been lured to California by the cheering information that she was to marry him) laid siege to a widow, who at first showed signs of succumbing, but finally resisted the attack. As usual with women who are feeling intensely disappointed, she turned to her artifice when Eve, whom he knew would make trouble if she was allowed to participate in it, if he created her before hand. Adam being very much fatigued with the labors of his first task fell asleep. When he awoke he found Eve in the lodge with him. Adam being Senior Warden, placed Eve as the pillar of beauty in the South, and they received their instructions from the Grand Master in the East, which, when finished, she immediately called the craft from labor to refreshment. Instead of attending to the duties of the office as she ought, she left her station, violated her obligation, and leaped up with ribbons, dragging a woman who had no business there, and went around with him, leaving Adam to look after the jewels. This fellow had been expelled from the Grand Lodge, with several others, some time before. But hearing the footsteps of the Grand Master, he suddenly took his leave, telling Eve to go to making amends, as she and Adam were not in proper regalia. She went and told Adam, and when the Grand Master returned to the lodge he found his gavel had been stolen. He called for the Senior and Junior Wardens, who had neglected to guard the door, and found the absent. After searching some time he found them. They were hid, and demanded of Adam what he was doing there instead of occupying his official station.

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The First Wind.

A Greek legend is as follows: "When Bacchus was a boy he journeyed through Hellas to Naxos, and as the way was very long he grew tired, and sat down to rest. As he sat there with his vine upon the ground he saw a little plant spring up between his feet and was so pleased with it that he determined to take it with him and plant it in Naxos. He took it up and carried it with him, but as the vine was very hot, he feared it might wither before he reached its destination. He found a vine's skeleton into which he thrust it and left it on. But in his hand the plant sprouted so fast that it started out of the bone above and below. This gave him a fresh fear of its wintering, and he cast about for its remedy. He found a lion's bone, which was thicker than the skeleton, and he stuck the skeleton with the plant in it, into the lion's bone. Ere long, however, the plant grew out of the lion's bone likewise. Then he found the bone of an ass, larger still than that of the lion. So he put the lion's bone containing the vine's skeleton and plant, into the ass's bone, and thus he made his way to Naxos. When about to set the plant, he found that the roots had entwined themselves around the bird's skeleton and the lion's bone and the ass's bone, and as he could not take it out without damaging the roots, he planted it as it was, and it came up speedily and bore to his great joy, the most delicious grapes, from which he made the first wine, and gave it to men to drink." But behold a miracle! When men drank of it, they first sang like birds, next after drinking a little more, they became vigorous and gaunt like lions, but when they drank more still, they behaved like asses.

Taxes on Profits.

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

and Sons dealers.

STAPLE AND FANCY

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Ready Made Clothing,

Hats and Shoes,

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CHARLOTTE, N.C.

THE SENIOR WILL HEREAFTER

regularly attend the courts of Anson County

January 1st 1875-40-4

Watches and Clocks.

R. P. Simmons.

LATE OF ANSONVILLE, has

opened an office in Wadesboro

for the sale and repairing of Watch-

and Clocks.

He returns his thanks to his friends

for their favor and engages to do all work

in this line promptly and on reasona-

ble terms.

Mrs. J. A. Clifford.

Begs permission to inform her

friends and the public generally that, as

at all times prepared to furnish arrangements

and lodgings at reasonable rates.

Barnum's Show—The Philadelphia

man has been interviewing one of

Barnum's Hippodrome.

There are al-

together 1,800 people, 750 thoroughbred

horses, and it requires 125 special railroad

cars to transport them. These cars were

made to order and are double the size

of the usual railroad car. Barnum believes

in parlor cars for ladies, as well as hu-

man beings. The average night's expense

of the show is one thousand dollars.

Barnum oversees everything. The salaries

of the charlatans are \$100 per week with

expenses, and \$125 to \$150 for specialties.

"When I was travelling in Massachu-

setts, some twenty years ago," said a travel-

er, "I had a seat with the driver, who, on

stopping at the post-office, saluted an ill-

looking fellow on the steps with good morn-

ing, Judge Sander, I hope you're well,

sir!" After leaving the office, I asked the

driver if the man spoke to was really a

judge. Certainly, sir, he replied.—We had a cook fight last week, and he

was made a judge on that occasion."

Companions a cozy Full Assortment of</