

THE NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.

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Our Story-Teller.

HOW THE WOMEN ORGANIZED.

It is a sad thing to see ten or twelve women get together and attempt to organize a "society to aid the deserving poor." They tried in ninth avenue the other afternoon, after having talked up the matter for three or four weeks. Thirteen or fourteen of them met by appointment, and after some skirmishing, one of the number called the meeting to order and said that the first duty would be to elect a president.

A sharp-faced woman got up and said that she didn't want the position but if it was the wish of the meeting that she should take it, why, she would. There was a painful pause, and a fat woman arose and said that she had had considerable experience with such societies, and thought that she could render greater personal aid if made President. There was another pause, and a little woman rose up, and squeaked:

"I move to lay the subject on the table!" The other women looked at her in a freezing way, and it was suggested that a ballot be taken. All readily agreed to this, and ballots were prepared and a ballot passed around. When the votes were counted it was found that each woman had put in at least one vote for herself, and three of them had put in two or three.

The President pro tem. looked very grave as she stood up and remarked: "Ladies, I trust that this error may not occur again."

It did, however, or at least such one cast a vote for herself, but on the third ballot a choice was made, and the lucky woman took her seat, smoothed out the folds of her dress and remarked:

"The next thing in order is the—the next thing!"

A woman with a wart on her nose, then made a speech, saying that she had been treasurer of several similar associations, and that if it was the wish of the convention she would accept the office. It didn't seem to be the wish, however.

"I move to adjourn!" solemnly exclaimed a woman with a large back comb.

"The motion is not in order," replied a woman across the room.

"Am I in the chair or are you?" demanded the President.

"I move to consider the motion," squeaked the little woman.

"I support the question," put in the fat woman.

The President wiped her spectacles, rapped on the stovepipe and replied: "Ladies and gentlemen, there is no motion before the house, and the question to adjourn is out of order."

"Not much," said a man standing behind her, and raising himself up. "I've been to more meetings of this kind than the President ever heard of, and I know that an order to adjourn is always in motion!"

"So is your tongue," said the one on the lounge, and the President knocked on the stovepipe and said:

"The chair knows she knows her business as well as any woman wearing plated jewelry, as well as if she had a wart on her nose! We will now proceed to elect a Secretary and Treasurer. How shall they be selected?"

"Vive voce!" cried one.

"I motion by ballot!" added a second.

"By acclamation!" shouted a third.

"You mean acclamation," exploded the President.

"I don't wear an Alaska diamond," was the reply, "but I know as much as some folks that do."

"Less journ," shouted a female who was born in 1810.

"I move the previous motion," put in the fat woman.

"Will some one nominate a candidate?" asked the President.

A painful silence ensued. The fall of a hair pin would have sounded like a crowbar falling over into a stove-boiler. Each hoped to see some one else to nominate her, and all, therefore, breathed hard and kept silent.

I nominate Mrs. —," finally said the President, seeing there was a dead tick.

"You can't nominate and put the motion too?" squeaked an old lady with beau-catchers.

"I order the previous motion," said a woman with a red shawl.

"And I'm a-going hum!" added the fat woman.

"Soam I?"

"Soam I!"

"Soam I!"

And they stalked out, leaving the President tying up her last shoe and her eyes fashing wild cats. And all this is why Detroit hasn't another "Society to aid the Deserving Poor"—Detroit Free Press.

Miscellaneous.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.—A few years since some regular boys in a town near a thousand miles distant from the capital of New Hampshire, persecuted Joseph N—, or, as he was generally called Joe, an attend Sunday School. Joe was an overgrown, half-witted, profane lad, and the boys had anticipated considerable fun out of him; but the answers to the various questions propounded were given so readily and correctly, that no one could for a moment suppose that he was not fully versed in theological lore.

He said he had written the story, with other reminiscences of experience as a pedagogue, and that it had been published, but it was new to me.

I have no doubt it will be to most of my readers.

"The school at Cornhill," said my friend, "was remarkable for the rough and even savage disposition of the boys who composed it, in consequence of which it had gained the enviable designation of 'The Hell Dog School.' Teacher after teacher had tried the school, and had either given up, despair, or been dismissed as incompetent.

"At length I was persuaded to undertake its government. I had made myself acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and I entered upon the trust with an earnest desire for the welfare of those committed to my charge. I had long believed that kindness was the true key for the unlocking of the inner chambers wherein lay the better parts, often hidden of such nature, and I patiently awaited an opportunity to put my faith to the test.

At length the opportunity came. One of the boys—the son of one of the poorest families in the village—was taken seriously ill with fever. I visited him and tried to cheer him. The act was altogether without precedent in Cornhill.

"That is correct," replied the teacher,

"but it is not necessary that you should be in answering. A sitting posture is just as well."

Joe was again seated, and the question proceeded.

"Who made the world?" asked the boy.

"Jesus Christ," said the teacher, "the man who was crucified on Calvary.

"That is also correct, but do we more composed and corrected in your teacher," said the teacher, in an exasperating tone.

After this, but raised down, the examination was over.

"Who died to save the world?"

"The girl was again mortified, and Joe replied: "Jesus Christ," in a still louder voice, rising as before, from his seat.

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