E NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.

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

L. 32. WADESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1875. NO. 8

Selected Poetry.

The Sunken City.

BY HENRY ABBEY.

[illegible] sea,
[illegible] west was gray
[illegible] and far away;
[illegible] stilled [illegible] forth to me,
[illegible] came [illegible]ly;
[illegible] more manif[illegible] than they.

[illegible] thousand years ago
[illegible] city on an isle
[illegible] land, mile on mile,
[illegible] of fear and woe,
[illegible] below—
[illegible], beam and tile.

[illegible], when twinkling skies are clear,
[illegible] the sunken city there,
[illegible] ghosts ring their past despair
[illegible] men's atmosphere—
[illegible] that life may hear
[illegible] the ample air.

[illegible] city is not strange;
[illegible] familiar with each gate,
[illegible] ower and street unfortunate,
[illegible] resoe'er I dwell or range,
[illegible]-picture does not change,
[illegible] by its stern destroyer, Fate.

[illegible]ms, on roof and mast,
[illegible] the light with silken arms.
[illegible]thful wars, nor dread alarms,
[illegible]ed splendor overcast;
[illegible] throne of gems amassed,
[illegible]asure with Circean charms.

[illegible] the hour of loss and fear.
[illegible] sank, tower, wall and mart,
[illegible]le site was rent apart,
[illegible]ent down that once was dear,
[illegible] loneliness, I hear
[illegible] bells ring in my heart.

[illegible] note of vain regret.
[illegible]-wrought city of To-be,
[illegible]en, upon the future's sea,
[illegible]hed, and its sun is set;
[illegible]der and diviner yet,
[illegible] of Reality.

[illegible]gh its ways be paved with stone,
[illegible]rd and rough to toiling feet,
[illegible]ough, in the accustomed street,
[illegible]ed garmiture is known,
[illegible]od's hand, His will is shown,
[illegible]e makes humble service sweet.

Two Pictures.

BEFORE MARRIAGE.

[illegible]my beautiful darling,
[illegible] my arms, my sweet,
[illegible]d you again to my bosom
[illegible] I can hear your heart beat,
[illegible]se little fingers been sewing?
[illegible]icked by the needle I see;
[illegible]ld she be kept from such labor
[illegible]ce they are given to me.

[illegible] little pet, I will shield you
[illegible]uble and labor and care,
[illegible] you like some fairy princess,
[illegible] shall gleam in your hair,
[illegible] you gave me are perfect
[illegible]slug gown fits to a T.
[illegible], I wonder that heaven
[illegible] the front and spoke [illegible]
[illegible] encouragement to [illegible]
[illegible]ool workers. [illegible] you—
More [illegible] I've been here,
[illegible] I say it? Adieu!

AFTER MARRIAGE.

[illegible]ou are heavy!—I'm tired;
[illegible] the rocker, I pray;
[illegible]ht seems a hundred and ninety.
[illegible] that sort of way,
[illegible]er be mending my coat sleeve;
[illegible]en about it before,
[illegible]t to finish this novel,
[illegible]er those bills from the store.

[illegible] gown fits like the d—l;
[illegible] down at the heel;
[illegible] never look decent;
[illegible] know how they feel.
[illegible]n Morgans? Why, surely
[illegible]er new dress?
[illegible] ere Nineteenth Year
[illegible] come to an end, I guess.
[illegible] consultation
[illegible]—
Wreath a gaseepy,
[illegible]
Crown [illegible]
[illegible]ies.

[illegible] baby's skies?
[illegible]mma's eyes,
[illegible] smile together
[illegible] pleasant weather.

[illegible] your eyes from tears,
[illegible]rt from foolish fears,
[illegible] from dull complaining,
[illegible] think 'tis raining.

LOCKJAW.—A correspondent [illegible] American recommends turpentine as a cure for lockjaw. He says: [illegible] who has an attack of the [illegible] a small quantity of turpentine and pour on the wound; no [illegible] the wound is, and relief will [illegible] than one minute [illegible] applied to a [illegible] cut or [illegible] cold turpentine, it will give [illegible] almost instantly. Turpentine is a sovereign remedy for croup. [illegible] flannel with it and [illegible] the throat and chest, [illegible] three to five drops [illegible] taken inwardly [illegible] a bottle on [illegible] and easily [illegible] application.

Miscellaneous.

A Missouri Clergyman Accused.

BUT HIS OFFENCE IS NOT OF A SERIOUS NATURE.

An old lady came up to the office Wednesday. She was worn and tired from climing the winding stairs, and she sank almost breathless into the waste basket, putting the poems and stories it contained to the only press they will ever know. There was a troubled anxious look on her face, a pair of green spectacles on her nose, and a general air of sorrow and exhaustion about her that appealed at once to our tenderest feelings. The feelings answered the appeal and stepped respectfully forward. After the aged female had recovered her breath, she asked:

"Is there a loryer's office in this buildin'?"

We answered in the affirmative, but were sorry to say that the legal gentleman was out of town.

"Out of town, eh? Well I s'pose I'll have to find some other loryer. I kem in town a purpose to have this thing fixed up, an' I ain't a going back until I know whether there is any law an' ekeity in this country."

We ventered to remind the dame that lawing was a losing business in the end, and should be resorted to only in the most aggravated cases.

"Aggregated cases!" she screeched, and the manuscript in the basket rattled violently. "Young man, it is the most aggregated case you ever heard of. You ken never know the anguish of a mother's heart when her only dorter goes astray an' follers after false idols."

"Your daughter has had trouble, then."

"No, it's me what's havin' trouble; but she's causing it—she an' that tarnal sheep-faced preacher."

"Ah! a minister in the case! I think I understand. Such things are becoming too common; alas! too frequent. The cloth is being brought into disrepute by such scoundrels, who 'steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in.' Poor girl!"

"Poor nothin'! She's a brazen huzzy to go back on her mother's teachin'. Lord knows I've allus tried to raise her up [illegible]

"But you must consider [illegible] woman that your daughter had peculiar temptations. You must make allowance for the fact that the tempter came to her in holy garb, imposing upon her confidence in the assumed character of spiritual adviser, silencing the voice of her conscience with cunningly chosen scriptural quotations. You must not be severe on her [illegible]

"Well, Hanner [illegible] till he kem [illegible] Henry, Davis [illegible] kem to the [illegible] but I didn't s'pose nothin' wrong till a week ago, when Hanner tole me. Then I guv him a mighty big piece of my mind."

"He denied it, of cours?"

"No, he didn't. He said he had his dooty as a Christian [illegible] his congregation would tickle [illegible] it, an' that's what makes me b[illegible]

"Why [illegible] an aggravated case. That he had [illegible] guilty of such a thing is bad [illegible] that he should call it the performance of a duty is worse, and that his congregation should uphold him in such vile practices is beyond belief."

"Well, it's so, an' I want to get a loryer to issoo a conjunction or an injectment or somethin' to stop it."

"I fear there is no legal redress, unless it is a matter of very recent occurrence. A bill has passed the Legislature governing such cases, but it won't work backward."

"What is in that bill?" asked the old lady, her face lighting up with a new hope.

"It makes it obligatory upon the man to either marry the woman or support the chi——"

"What!" shrieked the woman, springing up with a suddenness that sent the basket of unacknowledged genius half across the room. "You barril-headed idiyot! My girl ain't no such fool as that! You editors think you're mighty smart, an' you're allus s'posed things wusser'n they are. I've been a life-long Methodist, and I've raised my dorter in the same faith out that 'tarnal 'Piscopalyun preacher has got her to 'gree to jine his church. I'm her natral gurjeen, an' I ain't agein' to 'low her to do it. Ef she can't get along with the same religion her mother's got, she shan't have any. That's the whole case, and there ain't no marryin' nur s'portin', nur Beecherin' in it."

From the way the old lady bumped along down the stairs we fear she was unduly agitated.

We shall never jump to another conclusion—no, not if it should lie within an inch our nose, and pointed proofs were pressing against us on each side and behind.—*Brunswicker.*

The Man Who Wanted Information.

Yesterday noon, while all the people around the office except the 'head reporter' were at dinner, the smell of smoke suddenly became apparent, and a fat man, smoking a big pipe, came toiling up stairs. When he recovered his breath and taken a seat he inquired:

'Is der big editor what knows avery dings in?'

'No—gone to dinner,' was the reply.

'Und he shall come back purty soon?'

'In about two hours.'

'I can't wait so quick as dat; I haf to go to [illegible] funeral.'

'[illegible] you want anything?'

'Yes, I wants to know some dings about dat Peecher scandal. You see, one day about three months ago a fellow comes init my [illegible] and he says: 'Did you hear noddings about Mr. Peecher?' und I say nix, und he say Mr. Peecher sthole corn.

'Yes.'

'Und the next day when I went home my wife says: 'Did you hear noddings about Mr. Peecher?' Und she said Mr. Peecher sthole a dog.'

'Yes.'

'Und when I was in der street-car a man says: 'Hello, Mr. Ritterman, what you dinks about Mr. Peecher?' Und I say no man can be a good man who vhill steel a dog. Und den everybody laughs und winks, und I don't know about it.'

'Yes.'

'Und when I was in der Zity Hall a man sthrikes me on der back, and zays: 'Hello, old frent, is Mr. Peecher guilty?' Und I said I dunno, und he said Peecher hired a man to blow up a scharch mit a barrel of powder.'

'Yes.'

'Und den when I was in Harborn a man looks bretty sharp at me and zays: 'You lif in Detroit don't you?' Und I said I lif in Detroit. Und he then zays: What is your shudment on that Peecher pisiness? Und I said noddings. Then he said Mr. Peecher had a fight with a respectable man.'

'Yes.'

'Und when my pig boy come home [illegible] Do edo he went to the parapet for their [illegible] Hope, [illegible] Mr. Peecher? Und I zays I dunno, Hans. Und he zays Mr. Peecher got some gloze und shumped der dailer's bill.'

'Yes.'

'Und when I goes home or in der street-gar, or mit my zaloon or in der post-office, somebody says some dings about dot Peecher pisiness. I dunno. Who is dat Mr. Peecher? Where he lif?'

'He is a great preacher, and he lives in Brooklyn.'

'Zo? Und what he do?'

'He got [illegible] these tabacco boxes with a [illegible] the cover, and carried it around [illegible] pocket. When a man tried to open it the needle went into his thumb about twenty-five feet.'

'Is dat possible?'

'Yes, and he had his vest pocket made so deep that a cigar would go clear out of sight, and he kept it full and deceived the public.'

'My zoul! but is dat zo?'

'Yes, and he keeps an old wild-cat bill in his wallet to lend out when a man wants to secure a loan of a dollar for a few minutes.'

'Vhell, I deglares! Ven a breacher shall do like dat we shall wonder what next. Zo dat is der Peecher pisiness, eh? Vhell vhell.'—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Pancake Hero of the Rebellion.

A correspondent of the Albany *Argus* writes a good story from Burnt Hill, Saratoga County, concerning one Tom Murray. He says: "It is a fact that a slow crawls before a Hero and earth will can cook pancakes better and faster than Tom, let him [illegible] his money up and will be covered. Tom baked pancakes for a whole army corps, and he did nothing else while there. Your correspondent drove seven miles in a rain st[illegible] to meet Tom, who readily entered into a conversation with the writer. "[illegible]m," inquired your correspondent, "if you baked so many pancakes I don't see how you greased the griddle fast enough." "Why," replied the champion pancake baker, "you must know I had a griddle thirty feet in circumference, and I kept two darkies with large pieces of pork strapped to the soles of their feet, skating around on the griddle. Every time we turned a cake we tossed it high in the air, so as to open the pores of the under side and make it tender. I tell you the air was thick with pancakes. I baked them so fast that the boys wouldn't eat the cold ones, so we used them for breastworks, and once when a regiment of 'rebs' took our breastworks, they procured enough pancakes to feed them for sixteen months, and that is all they had, for their rations had given out two days before, and the smell of the pancakes made them fight like devils to capture our works."

NOVEL CURE FOR LOVE.—A new and amusing cure for love has lately been found effective in a fashionable Parisian faubourg. The son of a wealthy nobleman became enamored of his father's concierge, (door porter), and determined to marry. The aristocratic papa opposed, but moved at last by the despair of his son, gave his consent with the proviso that the smitten youth should go to sea for twelve months before the marriage. Shortly after his departure, the father, who had previously observed an embonpoint in the young intended, took her under his especial charge, gave her the most nourishing and succulent food and wines, forbade her to take exercise, as unbecoming in his future daughter, and, in fact, stall-fed her to such an extent that when the enamorata again returned from his year's voyage he was horrified to find, instead of the slender, elegant girl he left, an immensely fat woman, as big as two Albions rolled in one. Of course the ruse was successful, and the unfortunate victim of good cheer has been pensioned off.

Hot alum will destroy insects indoors and out, says the Journal of Chemistry—one pound of alum to two quarts of water. It should be used while near boiling, and should be applied to all the cracks and crevices.

A candidate for office in Mississippi informs his fellow citizens that, "at the earnest solicitation of my wife and daughters, I have consented to become a candidate for County Treasurer."

Phunnygraphs.

Staving business—making barrels.

An executive office—the hangman's.

Common pleas—please shut the door.

Waisting sweetness—putting your arm about a pretty girl.

If you are a good speller try—a little hot scotch or tom and jerry.

The hair of a young lady in Vermont turned white in a single night. She fell into a flour barrel.

Two things in this world that should not be trifled with—a woman's opinion and the business end of a wasp.

"Are there any fools in this city?" asked a stranger of a newsboys. "No; do you feel lonesome?" was the reply.

It is noted that all great humorists are sober and sedate, with a melancoly cast of countenance. It is a rather serious business to be funny.

Ever since we have heard of that Maine editor named T. Pot, we have been filled with anxiety to know if a trifle would make him boil over.

"Spring's coming," exclaimed an enthusiast the other day. "I saw a red-headed woman paring potatoes in the backyard and singing like a mockingale.

'Girls,' observes an experienced Brooklyn matron, 'remember that those men make the best husbands who can swallow a dozen hairs to an ounce of butter without knowing it.'

It was an Irish Cor nor who, when asked how he accounted for an extraordinary mortality in Limerick, replied sadly: "I cannot tell. There are people dying this year that never died before."

The man who advertises shows not only a business talent above his neighbors, but he will be at once reckoned among the intelligent, generous and public spirited of his community.

A Dubuque printer received the following note from his girl: "May I git yanked out of bed at miduite every nite by a cuss like Theydore Tilton, an' carried upp a million pare of stares, if ever I sese to love you, Jim."

A Jeweler labelled some diamonds in his shop window as being "sparkling as the tears of a young widow." A customer looked in and said he thought under these circumstances the water would not prove enduring. The label is not there now.

On a recent trial in Wales to test the validity of a will it was proved, that in 1869 the testator became impaired in intellect to such an extent that he went to the post-office with a postage stamp on his forehead and requested to be sent to a place he mentioned.

An erring husband, who had exhausted all explanation of late hours, and had no apology ready, recently slipped into the house about one o'clock, very softly, undressed himself gently, and began rocking the cradle by the bedside, as if he had been awakened out of a sound sleep by infantile cries. He had rocked away for five minutes, when Mary Jane, who had observed the whole manœuvre, said, "Come to bed, you fool you! the baby ain't there!"

"I am so lame from railroad crash of last week I can hardly stand,' said a limping, hobling fellow. "Well then, I hope you intend to sue for damages," said his friend. "Damages! No, no; I have had damages enough by them. If I sue for anything, it will be for repairs!"

The other day a postmaster, on entering his office, had his olfactory nerves disagreeably assailed. On questioning a boy in the office as to the cause, the facetious youth replied: "I don't know, sir; but, perhaps, the smell comes from some of the dead letters."

"What's your business?" said the magistrate of a police court, the other morning, to a prisoner. "I'm an observationist, your worship." "An observationist!—What is that?" "One who looks around in the day time to see what he can steal at night, if it pleases your worship."

A Scotchman went to a lawyer once for advice, and detailed the circumstances of the case. "Have you told me the facts precisely as they occurred?" asked the lawyer. "Oh, aye, sir!" replied he. "I thought it best to tell you the plain truth. You can put the lies into it yourself."

A Detroit boy was sent for a doctor, his mother being very ill. Looking down the street he saw a great crowd; then came a struggle between duty and curiosity, but he finally started for the crowd, saying:—"The old lady's pretty bad off, but I know she wouldn't want me to miss that fight."

A reverend gentleman, during a sojourn among the hills of New Hampshire, stopping at a cottage, inquired of the occupant if there were any Episcopalians in the neighborhood. "I don't exactly know," replied the dame, "but I believe John shot one in the garden last week, but he thought it was a chipmunk."

"Now, then, Joseph, parse courting," said a teacher to a rather slow boy.—"Courtin' is an irregular active transitive verb, indicative mood, present tense, third person, singular number, and so on," said Joseph. "Well, but what does it agree with?" demanded the teacher. "It agrees with all the gals in town!" triumphantly exclaimed Joseph.

An Irishman recently stopped at a hotel in Des Moines, where pretty high bills were charged. In the morning the landlord made out the amount of damages and presented it to Pat. After he had glanced over it, the latter looked the landlord in the face and exclaimed:

'Ye put me in mind of a snipe.'

'Why?' asked the landlord.

'Because ye're very nigh all bill.'

"What a nuisance!" exclaimed a gentleman at a concert, as a young fop in front of him kept talking in a loud voice to a lady at his side. "Did you refer to me, sir?" threateningly demanded the fop.—"Oh, no! I mean the musicians there, who keep up such a noise with their instruments that I can't hear your conversation," was the stinging reply.

The other day a boy was seen to suddenly shoot out of the door of a house on Locust street and scramble to the top of a board fence. His mother was just an instant too late to catch him, and concealing the potato masher behind her, she looked up to her son and said:

"Come down, darling."

"Not jess now," replied the boy, sticking out his tongue at her.

"Come down, dear William, and we'll cut the pie," she continued.

"You can't fool me a cent's worth," he answered, hitching along.

"Won't you drop down here for just a minute?" she pleaded.

"I tell you it's no use!" he exclaimed.—"Until I am thoroughly convinced that your intentions are pacific, I shall remain situated at my present secure altitude."

She threw the masher at him, missed him, and entered the house to wait for hunger and thirst to bring him down.

Dan'l A. Smith & Co.

(Successors to F. M. Shelton,)

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in all kinds of

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A Large Stock of

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Orders by telegraph promptly attended to.

East Trade st.,

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

48 3ms

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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-tf

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THE SENIOR WILL HEREAFTER attend the courts of Anson County regularly.

January 1st 1875-40 tf

Watches AND Clocks.

R. P. Simmons,

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

30-1

NEW GOODS. **1874** FALL & 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 our customers, [illegible] every effort will be used to please them. [illegible] to [illegible] in Northern [illegible]

HONESTY, INDUSTRY AND POLITENESS ARE OUR WATCHWORDS.

COUNTRY Produce of every kind taken in exchange for GOODS.

Highest Market Rate

DON'T dispose of your Produce till you have tried the [illegible] giving us a call.

WE may be found at Rose & [illegible] stand, opposite P. J. Coppedge & Co's.

Oct. 8.

Dissolution.

THE FIRM OF POLK & GADDY is this day dissolved, by mutual consent. All indebted to us will call and settle without delay by note at the store, with L. L. Polk & Bro., office of the *Ansonian*, or with R. R. Gaddy at the old stand.

POLK & GADDY.

This, March 30, 1874.

THE EAGLE,

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W. J. McSWEEN, Editor and Proprietor.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

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