# THE NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.

*"The Press: the People's Right, and an Eternal Veil Keeping Guard Over That All Hundred Eyes to Sleep."*

WADESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1875.

WADESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1875.

...g all other countries tributary to Amer... the bonds of peaceful commerce. ... in other great resources besides ag... turn, the States of the South possess a ... inheritan... Their mineral ... boundless ... dressed, ... Labor"

... and power, ... hour, ... "Freedom ... as we were preparing ... subject—his article, ho... the second Ark! ... Press! the Press! the Press! ... [Barry Cornwall.

## ...Story-Teller.

### His Letter.

...ight, about half-past eight ... had dashed into McKib... and the mail had been de... store and postoffice." ... John, the postmaster, had ... and counted the letters.— ... he made out, just ten, and ... fer than the others and had a ... their ... had found that he ... glasses on the newspaper in the ..., and without his glasses he ... time, and so, of course, he ... them, returning to find two ... store—Farmer Roper and ... ben, whose ancestors had ... the place.

"...," said Mr. Fairjohn, nod... "our folks ain't going to do ... groceries, you see," said the ... Mail's ... ining into my truck, ... ing the flag, and drove across ... save myself. Any letters ... Mr. Fairjohn.

... little pile of envelopes, ... in his hand like a deck ... one you ... these dis...

... mine," he said. "I'm ... I counted ten, and ... a red seal. ... ing the office if I'm going ... sees like that. There wasn't ... while I was gone, was ... I," said the squire, ... but he didn't come in ... don't think ... He just went ... postmaster after, soothi... must be mistaken. Yes, any... Roper, ... Wreath a ... that in at ... Roper. "Give ... smith that's clerks ... reckon. Can't get ... farm."

..., said the squire. ... He'll try the pati... door of the store ... a little wo... lico and wrap... the store, still ... of letters, and ... like that of a ... nion, ... ond, ... er for ... with ... ine ... little deaf, ... did not ... ful ... her ... that she ...

### Common Sense the Cure.

Next, perhaps, to obeying the dictates of experience, the hardest for Americans to do is to ... enough to hear ... common sense. Wouldn't I have sent ... had a come, Mrs. Lester?"

... I felt in a hurry to get ... t," said she.

... bling in a hurry, it's ... That's true," said the post... "Well, better luck next time. But why don't you walk? Mr. McKibben will take you over when he goes. He passes your corner."

"Yes, wait, Mrs. Lester," cried Mr. McKibben, "I'll take ye and welcome."

But she answered:

"Thank you. I don't mind walking."

"Keeps it ... don't she?" asked the postmaster.

"It's a shame," said Mr. McKibben.—"How many years is it now since Lester went off?"

"Ten," said the postmaster. "I know, for it was the day I came here. She was then as pretty a woman as you'd want to see, wasn't she?"

"Well, yes," said Mr. McKibben, ... sailed in the Sphynx," said the post... "And we all know that the Sphynx went down in that voyage, all hands along with ... The rest of the women put on widow's ... them that lost husbands—four in this town ... They took what the Almighty sent and ... rebel. She set up that her husband wasn't dead, and would come back. She's kept it up ever since; comes for his letters ... lar, and he was drowned along with all the rest, of course, ten years ago. She must be thirty. Well, she's changed a good deal in that time."

"Yes," said the other man; "but there's my son Job wild over her yet. He's offered himself twice. He stands ready to offer himself again any day—ready to be a father to her boy, and a good husband to her. He's better off than I be. His mother's father left him all he had. He's crazy as Job—crazy, I call it. Plenty of pretty gals, and healthy, smart widows, and he sees no one but that pale, slim little thing that's just gone out into the mud; and she—why, of course, she's lost her senses, or she'd have him. Works like a slave to keep herself and the child, lives in a rickety shanty waiting and waiting for a drowned man to come back again. Why ... Charlie Lester was drowned in the Sphynx. There wasn't a soul saved, not one. It was in the papers. Now, the bottle was found with a letter in it, writ by some one before the ship sunk. And she's waiting for him yet."

"Crazy on that point," said the postmaster. "Well,—no soul, she'd only been married a week when the Sphynx sailed; ... a life."

"Oh, yes," said the farmer.

Then their parcels being ready, they went out to their wagons, and Mr. Fairjohn ... started out into the rainy night. ... put up his shutters and went ... Meanwhile the woman plodded through the mud. "Walking off her disappointment," she said to herself. It was one she should have been used to, and now the absurdity of it seemed to strike her for the first time in all these years.

"They laugh at me," she muttered to herself. "I know they laugh at me.—Perhaps I am mad; but they don't know what love is. Charlie wouldn't have left me like that. If he had died, he would have given me some sign; and yet—yet, if he were alive, it would be stranger still. No, no; they are right—I am wrong. He must be dead."

And as though ... had just been whispered ... her, she clasped her hands to ... forehead, gave a cry, and sank down on her knees in the road.

She knelt there a few moments and then arose. In this interval the wind had blown the clouds from the sky, and the moonlight lay white upon the path and lit her on her way to her house.

There at the door sat a man, a strange determined looking fellow, who rose as she approached and held out his hand.

"Here you come," he said, tired to death, worn out still on that fruitless errand. Jessie Lester, can't you give up this nonsense and think of the living a little. Think of me, Jessie, for just half an hour."

"I do think of you," she said, "I am sorry you should be so good to me ... I must seem so ... to you."

... on the porch and

### Valuable Secret.

... decline is old, the lesson ... It can never grow old, ... can the divine lesson ... mount. ... Place, Velete, ... heart ... It is ... ed out in the night, not at him, ... spoke, ... Job," she said, "I begin to think you are right; that he went down in the Sphynx with the rest ten years ago. But what good would I do you? What do you want to marry me for?"

The man drew closer still as she uttered ... "Before you were married to Charles Lester, you say. While you were a married woman I loved you. All these ten years since that vessel went down I've loved you. A man must have the woman he loves if he gives his soul for her."

"What a horrible thought!" said she. "His soul."

"I should have said his life," said Job. "I don't want to shock you. But you don't know what it would be to me to have you. And then I'd do every thing for your boy."

"Yes," she answered, "I know you would."

There was a pause. Then she gave him her hand."

"Job," she said very softly, "I shall pretend nothing I don't feel, but I know I've been crazy all this time, and if you want me you can have me. It's very good of you to love me so."

And thus it seems to have ... that ten years ... and ... there was tri... in Job's eyes as ... turned away and left her with his first ... upon ... green lane he paused and looked back.

"I told her the truth," he said, "when I said, if you a man loved a woman as I loved her, ... her, if the price were his soul!"

And then he drew from ... at a letter with a great red seal upon it, looked at it for a moment, and hid it away again.

Married? Yes, they were to be married. Every one at McKibben's Corners knew that now. Jessie Lester ... more to the post office for her ... letter. Job was furnishing his house—had ... it, for on the morrow the weddings ... to take place. "And it was night ... month from that night, when ... came for the last time, as every one thought, through rain and mud ... take her ... and foolish query, she ... sible at last—ex... sensible? She ... en the substi... instead of the shad...

And now, as ... was night ... a week after the ... other ... for Mr. Fair... the store, and ... was compounding himself what he called a "night cap"—some fragrant liquor, warm water, lemon and sugar, and was supping it by the stove, when there came upon his door a feeble knock, and when, being repeated, he opened it, there staggered in one of the rain a dripping figure—that of Jessie Lester, the bride who was to be on the morrow.

She was trembling with cold, and as he led her to the fire she burst into a flood of tears.

"I'm frightened," she said. "Some one followed me all the way. I heard them."

"You've no business to be out alone at night," said Fairjohn jauntily. "And what's the matter?"

She looked up at him piteously.

"I thought there would be a letter," said she. "I dreamt there was one. I thought Charlie came to me and said, 'Go to the office once more. I have written.' And I thought I saw a letter with a red seal."

"So did I," muttered old Fairjohn ... self.

As he went to the box where the letters were kept and brought them to her in his hand.

"Look for yourself," he said. "And now, Mrs. Lester, I'm an old man. Take my advice. Remember what your duty will be after to-morrow. Remember not to go crazy."

"Ten years have gone since young ... have left this place. If he's alive he's a rascal, and you are free of him by law, but we all know that every man on board the Sphynx was drowned. So be a good wife to Job Roper and forget this folly. I'll take you home again this time. Don't come again."

She made ... answer, but only tossed the letter over her lap, and said:

"I seemed to know it had a red seal."

And as she spoke, old Fairjohn, glancing at the door, saw a dark shadow there, saw it grow darker, saw it enter, and starting up on his defense, if need be, recognized Job Roper.

He was very pale, and he took no notice

### "Stan' Oot a' the Road, Wuman."

Some years ago, her Majesty was one day standing on the public road near Balmoral making a sketch of the palace from a particular point, when a flock of sheep were driven along. Her Majesty, intent on her work, moved a little nearer the side of the road.

The boy in charge of the flock, seeing her in the way, shouted at the top of a stentorian voice:

"Stan' oot o' the road, wuman; an' let the sheep gas by!"

The Queen not moving out of the way so quickly as the shepherd wished, he again shouted:

"Fat are ye stan'in there for? Gang oot o' the gate, an' let the sheep gang by!"

One of her Majesty's attendants, who was at a little distance, hearing his Royal mistress thus rudely addressed, stepped up to the boy and said:

"Do you know to whom you are speaking in that rude way?"

"N, o said the shepherd, 'I disna ken nor car'; but be she who she likes, she sudna stan' i' the sheep's road!"

"That's the Queen," said the attendant.

The boy seemed astonished, and was, for the moment, dumb; but after recovering his senses, said, with great simplicity:

"The Queen! Od, fat wy, then, disna she pit on clues sae that folk may ken fae she is!"

"THAT'LL DO, HONEY."—One of our most respected citizens, noted for his uprightness in all other respects, is in the habit of coming home drunk. He has a nice wife, who on such occasions puts him to bed, and kindly tucks the bed clothes around him to keep him from falling out of bed. A short time ago he got particularly boozy, and mistaking the route which led to the barn yard for the door of the house, went to the pig pen, stumbled over and fell into the trough. The hogs probably thinking it was something to eat, commenced rooting and turning him over with their noses. After a while, supposing it was his good wife performing the customary office of tucking under the bed clothes, the young man stammered out:—"That'll do, honey, come to bed."

### Miscellaneous.

...EST PAPER TRY IT.

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### The Pass Is Along the Line.

...institution made by North ... for North Carolinians.

...homestead in fee simple.

...Governor elected every two ... ted powers.

... officers now appointed ... elected by the people ... through the ... ball. Pro... payment of more for ... special tax ... ear was received.

9th. No man to be eligible to office who has collected money from the people and failed ...

10th. Prohibi... takers to be denied the right to hold office.

8th. A liberal system of free schools.

9th. Township system, to be abolished—thus doing away with four offices in every township, costing two dollars each, a day, for each days' attendance on the board.

10th. Abolish boards of county Commissioners. This will get rid of five offices in every county or four hundred ... in the State ... a ...

11th. Abolish probate ... This will save five times the cost ... the Convention in one year.

12th. Let no man vote who shall be convicted of being a common thief, that is unless a living by stealing.

13th. Make the Judges ride different circuits and not confine them to the same circuit. By so doing we will add to the purity of the bench.

14th. Require all money collected from the people to be paid over to the Treasurer 20 days after it is collected.

15th. Require county debts to be paid in the order in which they are contracted.

16th. Prohibit special Legislation.

17th. Provide for a call of a Convention by a majority of the people.

18th. Prohibit the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*. This will prevent another Kirk war, and we will have no more ... tasted judiciaries.

19th. Prohibit mixed schools.

20th. Limit the power of the Governor to the ... ecution of laws.

21st. Prohibit the Supreme Court from ... terfering with politics. Confine it to a ... ple interpretation of the laws.

22nd. Prohibit a sale or mortgage of ... postponement of the State's interest in any property or work of improvement unless sanctioned by a vote of the people.

23rd. Levy taxes on ... property be *ad valorem*.

24th. Let the public work be done by convicts.

25th. Secure to the people speedy and cheap justice.

26th. Prohibit one man from holding or receiving the profits directly or indirectly of more than one office or place of honor, trust or profit.

27th. Abolish ... tall juries, that is ... jurors of six men.

28th. Prohibit ... intermarriage between the races.

29th. Finally secure economy of the public money, honesty in public office, and justice to all men.


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New Prices,
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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.
30-1y.

NEW GOODS. **1874** FALL and 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**
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ARE OUR WATCHWORDS.

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DON'T dispose of your Produce before giving us a call.
We have a ... stand, opposite P. J. ... Sign of the ...
Oct. ...

**Dissolution.**
THE FIRM OF POLK & CAUDY ... this day dissolved, by mutual consent. All indebted to us will call and settle either by note or the cash, with ... Polk at the office of the *Anson Argus*, or with H. B. Caudy at the old stand.
POLK & CAUDY.
This, March 30, 1874. ...

**Northeastern Railroad.**
GENERAL TICKET AG'T'S OFFICE, Charleston, S. C., May 10, 1874.
ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 11th instant, the Mail and Passenger Trains of this road will be run as follows:
Leave Charleston 6:30 A. M. and 7:00 P. M.
Arrive in Charleston 11:30 A. M. and 12:00 M.
On Sundays no Day Express will run.
P. M. BRUNER, Superintendent.
Sept. 3

**Job Printing**
ALL KINDS NEATLY DONE AT
... ARGUS OFFICE.