

THE NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.

WADESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1875.

found, an a little forked piece of iron, sor-like onto a pitchfork, ye know, and we at and twisted it sorter into a bridal bit snail shape, (dad wanted a o... as he said he had a...)

Well, when we got the bridal fixed on dad, he chomped and bit jist like a hog, (he al... a complicated darned fool why how an... said: when he wasn't about) then I... and out me an' dad goes to the field, (daddy had by a bridal, an' a toatin' the gopher plow on my back. When we got to the fence, I le... down the cap, an' it made dad mad; he... the fence on all fours, boss ways. I hitched the gopher and plow... and we made sharpe plow... over the sprouts and bushes same as a male boss, the only differ... he want two legs. Presently... and to keep up his chin... boss, bulged square into it, and fore down a hornet nest nigh as big as a boss's head, an' all the tribe kivered him rite strate. He reared and kicked once or twice and fatched a squeal was nor ara boss in the district, an' sot into runnin' away jist as natural as ever you seed. I let go the lines an' holler-ed, was, dad, wa! But you mought as well said wa to a locomotive. Gewhilli... When he come to the... cleared the top of them, gopher and all... he that there must be another settlement of bold hornets in it, an' that it was safer to go... thro, and quicker done. Every now an' then he'd paw the sides of his head with fist... foreleg then tother; then he'd gin himself an overhanded slap, that sounded like a wagon whip, a runnin' all the time, and a kerria that gopher jist about as fast an' as high from the yearth, as the gopher was ever carried, I swear. When he cum to the fence he bust rite thro it, tarrin down seven panells, and scatterin' an' breakin' the rails mitly— and here he left the gopher... and kivered all mixed up, and not worth a darn. He had his shirt on the end of a rail, and nigh a pint of hornets staid with the shirt a stingin it all over, the baluce on 'em, about a gallon and a half, kept with dad. He seemed to run adactly as fast as the hornets could fly, it was the titest race I ever seed. Down thro the sage way they all went, the hornets making it look sorter like smoke all round dad's bald head, and he with nothin' on 'em, but the bridal and nigh unto a yard of plough lines saliu behind.

"I seed that he was aimin' for the swims min' hole in the creek, whar the bluff is over 25 feet perpendicular to the water an, hits at ten feet deep. Well, to keep up his character as a boss, when he got to the bluff he just leaped off, or rather he jist kept on runnin'." Kerslunge into the creek he went; I seed the water fly plumb above the bluff from war I was. Now rite there boys he over did the thing, if that was what he was arter, for ther's nary a boss... darned fool enough to leps over such a place, a cussed moule mount a done it, but dad warn't a acting moule. I crep up and looked over, there was dad's bald head for all the yearth like a peeled hornet. A bobbin up an' down, an' the hornets sailin' an' ciroulin' round turkey buzzard fashion, an' every once in a while one, an sometimes ten, 'ud make a dip at dad's head. He kept up a rite peart dogin under, sometimes afore they hit him, and after, and the water was kivered with drowned hornets. "What on yearth are you doin' in thar, dad?" says I. "Don't (dip) yer see these cussed (dip) infurny varmits (dip) after me?" "What, sez I, "them are boss flies thar; ye ain't feared of them are ye?" "Hoss flies, hell," sez dad; "they're rals (dip) genuine bald hornets, you (dip) infurnal cuss!" "Well dad you'll have to stay rite here till nite an' arter they go to roost you cum home an' I'll feed ye. I sorter think you... need any currien for a week or so." "I may never see to-morrow (dip) if I don't... you (dip) when I do get out sez dad.

Better say you wish you may never see another bald hornet, if you play boss again sez I—and knowing dad's unnotified nature. I broke from those parts and sorter come to the copper mines. I staid hid out till the next afternoon, when I seed a fellow traveling, and says I, What was going on at the cabin this side of the creek when you passed it? Why uthin much, only a man was sitten at his door with nary shirt on, and his head was about as big as a... on keg and he hadn't the... rite eye all smooth. "That was my dad, sez I. Been fittin' much in this neighborhood lately? sez the traveler, ruther drily. Nary worth speaking of, sez I. Now, boys, I hain't seen dad since, and would bea feared to meet him in the next ten years. And the last I saw of Sut he was stooping to get in at the doggerly door with a mighty mixed crowd at his heels.

An old bachelor, upon reading that "two lover will sit up half the night with cal... chair in the room," said he could not... unless one of the hands or sits upon the... and such painful igno... mainly indicates that he has...

From the Detroit Assorted Ice Cream.

He slipped into the cream saloon very softly, and a girl asked him what he wanted, he replied: "Corn beef, fried potatoes, pickles and mince pie."

"This is not a restaurant; this is an ice cream parlor," she said.

"Then why did you ask me what I wanted far? Why didn't you bring on your ice cream?"

She went after it, and as she returned he continued: "My dear girl, you must infer—you must reason, wouldn't it likely that I would come into an ice cream parlor to buy a grindstone, is it? You didn't think you were here to ask if you had any baled hay, did you?"

She looked at him in great surprise, and he went on: "If I owned a hardware store and you came in, I would infer that you came for something in my line. I wouldn't step out and ask you if you wanted to buy a mule, would I?"

She went away highly indignant. An old lady was devouring a dish of cream at the next table, and the stranger, after watching her for a moment, called out: "My dear woman, have you found any hairs or buttons in your dish?"

"Mercy! no!" she exclaimed, as she wheeled around and dropped her spoon.

"Well, I'm glad of it," he continued. "If you find any, just let me know."

She looked at him for a half a minute, picked up the spoon, laid it down again, and then rose up and left the room. She must have said something to the proprietor, for he came running in, and exclaimed: "Did you tell that woman that there were hairs and buttons in my ice cream?"

"No sir," she replied.

"You didn't?"

"No, sir, I did not; I merely requested her, in case she found any such ingredients, to inform me!"

"Well, sir, that was a mean trick."

Softly, "did you expect me to ask the man if she had found a crow bar or a sledge hammer in her cream? It is possible, sir, for such articles to be hidden in such small dishes."

The proprietor went away, growling, as the stranger quietly slipped away a cream, two young ladies came in, sat down near him, and ordered cream and cakes. He waited until they had eaten a little, and then he remarked: "Beg pardon, ladies, but do you find anything peculiar in the taste of this cream?"

They tasted, smacked their lips, and were not certain.

"Does it taste to you as if a plug of tobacco had fallen in the freezer?" he asked.

"Ah! kah!" they exclaimed, dropping their spoons and trying to spit out what they had eaten. Both rushed out, and it wasn't long before the proprietor rushed in.

"See here, what in blazes are you talking about?" he demanded. "What do you mean by plug tobacco in the freezer?"

"My kind friend, I asked the ladies if this cream tasted of plug tobacco. I don't taste any such taste, and I don't believe you used a bit of tobacco in it!"

"Well, you don't want to talk that way around here!" continued the proprietor. "My ice cream is pure, and the man who says it isn't tells a bold lie!"

He went away again, and a woman with a long neck and a sad face sat down and said to the girl that she would take a small dish of lemon ice.

It was brought, and she had taken about two mouthfuls when the stranger interferred: "Excuse me, madam, but do you know how this cream was made? Have you an idea that they grated turnip and chaff with the cream?"

She didn't reply. She slowly got up, wheeled around and made for the door. The stranger followed after, as by great good luck his coat tails caught the door an instant too soon to be struck by a five pound box of figs, hurled with great force by the indignant proprietor. As he reached the curbstone he halted, looked at the door of the parlor, and soliloquized: "There are times when people should infer, and there are times when they shouldn't. Suppose if I had asked that woman if she thought they baslied up a sawmill in the cream she'd have felt a circular saw going down her throat."

The first female lawyer admitted to the bar of Ohio, has proved a dismal legal failure. The baby is doing well, however, and if the clients can wait, their cases may possibly come straight to light.

Going to the Dentist.

I like to come across a man with the toothache. There's something as pleasant about advising him to stuff cotton in it, to use camphor, creosote, peppermint, and "relief," that I always feel better after giving it.

I have been there—had an aching snag, and I know just how it feels. It used to wake me up at night, and make me mad at noon, and set me to swearing early in the morning.

I didn't meet man or woman but what they advised me. One said that a hot knitting needle pushed down on the root was excellent; another said that opium was an excellent thing; and others said that it must be dug out by the dentist.

If I sat down to dinner that old tooth began to growl. If I went to bed, or got up, or went to a party, or stayed at home, it growled just the same.

It wasn't always a growl. Sometimes it was a jump that made my hair stand up, and again a sort of cutting pain that made me make up faces at the baby, slam doors and break windows. I ate cotton, peppermint, camphor, and opium until I got black in the face, and that old snag kept right on. I put bags of hot ashes to my cheek, applied mustard, held my head in the oven, took a sweat—and the ache still ached.

After the third week neighbors didn't desire to let their boys pass my house, and hawkers and book-canvassers went around another street. I was becoming a menagerie, and at last I decided to have my tooth out. I decided to, and then I decided not to. I changed my mind four times in one afternoon, and at last I went.

The dentist was glad to see me. He said that if he couldn't take the tooth out without hurting me he'd give me a million.

It got easier as he talked, and I concluded to have it pulled. I had a jump caught me, and a new set of teeth.

He drew in a full breath, grasped the forceps tightly, and then he pulled.

Great spoons! but didn't it seem as my head was going! I tried to shout, but he grasped at him, kicked, and then he held up the old snag, and said: "There, I guess you won't feel any more aching."

I leaped down and hugged him. I promised him ten million dollars and him to make my home his house; I hugged him again. I shook hands with everybody in the street, kissed my wife, bought the baby a dozen rattle-boxes in a heap, and it seemed to me as if the world was too small for me—I was so happy.

A Missouri Love Letter.

The Hamilton (Mo.) News gives the following as a true copy of a veritable letter written by a maiden in that State: May the 22—, Mo.—Dear love it tis with much pleaser that i take my pen in my hand to Drop affter linds in order to let you No that i am well and hope that when those flew bad liends Coms to hand they will find you the Same. well, jon henri, i want to Ne what is the reason you hant ben oup. if you Dont want to Com all you hav to Do is to write—and let me No and i wont write any More. but i would like to See you and telle you my Minde. i hav looked for you every sundey but i Dont think i will look any more till i see you a coming, and thene i wont. well jon henri, if you Dont want to Com, all you hav to Do is to Say So, and that will be enough for me. i Dont want to run after any wone. well, jon henri, this is my lust if you Dont write or Com. now you can Do jist as you pless, and i will Do as i can, but i will never forget you as long as i hav breth, and i will Darned arouwed your garave when you lye old in the erth. Now jon henri, you jist Do as you think Best, not as i Cer. i would like to See you—that is if you want to See me—and if you Dont want to Se me i will Not take on about it.

the world is wide, the See is Deep, my love for you i will always keep. well, jon henri, i will quit written Now, and remember that this is my last if you Dont write or Com rite, away. if you Dont want to Com you Can Stay at home

If you want to, and if you Dont want to you Can go where you pless, but I want you to anser this as soon as you get this, if you pless, and tell me your mind. Direct to Jackson, Mo.

now you may remember what i hav told you in this letter, for i mean what i Say, and if you Dont Believe it you will find my words true. I must quit for this time by asken you to write soon.

SARAH

to Mr. jon henri— good by for this time.

Py SHIMMY! I'm Not So?—There is doubtless such a thing as excessive promptness in emergencies. Presence of mind and determination are admirable qualities in themselves, but it sometimes happens that a decision made upon the spur of the moment is regretted upon a more deliberate survey of the field. This remorse seems to have overtaken lately a worthy Dutchman of Anaska co., Minnesota. The Dutchman was seeking to reach a town at some distance from Sauk Centre, and to accomplish this he drove over the prairie from the latter place. He was unaccustomed to the road, and night overtook him with his vehicle in a slough, and he town in sight. He sought the solitary farm house visible, and asked permission to stay till morning, the farmer telling the traveler, however, that it would be necessary for him to sleep with the children or with the farmer himself, as their accommodations were limited. Quick as lightning the Dutchman expressed his resolution not to sleep with the "boddertion shildren," so he slept with the farmer. The rest of the story may be given in his own language: "Vell, in der mornin', vorse comes mit der stairs down, I seed a girls about seventeen and nineteen years old, and I ask der old man: "Ist dem girls die shiltren you told me about?" and he say "yaw, dem is mine on shiltren!" and I says to myself, py shiltren! Ish dot so?"

V. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

friend, said "I've got and have several hundred dollars to spare. Can't you tell me how to get neat and safe into" the broker, "and you buy that

Hinson's Improvement in Mill Stone Dress

Patented Sept. 23d, 1874.

This invention consists in providing addition to the ordinary furrows, or ribs, notches proceeding from the principal furrows into the ridges and transverse therein abruptly, said auxiliary furrows or notches being cut at such angles as to refer to the others as to provide an effective grinding edge. We claim no dress that will run longer without wearing and killing the natural sweetness of grain than any other, as the auxiliary notches are all the time drawing out of cool air. That it will grind faster, save 1/3 of the power, inasmuch as it can pass without being taken in by the notches and cut immediately around the eye of the rock, leaving the outer angle of stone for grinding.

Below we append a few testimonials from well known citizens of this county and will constantly be adding to the list. County and individual rights for sale.

For particulars address, C. R. HINSON & N. KNIGHT & SON, Wadesboro, N. C.

We have tried the Hinson Mill Stone Dress, and are satisfied that it is a great improvement on the ordinary dress. On our mill it saves nearly one third of the time and makes better meal. We are well pleased with the dress, and think that every one that owns a mill should have the Dress. CHEARS & GORDON, Long Pine, Anson co., N. C. Oct. 23d, 1874.

Dr. Chears informed me to-day that his mill Dress Invention of Messrs. Hinson Knight & Son was a great improvement and invaluable to all millers. Hinson Knight & Son put on my mill think it quite an improvement. J. P. MORAIE, N. C. Oct. 29th 1874.

Cheraw S. C. Nov. 7th, 1874. I have tried the Hinson new Patent Dress and find it to do well; it adds to the weight of my mill at least one fourth, and makes better meal, and I am well pleased with it. Truly, JOHN LANE, MILL BROKER, Iredell Co., N. C., Nov. 11th, 1874.

GENTLEMEN:—I have tried the Hinson Dress and it does all that I require. It grinds 27 bushels in 27 minutes. In it it pleases me so well that I have taken agency for the adjoining western counties of the State. A. M. COWAN & CO., HARTSVILLE, S. C., Nov. 11th, 1874.

The undersigned is miller and agent for J. L. Coker & Co., at this place. For two weeks I have run their mill with Hinson's Improvement in Mill Stone Dress, which was put on by their agent, Mr. Patterson. I am satisfied that mill makes better meal in grinding, that the meal is better than that made the old dress. J. H. WINDHAM.

Mr. J. H. Windham is a competent experienced miller, and I have every confidence in the above statement. J. L. COKER.

We had the patent Dress on the river and believe it quite an improvement in the speed of the mill as well as quantity and fineness of meal. EG S BARRING, R. A. ANDREWS.

Miscellaneous.

Hold that erehoss down to the yearth, spreading his tail to fly now. Keep your eye on him. Wo, wo, Shavetail— producing a jig."

and like expressions, were addressed to a queer-looking, long-legged, bodied, white-haired, hog-eyed, funny old genius, fresh from some bench of Jew's clothing store, mounted on a nick-tailed, bow-necked, poor horse, half dandy, half devil, enveloped all over in a perfect net of bridle, reins, cruppers, martingales, blinkers, circles, and snuffing, who had lined up at Pat Nash's grocery, full of an old man whiskey.

the ash cat, just keep on, with... have never... till I get... the best boss that ever shelled an' he's dead as a still worm, jicky tail."

What killed him, Sut?" says an anxious inquirer.

Why, nothing, you know, he died a standing up at that. Warn't a good luck? Froze stiff; no, not that, but starved fast, and then froze so stiff that when dad and me... he jist stuck out soading his arms and legs, like a carpenter, and we waited seventeen days afore we could skin 'em. All these he was; Dad an' me, (counting on fingers) dad, an' me an' Sah an' Jake, cool Jake, as we called him for short, an' Phineas an' me, an' Callie an' Charlotte Ann, an' Simeon, Sair an' Dan Webster, an' me, and the an' Catherine Secoud, and Cleo, an' an' Jane Uial, and Tom... the baby, and the prospect an' all left without ara boss to take care of the whole family to be a slashing... I be darned if I did... after stealing a hoss some-... Well, we waited and rested, otil... wherry time, hoping that some... might come along, but dog my... luck as that ever ouzs whar... so stratted mean and lazy, an'... save.

all, one nite, dad lie awake all nite... an' a collin' an' a scratchin' an'... and a... preparin' to mam, an'... I'll tell you what... hoss myself, and pull... drive me, an' then the... brats kin... to... such painful igno-... mainly indicates that he has...

He drew in a full breath, grasped the forceps tightly, and then he pulled.

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the world is wide, the See is Deep, my love for you i will always keep. well, jon henri, i will quit written Now, and remember that this is my last if you Dont write or Com rite, away. if you Dont want to Com you Can Stay at home

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ADVERTISE

Read On.

THOSE INDEBTED TO WORK done last year and year are

Formerly Requested come forward and settle up. D. L. SAYLOR, Feb. 3, 1875-45-47

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