

NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.


WADESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1875.

swallowing tar and lard and horse
you'll know it! 'Sposen I drank some and
exploded?
"Don't mention it," he whispered. "Don't
speak of it."
"I'm sorry for you, you know," she
said, "but there's a good deal of work
of our house, and I think I—"
"You'll drive me to a suicide—"
"You mean?"
She looked at her spectacles, took a long
look at him, and without replying—
"That's the way he felt."
He had a wooden leg, three fingers were
gone, the left hand, and he had to use
a crutch. One evening he sat at a table
at a dry goods store on a street
corner. And striking the ground with
his crutch, he exclaimed:
"Well, old fellow, the war's over? Gimme
a drink—shake 'em all!"
The man looked at him with hearty good
will.
"There's no more war, no more Yank!
We're all American, and stand on our
shoulders—South Carolina alongside
Massachusetts—we can lick the boots off
any nation under the sun!"
He waited awhile and then went on:
"No more skirmishes—no more fouts.
Uncle Robert's dead, Gen. Grant wants
peace, and they're mending up words and
making a treaty to make cotton mill machinery!
I'll go through camping out, old
parl, and I ain't sorry—not a bit!"
He leaned the crutch against the box,
lifted his wooden leg, and said:
"Lost a good leg up at Fredericksburg
when I was under Barksdale, and Barksdale
thought he could whip old Uncle Robert
and Stonewall Jackson together! Good
Lord! but wasn't it hot that day, when
the Yanks laid their pontoons and got up
and got for us! And when we got up and
got for them wasn't it red hot!"
He stopped to ponder for awhile, and his
voice was softer, as he said:
"But I forgive 'em! I took the chances
—and lost. I'm reaching out now to shake
hands with the Yank who shot me, and
I'll divide my tobacco half and half with
him! It was a big war. Yank and Reb
stood right up and showed pluck, but it's
time to forgive and forget."
He cut a chew of his plug, took off his
battered hat and looked at it, and continued:
"Didn't we all come of one blood?
Hain't we the big American nation? Isn't
this here United States the biggest planta-
tion on the river, and is there a nation in
the world that dares knock the chip off our
shoulder?"
"Maryland, my Maryland,
Michigan, my Michigan!"
He put down his leg, looked at his crum-
pled hand, and soliloquized:
"Three fingers gone—hand used up, but
I ain't no fool. Folks who go to war expect
to feel bullets. We stood up to the Yanks
—they stood up to us—it was a fair fight,
and we got licked. Two fingers hain't as
good as five, but they are good enough to
make hands with! Come up here, you
Yanks, and grip me! We raise cotton
down here—you raise corn up there—less
valde!"
He lifted his crutch, struck it down hard,
and went on:
"Darn a family who'll fight each other!
We've got the biggest and best country
that ever laid out doors, and if any foreign
despot throws a club at the American eagle,
we'll shoulder arms and shoot him into the
middle of next week!"
He pondered while the shadows
grew deeper, and by and by he said:
"There's lots of folks down here—
there's heaps of war trophies up North;
I'm crippled up and half sick, but I'm going
to get up and hit the onery cuss who
dares say a word in either. We've got
through fighting—we're shaking hands
now, and darn the man who says a word to
interrupt the harmony! It's one family—
old Uncle Sam's boys and gals and babies,
and we're going to live in the same house,
eat at the same table, and turn out the big-
ger crops than any other br—"
"Globe!"
"He rose up to go, rapped on the box
with his crutch, and continued:
"Revered! That this glorious old family
stick right together in the old homestead
for the next million years to come!"
—From the Vicksburg Herald.

Getting Rid of her Daughter's Heen
She lives down on Baker street
has a daughter, about eight years old.
The old lady retains a simplicity and
innocence, and she can't get two cents on
a dollar. The other evening when a splendid
catch called to escort the daughter to the
opera, the mother wouldn't take the hint
to keep still. While helping her daughter
get ready she asked:
"Mary, are you going to wear the shoes
with one heel off, or the pair with heels in
each?"
Mary didn't seem to hear, and the moth-
er required:
"Are you going to wear that dollar gold
chain and that dollar locket, or will you
wear the diamond father bought at the
hardware store?"
"Winked at her, and the young man
blushed, but the old lady went on:
"Are you going to borrow Mrs. Brown's
shawl, or will you wear mine?"
Mary bustled around the room, and the
mother said:
"Be careful of your dress, Mary; you
know it's the only one you've got, and you
can't have another until the mortgage on
this place is lifted."
Mary remarked to her escort that it
promised to be a beautiful evening, and as
she buttoned her glove her mother asked:
"Those are Mrs. Hardy's gloves, ain't
they? She's been a good neighbor to us,
and I don't know how you'd manage to go
anywhere if she didn't live near us."
Mary was hurrying to get out of the
room, when the mother raised her voice
once more and asked:
"Did you run in to Mrs. Jewett's and
borrow her bracelet and fan? Yes, I see
you did. Well, now, you look real stylish,
and I hope you'll have a good time."
Mary sits by her window in the pale
moonlight and sighs for the splendid young
man to come and bear her around some-
more, but he hasn't been seen up that way
since that night. The old lady, too, says
that he seemed like a nice young man, and
she hopes he hasn't been killed by the
war.
—From the Detroit Free Press.

Still unrelenting sat the object of his
adoration.
"And give up chewing?"
"No response."
"And smoking?"
"Cold as ever."
"And join the church?"
"She only shook her head."
"And give you a diamond engage-
ment ring?" he added, in desperation.
Then the maiden lifted her drooping
eyes to his, and leaning her frizzes on his
shoulder, tremblingly murmured into his
ravished ear:
"Oh, Edward, you—you are so good!"
And there they sat, and sat until the
soft arms of Night—that dusky nurse of
the world—had folded them from sight,
pondering, planning, thinking—she of the
diamond ring, and he of how on earth he
was to get it.
A DEAR JOKE TO HIS ACTION.—Denver,
Colorado, gave an instance of a joke being
carried too far. It was perpetrated years
ago, but only lately came to light in public
dress. Some time after the Atlantic cable
had been established, a telegraph operator
at Denver sent the following dispatch to
the Emperor Napoleon, Garden of the
Tuilleries, Paris, France:
"Gov. Gilpin will not accede to the cession
of Italy to France. Please let Bohemia
alone."
The operator supposed it would make
some fun in the Omaha office, and stop
there, as the station agents had a general
understanding in regard to each other's
jokes. By some hook or crook the des-
patch went on, and dived under the ocean
and came up smiling to the Garden of the
Tuilleries in France. The manner of its
reception by Napoleon has been lost to
history. All that is known is the Emperor
did not pay for it, and the facetious opera-
tor was hunted up and obliged to pay a
bill of \$187.50 in gold for his little joke.
That operator was entirely satisfied with
the result of Sedan.
We regard the attempt to organize new
military companies in various parts of the
country as the work of the Radical leader,
who would be glad to stir up strife of
blood between the brethren, their heads
and dupes. We trust our
employ any negro be-
longing to any of these
companies.

GENERAL NEWS
The colored man of Indianapolis held a
meeting a few evenings ago to protest
against the continuance of the laws of In-
diana prohibiting the intermarriage of
the white and black races. A series of
resolutions were drawn up expressive of the
general sense of the meeting on the subject
and declaring that the Fourteenth amend-
ment of the Constitution of the United
States overruled the old laws. A number
of criminal indictments have been
found lately against officers under the
miscegenation laws, and movement is on
foot among the colored people to supply
money for carrying these cases through
and repealing them if necessary.
The recent rain-storms in the interior,
particularly in Ohio and Indiana, and por-
tions of other States, have very greatly
damaged the crops of hay and small grains,
which had been already harvested. In
many instances, the production of large
sections has been completely ruined. It is
impossible yet to approximately estimate
the amount of damage thus incurred, but
it is certainly very great.
The yellow fever epidemic continues at
Fort Barragan, Florida, and exceeds in
violence a epidemic at Pensacola in 1874.
So far this season there have been sixty-
eight cases and twenty-one deaths at Bar-
ragan. A Pensacola last year the total
number of cases was fifty-eight, with twenty-
two deaths.
President requests Mr. DeLoach to
go to Delano and says he won't drift until
he's ready. Under such staggering
millions as this the President always
goes so his friend Tom Murphree says:
"What had I better do Tom? And Tom
variably answers, 'Take a drink.'"
New York is a good place for peniten-
tiaries, and the State would well be
largely in the business. Some one at A.
anyway a clean profit of \$30,000 per
annum.
By recent tests it has been demonstrated
that a train weighing 10,000 pounds, end-
ing at the rate of 20 miles an hour,
can be stopped within 100 yards.
The United States is making nice
a few more.
The advertisement
of 60 or more
address THE TRUSSARDI, N. Y.
and, given by young men who have
yet celebrated one-quarter of a century.
KANSAS TEACHER.—Where does all
our grain produce go to? Boy—It goes
into the hopper. Teacher—Hopper!
What hopper? Grasshopper, triumphantly
shouted the lad.
Peter Cunningham told Douglas
that he had been supping on a house
rod, which he had never seen before.
"Calves' tails." Extreme was the
comment of his pleasant friend.
"We don't mind recognizing the deaths of
people without being paid for our trouble,
but panegyrics on the dead must be paid
for. We positively cannot send people to
heaven for nothing."
A foolish fellow advised a friend not to
marry a poor girl, as he would find mat-
rimony with poverty an up-hill work.
"Good," said the friend, "I would rather
go up hill than down hill any time."
This compound is respectfully sub-
mitted to the best seller. If S-i-u-x spells
su, and e-y-e spells i, and s-i-g-h-e-d spells
side, why doesn't n-i-l-b-i-l-e-e-y-e-s-i-l-l-e-d
spell suicide?
Who can sound the depths of woman's
love? A New Hampshire wife says of her
husband: His kick is an inspiration, and
when he knocks me down I feel that my
measure of human happiness is full to over-
flowing.



Hinson Patent Dress
Patented Sept. 29th, 1874.
This invention consists in providing
additional to the ordinary buttons, or
hooks, buttons proceeding from the
back towards the front and forming
loops, straps, and additional buttons
or patches being cut at such angles
as to prevent the dress from being
effectively printed edges. We claim
the dress that will run longer without
tearing and killing the natural elasticity of
the grain than any other dress of the
kind ever made. That it will guard
the body from cold, and that it will
save a great deal of money in the
purchase of new dresses, and that it
can be worn without being taken in by
fitches, and cut immediately around
the body, leaving the outer surface
smooth for grinding.
Below we append a few testimonials from
small 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 & SON, N. C.
Wadesboro, N. C.
We have tried the Hinson Mill Stone
Dress, and are satisfied that it is a great
improvement on the ordinary dress. It
is better than any other dress of the
kind we have ever worn. We are well
pleased with the dress, and think that
every one that owns a mill should have
the dress.
C. H. BARRICK, N. C.
Long Pine, Anson Co., N. C.
Oct. 2nd, 1874.
"Dr. Chapman informed me to-day that the
mill Dress Invention of Messrs. Hinson,
Knight & Son was a great improvement
and invaluable to all millers."
Oct. 25, 1874. E. F. ASHE.
I have had the Patent Dress of Messrs.
Hinson, Knight & Son put on my mill,
and think it quite an improvement.
J. P. MOHAR,
Oct. 29th, 1874. Wadesboro, N. C.
Cheraw, S. C. Nov. 7th, 1874.
I have tried the Hinson Patent Dress
and find it to do well; it adds to the
usefulness of my mill at least one-fourth, and makes
it better than any I have ever used.
JOHN LANEY,
Nov. 11th, 1874.
I have tried the Hinson
Patent Dress, and find it does all that I require. It
will run 27 minutes, in fact
it pleases me so well that I have taken an
agency for the adjoining western counties
of the State.
M. COWAN & CO.,
HARTVILLE, S. C., Nov. 10th, 1874.
The undersigned is miller and manager
for J. L. Coker & Co. at this place. I have
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
it will make better speed in grinding
than the old dress, and that the meal is
better than that made with
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 of
Hinson, Knight & Son put on the
river and believe it quite an im-
provement in the speed of the mill, as
quantity and fineness of meal.
EGS BARRICK,
R. A. ANDREWS,
Northeastern Railroad
GENERAL TICKET AGENT OFFICE
Charleston, S. C., May 18, 1874.
ON AND AFTER MONDAY
instant, the Mail and
Passenger Trains of this road will
leave Charleston 8:30 A. M., and 7:00 P. M.
Arrive in Charleston 5:45 A. M. and 9:15
P. M.
On Sunday the Express will
leave Charleston 11:30 A. M., and
Sept. 3rd, 1875.
F. S. HUGER,
Superintendent.

EDGE & CO'S.
Invites the attention of
Old Customers
PUBLISHED
to the fact that they are NOW RECEIV-
ING a large and selected stock of
STAPLE AND FANCY
Dry Goods,
Notions, Hats,
Ready Made Clothing,
Boots and Shoes,
Hardware, Wood
and Willow Ware,
Tin Ware, Crockery,
Saddles, &c., &c.
Also a full line of
GROCERIES
Always on hand and at reasonable prices.
Agents for W. P. RUSSELL & CO., Blind
and Sash Dealers.
THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH
ROWELL & COBMAN
Advertising Office,
THIRD & CHESTNUT STS., ST. LOUIS, MO.
The Bowden House,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Mrs. C. Bowden.
THIS METHOD OF RE-
pairing her thanks to her kind
patrons; and would inform them that
she still keeps the House open as a Private
BOARDING HOUSE,
and has her table as well supplied as this
market will afford.
W. L. T. PRINCE, JAS. A. LOCKHART,
PRINCE & LOCKHART.
Will practice in the Courts of Anson
Union, Richmond, Montgomery and Stan-
ley Counties.
Office at Wadesboro, N. C.
SUBSCRIPTION

Bring Along
L. A. ANSONVILLE has
opened an office in Wadesboro
for the sale and repairing of Watch-
es and Clocks.
He returns his thanks to his friends
for the interest and support he has
received, and will give prompt and
satisfactory attention to all orders.