NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.

"Light doth an Eternal Veil Keep; No Soothing Strain of Mata's Son can Lull me the Eyes to Sleep."

WADESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1875. NO. 21.

Selected Poetry.

The Puzzled Dutchman.

I proker hearted Dutchman,
I villed mit grief und shame,
Vas you vot a drollible ish—
I don't know my name.

Dinks dis very funny, eh?
Vas you laugh at my misfortune?
I tells you dis vas no joke,
Dis vas very serious.

Vell, I knows dat,' she continued in a positive tone, 'and I believe they git wuss ry day Now see here—listen to this: Gorgeous panorama! Amazing wonders gigantic combinati[on] of astonishing ebatic talent.' That's all right on the ter, but hev they got 'em? I'd like to ow'e them animals."

You've laboring under a mistake, m. It means a grand display of nacuriosities, and informs the public the proprietor has secured many first acrobats—the chaps who stand on r heads, turn head over heels, and cut o many monkey-shines."

Does all?' she mused; 'well, do believe it takes a smart person to keel Well, one has to have a good deal of ning."

They do, eh?" she remarked, as she her umbrella in the corner and spit on hands) 'I'll show you that you don't ed! I was a woman, but if I can't

Madam, hold on—don't do it!" exmed the man behind the table.

I can flop right over there and never e my bonnet!" she said as she rose

Miscellaneous.

Those Circus Bills.

She had one in her hand as she came up irs, and she didn't say a word until after had wiped her spectacles, placed them her nose, unfolded the bill and read a w of the headlines.

look, there ings to her bonnet-string, and style, y hair was combed down smoothly, were only eleven yards in her ck skirt dress.

Young man don't you know that circ[uses] are awful liars and humbugs?" she ally inquired.

The man at the table leaned back in his ir and refused to express an opin-

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—the grandest pageant on earth! I've bin to lots of circuses, young man, and I've never seen a pageant yet. If they had one the door of his cage was open

You are also in error there. The bill refers to the fact that the great number of wagons, chariots, etc., make up a sight worth seeing as they pass through the streets."

Um-m-m," she muttered as she folded the bill over; 'I don't see why they couldn't have said so in the bill. And now see I read that: 'Big Govinoff, in his constrictor's endurance?'

man, madam—one of the performers. He is probably Jones, but that isn't grand enough they down as 'Sig. Govinoff. He jumps off a rope, turns over 'landwol[ks] down all right."

prisoners, errors if he's got an idea alive I want to Regiments to turn over twice, but I'm here and now or break my neck! Git off'n that table!"

Stay, madam—don't. I wouldn't have you do it for fifty dollars."

Just once!'

For heaven's sake, madam, get down off'n this table here—here's a dollar if you won't do it!"

I don't want your money, and I won't [do] it. You're so smart, but I don't want no circus going around talking about aryal flights and deceiving the people!"

She sat down, the young man wiped the sweat off his brow, and presently she remarked.

And here's another thing right here. A sparkling asterisk, flashing across the field of the cloth of gold. Mons. Gomerique in his great delineations of human character.' I'd like to know who she is."

Madam, that is a man, a man who delineates character."

How?"

Why, he makes up faces—expresses

He does, eh? Well, what's that to blow about? Make up faces—see here!"

And she shut her eyes, run her tongue out, and looked like the bottom of a brass kettle which had been kicked in by a mule.

They are humbugs, sir!" she said as she drew her tongue in, "and d'ye 'spose I'd pay fifty cents to go to one?"

They are quite entertaining as a general thing."

They are, eh? Entertaining, eh? Well, if I can't do more entertaining in five minutes than a circus can in all day I'll leave my bonnet up here! Here, hold on to this chair!"

Madam, I earnestly hope you are not going to perform any tricks."

I hain't eh? You just hold on to the legs of this chair!"

I can't madam—I wou'dn't do it for all the diamonds in Syracuse! Go away, madam—go home! I'm in an awful hurry!"

Well, I won't then, but when I say circuses are humbugs I can prove it. I don't [care] two cents for their big words and their panoplies, pageants, asterisks, giraffes, aryals, georgouses and ourang-outangs—I can beat 'em all holler myself!"

And she took off her spectacles, lifted her umbrella and went down stairs.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Holding the Candle—A Square Fight Between a Squatter and his Wife—The Squatter Caves and Walks off with his Gun Upon his Shoulder.

A gentleman residing in this city had occasion a few days since to take a journey [across] the river and several miles back from it, [on] horseback. Darkness overtook him in a [sparsely]-settled district, and as the roads were in bad condition, and the evening looked [threatening], he halted before a forlorn-looking hut and asked if he could find lodging.

I reckon ye mought," replied the long-haired, sorrowful-eyed squatter, after hesitating a moment.

The Vicksburger found little to eat, and his horse found still less. The squatter and his wife were all alone, and they had but a few words for the [guest]. They scarcely spoke to each other. When the evening grew old the traveler camped down on the floor on a blanket, and being very tired he fell asleep, while host and hostess were smoking their black clay pipes at the other end of the room. He had slept about two hours when the squatter shook him by the shoulder, and said:

"Stranger, I'm powerful sorry to disturb ye, but I want to ax a favor."

Yes—yes—what is it?" inquired the Vicksburger, as he rubbed [his eyes] and [yawned].

[Fair] play, don't ye,

"Well, she's the old woman can't [say] somehow she's come and [stayed]. And I guess I'm a trifle [in the] way, we don't hog on we [both] boots. We're fit and fit [to kill], and she's chuck full o' grit, and it's about an even thing."

Well, I'm sorry," put in the Vicksburger, as the squatter hesitated.

We've been a-talkin' since ye come, stranger, and we've made up to ask ye to hold the candle and to let us go in for an' old rouser of a fight—a reg'lar sock-dolager which shall settle our fuss! If I lick, she'll go; if she licks, I'll travel."

I'm sorry if there's any trouble, and I hope you won't fight."

We've got to do it, stranger," replied the woman. "I won't live with a man who can lick me, and he's just as high-born, Sam's I am, and when he's got an idea in his head he wants to wear his hat on his ear!"

She's right, stranger," said the squatter, "and this cabin can't hold both of us any longer. It's to be a squar' fight—no kicking or clubbing, and we won't go back on yer decision."

The Vicksburger protested, but the woman placed a lighted candle in his hand, and posted him in the door, and man and wife stepped out on the ground.

Suke, I'm going to wallop ye right smart in just four hoots and a hollar!" said the squatter, as he pushed up his sleeves.

Sam, ye don't weigh 'nuff into three tons!" she replied in a grim voice, and the battle commenced.

The Vicksburger mentally bet twenty to one on the man at the start, but in two minutes he had reduced the odds to ten, and two minutes more he was betting even. The wife was like a wildcat, springing, scratching, striking and clawing, and pretty soon her husband had to stand on the defensive.

Look out for the Bengal tiger, Suke!" he warned as he clawed the air.

I am," she replied, and the battle grew fiercer.

One of the woman's sharp nails struck the husband's eye and blinded him for an instant. As he threw up his arms she seized both her hands into his hair, yanked him down, and in another moment the [two] gouged on him.

Sam, do ye cave?" she asked, as they lay quiet.

That's the dead-word, Suke, and I'm licked man!" he mournfully answered.

She let him up, and he turned to the Vicksburger and inquired:

Stranger, was it a fa'r fought?"

I guess it was."

Then I travel!"

He entered the hut, put on his coat and hat, took up his rifle, and as he came out he reached his hand to his wife, and said:

Good-by, Suke! We agreed fa'r and squar,' and here I go." Then turning to the traveler, he added:

Much obleeged, stranger; ye held the candle plumb fa'r, and ye didn't holler for either of us!"

And he walked down to the fence, leaped over and was soon lost to sight.

Good 'nuff on the shoot," mused the wife, as she gazed after him, "but his fightin' weight is clar down to nuthin'!"

A Satisfactory View.

Saturday evening a young man, a stranger in the city, was promenading Michigan avenue when he saw a telescope. He invited the manipulater to turn his instrument toward the moon, stating that he wished to see the mountains rivers and so forth on its surface, which are supposed to be visible to the eye through a powerful telescope. Unfortunately for the owner of the instrument the luna orb had not yet presented itself over the top of the Russel House. A happy idea struck him. He would turn the lens towards the illuminated City Hall clock dial. Accordingly, while with one hand he explained to the innocent young man the many beauties of Jupiter and its satillites, he brought the instrument to bear on the clock with the other. After setting the focus the young man shut one eye and placing the other eye against the small lens, he patronized himself for a good long gaze at the marvelous and unfathomable mysteries of night Luna.—With mouth wide open he viewed the magnified dial for a long time, when suddenly the bell in the City Hall tower struck eight. This was too much for him. Turning his head away from the telescope he paid for the view which he had enjoyed and taking the owner of the instrument by the hand he addressed him as follows: "Shake, old man. You've got the best telescope. I've looked through smoked glass at the eclipse, seen steamboats out on the lake through a marine glass, and once owned a spy-glass, but this beats 'em all. For when you can draw the moon so close as to see the clock and hear it strike besides, a fellow gets the worth of his money every time."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Rowell's Newspaper Directory shows the failure of over one thousand newspapers in this country during the past year, the loss to the publishers, advertisers and subscribers amounting to over, $8,000,000, the Republican of New York alone losing half a million.

It is the testimony of others also that the past year has been the hardest that our newspapers have ever known. Among other causes, a prominent one has been this: as payment have not been easily made, people reason that a newspaper subscription is but a small amount, and the publishers cannot be greatly inconvenienced for the want of such mere trifle. They forget that there are thousands of subscribers who reason in the same way. Consequently while the neglect of one or two to remit would be no great damage to a publisher, yet the failure of thousands to do so, is simply disastrous to him. For his weekly payments are late and must be met. His source of supplies being then rivulets, when they dry up he must close his office. He cannot even afford to wait for better times. In what condition would a farmer be, whom say three thousand persons were owing for as many barrels of potatoes? And what would be his thoughts of the honesty of his debtors, each one of whom neglects to remit his small amount and by such neglect causing the farmer with money enough due him to meet all his liabilities—to fail?—*Church Journal.*

THE END OF TIME.—The Boston Times puts forth the following problem:

WANTED—AN ANSWER.—Suppose it to be one hundred miles from Boston to Portland. A locomotive starts at twelve o'clock from Boston, going fifty miles the first hour, twenty-five miles the second, twelve and a half miles the third, and so on each hour traveling half the remaining distance, when will it reach the depot in Portland? A reward of $1,000 awaits the person, who by a mathematical calculation according to my calculation says [it] will [reach] the above at the [depot] [in] Portland, into [eternity]. [Millennium] will [come] calypse will [be over] that one shall be Time [no more].

[A] door of a house on Second street, came around the corner and inquired:

Got anything to sell?"

Yes, I want to sell your mother a box of tooth paste."

Might as well git off'n the steps," continued the boy as a smile broke out on his mouth; "she's got store teeth, and she cleans 'em with a woolen rag."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Is Smith dead?" shouted a printer on one of the Waverly, Iowa papers, while taking "dead" pay locals from the "forms" in the process of "making up."

"Yes," answered the editor from the sanctum, where he sat conversing with a well-known physician of that place.

"Smith dead!" exclaimed the disciple of Esculapius, leaping from his chair.—"Good God, when did he die! Why, I prescribed for him only last night!"

Nineteen years ago a Tennessee father refused to let his young daughter go to a candy-pull, and she disappeared. The other day she returned, lifted eleven children out of the wagon, and entered the house and took off her things as coolly as if she hadn't been gone over a day.

A fellow rushed into an office one morning with the interrogation: "What's the difference between the mice that have just been eating my greenbacks and the epistles of Paul?" All present subsided, and he gasped: "They're both scripchewers!" and proceeded to the door.

Why did she turn her back on you, young man? Innocent child! She wished to make an exhibition of her new overskirt.

The Daily Tokioniciniciniohi is rapidly displacing the other papers of Yeddo, and has a circulation of 300. Now is the time to subscribe.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without the thought of fame.—*Longfellow.*

How to get rich—Live on air and sleep on the clothes line.

Many "play the knave" without ever coming to the card table.

The London Lancet pretends to know how a man feels when his head is cut off.

"Success depends upon a liberal patronage of printing offices."—*J. J. Astor.*

A corn-extractor that has never been patented—The crow.

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Hinson's Improvement in Mill Stone Dress

Patented Sept. 29th, 1874.

This invention consists in providing in addition to the ordinary furrows, or channels, notches proceeding from the principal furrows into the ridges and running in a direction abruptly, said auxiliary series of notches being cut on such a line as to present to the stones so as to provide effective grinding edges. We consider that it will run longer without dressing and without the natural sweetness of the meal than any other, as the auxiliary notches are all the time drawing in meal from the eye of the stone. That it will grind faster, save more of the power, inasmuch as meal can pass without being taken up by the notches and cut immediately around the eye of the rock, leaving the outer angle of the 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 & SON, 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. CREARS & GORDON.
Long Pine, Anson co., N. C.
Oct. 23d, 1874.

A convention of millers, Hinson, Knight & Son was a great improvement and invaluable to all millers.
Oct. 25, 1874. E. P. ASHE.

I have had the Patent Dress of Messrs. Hinson Knight & Son put on my Mill, think it quite an improvement.
Oct. 29th 1874. J. P. MOLLAE, Wadesboro', N. C.

Cheraw, S. C. Nov. 7th, 1874.
I have tried the Hinson new Patent Dress and find it to do well; it adds to the speed of my mill at least one fourth, and makes better meal, and I am well pleased with it. Yours Truly, JOHN LANEY.

Ingram, Iredell Co., N. C., Nov. 11th, 1874.
GENTLEMEN: I have tried the Hinson Mill Stone Dress, and it does all that I require. It grinds 4 bushels in 27 minutes. In fact I am well pleased that I have taken agency for it in adjoining western counties of the State.
A. M. COWAN & Co.

Hamptonville, May 20th, 1874.
The undersigned has run the engine for J. L. Coker & Co. at this place 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, 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 Messrs. Hinson, Knight & Son put on the mill on the River and believe it quite an improvement in the speed of the mill and the quantity and fineness of meal.
EGS BARRINGER.
R A ANDREWS, prop.

Northeastern Railroad.
GENERAL TICKET AG'TS OFFICE
Charleston, S. C., May 16, 1874.
ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the Instant, the Mail and Passenger Trains of this road will be run as follows:
Leave Charleston 6:30 A. M. and
Arrive in Charleston 5:35 P. M. the same day.
On Sundays no Day Express either way.
F. K. HUGER, Superintendent.
Sept. 3

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He returns his thanks to his friends for favors and engages to do all work in his line promptly and on reasonable terms.

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