THE NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.

"This Argus, o'er the People's Rights, an Eternal Vigil Keeps; No Soothing Strain of Music's Sha can Lull his Hundred Eyes to Sleep."

WADESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1875. NO. 20.

Selected

...Man at the Stylish Church.

...I've been to church to day—
...a stylish one—
...you can't go from home, I'll
...what was done.
...I was surprised to see what
...to-day.
...were fixed up so fine they hard-
...d to pray.

...he comes clothes of mine, not
...ish one worse for wear,
...they knew I wasn't one they call
...a millionaire by my
...led the old man to a seat away
...back by the door—
...book-less and unmannered, a *reserved seat for the poor.*

...by soon in came a stranger, with gold
...ring and clothing fine,
...let him to a cushioned seat far in
...advance of mine;
...the right exactly right) to seat
...and I was old, and
...then there's no accountin' for what
...some people do;
...finest clothing, now-a-days, oft gets
...the finest pew;
...when we reach the blessed home, all
...undefiled by sin,
...see wealth beggin' at the gate, while
...goes in.

...the sermon, I sat so far
...hours of service I could on-
...and pray,
...of the ...sitting
...to make them pure within, as
...without,
...were lookin' 'round upon the
...great,
...the rich man with the
...ar at the gate;
...all but dogs fore him, the
...ar's form grew cold,
...his spirit to the man-
...the rich man perished, and
...took its flight.
...and fine linen, to the
...night.
...d, as he stood gazing at the
...the sky,
...nor all of death

...were wealthy sires in
...dwelling like the
...home, from their worship
...head uplifted high.
...the hungry from their door, with
...satisfy.

...such professions! they
...doing
...to-day
...stop the weary sinner from the gospel's
...shining way.
...han all the books of infidels, than all
...that have tried,
...born at Bethlehem, since
...crucified.

...are the works of God, and yet
...very grand!
...bells in ocean caverns, the flowers on
...
...clouds of evening with the
...who from his throne,
...man only, not for the
...
...ld man look down on man,
...back of gold?
...the poorest pew because
...NOT
...old?
...motives, a heart that
...
...of the ...'s music 'neath that

The land... high—but I love
horse farm... the
Rented in one piece
four years... reasonable Christian's
desiring to rent goods
to come and see the ...
JOHN L. WA...
23-4t

...heaven must be
...child."

...in' gray, dear wife, our
...hearts
...n slow;
...a little while
...Master will call for us
...to go.

...hen we reach the pearly gateways, and
look in with cheerful eyes,
...'ll see no stylish worship in the tem-
...ple of the skies.

...had seen cocoanuts
...in his hand.
...old woman sat in the ...on and held
...while he entered a grocery and
...They turned over and
...of the ...curiously
...but saying any
...about noon, the old
...the ...cocoanut in hand,

...is a regular nor'easter!"
...and a good one, too," replied the
...
...busted m...
...the old ...
...
...rain will cool the

Changing His Name.

The other ... young African asked us to change his name, ... replied that, if he had a good name, he had better keep it, as a good name was the one thing to be desired in this world.

'I'se got a putty fa'r name,' he said, 'w'at I'se had eber sence de war, but it won't do for dis chile any moah.'

'Why, what's the matter with it?' we asked.

'Well, you see bout ... nigger come hayr from Or... an' I'se ... bazzin' around here with my name, an' no two niggers can circumgate in de same town unless one or ... ob 'em had a different prooognum.'

'Perhaps you can ... on him to adopt another name.'

'No, sah! I offered him ten cents and a rasher to call himself sumthin' ... besides George Washington Jones, but ... feel won't do it.'

'Waller, is he?'

'Yes, sah; an' dat's what makes me so serious about it. He say de Joneses was de fustest families of Virginny, an' dat he's condescended ... a direct line from dem, an' consequenchly darfoah values de name moah exceedinly dan udderwise.'

'So you propose to off with the old name and on with the new?'

'Some thin' like dat, I s'pose, boss. An' I wants to ax you de favor to sejest some disappropriate name, dat'll do for a cullud pusson ob standin.' I don't sebate wid de common, low-class niggers, an' I wan't a name out o'dere uncomprehansion—wat dey can't steal, you know.'

'How'd Benedict Arnold do?'

'De Arnold am tonish, for sush, but dar's too many Benneys an' Dicks around. Say anuddar one boss.'

'Well, Algernon Sartoris, how's that?'

'Dat's superlagnat! Algerneyman Sartoris Arnold—dat'll do for some ob de name. Please reach for anunnder one, sah.'

'Why that's name enough. How much do you wan't, for goodness sake?'

'Boss, you must remember dat I'se deckin in de church and 'prietor ob a house an' lot.'

'Oh! yes; well—let's see—Bill Allen?'

'Dat's too common.'

'Abraham Lincoln?'

'Too ordinary, sah. Git up higher.'

'Phil Sheridan?'

'Higher yet, sah, if you please.'

'Wm. Tecumseh Sher—'

'Stop, sah—dat's puff—neen't feel no furder. Wilyum Cehckumsey—dat sounds like old Kaintuck—Wilyum Cherkumsey Algernyman Sartoris Arnold. Yes, sah, dat'll do—no low class nigger can get inside o' dat. You'se de solemn witness, boss, dat dat's my name from henceforth on to all preceden' time. I'se obleeged to you, sah.'

As he walked majestically away, repeating the name to himself, he was the proudest nigger in Brunswick. And yet Shakespeare says there's nothing in a name.

He Suffered Long.

When it commenced to rain on Friday a man stepped into an office on Griswold street and remarked:

"This rain will cool the atmosphere, won't it?"

The proprietor agreed that it would.

In about five minutes another man came in to borrow a paper, and he remarked:

"This rain will cool the atmosphere, won't it?"

The proprietor thought it would, and had just dated a letter, when a man called, for the loan of an umbrella, and stood for a moment and remarked:

"This rain will cool the atmosphere, won't it?"

"I suppose it will" snapped the office man, and he turned to his letter ... He had written four lines, when a man entered and asked him the way to the City Hall, and then remarked:

"This rain will cool the atmosphere won't it?"

"Blamed if I care a cent whether it does or not!" growled the bored man, and he wrote five lines more, and was biting his pen-holder, when a man jumped into the office, shut the door, and remarked:

"This rain will cool the atmosphere, won't it?"

"No, sir!" yelled the office man at the top of his voice, and he said he'd wollop the next man who said rain to him. He had turned his letter over when along came a tall young man, with a long nose. He ... into the office, halted, and, ... the door and shook his umbrella,

"This rain will cool the ...

... above, and who is a very good man and a worthy citizen, and he stuck his head in ... door, and called out:

"... all sleep better to night! Don't you ... ing with—?"

"No, you old liar! ... office to ... and he shut the door with ... demon that the inquirer fell off the steps, and rolled over his umbrella and sat on his hat. He got up and said he wanted to lick somebody, and said he thirsted for blood, but the rain calmed him down, and the office man locked his door and hung up a sign reading:

"Not a blamed bit cooler than before."

A Castor Oil Episode.

She had her mind made up for two or three days that the boy needed some castor oil, but she knew that she must approach him gently. She pinched his ... when he could see it, and when ... turned up his nose she said:

"It's just like honey, my darling."

He seemed to doubt her word, and she continued:

"If you'll take some I'll let you go to ... Waller, is he?"

"How ... ously inquired.

"Oh, only a spoonful or ... spoonful," she replied as she uncorked the ... bottle.

"And you'll give me some sugar, besides?" he asked.

"Of course I will—a big lump."

He waited until she began pouring from the bottle, then asked:

"And you'll give me ten cents, too?"

"Yes, of course."

"And you'll buy me a shoo-fly kite?" he went on, seeing his advantage.

"I guess so."

"No kite—no ile," he said, as he drew back.

"Well, I'll buy you the kite," she replied filling the spoon clear up.

"And a velocipede?"

"I'll think of it."

"You can't think no castor oil down me!" he exclaimed looking around for his hat.

"Here—I will go, or I'll tease father to and I know he will. Come, now, swallow it down."

"And you'll buy me a goat?"

"Yes."

"And two hundred marbles?"

"Yes. Now take it right down."

"And a coach dog?"

"I can't promise that."

"All right—no dog, no ile."

"Oh, I couldn't do that now. Now be a good boy and swallow it down."

"Oh, yes, I'll swallow that stuff, I will," he said, as he clapped on his hat. "You may fool some other boy with a circus ticket and a lump of brown sugar, but it'll take a hundred dollar pony to trot that castor ile down my throat!"

And he went out to see if the neighbor's cat had been caught in the dead-fall he set for her.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A NEGRO IN TORMENT.—[By Tom Evans]—It was in Robeson county, N. C., the other day, the piney woods was on fire, and the negro was asleep in an ox cart driving home from the mill. A pine tree lay across the road, sizzing and burning, and the cart ran against this tree, and over it went, and caught the negro under it. He woke up and thought he was in h—ll, and as the turpentine streamed from the tree in a blaze of fire, and the balls of hot pitch crackled and popped, he forgot all about the oxen and cart, and began calling on everybody to deliver him, shouting at the top of his voice for his coon dog, "Here, Pomp, here, here!" and then for Mars-John, oh, M-a-r-s-e Jo-h-n!" and when all help failed him, he addressed himself squarely to the devil: "P-e-a-s-e, don't, M-a-s-ter devil, jest dis time; my old marse, he's white folks, you know, he says Jake, you see a nigger, I se I'se as good as white folks, and dar ain't but one nigger, an' dat was you, Mister debbil; but O, ain't I sorry I said it; we's all colored folks togedder, you ... Now, please, good Mister debbil. Oh, L... I'm git'n hot, Hallelujah! I can't stand dat!" and as a piece of hot pitch took him on the shin he sprang to his feet and his head struck the bottom of the cart and turned it right side up: and there he beheld the steer a few feet off switching its tail and feeding on the swamp grass. He just spat in his hands, and tore down a young tree and skinned all the leaves off, talking all the time: "Old uncle Pete's young son Jacob thought he was dar! sho nuff dar! but bress the angels, here's dat durned little bull, an' ef I don't put a chunk of fire under his tail an' give him hell from here home, my name ain't Jake, and my har don't kink like a wild bunch of grapes."—*Vicksburg Herald.*

OUT.—"Bub, is your mother in?" asked a Vicksburg lady the other evening of a lad of ten who was lounging over his widowed mother's gate.

"No, she's out," he answered.

"Gone up to visit your dead father's ...e?" she continued.

"Exactly" he ... "she's gone ... who has three

THE MOUNDS OF THE EARTH.—When God made the firmament ... to hold it, and He put mountains on it to keep it from ... anything in The Creation stronger than these mountains?' and God replied, 'Iron ... stronger than the mountains, for it breaks them.' 'And is there anything in Thy creation stronger than iron?' 'Yes, fire is stronger than iron, for it ...' 'Is there anything stronger than fire?' 'Yes, water, for it quenches fire?' 'Is there anything stronger than water?' 'Yes, ... for it puts water to flight.' 'O, our Saviour, is there anything in Thy creation stronger than wind?' 'Yes, a good man giving alms, if he give it with his right hand and conceal it from his left, he overcomes all things.' Every good act is charity; your smiling in your brother's face; your putting a wanderer in the right road; your giving water to the thirsty is charity; exhortation to another to do right is charity. A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he has done in this world to his fellow-men. When he dies people will ask, What property has he left behind him?—But the angels will ask, What good deeds has he sent before him?

HOW SHE CURED HIM.—At last she completely cured him. For months she had piteously endured the pangs so many thousands of young wives are compelled to suffer. Almost every morning at breakfast the heartless husband expressed the hope that he might live to see the day when he should get such coffee as he used to have at home. Or such corn bread as his mother was wont to make and bake. At dinner the meat was overbaked in the range. To be sure his mother used to roast meat in an old fashioned Dutch oven, and the peace was always done to a turn—the last turn of the revolving spit. Those days were forever gone. But he might and ought to get such a green apple pie with new cheese as his mother used to give him. At tea the long suffering wife arose in her wrath, upset the table, sending the dishes ... crashing to the carpet, ... over to her astonished ... and, ... a box on the ear which ... her chair, and remarked: "There's a ... for you as your mother used to give you when you was a boy, gol dern yer." Thereafter there was domestic peace and quiet in that house with never even an allusion to the maternal cookery and comforts of the bygone days.

FROM HEAVEN TO THE CARES OF EARTH.—Saturday night, when the report reached the city that armed negroes were marching in force on Edward's depot, a number of citizens armed themselves to go to the rescue. 'Meetin' was then being held in one of the colored churches, and when a colored courier entered the church in great haste and whispered that the white folks were coming with guns, a panic spread through all the congregation.

One old darkey rose up and inquired, 'Is dey got guns?'

The courier answered affirmatively.

'Is dey loaded?' he inquired further.

'What's de difference? If dey's got guns, dat's nuff for me,' said an athletic negro, as he proceeded to empty himself out of the window.

The minister observing the confusion and seeing that his meeting was virtually broken up, called on one of the deacons to sing the 'doxolmgy.'

'Doxolmgy, h—ll,' replied the deacon, 'no time for doxolmgy now.'

As he finished the sentence his coat-tail disappeared through the window, and the meeting was busted up for that night.—*Vicksburg Herald.*

A GREAT CORN CROP.—According to the September report of the Agricultural Bureau at Washington, the American corn crop this year is the heavest one ever produced; but there is some doubt of saving it all, on account of bad weather and the backwardness of the crop. The Department contends that the overflow of summer did not diminish the crop in the bottom so much as the wet weather benefitted it on the upland, and that the average yield per acre is unusually high. This is good news to people who buy corn.

A GUARANTEE.—Yesterday when a couple of excursionists were strolling through the market the girl looked longingly at the fruit, and the young man, after a struggle with himself, purchased several large plums and divided with her.

"Do you doubt my love, Milly?" he asked, as they chewed at the fruit.

"Noep," she replied, her mouth "plum" full.

"Because," he continued, "if I didn't love you I wouldn't be around buying boss

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