

# THE NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.

"This Argus, o'er the People's Rights doth an Eternal Vigil Keep; No Nothing Strain of Man's Sin can Lull his Hundred Eyes to Sleep."

BEAD PER ANNUUM IN ADVANCE.

WADESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1875.

NO. 37.

whipping out a tremendous jackknife, she cut the cord at both ends, and with triumphant air pocketed it. Gathering up the basket of clothes she put it over her head and indignantly went her way. The boys, who had been having a high old time laughing at the mishaps of the unfortunate trippers, were now at a loss to know where to get another cord, but, thanks to the fertile brain of Dickie Sims, they were not long in the dilemma.

"Foller the leader," said that ingenious young man, "and I'll show you where to get a string." They followed the leader, and going around the corner, they stood behind a coal bin while Dickie Sims went into the grocery store and plausibly asked:

"Mr. Fittzheim, will you please give me a piece of strong twine?"

"The store is full of customers, and Mr. Fittzheim and his two assistants being very busy, Dickie had to repeat his request before he received a reply.

"Dwive, dwive," responded Mr. Fittzheim, "you for you want dot dwive?"

"I've got to take a bundle down town, and I want some twine to tie it with," replied Dickie, looking the grocer in the eye with an assuring gaze.

"D. w. do din," said Mr. Fittzheim, "ho had been fooled by the boys before. I know vot for you want dot dwive. You want dot mek von of dem dings vot you call a driber, oder a prierber, oder somedings like dot, dot's vot you want id for. You heider dake gare mit yourself, young fellows, on you got in der Ciddy Hall, oder some of dose blaices, of you don't keep gareful of yourself."

"Oh, keep your old twine," sarcastically replied Dickie, "I wouldn't have it if you was to offer it to me. I was only trying to find out what kind of a man you was, and you sold yourself cheap, didn't you?"

At this point Mr. Fittzheim stopped attending to the wants of his customers, leaving that duty to be performed by his clerks, and devoted his whole attention to Dickie. The Squirk boys stood just in front of the door, relishing the fun largely and encouraging Dickie with approving nods and winks every

and eyeing Dickie fiercely. In reply to Dickie's last remark, he said:

"You go out dere, you understand, and don't you come here some more. I dells you."

"No, I won't go out till I get ready, you old sourkrot. I'll stay here as long as I please, you old dunder and blitzen you."

"You go out, of you don't I but you out, you loafers."

"I'd like to see you put me out, you old cluckie-headed Dutchman. How long have you been over, hey? You had to leave Germany, didn't you? They wouldn't let you stay there, would they, hey?"

"Long here once, of you don't god out by my shothers, I god a balseman rick-ava-puddy-gick. I show you vot kind of a man I vas, du schweinegel honsberb you."

"Get a cop, I hare you—you're afraid to get a cop; you're afraid my crowd'll tek you, that's what's the matter with you, you old lager-beer saloon you."

"Mine gradious, of you god me oxzled I brake my arm mit your noses on it. If you don't god out, I get ride away dot sprid."

"You'll brake my nose, will you, Dutey? Let me see you do it; you ain't man enough you old pretzel varnisher. Let me see you brake my nose—I'll give you a dollar to do it, your old mix come arouse you."

"Mine gradious (turning to one of his customers), vy don't dot boy go out? I don't wath dot hard him, but of he don't go my shoth outside, I vount stand der consequences."

"You won't they? You'd better not try any 'gousquences' as you call em on me, you don't know who I am, do you, you old snick in the mud?"

"Know who you vas, you vas a loafers, dot's vat you vas. I dote you once, more to god out but I don't dote you some more times of ten oder. You hear me now, don't you? You vas heider off outside, I dote you."

"You don't mean it, do you? Praps you're only coekin', you old limburger devonner and schweitzer kase devastator you."

Here Mr. Fittzheim started to come out from behind the counter, his eyes starting from their sockets, and his face alabaz with indignation and wrath. Dickie edged along toward the door, until Mr. Fittzheim stopped, then putting his thumb to his nose, as a parting salute, said:

"I guess I'll go now, Dutey, but I'll get square with you yet, see if I don't; me an' my crowd'll rig up a tripper for you some night an' you'll brake your stumpy old neck, you old fer-lunch grab—Oueda! ch! let go my ear," and Dickie turned and fled, leaving the stern visage of his customer staring after him.

Mr. Fittzheim had been listening to the conversation between his heir and the grocer for the last three or four minutes. Dickie's attention being devoted to his

own business, he had not noticed the squirts who were standing in front of the door, and who were now looking at him with a mixture of surprise and indignation.

"That's the way," said one of them, "let 'em have it, they've got it coming."

"I'll show 'em," said another, "I'll show 'em what a good fellow Dickie is."

"I'll show 'em," said a third, "I'll show 'em what a good fellow Dickie is."

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"I'll show 'em," said an eighth, "I'll show 'em what a good fellow Dickie is."

"I'll show 'em," said a ninth, "I'll show 'em what a good fellow Dickie is."

"I'll show 'em," said a tenth, "I'll show 'em what a good fellow Dickie is."

"I'll show 'em," said an eleventh, "I'll show 'em what a good fellow Dickie is."

"I'll show 'em," said a twelfth, "I'll show 'em what a good fellow Dickie is."

"I'll show 'em," said a thirteenth, "I'll show 'em what a good fellow Dickie is."

"I'll show 'em," said a fourteenth, "I'll show 'em what a good fellow Dickie is."

them "leg it" up the street, on the appearance of Mr. Sims; as, therefore, he was wholly unprepared for the denouement.

"Oh, pa, let go of my ear, will you?" he screamed, as he was dragged along the street home-ward.

"Just keep still, my son, I'll let go when we get home."

And he did. He also gave Dickie a half hour's lesson in "horizontal exercise," and extracted from him the promise that he would behave himself in the future. And now all that Dickie will say to his friends of the occurrence is, "Just you wait, that's all you've got to do," but in his inmost self he harbors a plan with the view of "that Dut-hman's" total and complete annihilation.

Mr. Fittzheim says, "It vas better den a deader dot see dot loafers go by my shoth out."

Seasonable Hints.

If the stable is comfortable, no horse should be blanketed at night. Much mischief is done by keeping animals too warm.

The coat is greatly thickened as cold weather approaches, and provision should be made for the change of season. Good ventilation is absolutely necessary, and a temperature of forty degrees in the stable is more healthful in winter than sixty degrees.

A pound of oil-cake meal at each feed, will help to keep a horse warm and his coat smooth. If his coat is smooth he is in good health. Colts should have plenty of exercise, and a moderate but regular supply of grain. Coarse food given to colts tends to enlarge the digestive organs, and produce a "pot-belly," which destroys their future capability for quick work.

Cows which are to come in early should be dried off six or eight weeks previously. Both cow and calf will be the better for it. Profuse milkers that cannot easily be dried will be better to be milked regularly and fed cautiously. There are but few cows that are of this character, but those few will need special and careful treatment.

Calves and yearlings will need such treatment as will keep them thrifty without forcing them. Bran and oat meal are the best grain food for young cattle.

Rams will now need to be well fed. A quart of mixed oats and wheat bran, with a little oil-cake meal, will do for them.

Direct rays, with no other food served should be fed with a piece of the same extra food, with a little oil-cake meal, and should be kept quiet, and not driven, or worried by dogs. When it can be done conveniently, the ram should be turned in with the ewes only at night, being kept in a yard alone in the day.

Fattening hogs should be pushed forward as rapidly as possible. Fat is now made at less expense of food than in cold weather, and in the present condition of the market, it is at least safe to market hogs as early as possible. Store hogs should be fed a portion of roots if possible. Smutty corn is highly injurious, or even poisonous to hogs, and poorer stock, and its use should be avoided. Spring pigs may now be provided for. There are no better pigs than grades of the pure breeds. Whatever breed is chosen, the boar should be fine in the bone, smooth, well haired, and at least a year old. Sows coupled in this month will farrow in March, going with young sixteen weeks.

This is the season for renewing the subscription for papers, and procuring what books may be needed for reading and study during the leisure days of winter. Every farmer's family should have a good paper and a few books. These make a home attractive, and keep the family circle unbroken in the evenings. There every one is pleased; the wife is happy to have her family around her, the father finds the society of his children as pleasant as that of other people, and the children are gratified to know that their society is sought by their parents. Nothing tends to make the home more agreeable and united than for the children to know that their parents are interested in their society and their sports.

Nothing is so pleasant within, everything within, by male song and comfortable. It is needless to enumerate what should be done, but whatever time hand-faith to do it with thy might, as well as it can be done.—Agriculturist.

It is said that corn loses one fifth by drying, and wheat one fourteenth.—From this the estimate is made that it is more profitable for the farmer to sell unshelled corn in the fall at seventy-five than at one dollar a bushel in the following summer, and that wheat at one dollar and twenty-five in December is equal to one dollar and fifty cents in the succeeding June. In cases of potatoes—taking those that rot, and are otherwise lost—together with the shrinkage, there is little doubt that the owner who holds them is not less than thirty-three per cent.

Only Good Farming is Profitable.

The best thing is to look facts squarely in the face. This is one of them. Poor farming does not "pay."

We cannot isolate ourselves, if we would. We work in competition with the world. Rude, antiquated methods, mere plodding, unskilled labor, worn-out, unfertilized soils will not serve us against science, skill, labor-saving implements, and heavy manuring.

On fertile, virgin soils, the old rule, wasteful system may for a while, give the farmer a living, by robbing posterity, but in the older parts of the country we have got beyond that. If we cannot manure our lands, adopt the best and most economical methods of working them, train and skillfully direct our labor, and use, wherever practicable, improved, labor-saving implements, we shall go under in the struggle of life.

Five bushels of seed to the acre, or one-fourth of one-third of a bale of cotton is not a remunerative crop at any price for our products that we are likely to get. If we cannot do better, we may as well lay down the shovel and the hoe" at once. It is the same in New England, in New York, in Pennsylvania, and even in the great West, there is the same complaint, "farming don't pay." But good farming does "pay" there, and it "pays" still better here. Make a bale of cotton to the acre—a great deal better can be done and from twenty-five to forty bushels of corn—which is setting the figures very low again—and other crops in proportion, and farming will no longer be unremunerative.—Rural Carolinian.

A Rat Whips a High and Moccasin.

A friend yesterday gave us an account of a desperate fight which he recently witnessed between a cotton-moth and a highland moccasin.

The moccasin was on under the pick-room of a gin house, near which our friend and a companion was standing. In the struggle the combatants came from beneath the house and within a few feet of them. The rat was evidently the assaulting party, and would rush upon his antagonist with the fierceness of a small hyena. The snake would occasionally make its coil and strike the rat, knocking him two feet. Nothing daunted, however, he would return to the assault, biting the snake wherever he could catch hold, and shaking him like a terrier killing a rat. At times the snake would get him in its fold, but the little fellow would struggle out from the dangerous embrace. Both combatants seemed totally oblivious of the presence of the gentlemen, although they followed after them only five or six feet distant. The snake frequently endeavored to escape by climbing a cotton stalk; but the rat would seize him by the tail, tearing the flesh away and finally pulling him down, though several times the snake lifted him over a foot from the ground. They fought in this manner at least fifty yards across a patch of cotton. At length the snake stretched itself out, to all appearances dead, when the rat took a position two or three feet off and quietly sat down.—Savannah Times.

TIME! TIME!—The small stones which fill up the crevices have almost as much to do with making the fair and firm wall as the great rocks; the right and wise use of spare moments contributes not a little to the building up, in good proportion with strength, a man's mind. Merchants and clerks may find fifteen minutes during a few intervals of the day to learn what goes on beyond the day-book and ledger. Merchants and artisans may find fifteen minutes occasionally to gather a hint, a thought or a fact, an anecdote which they may ponder over while at work. Good housewives need not be so ignorant, as, alas, they too often are supposing the world of books is not for them. One and all of you, one and all of us—let us take care of the minutes—and the hours will take care of themselves. It has been well said that industry is of little avail without punctuality. This is the spirit that watches the minutes, and turns them to account.

A bad habit to get into—a coat that is not paid for.

A FEMALE SUBSCRIBER ON HER TEMPER.—She came bounding through the sanctum door like a cannon ball, and without pausing to say, "How do you do?" she brought her umbrella down on the table with a mighty crash, and shouted:

"I want to stop my paper."

"All right, madam."

"Stop it right off, too," she persisted, whacking the table again, "for I have waited long enough for you to do the square thing."

She quieted down for a moment as we ran our finger down the list of names, and when we reached her's and scratched it out, she said:

"There; mebbe you'll do as you'd ought after this, and not slight a woffest 'cuss' she's poor. If some rich folks happen to have a little red-headed, handy-legged, faint-eyed, whoozy squaller born to them, you puff it to the skies, and make it do an angel, but when poor people have a baby you don't say a word about it, even if it's the squarest toed, blackest headed, biggest headed little kid that ever kept a woman awake at nights. That's why I stopped my paper."

And she dashed out as rapidly as she came.

PRESERVING MANURE.—The Boston Journal of Chemistry states that the sources of loss in the storage are two: First, the escape of volatile ammonia and other gases; and, secondly, the loss of valuable salts by leaching. The first difficulty may be obviated by covering the droppings with eight or ten inches of good soil or loam, which will absorb all escaping gases. A bushel or so of plaster may be advantageously scattered over the heap before the soil is thrown on. The whole mass should be perfectly covered with soil, and the soil should be watered with a solution of sulphate of ammonia, and a little sulphate of iron.

WORTH KNOWING.—For a quick dipping in boiling water, and packing with fresh salt, and then soaking in a solution of oxalic acid, 1 ounce to 1 gallon of water. Linen can be glazed by a spoonful of salt and one of white soap to a pound of linen.

Inhabitants of the city should make the tour of the city, and at prices which are being barely enough.

If the sparks from the steel be made to fall on them they will be found, when viewed through a microscope, to consist of small globules of steel, which shock, and fused by the heat.

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KILLED AT THE ALTAR.—The Augusta Constitutionalist recalls a sad and tragic incident of the war which happened in the last days of the siege of Charleston. A young lieutenant, by name De Rochelle, had been nursed through a desperate wound by Miss Pickens, a young and beautiful daughter of the Governor of South Carolina. A mutual love sprang from the interest which she felt in her patient, and from his gratitude to the fair Samaritan, they became engaged, and late in 1864, were standing at the altar and about to be wed when a shell from the Federal fleet burst in the room, injuring seven persons, and inflicting a mortal wound upon the

bride. The scenes of woe then followed defies description. When she was restored to consciousness the surgeon declared that she could only live a few hours. She was laid upon a couch, and the ceremony proceeded amid the sobs of all present, and almost as soon as she had pronounced the vows for life ended, and De Rochelle had a wife in Heaven.

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Messrs. Tiddy & Brothers, paper makers and book sellers, of Charlotte, failed before last. They also had paper mill at Long Shoals and Buffalo, N. C., which have closed. The Charlotte papers express great sympathy for this firm. The Charlotte mills furnished to a New York house paper to the value of some \$2,000 cash every fortnight.

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