

THE NORTH CAROLINA ARGUMENT

WADESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1876. No. 40

customers. I think you will find it for your advantage to try the cash system. I do not believe you would have bought this peach preserve if you had to pay cash for it.

"But I bought that to please you and I thought you would be pleased."

"I know you did," she replied, as she placed her hand affectionately upon his shoulder. "I know you would do anything to please me; but for the sake of helping you I would forego all such things. Then after a few years, perhaps we might own a little cottage of our own."

Several days Charles only sent up from the store what they really needed. At length he went to the store one morning, on his way to his work, he saw some splendid peaches in fancy jars. He had ordered the peaches he needed, and was about to leave when Mr. Waldron spoke.

"Mr. Matthews," said he, "do you want a jar of pickles? I carried my wife's jar last evening and she thinks them superior to anything she ever saw."

Now Charles knew that his wife had plenty of plain pickled cucumbers, some that her mother had put down for her, but Mr. Waldron's wife had some of these fancy ones, and why shouldn't Hannah?

And so he ordered the jar, and as it was inconvenient to pay for it, ordered it charged.

"Mr. Matthews, anything you may want you can order at any time, and you may rest assured that we shall be very happy to accommodate you."

Now this was flattering to young Matthews' feeling, to think that the trader had such confidence in him, and he went away with an exceeding good opinion of himself and credit, and of the storekeeper in particular.

Only one dollar! Yes—only one dollar on the trader's ledger—that's of no account. But a dollar right out of one's pocket—that was different. Charles would not have bought them had he been obliged to pay the cash at the time.

"Ah, Matthews, look here, I have something nice to show you." This was said by the trader to the young man the very next morning after the purchase of the pickles. And so Mr. Waldron led our hero to the back store and opened a box.

"There, Matthews, ain't those nice oranges?"

"They are nice," replied Charles and so they really were.

"I know your wife would like some of those. I carried some home for my wife, and she wanted me to save her three or four dozen."

"They are nice. How high are they?"

"Let me see; I can send you up three dozen for a dollar. I got these very cheap. You know they are retailing at five cents apiece."

"Yes. Well, you may send me up three dozen. Just charge it if you please."

"Certainly. Anything else this morning?"

And so Matthews went on. This morning it would be a dollar—to-morrow perhaps fifty cents—and then again perhaps only twenty-five cents. It didn't seem much. The young man had just as much money in his pocket as though he hadn't bought them. "Only a dollar," he would say to himself. That isn't much out of twelve dollars a week, and it might not be but the trouble was, that the next dollar was called one dollar, and he would forget to add it to the former dollar and call it two dollars; and with the next dollar and call it three dollars, and so on.

One evening Charles came home with a new gold chain attached to his watch.

"Where did you get that?" asked his wife.

"Ah," returned the husband, with an impressive shake of the head, "I made a bargain on this chain. Now, guess how much I paid for it."

"I am sure I could not guess."

"Oh, but try. Guess something."

"Well, perhaps ten dollars."

"Ten dollars?" echoed Charles, with a disappointed look. "Why, what are you thinking of? Jack Cummins bought this chain two months ago and paid twenty dollars for it. Why, just left it and see how heavy it is. Eighteen carats fine, Jack was hard-up for money and let me have it for thirteen dollars."

"It is cheap, to be sure," returned Hannah, but yet with not such pleasurable surprise as her husband had expected.

"But," she added, "you didn't need it, and I fear you will feel the loss of the money."

"Pshaw! I have money enough, you know I have spent but very little lately. I have been pretty saving."

Selected Story.

What did this peach preserve
I don't know Hannah,
I bought it this morning.
I did, but I didn't ask the
you pay for it?
not?
I couldn't make change—
opened an account with Mr. Waldron
shall hereafter settle once in
with
conversation was carried on at the
between Charles Matthews and
Matthews was a young mecha-
that commenced house keeping,
making excellent wages he
lived pretty well. After he
his determined agree-
she remained for some
thought.
she at length said, in a mild,
time, "I think it would be bet-
for things as you get them—
you get your pay for work ev-
every night, and you could pay as
easily."

"I could," replied Mr. Matthews,
of a man who had unanswer-
at his command; but when I
be near so hard on you see, I
all the trouble of making
not only save time, but
ing mistakes."

"I repeated Hannah,—"How
when you pay for
you get them?
all you. Some times it may not
to pay for something when I
forget money, or I may only
—then if I pay for part
some things may get charg-
for. No, Hannah, a set-
quarter will be the best and
all the time."

"I may," said the wife,
and look, and yet
I cannot think as you
do."

accounts. In the first
you more than if you paid
needn't shake your head
There are many little luxu-
which we do not need but
apt to buy if you do not
I know something
tem, and I know that it is
thing. In the second
ask for everything you
cheaper when he can
in his hands than when he
the amount on his led-

"No, that belongs to the storekeeper, and to the butcher, and to our landlord. You know they must be paid."

"Don't you fret about them? I know it don't cost anywhere near twelve dollars to live for. I have made an estimate. There is Wilkins, who works beside me at the shop, he has four children, and only gets the same wages I do, and yet he lays up two or three dollars each week."

"Yes," said Hannah, "I know he does. I was in to see his wife the other day, and she was telling me how they got along—Mr. Wilkins takes his basket twice a week and gets his meat and vegetables, and trades for cash, and gets everything to the best advantage. So he does at the store. He lays in a good quantity of those articles which will keep, and buy butter, eggs, apples and such things by the quantity when the market is full and they are cheap, and he always buys enough to last his family over the season of scarcity, when such things are high. His butter, for instance, he bought for twenty cents per pound, a firkin of it—and it is much sweeter than that for which you paid forty-eight cents yesterday."

"Forty-eight cents?" repeated the young man in surprise.

"Yes. I asked Mr. Waldron's man when he brought it up, and he said it had risen to forty-eight cents. Mr. Wilkins got twenty dozen of eggs sometime ago for twenty cents a dozen, and his wife packed them down, and they keep well. You will have to pay Mr. Waldron forty-five for those he sent up yesterday."

Charles Matthews was somewhat astonished at this view of the case, and the subject was dropped. His old chain had lost its charm. It did not look so well, even in his own eyes, as the old black cord which he had worn before.

At length the end of the quarter came around. The first bill was the rent, which amounted to twenty-one dollars. The next was the butcher's bill for thirty-six dollars. Charles was astonished to see how his meat bill footed up. But when he saw how many steaks he had had at thirty cents a pound, the cause of the wonder disappeared. Next he paid the baker's bill which was thirteen dollars. When he came home in the evening he had paid all his bills except the grocery bill.

"Mr. Waldron sent his bill to-day," his wife said, after supper.

"Ah, did he? let me see it."

Hannah brought it, and Charles looked. He was astonished at its length, and when he came to look at the bottom of it the column his face turned a shade pale. It footed up just sixty-five dollars—an average of five dollars a week.

"This is impossible!" he exclaimed, as he gazed upon it. But he examined the different articles, and he could remember when he had ordered them. Those things which cost him only a dollar, looked very innocent when viewed alone, but in the aggregate they had a very different look.

"How much shall we lay up this quarter, Charles?" kindly asked his wife, as she came and leaned over his shoulder, and smoothed the hair from his brow.

"How much shall we lay up?" he repeated. "Not much. Get the slate and let us reckon up." He was resolved to be frank about the matter and let his wife know all.

The slate was brought. First she put down one hundred and fifty-six dollars as the quarter's salary. Then came the rent and the butcher and the baker.

"Now you put down thirteen dollars for the chain—and twelve dollars for sundries—that means cigars, concerts and such things. Now take all that from my quarter's salary, and see how much remains."

"Fifty-two dollars!" uttered Charles, sitting back in his chair, and he had not bought one article of clothing nor of furniture. Fifty-two dollars with which to pay sixty-five. There is thirteen dollars short this quarter, and I meant to save at least thirty dollars."

"Well, it's no use to mourn over it," said the wife in a cheerful tone, for she saw that her husband felt badly. "Let us commence again. There is nothing like trying, you know."

For some moments Charles remained silent. He gazed first upon the bill he held in his hand, then upon the floor. At last he spoke:

"Hannah, I see where the trouble is, and I am not freely admit that I have been wrong. If I had paid for every article I bought it I should have had it. You were right. I see it all now. I have not estimated the value of money as I ought. Let me once get up again to where I began, I will do differently. I must step down to the store this evening and pay the rest as soon as I get it."

"That matter is easily settled," she replied, "for I have money by me that I had when I was married."

He protested most earnestly against taking his wife's money, but she insisted on giving him the money. It was her will, and he must submit. So he went down and paid the grocery bill, and on his way home he sold his gold chain for thirteen dollars. He felt happier now, and was ready to commence the next quarter.

On the next Monday morning the young man went into the meat store to send home a piece of beef for dinner.

"How much will you have?" asked the butcher.

"Oh, three or four—"

When he remembered how much was usually wasted.

"Let me have two pounds," he said. He stopped and saw it weighed, and then paid for it.

When he went home at noon, he found that his two pounds of beef was enough for a good dinner. The next morning he went to the store. Mr. Waldron had some nice figs just come in, which he showed. They were only twenty-five cents a pound. For a moment Charles hesitated, but as he remembered that he had got to pay for all he bought he concluded not to take them. He found that things were not so enticing when it required cash to get them as when the payment could be postponed. He paid for what he bought and went his way; and thus things went on through the week.

When it came Saturday night he knew that all the money in his pocket was his own, after deducting the rent.

That evening he went over to the market with Wilkins and bought as much vegetables and meat as he thought would last through the week. He found he had made a saving of at least twenty per cent., and when the opportunity offered he made the same saving in other matters.

At the end of that quarter Charles Matthews did not have to get the slate. He paid his house rent, and then he found he had thirty-five dollars left in his pocket. That was his—he did not owe a penny of it.

"Ah, Hannah," said he, as he held the money in his hand and looked it over, "now I know how it is for a man to be wrong and his right. This money all comes by paying as I go along. It is very easy and simple to say: 'Just charge it,' and a man can easily buy things under such circumstances, but when the day of reckoning comes these three simple words, 'that sound as innocent when spoken, are found to be costly things. I did not believe it until I tried it. I could not have believed that a man would purchase so many articles simply because he could have them charged. But I see now, and if I refused to follow your advice at first, I have gained experience enough to lead me to follow it more explicitly now."

Charles Matthews never again allowed himself to be carried away by the credit system, but has followed the cash rule, and the consequence has been that he could buy produce, coal, etc., at the cheap prices, and he has now cut off the expense of house rent, for he owns a snug little cottage, and it is all paid for.

Miscellaneous.

Large Poultry Yard.

The following account of the largest poultry yard in the State is given in the *Francier's Journal*:

It is at Greensboro, N. Y. and is kept by Mr. A. B. Robeson. He has 6,000 ducks, 4,000 turkeys, 1,200 hens. They consume daily sixty bushels of corn, two barrels of meal, two of potatoes, and a quantity of charcoal. The meal, potatoes and charcoal are boiled together and form a pudding, which is fed warm. He has commenced to kill them off, and employs fifteen hands to pick, two to kill, and one to carry away and pack on racks until frozen, then they are ready to pack for shipping. He also employs two men to cook the feed and feed them. He has twelve buildings for his fowls, from one to two hundred feet long, fourteen feet wide, and seven feet under the eaves, with a door in each end of them.

Mr. Robeson bought most of his ducks in the West, and had them shipped in crates—three dozen in a crate. He also has an egg house, 35 by 50 feet, and four stories high. The outside is eighteen inches thick and built of cut stone, laid in mortar, boarded up on the inside and filled in between the outside and inside wall with sawdust, it taking 3,000 bushels. Mr. Robeson claims that he can keep eggs any length of time in this building. He also keeps the poultry that he is now dressing until next May or June, which he sells for eighteen to twenty-five cents per pound, and it cannot be told from fresh-dressed poultry. He gets ten cents per pound for turkey's feathers, twelve for hens, and sixty-five for ducks. He says there is money in poultry and he thinks he can make out of his 6,000 ducks enough to pay for his egg house, which cost \$7,000. He intend to keep a great many more next season, and has agents out all over the country buying up poultry and eggs.

Every cloud has a silver lining—except Red Cloud.

His lining is copper-colored.

"When a man thinks the world owes him a living, he generally quits working for it."

Why should Maas, of Kellogg's opera troupe, be a good sailor? Because he's at home on the high C's.

A Good Wash for Trees.

One ounce

Shall We Undergo Dissection?

To yield up our lives for the advancement of Science is something that few of us would be willing to do, but to yield our bodies as a sacrifice on the altar of truth and knowledge, after we no longer have any use for them, is not a very hard thing; and therefore we are not surprised to read that a society has been formed in Paris, the members of which bind themselves by a special testamentary disposition not to be interred after death. Their bodies are to be delivered to the dissecting rooms of the various medical schools for dissection.

The cremation fever of 1874, accomplished something in the way of making people more indifferent to the disposition of this earthly tabernacle when life has fled. There were thousands of people who had firmly resolved that, if the projected cremation societies had their furnaces in successful operation, they would give their bodies to be burned. The cremation cry is smoldering, the cremation corporations have turned to smoke and vanished in thin air, the gashmen will not take our carcasses, and what are reformers to do? They are now offered the expedient of our Paris friends, who invite them to throw themselves on the dissecting table, and be of some use to the world after they are dead, if they never have been before. We are not afraid that the whole world will follow this example, and flood the market with useless corpses. There will still remain those who desire an old-fashioned burial. The scarcity of subjects in many countries at the present time, the attendant necessity of working on those in an advanced stage of decay, and the premium offered in some localities to body snatchers are a few of the reasons that may be advanced in favor of the formation of mutual dissecting societies. One of the great objections urged on moral grounds against cremation, that it would shield crime by destroying its chief witness, does not apply to dissection. The first duty, of the student into whose hands the body fell would be to determine beyond a doubt the cause of death. If this fact alone did not deter the poisoner or mal-practitioner from his nefarious work, it would at least have the effect of bringing to light many crimes which now are hidden without any suspicion being aroused. It might even prove a protection to a man's life to be known as a member of a mutual dissecting club.

—*Scientific American.*

[From the Southern Planter and Farmer.]

Notes About Farming.

The best plan I have (tried for improving land is to use finely ground Charleston Phosphate, which can be bought at \$30 per ton, mixed with one-fifth of Guanapo Guano; about 200 pounds of this mixture to the acre is applied to wheat fallow; drilled in, the cost per acre being about \$3.80.

The next Spring, about the 8th or 10th of March, clover seed is sowed, one-half the quantity to be applied; the other half is sowed across the first sowing about the 25th of March, due reference being had to the condition of the ground. The next year this clover should be fallowed or allowed to fall on the land, merely grazing enough to trample down the clover to some extent. Land cannot be improved rapidly by using fertilizers to make clover and then grazing or cutting the clover. Farm manures and ashes are also used, and surplus straw spread over the land; under this system I have seen poor land, costing \$16 per acre, pay for itself in five years. Corn is greatly benefited by applying a mixture of equal parts of Charleston Phosphate, ashes, and plaster to the hill, at the rate of 300 or 300 pounds to the acre; the ashes should be from hard wood and unbleached. Besides being an excellent stimulant to the young corn, it has been found to be a complete preventive of the ravages of the cut worm and borers.

made by pumping sheep at night during the late fall, winter and early spring, under cover, and starting from time to time with water. At some planting time, this manure will be found to be really dry and in a finely divided state, or, in a condition to pulverize easily; a small quantity should be put in each hill. The increase in the yield of corn will often more than pay the expense of keeping the sheep. It is deemed important to save carefully, under cover, the ashes made upon the farm; they may best applied to corn. If the ashes made in Virginia were carefully saved and applied to the corn crop, there would be a large increase in the yield; I think fully one-fourth.

—*Hanson.*

A New Responsibility.

A day or two ago, a citizen living on the river road called at the postoffice to mail a package. He had four cents worth of stamps on it, but when weighed it was found to lack two cents.

"I'll not pay it! Four cents is plenty!" he blustered. "I know what it is worth to carry packages as well as this government does!"

"The postal law regulates these matters," observed the clerk.

"Then I'll regulate the postal law, I will!"

The clerk was wondering how it could be done, when the man suddenly turned.

"You see this package?"

"Yes, sir."

"With four cents on it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I'm going to mail it. It reaches Chicago, all right. If it doesn't, I'll come round here and haul fifty of your ribs and twist you twice around that door!" The package went through.

Clover Turned Under.

The Rural Southland says that a Mr. Gregory, a few years ago, moved from Tennessee and bought a plantation in Murray county, Ga. The land when he purchased it, with a good season, would produce ten bushels of wheat per acre. In October Mr. Gregory sowed broadcast fifteen acres of white Boughton wheat, one bushel to the acre, and in February following he sowed the same ground in red clover, sowing broadcast in two rows, one bushel to eight acres. He harvested ten bushels of wheat per acre, and cut a fine crop of hay the same season. The next year he mowed two crops of good clover hay averaging two tons per acre. The third crop grew up from four to eight inches high, and in October he plowed the clover under; plowing deep and sub-soiling; sowed one bushel of white Boughton wheat per acre. The result was an average of thirty and one-half bushels of choice wheat per acre. Thus you will see that the only manure used to improve the land and get a good crop of bushels of wheat was the clover which was sown under deep a good crop of clover and subsoil.

—*Tim Lawrence's Thank.*—A day or two ago, when a young man entered a Detroit lawyer's office to study law, says the *Free Press*, the practitioner sat down beside him and said:

"Now, see here, I have no time to fool away, and if you don't run out well I won't keep you here thirty days. Do you want to make a good lawyer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now listen. Be polite to see or do people, because they are nobody. Be good to the boys, because they are growing up to a cash basis. Work in with reporters, and get puffs. Go to church for the sake of example. Don't fool away any time on poetry, and don't even look at a girl until you can plead a case. If you can follow these instructions you will succeed. If you cannot learn to be a doctor and kill your best friends."

DAVENPORT FEMALE COLLEGE

Lenoir, N. C.

Rev. W. M. ROBY, President.

THE SPRING SESSION of 1876 will open on MONDAY, 24th January. Board reduced to \$10.00 a month. Other charges moderate. Advantages equal to any other institution. Bills payable quarterly in advance. For Circular, with particulars, address the President.