

"This Argus, o'er the People's Rights doth an Eternal Vigil Keep; No Soothing Strain of Maia's Son can Lull His Hundred Eyes to Sleep."

WADESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1876.

Selected Story.

A JAGUAR STORY.

"Ah! Senor Inglez, I see you're returned to defy our climate! Afraid to march that my husband led through the woods this morning, would have thought you'd have glad to see me; and here I find you writing away like any lawyer." ... "Well, really, Senor, after all the adventures I've seen in this fair land of yours, I had need write them down as I see them. First, as your proverb says, one nail should drive out another."

lar, not a day that we didn't find one or two of them somewhere about the house. And once what a fright I got! When Lolita was only a few months old, her husband and his men had gone out on their work one morning as usual, and I was busy in the house, with the child lying asleep on a mat at the other end of the room, when, all at once, I caught sight of a mouse-skin on the floor, with the body tucked clean out of it, like an orange. I knew at once that there must be a snake somewhere about, for they're mighty fond of mice, and that's just the way they deal with them; but, look as I might, I could see no snake anywhere, till suddenly the thought struck me, could it be under the child's mat? As gently as I could, I lifted up one corner, and there it was, the long, slimy, green-and-yellow beast, curled snugly up, and fast asleep. I knew that I could do nothing with it myself, for it was a sort that you can only kill by poisoning them; so I ran out into the courtyard, and, luckily, the first thing I saw was our hunter Jose, with his gun on his shoulder. I called him in at once, and he settled the beast with a charge of small shot. ... However, as the work went on, and we got more and more ground cleared, our visitors began to forsake us; for snakes must have a thick cover to burrow in, and when that's taken away from them, they soon slink off. So then I began to hope that we were fairly at the end of our troubles; but we weren't—we were only at the beginning of them. ... I don't know how it was—perhaps it may have been that (as the proverb says) everything must have its turn—but somehow, all through our troubles with the ants, and serpents, the bigger beasts had never disturbed us at all; but now, just as we were beginning to have a little peace from our other plagues, the four-footed gentlemen began to come on the stage at last. One morning, just as we were at breakfast, in came one of our vaqueros with news that our cattle, while feeding among the long grass on the other side of the river, had been attacked by a jaguar, and one of them killed. The fellow who had brought the news had had to run for his life, and would hardly have escaped had there not been a fat ox ready at hand instead. As it was, he looked so thoroughly frightened that it made us all rather serious. However, a week passed without any fresh alarm, and we were beginning to get over it, when suddenly in came three or four Indians in a great flurry to tell us that a huge jaguar had broken into their encampment, and killed a woman and one of their dogs. When my husband heard the story he made sure that it was the same beast that had fallen upon our cattle; for they described it as being of a very strange color, far lighter than any that had ever been seen in those parts before, and from that they had nicknamed it "The Pale Death." So then we all thought it full time to do something; and my husband called his men together to go out and hunt it down. ... I remember that morning well, though it will be a year ago the day after to-morrow. Away they went merrily enough, every man with his gun and hunting knife, and Moro, the blood-bond, along with them. My husband turned and kissed his hand to me just as they entered the door, and then they were gone! ... When I found myself all alone in the house with Lolita, and thought of what might happen if they met this horrible beast, I was so frightened that (although I had no thought of any chance of danger to myself) I wasn't satisfied till I had shut and barred every door in the house; and then I came and sat down in the drawing-room, and took Lolita in my lap, and tried to tell her a story. ... Suddenly I heard a scraping along the roof, and then a dull thump like a fall of something heavy! Anxious and nervous as I was, it gave me a terrible start, though I little dreamt what it was. But the next moment came a sound just overhead, that I could not mistake—a long hoarse roar, that I had heard many a time in the forest at night and never heard without feeling my heart stand still. Then the thumping struck me, "Oh, Heaven; the jaguar!" ... I shall never forget that moment!—For one minute I was quite sick and helpless, as if all the life had been struck out of me at one blow; and then a thought flashed upon me. There was no keeping the jaguar out, for most of the doorways were only hung with curtains; but in the storeroom close by there was a huge wooden corn chest, nearly empty, and I had a ladder to it.

and I could only get in there we might yet be saved! ... I snatched up the child, ran with her into the storeroom, and crouched down in the chest. Unluckily it closed with a spring lock, so that I had to keep the lid slightly open with my left hand, to avoid being shut down and stifled outright; but it had an overlapping edge several inches long, which quite covered my fingers. ... I wasn't a moment too soon. Hardly had I got fairly settled in my hiding place, when I heard the great claws scraping the floor, and the hungry sniff as the jaguar quested about in search of food. He came straight to the chest, and there stopped short a moment, as if suspecting a trap. Then he put his head close to the narrow opening, so that I could feel his hot breath on my face, snuffed once or twice to satisfy himself, and then tried to force the lid up with his paw; but thank God, the great paw would not go into that little chink! ... All he could do was to get his tongue in and lick my fingers, making them bleed as if they had been rasped with a saw. Add then, what with the taste of blood, and what with hearing Lolita crying inside, his fury was roused, and he began to roar, like an honest, deep-mouthed lion roar, but with a hoarse snarl, that made my blood run cold. I can't think how I didn't die outright, but the touch of Lolita's little arm, clinging round my neck, seemed to give me courage. ... But the worst was still to come. Finding that he could not reach me from below he sprang on the top of the chest, crushing my hand between the lid and the upper edge. Then I thought all was over, and gave a scream that made the whole house ring. ... My scream was answered by a sound that made my heart leap—the distant cry of a bloodhound! The jaguar heard it, too, for he leaped down and stood listening a moment, and then ran to the door, as if to escape. There it was again—much nearer—and with it the voices of men calling to each other. They were coming back! Meanwhile, the jaguar seemed to get bewildered, and ran wildly up and down the inner gallery. ... Suddenly there came a loud shout at one of the windows, and then two shots and a frightful yell; and then my husband's voice, strained to its loudest: "Cachita! where are you?" I just managed to crawl to the door and let him in, and then I fainted outright. ... They told me afterwards that our bloodhound had struck the trail of the jaguar leading straight toward the house; and then they all set off to run like mad-men, fearing some harm to me. My husband and Jose distanced the rest, and came up just in time to shoot the beast through the window. ... As for my hand, it was so crushed that I couldn't stir a joint of it for weeks after. The Indians doctored it for me, and they tell me I shall have the use of it again by-and-by; but I don't need that to remind me of that day. If I live a thousand years, I shall never forget it.

horse thief. The landlord felt very much depressed after this last interview with Bullard, as he saw he was determined not to be removed from his quarters. A morning or two after, as Bullard's landlord was going down town, he saw standing in the door a brother lodging house man. ... "Thank heaven, he's gone!" said the man, as Bullard's landlord came up. "Thank heaven, I'm rid of him at last!" ... "Rid of whom?" ... "Why, of the big fat man you see yonder waddling down the street." ... "What of him?" ... "Enough of him! He drove nearly every man out of my house before he left. They wouldn't stop in the same block with that snorting Falstaffian porpoise, sir." ... "He's a good one, is he?" ... "A good one! He's a perfect terror! He's more different kinds of a snorer than any man I ever heard, and every time he changes his key it is for the worse. While I had him here crowds were gathering in front of the house nightly, wondering what was the matter within, and the police came in one night, thinking some one was being murdered. My dog ran away, and all the cats left the house, sir!" ... "And the man you pointed out to me is this snorer?" ... "Yes, sir, he is." ... "Good day, sir!" added Bullard's landlord hastening down the street. ... The next morning, with the first peep of day, Bullard rushed into the presence of his landlord. ... "What are you trying to play on me?" cried he; "I never slept a wink all night. Of all the infernal noises I ever heard, that man in my room got off the worst. Is he going to stay there?" ... "Stay? of course he is. Hain't he got the best for a month?" ... "Then I leave!" and Bullard was as good as his word. ... An hour afterward, the man who had ousted Bullard arose and waddled serenely into the presence of the landlord. ... "You've cleaned him out," said the landlord. "You raised him; he's gone for good!" and the landlord gleefully rubbed his hands. "Now," continued the landlord, "I'll give you a good square breakfast, and then you can go." ... "Go," said the fat man; "not much I don't. Didn't you say last evening, in the presence of Bullard and a half a dozen others, that I was to stay here a month?" ... "But that, you know, was only to—" ... "I know nothing of the kind, and I shall stay here! I am human; I must have some place in which to repose." ... The landlord is now trying to get some man to set up some kind of machine in his house that will oust this snorer, who now has the whole place to himself, except a small room in the corner of the third story, where he and his wife spend their nights in a miserable way. ... KILLED BY A METEOR.—An intelligent black boy was trucking along a highway at night in the vicinity of Palestine, Texas. There was a negro woman riding a horse in the direction in which the boy was going. The intelligent black boy re-appeared in Palestine that night out of breath and as pale as he could get. He said he saw a ball of fire come out of the sky and set her ablaze. The horse ran one way with the woman astride on his back, and he ran back to town to tell the people what had happened. The people went to look after further particulars of this curious incident. They found the woman lying on the ground with all her clothing burnt off, but with life enough in her to tell that she had been struck in the breast by a ball of fire. The woman died the next day. The people think she was hit by a meteor.—St. Louis Republican. ... A milkman accounted for the weakness of his milk by saying that the cow got caught in the rain.

Maxims. ... The following maxims are from D. Hill's new book, "How to Live Long." ... 1. One of the happiest and most independent of all human occupations is that of an intelligent farmer, whose land is paid for, and who keeps out of debt. ... 2. The fascination of salaried positions is but too often the fascination of a serpent which beguiles but to destroy. ... 3. Be your own master, and master of your calling, and you will soon become the master of others. ... 4. Next to religion, there is no element so essential to success in life as vigorous, robust health. ... 5. A sound mind in a sound body is a fitting foundation for all that is high and noble in human achievement. ... 6. The safest and best remedies in the world are warmth, rest and abstinence—the brute's employ these. ... 7. Physical, mental, and moral health are inter-dependents—hence what improves or promotes one, improves and promotes the other. ... 8. Almost all feel gratified at every pound's increase in weight, as if people, like pigs, were measured by fat. ... 9. To live well is a glory; to die well is a bliss. ... 10. A wise care of the health in youth is the best assurance of a long life, as an early attention to religion is the foundation of an immortal existence. ... 11. That man lives the longest who does the most good. ... 12. He brings the most happiness to himself who does the most to promote the happiness of others. ... 13. The most healthful form of exercise is that which involves exhilarating outdoor activities. ... 14. Chilliness of body dampens the spirits, sours the temper, and renders the whole man unlovely. ... 15. The comforts and conveniences of life save labor, economize time, and add to our happiness generally. ... Some men move through life as a band of music moves down the street, flinging out pleasure on every side, through the air to every one far and near who can listen. Some men fill the air with their presence and sweet news, as orchards in October days fill the air with perfume of ripe fruit.—Some women cling to their houses like the honeysuckle over the door, yet, like it, fill the region with subtle fragrances of their goodness. How great a bounty and a blessing is it to hold the royal gifts of the soul that shall be music to some, and fragrance to others, and life to all. It would be no unworthy thing to live for, to make the power which we have within us the breath of other men's joy; to fill the atmosphere which they must stand in with a brightness which they cannot create for themselves! ... How A CRICKET SAVED A SHIP.—In Southey's "History of Brazil" he tells how Cabeza de Vaca was in a great ship going to South America with 400 men and thirty horses; and after they had crossed the equator, the commander discovered there were only three casks of water left. He gave orders to make the nearest land, and for three days they sailed for the coast. A poor sick soldier who had left Cadiz with them, brought a grilo, or ground cricket, with him, thinking its cheerful voice would amuse him on the long, dreary voyage. But to his great disappointment, the little insect was perfectly quiet the whole way. The fourth morning after the ship had changed her course, the cricket, which knew what she was about, set up her shrillest note. The soldier at once gave a warning to the officers in charge of the vessel, and they soon saw high, jagged rocks just ahead of them. The watch had been careless, and the great ship in a few moments would have been dashed to pieces on the ledges, if this puny creature had not scented the land, and told them of their danger. Then they cruised along for some days; and the cricket sang for them every night, just as cheerily as if she had been in far off Spain, till they got to their destined port, the island of Catalina. ... A reporter of the Philadelphia Bulletin has had an interview with the veritable Wandering Jew who claims that he heard of the Centennial down in Terra Del Fuego, and thought he'd run up and have a look at it. We suppose he will excite considerable curiosity; but look out for Asiatic cholera.

GOLD MINER.—Mr. Jones, an English miner of experience and reported to be of large means, has been for some days examining the mineral ores in this section. He has been highly gratified by his examination thus far and if further research proves satisfactory, he will put up sampling works in Charlotte and buy the crude ore from the mines for shipment to London. Our people can thus find a home market for all the ore they can send in and they will be at no expense, except for getting them out and hauling them there. There will be no risk in this kind of operation. If Mr. J's plans are carried out, we will soon have a very prosperous country. He speaks enthusiastically of the richness of the ore in this section.—Southern Home. ... The day on which idle men work and fools reform is—to-morrow. ... Cheek wins in this world, especially if the cheek is dimpled and rosy. ... A Detroit wife struck at an Indian, in a dream and broke her husband's nose. ... How to raise beets—take hold of the tops and pull. ... A country newspaper advertises: "Wanted, a well-bred boy to make a devil of." ... A girl that has lost her beam may as well hang up her middle. ... Whether a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, depends upon the nature of the bird. ... It is said that figures won't lie; but the figures of some women are very deceptive, to say the least. ... A Danbury man had a bag of oats a week, which he calls the Seamless, as the won't have to be sown. Some are stolen them. ... Teacher—"What is the definition of flirtation?" ... Intelligent young pupil—"It is attention without intention." ... "Look here, Sally, haven't you been painting?" asked a lover the other night. "Yes,—by God!" she said, and he don't know what she means. ... "Teddy, my boy, 'st guess how many cbeeses there is in this ere bag an' faith I'll give ye the whole five." ... "Five," said Teddy. "Arrah, by my soul, had luck to the man who could ye!" ... A Hoboken young man pretended to have the small-pox in order to see what his true love would do. She didn't fly to his side to nurse him and iron his fevered brow, but went right off and engaged herself to the owner of a one horse grocery. ... If there is anything in this world calculated to make a man forget that he's been to hear Moody and Sankey on the previous evening, it is to bounce cheerily out of bed in the morning and light on the business end of a tack. ... "Bridget, I told you to let me have my hot water early in the morning." ... "Sure," replied Bridget "and didn't I bring it up and lave it at the door last night, so as to be in time?" ... A young married man who talked about "Tom and Jerry" in his sleep, the other night, told his wife next morning, upon being called upon for an explanation, that "Tom and Jerry" were very warm friends of his and she seemed satisfied. ... "Sure," cried an Irishman, "an' I'm heir to a splendid estate under me father's will. When he died, he ordered me brother to divide the house wid me; an' by St. Patrick, he did it—for he took the inside himself, and gave me the outside." ... A newspaper contains an announcement to this effect: "Wanted, at this office, a bull-dog of good size, sound teeth, and ferocious disposition, that will attend to his business, and take his pound of flesh from the man who soils our floor with tobacco juice and steals our newspapers." ... A Munroe street man was married the other evening, and when the minister asked, "Will you take this woman," etc, he made no reply. The question was asked again. Still no answer, from which the clergyman concluded that he must be hard of hearing; so raising his voice an octave and a half, he yelled, "Will thou take this woman," etc., at which the man gave him a vacant stare and asked, "What else do you suppose I'm here for?" ... A Breeder of poultry writes: "Every spring I procure a quantity of cedar boughs, and scatter them plentifully in and around the hen house. The odor of the cedar keeps away the lice."