

# THE NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.

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"This Argus, O'er the People's Rights doth an Eternal Vigil Keep; No Smiting Strain of Mole's Son can Lull his Hundred Eyes to Sleep."

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## Original Story.

Written for the ARGUS.  
**FATHERLESS AND MOTHERLESS;**  
—OR—  
**SUNSHINE AFTER DARKNESS,**  
—BY—  
**MISS MINNIE F. DICKSON,**  
CHAPTER I.

**A QUARREL.**  
The dawn had to fury look,  
Its blue waves mingling with the cloud,  
In peaceful, sweet serenity  
The anger's dark and troubled sea.  
J. W. Eastburne.

"Read that, and tell me what you think of it, Martha," and Dr. Langdon, a handsome, benevolent looking gentleman, whose years perhaps numbered forty, placed an open letter in the hand of his wife, a dark, sallow-complexioned woman, probably five years his junior. The face of Mrs. Langdon was by no means a pleasant one—even to the casual observer it bore a repellent expression, which the large, bold eyes of that peculiar light brown hue (so infrequently seen, and so very indescribable) when raised to yours did not serve in the least to diminish.

Looking now at her faded complexion, and the thin, compressed lips, wearing their expression of cruel coldness, one would never think that Martha Langdon had ever held the slightest claim upon beauty; yet, nevertheless, it is certain that she had—far, according to Madame Rucor's account, seventeen years before, when she was Martha Donaldson, the only daughter of one of Alabama's wealthy planters, Richard Donaldson, no belle of the county of Madison possessed a more beautiful face, nor a more haughty disposition than did she. During her youth every embellishment of mind and person that money could procure was lavished upon her by her fond and doting father, who had in early life been left a widower. At sixteen she returned from one of Alabama's most flourishing colleges to reign the haughty, beautiful queen of Oak Lawn. Mr. Donaldson's rural residence. There were some mysterious hints (they never matured to report) connected with her return from school; but the gossip-loving many never grew any wiser in regard to their origin. They only knew that she remained but a few weeks at Oak Lawn after her return, and then it was said she had gone away to visit an aunt in Georgia, where she remained for some time, and then returned, the same unapproachably haughty, yet beautiful creature that had left there one year before.

It was a nine days' wonder when it became known among the numerous friends of the master of Oak Lawn that the young Dr. Langdon, a highly talented, but poor young man who had lately come into the neighborhood as a practicing physician, was her accepted lover, and, a few months later, her husband. Five years after their marriage, old Mr. Donaldson passed away from the scenes of time to meet once more upon the bestial shores of Heaven the loved and pure-hearted wife of his early youth. To his only child (Martha Langdon) he left all his vast wealth, which consisted in numerous slaves and several fine estates.

At the time our story opens the years of their married life had numbered sixteen, nor had they been cloudless ones—on the other hand, they had witnessed many stormy altercations between husband and wife. Their dispositions were very unlike. Dr. Langdon possessed a magnanimous mind, ever ready with manifestations of tenderness for the weak and suffering, and to award beneficence to those in actual need; and, added to all this, he was a firm friend and genial companion, while his wife's disposition was just the reverse—proud and worldly minded to the last degree. She cared only for her own comfort and pleasure, neglecting even the happiness of her husband, which was in her power alone to establish. All the love which her heart seemed capable of holding was given to her young daughter, a child of twelve years, the second and youngest offspring of her unhappy marriage, who was her exact counterpart, both in feature and disposition. Upon her son, a bright, sunny-faced boy, of fifteen, she bestowed as little devotion as she did upon her husband. The current of two persons' lives, whose dispositions differed as widely as did theirs, could not be expected to commingle and flow smoothly in one.

The time upon which our story opens is a lovely day in June. Nature is smiling in her sunniest attire, and Oak Lawn presents a picture of unsurpassed rural loveliness. Around the many towering oaks that surround the stately mansion are entwined the clinging tendrils of fragrant azaleas, mingling their sweetness with the snowy and blushing petals of flowers of every class and description, while here and there over the emerald carpeting of the yard fall the pink-hued and purple flowers of the myrtle, emblem of all the pure affection which should fill the heart amid so much God-given beauty. Looking upon this magnificent display of nature's gifts to vivify and make happy the heart; and then upon the elegant mansion, one cannot repress the feeling that, amid so much outward loveliness to charm the senses, there must be happiness within; but, alas! how often do we find that the most gorgeously decorated casket holds the least valued contents; and so it is that, often, in the humble cottage is found a happiness that the possessor of marble mansions would

Seated before an open window, Dr. Langdon, with an uneasy light in his large, soft black eyes, is waiting impatiently for his wife to complete the perusal of the letter that he placed in her hand in the commencement of our story. At length she finishes, and casting it from her, while a dark frown gathers upon her brow, she exclaims:

"I say that no beggar's child shall ever be brought into association with my children! that is what I think of it, Gilbert Langdon!"

"Do not be quite so hasty in your assertions, Martha; it is not a beggar's child of whom you are speaking, remember, please," he answered.

"Can you specify the difference? That letter," pointing toward the letter which, in her anger, she had thrown upon the floor, "says if you fail to come after her, the almshouse must inevitably become her home; and, if that is not beggary, pray tell me what is?" she cried, her eyes growing dark with passion.

"My sister died in poverty. Through unkindly speculations and false friends our father, when she was a mere child, lost the immense wealth which would have made his daughter, the idol of his heart, equal in wealth to the most opulent of the land; but, though she died in poverty, she left her child the inestimable legacy of a pure and stainless name as yet never a Langdon has failed to do, and left her, too, the equally stainless one of Ellwood; for, through the husband of my sister was poor in worldly goods, he was a refined and cultured gentleman."

"Poor gentleman! I am sick and tired of hearing of them—would that I had never seen one! The hour that witnessed my marriage with you was the blackest one of my life! and that beggar's founding of your sister's shall never, with my consent, be brought into the home, nor share the wealth that I brought you, Gilbert Langdon!"

"If not with your consent, then, Martha, she will come without it. The child of my sister shall not suffer for the lack of care from me, that her mother did through your agency! You say the hour that saw you wedded was the blackest of your life—it was, indeed, the darkest of mine. The significance of your name is bitterness, and you have ever been bitter—bitterer than at the first time since our marriage day I am going to break the yoking chain which has bound me and act in this matter according to my own pleasure," he answered, hotly.

"Without my consent!" she cried, her face growing deathly white with passion. "Bring her, then, Gilbert Langdon, and you will repeat it. Aurelia shall never associate with your big gamey sister's daughter—she is not her equal, and if you persist in bringing her here, she will not be treated as such!"

"Martha, do be reasonable; listen to me a while. Let your mother-love plead for this little helpless stranger—as you love our daughter Aurelia give this child, who is fatherless and motherless, a place in your home and heart; make her feel that in losing the tender care of her mother she has not lost her every friend. Will you not do this, Martha?" As Dr. Langdon spoke he clasped his wife's thin, white hand in his own, and gazed earnestly into the expressionless eyes; but no softening light shone in them; they maintained their cold, heartless glitter as she answered:

"I have given you my answer on a former occasion. I have said that never with my consent should Gertrude Ellwood's child enter my house. You have said that she should come without it. If you bring her you must abide the consequences."

For a moment he sat looking out of the window in silence, then, arising from his seat he repeated, in cold, measured tones, as he passed from the room:

"My decision is made: with or without your consent I will bring her."  
(To be continued.)

**Miscellaneous.**  
[Written for the Darlington Southerner.]  
"God's Last Best Gift to man."  
BY MRS. WILLIAMS.  
"Woman, God's last, best gift to man." So says the poet, and he says the truth. Look back, even to the days of Adam, and see how poor an appreciation man had of this last, best gift. He neglected it, abused it, scorned it, made a slave of it, turned it into a drudge, in fact, did everything but honor it, be grateful for it. He started out with the idea that he possessed all the wisdom in the world, and that woman was only one degree removed from an idiot. Beyond ministering to his comfort and his pleasure, he had a supreme contempt for this last, best gift. He would have been glad if the world could have got along without woman. He was so obtuse that he could not understand what a treasure God had given him; and instead of blessing the Giver of this inestimable gift, he felt himself aggrieved by the present.  
Men have no idea how much they owe to woman; they have not the faintest conception of the extent of the pleasure and comfort she bestows.

From the mother, who cares for him in infancy and childhood, to the belle of the ball whom he dances and flirts with. Yes, the patient, care-taking mother, the enduring, long-suffering wife, the attentive, loving sister, and the gay, laughing, attractive woman of society. These all help to fill to overflowing the cup of man's happiness.

"Now, take the great mass of woman, how are they treated by men? History, sacred and profane, says infamously; our own observation says infamously. There is not one woman in one thousand treated properly by the men with whom she is connected. There are very few wives who receive the consideration and confidence due them; there are very few sisters who have shown them by their brothers the care and sympathy they have a right to expect; there are very few female employes who are not obliged to work for their male employers at about half what they would be compelled to pay their own sex. Truly, in looking at these facts, we are forced into saying that God's last best gift to man is pearl thrown before—well, never mind.

**Worse.**  
It appears by the testimony of SILAS REED and L. C. STEPHENS before the Congressional Committee on the Expenditures of the Interior Department that President GRANT, when informed of Orville Grant's speculations out of Government contracts, refused to interfere; in fact, that his conduct was every whit as bad as Belknap's, except that he did not share in the plunder. He let his brother have it all, so far as appears.

Reed was Surveyor General of Wyoming Territory. Orville Grant was permitted by him to make a "handsome thing," as it is called—we do not think it is handsome—by speculating in the contracts for surveying. Stephens, Reed's clerk, gave information of this, and got removed in consequence.

It is very clear now that the Government has been administered by Grant upon the principle that offices were to be treated as plunder, to be divided among his family and friends. So low, so base was the conception, by a President of the United States, of his high official duties!  
The evidence in this case is very direct. We trust that the developments will end with the prostitution of public places for the benefit of others, and that we are not to be humiliated by finding that the President put money in his own pocket! The discoveries have been growing worse and worse. We hope they will stop short of open bribery of the President.—N. Y. Sun.

**A DEPRAVED CREATURE.**—A citizen reports that some days ago he was rambling around in the outskirts, and happened in the vicinity of the old Fair Grounds. He saw standing in the door of a wretched hovel a right nicely dressed woman with a very bright face. He stopped and spoke to her and asked her name. She replied that she was one of the white women who had married a negro, and told him to wait a minute and she would show him her husband. Stepping to the back door, she called up a dirty, greasy, coal-black negro, who had been working in the garden, and presented him as her husband, "Ben." In reply to some questions concerning her antecedents, the creature said that she was a "Northern lady," and had been an actress. She talked intelligently of Northern cities and of her profession and contemporaries on the stage, so much so, indeed, as to convince her questioner that she was speaking the truth. The woman talked well; she used good English and spoke of current matters with intelligence, though occasionally she appeared "flighty," and went off with a rignarole which had little sense in it. She seemed rather proud of her suitable life-partner, and spoke affectionately to him and of him.  
This is one case among a score or more in the suburbs of this very town. Verily, one half of the world knows not what the other half is doing.—Charlotte Observer.

**A VALUABLE REMEDY.**—In last Saturday's issue of the Observer, there was published a communication from Mr. H. H. Helper, the Salisbury Watchman, telling of how a Mr. Lingle, in Rowan county, had, many years ago, been cured of a cancer on the nose by the use of potash, obtained by boiling red oak bark to the consistency of molasses, placing this on the diseased portion and covering it with a plaster of tar. It is stated that it cured the cancer effectually, and Mr. Henry Cruse, of this city, bears testimony to the truth of this statement. He says that at that time he and Mr. Lingle were living close neighbors, and that he recollects the circumstance distinctly; knew all about the cancer and the remedy which was applied to it. Mr. Cruse's truthfulness can be relied upon, and our exchanges might copy this or the Watchman article, with benefit to suffering humanity. The cure is at least cheap and harmless.—Char. Observer.

**VENERABLE CHEROKEES.**—A traveler recently from North Carolina relates that there is an aged Indian couple living in Cherib, Graham county, who also propose going to the Centennial. The husband, Chee Squich, is aged 125 years, and the squaw, Nabih, 130 years. Both are in vigorous health, possess all their faculties intact, and are full of ancient reminiscences. They are Cherokees, and were born within four miles of their present residence. The man recollects perfectly the declaration of the Revolutionary war and the proclamation of peace. They will form a valuable addition to the collection of antique human curiosities.—Louisville Courier Journal.

**TWO MOTHERS AND TWO BABES.**—Yesterday morning two women in the west part of town gave birth to children in the same room and at the same time. The woman who cared for the little strangers, bathed and clothed them, and started to present them to their waiting mamma. Then she made the startling discovery that she had inextricably mixed the infants so that she was unable to decide which was the mother of either. The two mothers cast lots for choice, agreeing that if the children should, when grown, develop family traits sufficiently to identify them they should be exchanged if the selection should prove to be incorrect.—Des Moines (Iowa) Register.

**The Blue Ridge Blade furnishes** these particulars: "A man by the name of McGwire, a wagon maker, living in Hickory, shot his wife yesterday morning, and she is not expected to live. McGwire has been married about two years, and has been getting along badly with his wife. She tried to get a warrant against him for beating her on Sunday evening, but the magistrate refused to issue it on the Sabbath. Yesterday morning, McGwire deliberately shot her through the breast; and, as he was being conveyed to jail, at Newton, expressed the hope that the shot would prove fatal, and said if she did not die, he just wanted to finish the job, and he would be hung cheerfully."

The tariff bill now pending repeats the 20 per cent. tax on the importation of manufactured quinine. There are, says the Nashville American, three different manufacturing of quinine in the United States, and they are greatly alarmed at the impending danger to a mercurial enterprise and industry, in the cheapening of the daily medicine of nearly 40,000,000 of people.—A Democratic House will remove the excessive duty, a Democratic people will approve, and the drug monopolists that have pocketed thousands by this unjust taxation can subside with the best grace possible.

T. T. learns that a colored convert has been arrested for stealing her baptismal robes and the pulce were on her track even to the water's edge. Don't make fun.—Too many of us white folks in the same fix. The poor negro was proud and wanted to keep up appearances and made out she had religion and she didn't, and that is exactly where the Belknap shoe pinches a good many white people who are high up in the churches. In fact, begging the old lady's pardon, but it's just what's the matter with old Aunt Hannah.—Raleigh News.

"Young man," said the revivalist, addressing the sweeper, "how hot do you suppose hell is?" The workman recognized his questioner, and placing his arms akimbo, and looking him squarely in the face, said, "Well, Mr. Finney, I suppose it's so hot there that if somebody brought you a spoonful of melted iron you'd swear 'twas ice-cream." Mr. Finney had nothing more to say.

## The Farm.

**Clover as a Fertilizer.**  
[To the Editor of the Courier Journal.]  
A farm that will reward the workman well for tilling it, that will yield large crops and pay ten or fifteen per cent. per annum on the money invested, is something to be desired. I propose to tell how all can have such farms.

A good crop of clover, plowed under about the time it gets its growth, is known to be the best preparation in order to reap a bountiful harvest. The large kind called pea-vine clover is the best for this purpose, because it gets a large growth. I have known fields which only had one crop plowed under, that were rich for five years after.

Wheat has no better friend than clover. Men who take the first premium on wheat, who raise the largest crops, and who succeed are the men who raise clover.

I know farmers who experimented with other grasses, and even manured, but their yield was five bushels less to the acre than when clover was plowed under.  
Most farmers impoverish their fields on the rear of the farm. It being so far to draw manure from the barn, the distant fields never get manured. It is all put on fields near the barn.

Such fields should be sown to clover, and when it gets the growth, plow under, sow to wheat, seed down again, and in ten years the back fields will be the richest.

Farmers sometimes raise clover, but when the time comes to plow under it seems to them to be almost a sin. They call it a waste to plow under what would make so much hay.—It is 25 per cent. cheaper than barnyard manure.

Clover takes its strength mainly from the air and soil. It has a long tap root running down in the ground or subsoil to the depth of two or three feet, drawing for its support that which would be out of the reach of most other plants. When it decays it leaves its strength near the surface, and the roots in decaying leave the ground porous and in the best condition for a crop.

There are farmers with a keen eye for business who buy a farm that has been worn out, cheap, and in a few years will double its value by the use of clover, with the aid of what manure they can make. If the land is so poor that clover will not catch well, sow it and let catch what will, and plow under and sow again, and so on. It will catch better the second time than the first.

Pea-vine clover is surer to catch than the common clover, and will grow larger on poor land than most any other kind. It is somewhat like rye in this respect. It is, therefore, especially valuable to renew worn-out lands. It will prevent rich lands from becoming worn out. It is not only valuable for fertilizing purposes; but will compare favorably with other grasses for hay and pasture.

If sown on rich land it will grow so large that if left on the ground it will sometimes kill itself out. Some farmers harrow it before plowing, and then plow the same way it was harrowed. With a heavy growth, a sharp plow and coulter and team enough, nothing pays the farmer better.

Why does one farmer succeed and another fail? It is because one has mature and well-laid plans, does all his work in season, touches no side issues, gives his whole strength to his business, farms in earnest, and the other does not. With well-laid plans, energetic farming pays.  
G. L. HULBERT.

**ALMONT, MICH.**  
"The Young Man and the Farm."  
The following extract from a recent address by Prof. Wickson, of Utica, is noteworthy: "With the advance of farming as a science will come a better opinion of the farmer's position among men. Every year intelligence and true success are winning wider recognition in social circles. Among old opinions which must vanish is the popular view that a farmer is outside the line of social and political advancement. This opinion, although it has been widely held, has always been a fallacy, a mistake of narrow minds. The young men are blinded by it. They have left farms because this crossed view of life has been forced upon them by foolish people. They have been persuaded that desertion of the farm was an entrance to glory. How great an error this has been. All history gives the lie to such belief. A man upon a farm is not 'out of the world' as some would think.—How far an occasion can reach to grasp its hero, I do not know. But I believe that when the strong arm of Cincinnatus, he was just as near, when behind his plow, as though a graduated farmer, he had been sporting purple robes in the forum. And I believe that when the old Continentals of New England called their leader, Putnam heard their call just as distinctly upon his farm as though he had been serving for twenty years behind a counter in Hartford. I do not believe that a man is 'buried upon a farm.' It seems to me all history teaches us that the promptings to duty and the call to greatness are no louder in crowded thoroughfares than in country lanes fringed with daisies.  
The young man and the farm; on the one hand a duty, on the other an opportunity? here an obligation, there a way to discharge it. And in thinking of the duty of the young man, is it not encouraging that he need not leave the industry where he finds it, and that he himself, as he fits himself for a better farmer, becomes also a better man; that the labor, this the reward. The better the man the more noble his calling. The young man can make agriculture what they will; it offers full returns for their best efforts. The country needs better men, and the best men will be honored in its service. The best man in the end will win, and he will reach the reward for his excellence—it matters not whether departing, he puts up the bars behind him, or whether he come from marble doories. The youth may be one man upon a farm if he will. He can not do more elsewhere."  
PLOWING FOR CORN.—This season of the year naturally brings up the question of ploughing for corn, and opens the question of deep and shallow. There can be no doubt of the benefit of a deep, loose soil, but is yet an open question whether a stiff sod should be turned into the bottom of an eight inch furrow. If by any means we could loosen up the soil to the depth of eight inches and only turn the sod over to the depth of four inches, we would then have some security against dry weather, but there are many practical farmers, who practice what they preach, and who believe that if the roots can get under a stiff sod turned under only four inches deep they are safer from the effects of dry weather, than if the furrow was eight inches in depth.  
The idea is that the stiff sod prevents the escape of moisture from beneath it. All will admit that it requires long continued dry weather to dry the soil under an upturned sod of green grass. I raise the question for the consideration of practical men and not to open the question of deep or shallow culture. If we could tear the eight inches of sod and earth up into fine particles, then the deep plowing; but we cannot do this, hence my opinion as above, which is only applicable to stiff sods and nowhere else.—Practical Farmer.  
REMEDY FOR CABBAGE WORMS.—Hellebore, lime, salt and similar substances have been used with varied success for the destruction of cabbage worms. It is now stated that bran and buckwheat flour answer the purpose better than any other remedies that have been tried. The bran is simply dusted over the invested cabbage as soon as the worms make their appearance. If the worms are very thick, about a handful of bran is required to each cabbage head, and sometimes it is necessary to go over the plants a second time. A hundred weight of bran is sufficient for an acre. It must be applied when the worms are young. When they are full grown or very strong, it does not appear to affect them. The buck wheat flour is a feed upon them by means of a sieve in the evening or in the morning—when the dew is on the plants. If one application does not destroy the worms, a second one should be made. It is probable that wheat flour, fine Indian meal or any other pulverulent farinaceous substance would have the same effect.—American Gardener.