

THE NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.

N. KNIGHT & SON,
Proprietors.

"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."

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Original Story.

Written for the ARGUS.
FATHERLESS AND MOTHERLESS;

SUNSHINE AFTER DARKNESS,

MISS MINNIE F. DICKSON.

CHAPTER II. DEATH.

On grief beyond all other grief when life first leaves the young heart, love and friendship in the world without that only life for which it was loved to live, or feared to die! More.

In the State of Florida, five miles from the old and flourishing town of Pensacola, lived Mrs. Ellwood, into whose humble dwelling we will introduce our readers, a few days previous to the opening of our story. Entering the vine-wreathed door, and passing within a small and scantily furnished room, we find her lying upon a couch in one corner of the apartment, her head supported by pillows. Lying there with closed eyes and pallid cheek, she does, indeed, look as if death had, with her fingers, written his pale signet upon her brow, and set upon her lips the seal of eternal silence, which none but the Hand of Omnipotence can roll away.

Time, want, and sickness, have not had the power to rob Gertrude Ellwood of the beauty of a youth which, judging from her appearance, seems scarcely past; for she does not look over twenty-eight. Brushed back from the broad, white brow, and falling over the pillows in a mass of golden light, lie the abundant waves of silken hair which crown her small but shapely head; and about her wee mouth, even in this fitful, uneasy slumber, there ever and anon, ripples a smile of indescribable sweetness, giving her face an almost angelic appearance. Just at this moment a child, of apparently ten summers, enters the room—a fair and beautiful child she is; a tiny, elfish creature. Her expressive eyes, which are of no positive hue, but partake of both the violet and the gray, now holds in them a sad, wistful light which is pitiful to see in so young a child; and the long, silken lashes that trail them, and sweep the transparent whiteness of her full, rounded cheek, are wet with tears. A hand of blue ribbon confines the profusion of light brown ringlets from the low, smooth forehead. About the rose-bud mouth there lurks a weary, grieved expression, as she now softly approaches the couch upon which lies the form of Mrs. Ellwood, and gazes anxiously for a moment upon the pale, sunken face, then touching the emaciated hand of the sufferer, she calls, in a low, musical voice:

"Mamma!" Instantly the bright, brown eyes open, and the pale lips asked: "What is it, Belvinn, my darling?" "Nothing, mamma; only everything was so still, and you looked so pale I grew frightened," she answered, kissing her fondly.

"My poor child!" exclaimed the mother, tears gathering in her large, dark eyes, as she returned the child's caress, and stroked the light golden ringlets in a tender way.

"Do you want anything, mamma?" asked the little one.

"No, my child; nothing." Then, after a moment's pause, she added: "Mamma will not be with you much longer, Belvinn; she must soon leave her darling and go out all alone into the mysteries of eternity."

"Oh, mamma, dear mamma, do not speak of leaving you, Belvinn; for what will she do without you, her only friend?" cried the child, yielding to a stormy flood of tears, and burying her face in the white covering of the couch.

"Do not weep, Belvinn, darling," answered the mother, placing her weak and trembling hand lovingly upon the sunny head; "you will not be entirely friendless. I have written to your uncle Gilbert."

"Oh, mamma, I cannot go to him; I cannot be dependent upon one who has treated you so shamefully!" she interrupted, raising her head from its bowed position, while a proud light flashed in her tear-bright eyes.

"You must, my child; I have already written the letter, and I know that Gilbert will not, cannot be so cruel as to deny the request of his dying sister, the one whom, in bygone days, he loved so fondly, in bygone days, ere the golden sun of childhood had set, and ere the rays of fickle fortune had ceased to shine. Those were happy days, Belvinn, the happiest of your mamma's life, except the two brief years she spent with your noble father, who died before he saw your infant face, or heard your baby lips lip the name of papa. In future, my child, you bear his perfect image, and I gave you his name—Belvinn—because I could find none other half so beautiful to me, nor none associated with such loved and tender memories. Eleven years he has been an inhabitant of that Sabbath Land, and a few more earthly hours will pass away, and then his Gertrude, the tenderly loved wife of his morning years, will meet him there, beneath God's eternal star of happiness—and Belvinn, my darling, can you not imagine the joy of that meeting?"

The voice of the sufferer died away almost to a whisper, and a blue shadow settled about the small, pale mouth as she finished. "Mamma, mamma!" wailed the child, her slender form convulsed with sobs, "do not talk so; you will kill your Belvinn; I cannot live without you!"

"Would that I could spare you, dar-

ling," the mother answered, drawing with her little remaining strength the sweet, young face close to her purple lips, and kissing the quivering mouth, "but soon you must know all; and but for leaving you, my darling, I would gladly go to the loving parents and husband that I know await me upon the blissful shores of heaven. You, my child, are the only tie that draws my poor, weary heart earthward; and that tie will soon be snapt asunder by the resistless hand of death; but, though I am taken from you, Belvinn, remember that you have still a Friend if you will seek His protecting care—a Friend who will accompany you with love and mercy through life's changeful and, oftentimes, stormy journey. Cast yours-elf upon the mercy of that One; place in Him a trust and confiding trust, and in all affliction and trouble He will sustain and comfort you." Again the voice of Mrs. Ellwood died away in a broken whisper, evident her strength was fast ebbing. The child with her head bowed upon her dying mother's form—for she was dying, as the death-law, last gathering upon her brow, and the icy coldness of her touch, told all too plainly—was sobbing loudly.

For five minutes all was silence within the apartment, broken only by the low expressions of grief that escaped the lips of the stricken-hearted Belvinn. This was the first sorrow of her young existence—for, though having been born and reared in a luxury, no actual want had Mrs. Ellwood, by the untiring use of her needle, ever allowed to come near her darling—there was a love, almost an idolatry, existing between this mother and child. After Belvinn Ellwood's (her husband's) death, all the wealth of affection that her pure heart had bestowed upon him was centered upon their child, little Belvinn, who began this troublesome existence just a few weeks after the loved form of her father had been laid away to rest beneath the tender buds and violets of Springtime. For eleven years Mrs. Ellwood had struggled alone against the buffeting waves of life until now, stricken down by that insidious destroyer, consumption, she felt that her days, nay, even her very hours, were numbered; and it was this feeling that had prompted her to write to her brother, begging him, for the sake of the love that he once gave her, to take to his home and heart the little child that she would leave behind her. And there was yet another one for whom she had asked a home upon her estate, and Voe, the one remaining slave of the many owned by her father. During the years of her poverty and trials, she had been a true and faithful servant, and had always expressed an unusual love and fondness for the little Belvinn, a feeling which the child returned with all the fervor of her warm little heart; and it was because of this the mother had asked that they should not be separated.

For ten years she had not seen the brother, and during that time no corresponding word had passed between them. His seeming neglect and want of love she had felt most keenly, yet never until now had she asked a favor from his hands, and that was asked because of one dearer, far dearer, than her own life. In asking it she felt that she would not be refused, for she could not think that the heart once tender could have grown so hard as to repulse the pleadings of a dying sister.

Now, the door of the room softly opened, and a negro woman, probably forty years of age, attired in a neat homespun dress, and faultless white apron, enters the room, and, closing the door behind her, approaches the couch with an easy tread; her eyes are red with weeping, and her voice is broken and husky, as, gently touching the child upon the shoulder, she says:

"Hush, Miss Belvinn, honey; you're 'sturin' Miss Gertrude."

Instantly the obdiant child grew still, as she exclaimed:

"Oh, Aunt Voe, did that disturb her? It would kill me if I thought I made my mamma worse!"

"No, honey, you didn't make her worse; your cryin' sorter 'sturb her mind, dat's all."

The sound of their voices aroused the dying woman from the apathetic state in which she was fast sinking, and opening her eyes, over which the bill of death was fast gathering, and setting them in the progress of her, she murmured, in a low, faint way:

"Voe, you know that I am dying. Be kind to my baby when I am gone."

"Oh, I will! I will, Miss Gertrude, but don't say you're goin' to die! What will me and Miss Belvinn do wid-out you? You dat I've nussed in dese arms ob mine away a time when you was a baby! It will kill me, oh, it will kill me!"

She had fallen upon her knees by the side of the bed, and was wringing her hands wildly, while a flood of tears streamed down her dusky cheek. The child again sobbing bitterly, buried her face in her tiny hands. Once more Mrs. Ellwood essayed to speak; but the effort was futile; her eyes closed; and Aunt Voe, looking up a few minutes afterward, thought she was dead; but, just as she was yielding to another storm of tears, the dark eyes opened, and the purple lips murmured:

"Through—I walk through—the valley—and—the shadow of—death—I—will—far—no—"

There all was silence for a minute, when, springing up with supernatural strength, she exclaimed, as a heavenly smile irradiated her countenance:

"At last! at last! Yes, Belvinn, darling, coming!"

Then, sinking back among her pillows, Gertrude Ellwood was at rest. Her weary spirit, released from its prison of clay, had passed within the flashing gates of gold that give entrance to the Holy City of the New Jerusalem.

(To be continued.)

OUR RADIX LETTER.

THE COACHING MANIA—SILVER VERSUS SHINPLASTERS—BARNEY WILLIAMS—COMMODORE VANDERBILT—MATTERS AT PHILADELPHIA—THE EXHIBITORS' SNARL—THE RACE OF NATIONS—COST OF THE SHOW.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

NEW YORK, April 28, 1876.

To the EDITOR OF THE ARGUS:

The latest mania among our young "bloods" and turfmen, and one which seems likely to be the ruling one in their intervals of Ce-te-nual-seeing this summer, is the revival of the old-fashioned English coaching system, which with the post chaises formed the main traveling facilities before the introduction of railways. There seem always to have been a peculiar fascination to some people in the exhilaration of driving or riding on the top of these bulky conveyances and if we may credit those inimitable descriptions of Dickens, a vast deal of dignity attached to the magnate who professionally held the "ribbons." In spite of steam the stage coach has never become quite extinct in England, but to-day the pursuit of coaching among the aristocracy amounts to a passion. In summer many a titled drive runs his daily route out of London, and no more thinks of missing a trip on account of weather, or losing a fare that can be obtained by any of the approved methods, than if his sole support was derived from his occupation. Well as I have said, the rage has spread to our own shores, and we are now the delighted passengers of a "Coaching Club," organized and membered from the very "upper crust" of society. The first meeting of the season was on last Saturday, when six new coaches participated in the drive and a really elegant display rewarded the thousands who lined the streets to see the fun.

The paying out of silver in exchange for fractional "shinplasters" has been going on for some ten days over the counter of the Sub-Treasury, but it comes slowly into sight. \$100,000 has already been thus put into the hands of the people, and it is intended by the Government to get \$1,000,000 of it in circulation here as rapidly as possible. But the novelty is as yet too great. It's some sixteen years since we have been able to jingle the dimes and quarters in our pockets without going to the trouble of buying them at a big premium of some broker or other bleated aristocrat; so now that we can hear the exhilarating tinkle at small expense, we have got to feast our eyes and ears for a while, before trusting the coins out of our hands. It's as good as a play to see a crowd of little street Arabs, most of whom were, so to speak, born in a paper currency (or rather the lack of it), get their heads together over a dime. The little shinners are used to tender recollections in them. Silver had hid its head before in troubles began; but the looks of eager curiosity or pleased surprise as the centre of attraction passes cautiously from one little grimy hand to another, together with the various quaint and original comments which are freely made, are extremely amusing.

The death of the veteran Irish actor, Barney Williams, has developed the fact that, besides his rare professional accomplishments, he was a cultivated and unusually exemplary man and citizen. The notice of his decease has called forth numerous and warm eulogies upon his character and career through the columns of the press. He was one of the most wealthy of contemporary actors, his real estate in this city alone being valued at upward of \$80,000.

Vigorous as are all the attempts on the part of those interested to suppress the fact, it cannot be concealed that Commodore Vanderbilt cannot survive much longer. Extreme age and a complication of diseases have so far reduced his strength that even in walking about his room he requires the assistance of some supporting arm. Still, it is astonishing to see what a tenacious grasp of life and of his immense interests an iron will gives him, and it may possibly be some months ere he succumbs to the fell destroyer. The May number of "Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly," which, by the way, is decidedly the finest one yet issued, has for its frontispiece the most interest-

ing picture of Mr. Vanderbilt that has ever been given to the public. It is a full page photo-lithograph of the old gentleman, seated upon a sofa in his private apartment, arrayed in a satin dressing gown and his proverbial white neck cloth, with a sleeping grandchild nestling up in his arm. The whole air of the picture, with its elegant but homelike surroundings, is very faithful and lifelike, and conveys the best idea possible of the veteran millionaire in his every day life. The photograph was taken expressly for this enterprising periodical, which in addition contains an exhaustive and highly interesting illustrated article descriptive of the Commodore's life and enormous enterprises.

With Friday's performance, "Pique," at the Fifth Ave. Theatre, reached its 150th representation, and no signs of abating in interest as yet. At this entertainment an elegant satin programme was presented to each lady in the audience.

PHILADELPHIA, April 29.

As yet there is none of the lull that precedes the storm. Everything shows, if possible, increased bustle and energy. A blockade of cars, loaded with exhibits, threatened serious results to the Exhibition, which, however, have been averted by the prompt action of the Pennsylvania R. R. Co., who, seeing what a snarl things were getting into owing to a lack of terminal facilities, tendered to the authorities their own trained force, who straightened things out in short order so far as the cars were concerned; but that hasn't solved the problem. So enormous are the accumulations of unplaced goods, that all these tardy exhibitors tumble over each other in their work and hinder each other badly. All work with a will, however, and in time everything will be in readiness.

Several nations have apparently entered the lists with the intention of making the most striking display of the year, but the awarding of the palm would be a difficult matter till it is fairly opened. So far, it seems to lie between Egypt, Holland, Brazil and the United States, with Spain and China not far in the rear.

Much doubt has existed as to whether it would be possible to get Memorial Hall and the arrangement of its art collection completed by the appointed time, but I have the authority of both architect Schwarzmann and chief Sartin for stating that misgivings on either of these points are entirely needless.

The Turkish coffee house, erected and to be conducted, under the auspices of the commission of that country, is nearly completed. The business of dealing out the stimulant here will be carried on by two genuine natives of Constantinople. Customers can sip and smoke sitting cross legged on divans, and will be waited upon by polite Mussulmans in full native costume. The structure cost about \$5,000, and is being put up by American carpenters.

An important, and probably projected, meeting of the United States Centennial Commission is now in session, forty one States and Territories being represented by the members present. Much dissatisfaction is expressed at the manner in which the Executive Committee have been running things, without referring any of the important matters for the action of the whole commission. They will probably now take things into their own hands to a great extent, and may reverse the decisions of the committee on some points—notably, the question of opening or closing the Exhibition on Sunday. The committee say not, but as Sunday is the only day on which many working people could visit the grounds, it is altogether likely that the final answer will be yes.

Though the figures may not be new to you, I will state here that the total cost and expense of the Centennial is placed at \$8,500,000, of which \$7,000,000 is already provided for by the various appropriations and subscriptions, leaving \$1,500,000 to be made up. There is little doubt that the gate receipts will more than cover the amount.

J. B. Phillips, of Orwell, Ohio, is making a cheese which will not be completed until the twentieth of May, when it is expected to weigh 29,000 pounds. It is perhaps needless to say that it is destined to astonish the natives as well as the foreigners at the Centennial.

A simple way to test the freshness of eggs is to put them into water.—A good one lies flat, (i. e. those musty with age will stand on the end.

The Farm.



Thoughts For The Month.

"All is well that ends well," but a good start tends greatly to insure a good end.—The first workings of the crops go far to make subsequent cultivation easy or difficult. If the ground is put in good till, and the grass killed in May, subsequent workings will be easy and light. Wide cutting, shallow-running ploughs can then be used, and much ground passed over in a day.

CORN.

Cotton planting over, upland corn is ready to receive its first working. In sandy lands, or those not disposed to run together, the first working may be given with a sweep, its right wing set to throw a very little dirt to the corn—just enough to cover up young grass. It is injurious to corn to bill it up much when very young. But if the land is stiff, it is best to run near the corn with a coultter, subsoiler, narrow bull-tongue or other deep-running plough that thrives little dirt, and break out middles with scotters or long, narrow shovels. Let the breaking of the land and destruction of grass and weeds be thorough—the time and labor will be saved in the end. Just as soon as the danger from birds and cut worms is over the corn should be thinned to a stand. This is best done with a paddle—hoe or hand very apt to leave root in the ground, which will shoot up again.—Hoe hands should now go over rapidly, uncovering any corn covered by ploughs and cutting any grass or weeds left. By the time this is done,

COTTON.

Will be ready for its first working. This should be given just as soon as it is well up to a stand. As it will not do to risk bringing cotton to a stand at this time, it should be gone over very rapidly, so as to bring in the second working as soon as possible. The best hands, with best trained mules, should be put to "running around it." The plough best suited to the work must be decided by circumstances. If the land is stumpy or rough or stiff, a short scotter or small shovel will be best; if light, smooth and nicely bedded, a sweep or scraper will do good work. It is desirable to "stir" the earth quite near the young plants, and at the same time avoid covering them with dirt. The plough may precede the hoes a week or ten days; by that all the young grass which has been covered by them will be out, and uncovering it with the hoes will make no difference.—Whatever the final distance in the drill one decides upon, it is best at the first working to leave the hills the width of a hoe apart. Should the cotton die out or other disaster befall it, the large number of hills left, affords a better chance of securing a final stand, and those not needed, can easily be cut out at the second working. If the width of a hoe is to be the final distance, it is well to crop out the first time with a hoe wider than that which is to be used in subsequent workings. If the plants are left so near together that a hoe can just pass between them, a hand is obliged to hoe slowly, to avoid bruising or cutting the plants. As little dirt as possible should be taken off with the hoe—the stroke should be a scraping rather than a cutting one—just enough to cut off the surplus cotton and the young grass. In other words the plants left should be disturbed just as little as possible. As soon as this working of cotton is finished, corn should receive its second working promptly, and the hands brought back to the cotton, to bring it finally to a stand. When the plant gets old enough to bear it, the sooner it is done the better—delay in this matter will certainly cut short the crop. Another very important consideration is to get these hoed crops clean and well-worked before the small-grain harvests, which necessarily subject them to some neglect.

SWEET POTATOES.

It is very desirable that this crop should be largely increased up our Southern farms. Especially does it commend itself to all advocates of stock raising. Every one knows its great value as hog food, and some perhaps as cow food. It is often regarded as a troublesome crop, and so it is for a few days in spring, when the slips are to be set out, and a few days in the fall, when the crop is to be gathered. But what are these compared to the trouble of a cotton crop? And when designed for hogs, the bigger half even of this little trouble is avoided, for they will gather the crop themselves.

To be sure of a good yield, the slips should be put out in May—though with some of the early maturing varieties—such as that variously designated in different localities, as the St. Domingo, Bahama, Mexican yam, Poor Man's Potato, and another known as the red yam—fair crops may be made from slips set out as late as the last of July. Even with these early varieties, it is best to put out slips early, and thus secure a crop of vines which may be used as "slips" in the latter plantings. Last year we made a fair crop, of the two varieties above mentioned, from vines planted the first week in August!

The best manure for the sweet potato is

that which suits best also for the Irish potato, viz: woods mould, or chip manure and ashes. In the absence of these a 1 lb superphosphate and kainit, 75 lbs of each per acre, in drill, does remarkably well. Cow-pen manure, which has had its grossness taken away by one or two years of some other crop, is also admirably adapted to the sweet potato. A short time before the slips are to be put out, let the land be bedded. Just as soon after a rain as it gets in ploughing order, is the time to do this—the ground will then retain moisture a long while, and slips planted in it be less liable to die. Graft the slips in a puddle of clay and now dung—put in holes and if very dry partly fill the hole with dirt, then pour in a little water, and after it has soaked in fill up with dry dirt. Do this in the latter half of the afternoon. Slips can be thus started in very dry weather.

Young chickens are injured often seriously by being exposed to heavy dews and rains. Until they are a month or six weeks old, chickens should not be permitted to range in the wet grass in the early morning, and they should never be left out of the shelter of their coops on a stormy day. Those who have watched the lives of these tender creatures, have observed the importance of this advice, and will take care that the young birds are kept out of the wet weather.

We can not too often or too persistently insist that great care should be taken in this respect, if you wish to keep your young chickens free from sickness. Dry quarters and good feeding will insure you fine, healthy chickens.

When pumpkins are fed to milk cows they should be split open and the seeds removed. The seeds are diuretic in their effect, acting strongly upon the kidneys, and therefore reduce the quantity of milk. It is worth the trouble to remove the seeds whenever pumpkins are fed to stock, as anything that irritates the kidneys, or excites them to action unnecessarily, tends to weaken those organs. The seeds are of no value to the cows, medicinally, as either saltpetre or sweet spirits, is a much better and more certain diuretic to administer when one is needed.

Ducks.—Ducks, after commencing to lay, drop one egg regularly in every twenty-four hours, in the silent night. They make nests, but are not particular about depositing all their eggs where they may be hatched, seeming to regard them as not of much consequence, laying some of them in the water, here and there. Care should be taken to pen ducks regularly every night during the time of laying. They should be fed plentifully, and during the day have free access to water.

It is Mr. J. K. Peabody who makes oath to the queerest of all the queer romances connected with the Belknaps, their rise and their fall—id est, that through the agency of a Washington milliner, M^{me}. Garnaux, Mrs. Belknap No. 9 was induced to secure for him a clerkship in the Post-office Department, and that Mr. Belknap procured his dismissal from the position because he refused to pay a \$200 millinery bill which M^{me}. Garnaux had against Mrs. Belknap. And this, too—this dismissal—in spite of the fact that both Postmaster General Creswell and Second Assistant Postmaster General Giles A. Smith, knew perfectly well the reason for which Belknap wished Peabody to be dismissed. Can it be that not one solitary honest official is to be turned up like an oasis in a desert to redeem this wild waste of rascality from utter desolation and moral death? Can it be that—

The trail of the serpent is over them all! Threaten to throw a brick at the biggest rascal among the crowd of Grant's officials, and it looks as if every confounded one of them would dodge.—Courier Journal.

A SHOCKING ACCIDENT.—On Tuesday last as Mr. George Deans, who resides a few miles from Goldsboro, was engaged with a colored man in clearing a piece of ground he was struck by one of the falling trees and seriously, if not fatally, injured. He was caught under the tree and a fractured limb or knot lodged in his left ear and penetrated through his tongue in the mouth, inflicting a most painful wound. Drs. Miller & Kirby rendered the unfortunate man all possible assistance and at last accounts he was doing as well as could be expected. His injuries are quite serious and agonizing but not necessarily fatal.—Goldsboro Messenger.