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

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Original Story. FATHERLESS AND MOTHERLESS. SUNSHINE AFTER DARKNESS. MISS MINNIE F. DICKSON.

BEVINNE'S ARRIVAL AT OAK LAWN. One week after the events recorded in our last chapter, Belvonne Ellwood, seated in Dr. Langdon's large family carriage, in company with her uncle and Jack, the driver, found herself rapidly nearing Oak Lawn. Aunt Voe was some distance behind the carriage, in a small conveyance which held the luggage belonging to the child—rough and old-fashioned things most of them were, but, nevertheless, dear to Belvonne, because "they were mamma's"—driven by Tom, a saucy, impudent-looking negro boy of fifteen years, for whom Aunt Voe had already formed a decided dislike. "Case," she told him, "he didn't hab no raisin', else he wouldn't talk about dat which 'longed to dem as was his folks' betters, and treat piousus o'er'n himself as he did."

"A thousand of them, father!" he exclaimed, catching the little trembling hand in his, rough boy fashion, and imprinting a warm, cousinly kiss upon the full, cheery lips. "But what is your name, little coz? I know it is a beautiful one if it is anything like its possessor." The child, with a certain air of shyness, raised her clear, expressive eyes to his face as she answered: "Belvonne." "Belvonne! that is a boy's name; but nevertheless, a pretty one. I am going to call you Belvie; I never could stand to call such long names." A smile came to the child's ruby lips as, slipping her hand into her cousin's warm palm, she answered: "It was papa's name. Mamma always called me Belvie. I like that best."

luded you better'n der own lives, and Aunt Voe lubs you yit, and alus will. But Miss Belvie, honey, how do you like de folks?" she asked, suddenly breaking off. "I don't know, Aunt Voe; they are all so proud and cold except uncle and Royal—aint won't speak to me," answered the child through her tears. "Won't speak to you? Well, neber mind, honey; she'll speak arter a while—got one o' her fits ob temper, I spect; I alus hearn she had an awful temper." "Oh, Aunt Voe, will we ever be happy again, as we were before mamma died?" wailed the little one in a voice of intense grief. "Yes, honey, I hope so; but if we is neber as happy here, mebbs we'll be when we die and go to Heben; for dar we will be wid her alus."

mistaken if within a year's time fraudulent settlements are not made both dangerous and unpopular, at least among merchants dealing with large New York houses. Now that our sub-treasury is handling so much specie, its guardians feeling naturally anxious for its security, have just put upon their two vaults a set of doors that will make the average "cracksman" scratch his head to get through. These doors are four in number, each four inches thick and made of welded iron and steel, the whole weighing some twenty-five tons, and, as though sixteen inches of cold metal were not enough to discourage the festive burglar, the doors have an aggregate of sixteen combination and chromometer locks. So, on the whole, Uncle Sam may sleep pretty easy so far as his cash box here is concerned. The great opera bouffe composer Offenbach arrived on the 5th, a barge load of the theatrical and musical profession going down the bay to meet and welcome him. He will open the summer season of Gilmore's concert garden (the scene of Moody and Sausky's late labors) on Thursday next, when a big time in the musical line is anticipated. For his services in this country Offenbach receives the very handsome sum of \$1000 per night. Two notable art sales have been held this week, one, that of the Blodgett collection of paintings netting nearly \$90,000, and the other, that of the Jenkins collection bringing about \$70,000. It is estimated that the private galleries of this city alone contain paintings to the value of at least two millions of dollars. One of the finest in size in New York or in the country is that of J. H. Johnson, the well-known Jeweler, of this city. His collection embraces many beautiful gems of the prominent modern painters, of E. Luette, Cropley, Bierstadt, the elder and one younger Moran, Gay and numerous others, and one magnificent Rembrandt that shines among its modern associates like the Kohinoor among the lesser jewels of the crown. This admirable work, the subject of which is St Mark and the Lion, caught the practiced eye of Mr. Johnston among a number of ordinary paintings in a picture store here in New York, and was quietly bought by him at a normal figure. Great was the surprise of his artist friends when called to view the new treasure, and much incredulity was at first expressed by them that such a treasure could have existed in their midst with their knowledge, but the proofs were too strong, and he is now generally conceded to be the possessor of a genuine Rembrandt, worth at least \$30,000. At Mr. Johnston's brilliant weekly receptions, when his collection is thrown open to invited guests, may be seen many of the most illustrious artists and literati of the country. PHILADELPHIA, May 6. Barring the conflict of opinion and authority between the Centennial Commission and the Executive Committee, to which I made reference in previous letters, everything is smooth and harmonious in these last days of busy preparation; and even in this little jarring is not as serious as some of the papers would have it appear. The subject of recent action are the Sunday and liquor questions. The decision to close both buildings and grounds on Sunday, though sharply opposed, has been confirmed and will doubtless be the order of the season, to the great dissatisfaction of a large proportion of the natives. The authorities declining to act on the various protests received against liquor selling on the grounds, the public will have numberless opportunities to "pizen" itself within the sacred precincts. Director Goshorn's "General Order, No. 2," positively closes the buildings against the public from May 31 till the opening. This was rendered positively necessary by the curious crowd who seriously interfered with the work. Even now to the uninitiated observer the main building is one great Babel of noise and confusion; in reality, however, the work is progressing orderly and rapidly. Since my last, much has been done toward the completion of the big international village which the main building contains. The entrance to the Chinese pavilion is completed, and is a fine specimen of what is aptly called the "teacaddy" style of architecture. On the front is an inscription in the zigzag lighting which delights the juvenile eye on the red paper of a bunch of fire crackers. Speaking of which suggests the 4th of July, and that in turn reminds me that a Baltimore enthusiast has a plan for illuminating the city and grounds on the evening of that crowning festival—by means of big calcium lights suspended by balloons at a sufficient altitude. The idea may not be very practical, but the effect would be fine if it could be produced. The brilliant white light, hovering above the cradle of freedom, might well be taken for the star of a new and higher destiny of our country in the century to come. (There is no copyright on the foregoing). Just how the moon would take this usurpation of her peculiar functions is quite another matter. The Emperor and Empress of Brazil are expected to arrive here on Tuesday from the West, to be in readiness to attend the opening ceremonial on the following day. A suite of ten rooms on the first floor and one of four rooms on the third of the Continental Hotel are being prepared for their accommodation and that of their attendants. The first floor rooms are the same that were used by the Prince of Wales. They are to be newly and handsomely furnished and decorated. The rehearsal of the music for the open-

ing is progressing vigorously. The chorus now numbers one hundred, and under the magnificent leadership of Theodore Thomas will be made to do wonders. The "press gang" has already commenced to arrive, and will come faster and faster for several days yet. American journalism is going to have a magnificent representation; actively by the most of reporters and correspondents detailed to keep their respective papers posted during the Centennial, and at the same time show foreigners the workings of the American reporting system, and passively, so to speak, by the "Newspaper Exhibition" which has a separate building and in which files of every American periodical will be kept. This exhibition of one of the most prominent and creditable features of our country, the lack of which would have been a national disgrace, was originated by and is entirely under the management of Geo. P. Rowell & Co. of New York, beyond question the most enterprising house of the kind in the world, and in fact the only one, probably, who could successfully carry out the plan. The question of railroad fares, to and from Philadelphia, is naturally receiving much discussion and attention. It is probable that the reductions that will be made will generally be satisfactory, though some roads will doubtless try to make hay while the sun shines, by holding prices and trusting to the attractions of the Exposition to make the people pay them. The Pennsylvania Railroad has taken a noble initiative by putting their round trip tickets by excursion train, between New York and Philadelphia, at \$2.00, a reduction of three-fifths. It is also issuing tickets from all parts of the country at proportionately low rates. The number of strangers which the city and suburbs can stow away at one time is very variously estimated. The Transportation Committee, after a pretty thorough canvass, reports the figures as 118,000, with a possibility at a pinch of taking care of 160,000. So come on, and don't be afraid of having to sleep in the streets. RADIX. Miscellaneous. A Fearful Summons. "Mr. Smith, I called to see if I could take your life." "Wh—wh—what d'you say?" exclaimed Smith, in some alarm. "I say that I've come around to take your life. My name is Gunn. As soon as I heard you were unprotected, that you had nothing on your life, I thought I would just run in and settle the thing for you at once." Then Smith got up and went to the other side of the table, and said to himself: "It's a lunatic who has broken out of the asylum. He'll kill me if I halloo or run. I must humor him." "You can choose your own plan, you know. It's immaterial to me. Some like one way, and some like another. It's a matter of taste. Which one do you prefer?" "I'd rather not die at all," said Smith in despair. "But you've got to die of course," said Gunn; "that's a thing there's no choice about. All I can do is to make death easy for you, to make you feel happy as you go off. Now which plan will you take?" "Couldn't you postpone it until tomorrow, so as to give me time to think?" "No; I prefer to take you on the spot. I might as well do it now as at any other time. You have a wife and children?" "Yes, and I think you ought to have some consideration for them and let me off." "Well, that's a curious kind of an argument," said Gunn. "When I take you your family will be perfectly protected, of course, and not otherwise." "But why do you want to murder me, I—"

"Murder you. Murder you. Who in the thunder is talking about murdering you?" "Why didn't you say—"

OUR RADIX LETTER. JEALOUSY GOTHAM—MAY DAY—BAD FOR BANKRUPTS—UNCLE SAM'S CASH BOX—OFFENBACH—ART MATTERS—THE JOHNSTON COLLECTION—MATTERS AT PHILADELPHIA—THE LIVELY LAST DAYS—BALLOON ILLUMINATION—THE PRESS REPRESENTATION—RAILROAD FARES.

Gotham is green with jealousy. Isn't she the biggest town, with the most money, rings, rows, elevated railways and four-in-hands in America? And isn't that sleepy, rambling old village of Philadelphia stealing her birthright, and monopolizing the lion's share of the world's attention which would otherwise centre on Manhattan Island? Of course; and under these circumstances how else should New York feel but injured and indignant? But we must submit to the inevitable with the best grace possible and consent to suffer a partial eclipse for the next six months. And with this fact in view I will notice only slightly the doings of the week here that more space may be left for the Quaker City. In the first place the week has been one long moving day. The unsettled condition of rent and of the pockets of most of the people has caused a very considerable amount of shifting round. This convulsion of nature, however, is about over now. The stream of drays full of stoves, looking glasses, clocks, beds and chairs is subsiding, and our nomadic tribe is settling down with a sigh of relief for another year. Mr. Charles O'Connor, who for several weeks has been made the subject of some very ugly stories, accusing him of very serious sharp practice in defrauding a widow who years ago was his client, has turned upon his slauderers, and before a tribunal presided over by ex-Governor Dix, has vindicated himself in a manner to increase, if possible, his high reputation. In view of the barefaced lengths to which dishonest composition with creditors has been carried of late, the action just taken by a certain manufacturers' association of this city is important and significant. The chairman of this body in a very able letter, brought out by an unusually shameless offer on the part of his debtors of 50 cents on the dollar immediately after saying they were perfectly solvent, very justly says that "when we compel our good customers to compete with rotten concerns who only pay fifty cents on the dollar we stick the knife into the very heart of commercial honor and ability, and offer a premium on fraud and imbecility." He then appeals to business men generally to band together for the purpose of crushing out this enormous evil. The ball thus set in motion is rapidly gathering momentum; the press have taken it up, and I am much

PHILADELPHIA, May 6. BARRING THE CONFLICT OF OPINION AND AUTHORITY BETWEEN THE CENTENNIAL COMMISSION AND THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, TO WHICH I MADE REFERENCE IN PREVIOUS LETTERS, EVERYTHING IS SMOOTH AND HARMONIOUS IN THESE LAST DAYS OF BUSY PREPARATION; AND EVEN IN THIS LITTLE JARRING IS NOT AS SERIOUS AS SOME OF THE PAPERS WOULD HAVE IT APPEAR.

THE MEANEST MAN.—An exchange says: "Old Skinfint," with a speckled hen, was down to O'Brien's Show last Thursday, and hitched his team to a fence in the rear of this office. Pulling out an old ten pound sack from under the seat he proceeded to feed the horse. What on earth the hen was for we could not imagine, until just before hitching up to return he tied one end of the string attached to the hen's leg to the hind wheel of the wagon, and the mystery was solved—he had brought along the hen to pick up the last oat left by the horses, that nothing might be lost.

THE DAY IS COMING.—If the negro only knew certain white rads that honey them up for their votes as we know them, with what loathing would they drop them and shake them off from their fingers. But there is this consolation, Providence has so arranged it that hypocrites shall not go through life a success but at some time or other there comes a day of unmasking and they are unstripped and shown before the world in their true colors. Already the mask is gradually dropping from these fellows' faces and the negro regards them with a cut of the eye which is about half done with them. It will all come around right after awhile. Why, we heard these fellows sit down and laugh among themselves over what fools they had made of the negro, and we thought at the time: "Gentlemen, political lying is as bad as personal lying, and there is coming a day when the negro will find you out, and when it does come, good bye to you, for you will lose your offices, and there isn't one among you that can make thirty-seven and a half cents a day at anything else.—That day is almost here. We predict a larger negro vote this year with the white Conservatives of the State than has ever been known.—Raleigh News.

WASTE LAND.—If a farm of 160 acres is divided by fences into fields of ten acres each, there are five miles of fence. If each fence, now, is one rod wide, no less than ten acres of land are occupied by them. This is equal to six and one-fourth per cent on the whole value of the farm. But nearly every fence now in the country is made a nursery of weeds, which stock the whole farm and make an immense amount of labor necessary to keep them from smothering the crops. Much damage always results to the crops from these weeds, and if these expenses are added to the first one, the whole will easily sum up twenty per cent., or a tax of one-fifth of the value of the farm. To remedy this we would have fewer fences, or we would clean and seed down the fence rows to grass or clover and mow them twice a year. Ten acres of clover or timothy would at least supply a farm with seed, and often tons of hay, every year. We would, in short, consider the fence rows as absolutely part of the farm, and use them as such.—American Agriculturist.

It Grant had been surrounded by thieves for years past, he ought to have found it out before everybody else did, and before the evidence of it were piled up mountain high on all sides. It is absurd to suppose that he could live among a disreputable gang, year after year, seeing their ways, taking part in their colloquies, and observing their fortunes, while yet he took them to be men of high character, honest principles, integrity, and honor! This would imply that he was both blind and senseless, or else that he did not know honor and honesty when he saw them. Put any other man of ordinary intelligence in the company of the men who have been Grant's companions, favorites, and parasites, and he could not help finding out that they were mercenary, greedy, and conscienceless knaves. The trouble with Grant has been that he did not care whether they were knaves or not; that he kept them about him regardless of their being so; and that he gave them places of responsibility without caring what they did in them.—N. Y. Sun. It was in a New Jersey Sunday school. The superintendent approached a youth of color who was present for the first time, and inquired his name for the purpose of placing it on the roll. The good man tried in vain to preserve his dignity when the answer was returned: "Well, massa calls me Cap'n, but my maiden name is Moses." Talk about letting out the pin backs! Why, sir, they are tighter this Spring than ever. And now that the weather is getting warmer, and clothes are getting thinner, you can almost tell, if your eyes are good, what color those stockings are, whether the wind blows or not. After a play a young Frenchman said to his friend, "I could play the lover better than that myself!" She replied, "Then why in heaven's name don't you!" Durham Tobacco Plant: The mother of our friend John Waller, of Knapp of Reeds, lighted her first match on the 27th, of April, and she is 68 years old. She don't believe in the thir-