

# 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 Maid's Son can Lull his Hundred Eyes to Sleep."

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NO. 9.

## Original Story.

Written for the ARGUS.  
**FATHERLESS AND MOTHERLESS;**

SUNSHINE AFTER DARKNESS,

—BY—  
**MISS MINNIE F. DICKSON.**

### CHAPTER VI.

#### A PROJECTED ELOPEMENT.

Who did she love him? Curious fool, he still is—  
Is human love the growth of human will?

Byron's *Lara*.

It is in the beautiful city of New Orleans. Miss Octavia Lathrop, a pale, dark-eyed maiden lady of fifty summers, sits idly watching the varying expressions that now and then sweep over the lovely face of her young niece, Miss Virginia Waters, who is luxuriously reclining upon a settee just opposite her.

It is a beautiful face Miss Virginia possesses—a clear, olive-tinted complexion, heightened greatly by the damask hue of her rounded cheek. Her eyes are large, languishing, and intensely black; and, from her name and place of residence, we recognize in her the betrothed of Robert Western, the young minister to whom we have already had an introduction. Having been left an orphan, lone and penniless, at a very early age, Miss Octavia Lathrop, her aunt and nearest living relative, had given her a home in her elegant New Orleans mansion, and spared no pains nor money in fitting her for the society which it was her desire she should occupy. She loved the girl passionately, nor had she ever permitted the affection which was hidden from her childless heart when the dark, dark grave closed above the remains of her only parent, to be missed; but, on the other hand, had humored her every whim. Until now, at the time of her introduction to the reader, she is still a spoiled, petted child of seventeen. When her engagement with Robert Western, which was now of six months' standing, became known to Miss Lathrop, she had taken the beautiful creature to her heart, and kissing the full, pouting lips, said:

"In this your betrothal with Robert, who is a scion of one of Louisiana's first and wealthiest families, you have my blessing, Virgie, and may God bless you both!—Robert is a true Christian, and will, I feel most assuredly, perform the part of a kind, affectionate husband to you, my darling!"

For a time Virginia was radiant in her new happiness, but after the lapse of several months there was a manifest change in her whole demeanor, she who was wont to be happiest when discussing Robert's good qualities with Auntie, now seldom mentioned his name. At first Miss Lathrop was sorely puzzled, she could not understand her darling, but after a time her keen eyes ferreted out the mystery. Among Virginia's most constant visitors was a young man—Evarad Rand by name—who had lately arrived in New Orleans. He was about twenty-four years of age, low in stature, heavily built, dark-haired, and sallow-skinned; and, in his small, piercing, black eyes, there lurked a sinister expression. Altogether he was a most disagreeable-looking personage, evidently one not calculated to win affection had it not been for a nameless fascination which he possessed in his manners. To Miss Lathrop it was apparent that he was fast supplanting Robert Western in the love of her niece. For him she felt an indefinable aversion, and strove, in every available way, to guide back Virginia's wandering affection to the true and noble heart upon which they were first centered; and this had been the subject of their conversation upon the morning of their introduction to the reader.

"No, Auntie," the young lady was saying; "I do not love Robert as I love Evarad. I thought I loved him until Evarad came; but now I find that it was all nothing but a fancy; and I think it is very unkind in you to prohibit me from acquainting Robert with the fact when he returns from New York; for I will never be his wife now—never!" and the beautiful young creature's eyes flashed passionately as she spoke.

"Yes, Virgie, I do prohibit you from acquainting him with the fact; for, unkind as you may now call me for doing so, I feel that you will yet thank me."

"Never! never!" cried the girl, "for I love him, Auntie. Oh, do be merciful, and permit me to sever my engagement with Robert, and give Evarad and I the blessing which you gave to me six months ago upon a similar occasion. Will you not, Auntie?"

"No, Virgie; if you ever become Evarad Rand's wife it will be without my consent and without my blessing. He is a scheming adventurer, and thinks by wedding the heiress of Miss Lathrop's thousands that he will obtain the fortune without exertion by which he can live in luxury and dissipation the remainder of his life. Virgie, darling, be warned in time: it is your money, not you, child, which he wishes to possess."

As the lady spoke she crossed the room to where the girl sat, and, seating herself by her side, drew the head, crowned with its mass of raven ringlets, down upon her bosom, kissing the high, white forehead.

"Do not speak in that way of Evarad, Auntie; I cannot bear to hear it. I cannot, nor will I believe him to be what you think him!" she answered, excitedly.

"Child! child! will you not listen to reason?"

"No, wait," as Virginia made a

movement to leave the room, "until I tell you of something which happened many years ago. It is about a girl who was then young and beautiful as yourself, Virgie.—At the time of which I am going to tell you she lived several miles from New Orleans; and it was generally believed that her father possessed great wealth, and as you may imagine, she had many suitors for her hand; but upon one only did she look favorably—young Douglas Durant, a handsome, manly boy of twenty. To him she promised her hand and heart. Well, one bright May morning he left her, with a warm, loving kiss still clinging to her lips to go out in the wide world, and there win for himself a name, and a fortune equal to her own—then, he said he would return and claim his bride. A year passed, and, during that year, how many loving epistles, breathing of ardent hopes and wild aspirations, did she receive from her boy-lover, away in distant lands! But the heart of youth, how fickle it is at best! During that year a stranger came into the neighborhood, and wooed and won the false heart which had already been given to another. She wrote to Douglas Durant, acquainting him with the sad state of affairs, and returning his ring. Oh, the impassioned appeal which she received in return; she could never forget it! A few weeks afterward she heard that he was dead—had been killed in a gambling saloon, and she, only she, knew what had driven him there.

"Oh, her torturing soul-agony, who can describe it? In that bitter moment all the love which she had given him once, returned in its full fervor: the tortures of a condemned soul I cannot think could have exceeded hers then.

"About this time it became reported that her father's wealth had been swept away by a speculation scheme in which he had invested heavily. After which report the one that had taken Douglas' place in her heart came one evening, and, bidding her a cool farewell, as a stranger might have done, passed from her father's door never more to enter it. That was the last she knew for many weeks, and when he at length awoke to consciousness after a severe illness, in which death for a time seemed inevitable, the nurse in attendance told her that instead of her father's wealth being swept away, the speculation had doubled it. After months she regained a portion of her former health, but was never again the same bright, mirthful girl of yore. In mind and heart she suffered deeply; and, in suffering, she felt that she was only reaping the just recompense of her own sinful act—and now, Virgie, darling, be warned ere it is too late, ere you cast from you the love of one true heart for one which is only influenced by love of sordid gain. The story which you have just heard is mine. Do not wreck your life, Virgie, as I have done!"

When Miss Lathrop finished speaking, the girl kissed the pale cheek, and the tears from the dark eyes, answering:

"I am sorry for you, Auntie; and I do not intend wrecking my life, be assured of that. That you misjudge Evarad now, you will sometime know; but now, Auntie, let me go to my room, please."

The lady releasing her hold of the girl, permitted her to pass from the room. Just outside the door she was met by the parlor maid, who handed her a card, with the name, "Evarad Rand," traced thereon. With a happy light in her dark eyes, she slipped the card in her pocket, and passed on to the parlor. At the door she was met by Rand, who clasped her tiny hand, and imprinted a kiss upon her lips.

"How bright and beautiful you look this morning, my darling!" he exclaimed, a smile curving his thin, almost colorless lips, as, leading her to a sofa, he seated himself by her side.

"I do not feel so, Evarad," she answered, looking up in his face.

"Why? Has Auntie been teasing you again with some of those groundless fears of hers?"

"She has just said, Evarad, that she will never consent to our marriage, nor to my severing my engagement with Robert Western."

"Well, love, she has left us but one alternative. Do you think that she would ever forgive you if we were married without her consent?"

"Yes, I think she would soon forgive me; but what is the one alternative?"

"Elopement," he answered, watching the expression of her face furtively, as he pronounced the words.

"Oh, Evarad, I could never do that!" raising her black eyes, while a grief-stricken expression flashed in them, to his face.

"You do not love me, then, Virgie," he answered in a cold tone.

"O, yes I do, Evarad; you do not know how much!"

"Then you must choose between the two—your aunt and I. I will leave New Orleans to-night for my Georgia home. If you will be ready, we will be married in this city before we leave, and then you will accompany me as my little wife. Will you not do this, darling?"

"Yes, Evarad; since you have said it, I will do as you desire; for I know Auntie will forgive me; but we will return soon, will we not?"

"Yes, if it should be my little wife's desire; but now, darling, I will leave before your aunt learns that I am here, for she might suspect something. Be sure and meet me at the enter door at nine o'clock—until then, my precious one, good-bye!"

So saying, he clasped her to his bosom, and pressed many passionate kisses upon her willing lips; then, releasing her, he

passed quickly from the house, leaving Virginia alone, who, returning to the sofa, threw herself upon its cushions, and burying her face in her hands, burst into a stormy flood of tears.

The first taint of sorrow's tears you have ever known, Virginia, but a fit prelude to how many, many more!

(To be continued.)

## Original Poetry.

For the ARGUS.  
SONG.

Go, youth beloved, in distant glades  
New friends, new hopes, new joys to find!  
Yet sometimes deem, amidst fairer maidens,  
To think on her thou leavest behind.  
Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,  
Must never be my happy lot;  
But thou may'st grant this humble prayer:  
Forget me not! forget me not!

Yet, should the thought of my distress  
Too painful to thy feelings be,  
Heed not the wish I now express,  
Nor ever deign to think on me;  
But, oh! if grief thy steps attend,  
If want, if sickness be thy lot,  
And thou require a soothing friend,  
Forget me not! forget me not!

MR. EDITOR:

The above gem is a marvel of beauty, elegance, and grace. The Edinburgh Review pronounces it to be one of the finest songs in the language.

It will doubtless be interesting to your youthful readers. Mrs. Amelia Ople is the talented authoress.

ARCH.  
Mt. Pleasant, N. C., May 16th, 1876.

For the ARGUS.

Lines to Mamma in Heaven.  
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MISS  
OF MT. PLEASANT.

Angel mother, now in Heaven,  
Purest pearl of earth's dear land,  
Round thee stand the throng immortal,  
Ever blest at God's right hand.

Messenger from scenes celestial  
Hovering near thy lonely child;  
May I greet thee, dearest Mother,  
Far beyond this desert isle.

Yes, thou art but gone before me  
To that land of purest love;  
While I linger, may I ever  
Keep in mind my home above.

ARCH.  
Mt. Pleasant, N. C., May 16th, 1876.

## OUR RADIX LETTER.

THE SENSATION OF THE WEEK—TIME AND SPACE PRACTICALLY ANNIHILATED—STEWART'S REQUEST—THE NEW AQUARIUM—MATTERS AT PHILADELPHIA—THE CENTENNIAL OUTLOOK—PICKPOCKETS—THE BANKERS—OLD ABE.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

New York, May 26, 1876.

EDITOR ARGUS.

What would the pioneers of '49 have thought of a prediction that within thirty years the trip from New York to San Francisco would be made in less than four days? Raving lunacy would have been the mildest verdict pronounced upon the individual who should have ventured such a preposterous idea, and yet that seemingly impossible feat will soon be an accomplished fact. Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer, the great theatrical managers, have made arrangements for a flying trip across the continent which will completely eclipse any railroad performance on record and establish their reputation for enterprise and originality beyond hope of imitation. Leaving New York at 1 a. m., on Thursday, June 1st, their special train, comprising one combination passenger, mail and baggage car, and one Pullman hotel car, will arrive in San Francisco in time for dinner on the following Sunday. The right of way across the continent has been secured, and but very few stoppages will be made en route. The number of through passengers is limited to sixteen, and the tickets for the trip are something entirely novel, being beautifully bound in covers of sterling silver, elaborately ornamented. The guests will be furnished with meals, a la carte, during the journey, boarded for a week at the Grand Palace Hotel, San Francisco, and presented with a first class return ticket, good at any time. A few passengers will be taken to Chicago, "through by daylight," arriving there within twenty-four hours from the time of leaving New York. The object of this unprecedented expedition in railroading is the transfer of the actors, scenery, properties and general paraphernalia concerned in the great play of Julius Caesar, to San Francisco, where it will be produced in all its original magnificence. The "stars" will go by the lightning train; the remainder of the company and the bulky paraphernalia

leaving a few days in advance by the ordinary conveyance.

The brilliant success which has attended the production of the great tragedy under the management of Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer is unprecedented in the annals of the stage and places them in the very front rank of theatrical prominence. Their present undertaking—of its transportation to the Pacific coast—is an operation of such magnitude as would cause any less experienced and energetic men to hesitate, but it is eminently in keeping with the characteristic go-a-head-iveness of these famous managers and will long be remembered as one of the most striking incidents of this centennial and memorable year.

One clause of the late A. T. Stewart's will, to my mind the most creditable of all, received but little attention at the time, but now, in its fulfillment is made the subject of much comment. I refer to his provision that a certain amount in cash should be paid to each employee of the house of over ten years' standing, in proportion to the length of service. The presentation in each case was made in a very graceful manner by the enclosure of the firm's check in a handsomely engraved letter from Mrs. Stewart acknowledging the services of the recipient to her late husband and presenting the sum with her best wishes. The amount disbursed under this bequest amounts to over two hundred thousand dollars.

Mr. Henry Coup, of this city, has obtained possession of the site of the old Coliseum whereupon he proposes to put up at once a large and complete Aquarium in which the finny tribes of the deep will disport themselves beneath the water of numerous glass tanks for the edification of the public. This aquarium will be a very pleasant as it is a much needed addition to the attractions of the city.

PHILADELPHIA, May 27.

While every one admits that the Centennial Exhibition is emphatically "a big thing," eclipsing all its predecessors in many respects, there seems to be much doubt in the minds of many as to whether it will pay, in a pecuniary sense; in fact it looks to them very much as if there would be a large balance on the wrong side of the ledger when it comes to the final settlement of the little bills which are constantly growing bigger. It is true that the frantic rush of visitors from abroad, so confidently anticipated by enthusiastic Philadelphians, has not yet justified popular expectation, but it is likely that as the season advances there will be an improvement in this respect.

I learn from conversation with railroad and other officials that my own anticipation of a large attendance in June and the first part of July is generally shared by them, and for this belief I think there are good grounds. In the first place summer vacations begin to be taken about that time, and in the second, people are generally aware that the first month of the show is really a month of preparation after all, and as most people can expect but a short visit at best they naturally wish to have everything finished and to "get a good ready" themselves as well before setting out—again, I presume, there are thousands upon thousands of people in the country who are undecided about going anyway and being unable to make up their minds fully from the papers as to whether it is worth while or not are waiting to hear the eye-witness reports of more courageous neighbors.

If this is a correct supposition the success of the later months is assured; for the most blasé or indifferent traveler can hardly go through this wonderful scene without having his enthusiasm sufficiently aroused to insure his giving a growing account of its attractions to all inquirers. A fair example of this, is a Western friend of mine who, recently returned, was, of course, besieged by questions, to which he made the invariable and

laconic reply, "Go, if you have to scripp yourself to death for the next year." The Exposition is too grand to fail of success and I am greatly mistaken if the showing of its results next November is not at least reasonably satisfactory.

The catanet in the annex to Machinery Hall will be in operation on Monday next. The sheet of water is thirty-three feet in length and has a fall of thirty-five feet. The great Krupp gun will arrive on the ground to-day. Its arrival has been delayed owing to its immense weight and the necessity for precautions in strengthening the road-way and bridges over which it will pass. The gun weighs eighty tons and the carriage on which it rests ten tons. Over thirty wagon and car-loads of machinery were delivered in Machinery Hall on Thursday. In this department Russia is erecting extensive partitions in order to utilize the wall space.

The new steam elevator in the southwestern tower supporting the centre of the Main Exhibition Building, now completed, was tested on Thursday and will be put in operation for the public on Monday. The panoramic view from the top of the tower, which is 130 feet high, is one of the most beautiful and extensive in the United States, and on a clear day takes in almost the whole valley of the Delaware.

The State buildings and other minor edifices about the grounds are progressing rapidly to completion. The California building will be opened about the middle of June, when all the State exhibits neglected in the Main Building will be displayed there. The opening day is to be commemorated by a banquet to the Press, at which Mark Twain, as a representative of Pacific coast journalism, will officiate as master of ceremonies.

One of the most distinguished personages within the whole enclosure is "Old Abe," the war eagle, whose sudden fame of twelve years ago has proved more enduring than that of most of his human comrades in arms. He sits upon his perch all day long with the dignified mien of the renowned veteran that he is. Although but fifteen years old he has seen three years actual service and been through fifteen battles. It is a good record, and he is justly proud of it.

The week just upon us will be quite a notable one. Besides the occurrence of Decoration Day, which will be duly observed, several excursions are to occur.—Tuesday just mentioned is the day fixed for the opening of the Bankers' Building and Department. To this occasion at least a thousand bank officials and employees are expected from New York alone and it is probable that at least as many more will come from other points.

On the same day a large number of Knights Templar, including nearly all the Commanderies of New York and Brooklyn are coming over for the great parade of the Order, which is to take place during the week. Other bodies are expected.

As is very natural, the light fingered and burglarious fraternity consider Philadelphia as their lawful prey, and they have swarmed there in consequence like bees to a clover patch. And not only our own "swell mob," is utilizing the Centennial, but foreign lands have all furnished them quotas of this undesirable exhibit. So when you go just put a little Spaulding's glue on your pocket book before putting it in your pocket, and tie your watch chain around one of your ribs, or you will be likely to mourn a loss.

RADIX.

AN UNFORTUNATE FAMILY—WHAT INSANITY ACCOMPLISHED—CHAPTER OF HORRORS.—Under this startling caption the Wilmington Star, in its last issue, relates a horrible calamity that overtook a family in Columbus county. The victims are now inmates of the insane asylum Raleigh.

Some time before the commencement of the late war, says the Star, there resided near Whiteville, Columbus county, and within a short distance of the line of the railroad, a well-to-do farmer by the name of Joshua Rouse. He had a wife and several children, was making a good living and had the reputation in the neighborhood of being an honest, upright, contented man and a good provider. To the surprise of all who knew him, and without any cause that was apparent to his friends, he all at once began to show evidence of an unsound mind, and finally it became necessary to take him to the asylum for the insane. Here he remained until some time in the year 1858, when it was thought that he had recovered sufficiently from his

malady to be released, and his brother went to the asylum after him and carried him home. He had not been there long, however, before he again began to show symptoms of insanity, which grew upon him until finally, returning one evening from his work, he commenced abusing his wife and beating her with a stick. His father, who was sitting in the room at the time, expostulated with him, when his fury became diverted from his wife and he turned upon his father, an aged man, beat him and kicked him until he had landed him in the yard, when he seized an axe and chopped his head off. He then went back into the house and killed his wife and two or three of his small children, who had retired to their beds. Two of his larger children, one a girl by the name of Martha, was away from home, and the other, a boy by the name of Richard, ran off and made his escape. His father missed him, however, and pursued him, with his axe in his hand, until he ran into the yard of a gentleman residing in the neighborhood. The infuriated man stopped at the gate, had the sense to hide his axe in a hedge of high weeds with which the enclosure was bordered and then walked in. Upon being asked by the owner of the premises, who, with a neighbor, were standing in the yard, what he had been doing, he replied, "nothing." The two gentlemen, who had been previously advised by the boy of what had taken place, seized Rouse and securely tied him and the unfortunate man was soon after returned to the asylum, where he still remains.

We will now give the sequel to the chapter of horrors. Martha Rouse, the daughter, grew up to womanhood, when she suddenly became deranged and was sent to the asylum about twelve months ago; and the boy, Richard, who had grown up a staid, industrious and intelligent young man, being employed as clerk by Col. H. B. Short, also became deranged, carrying a razor in his pocket with which he said he intended to kill Col. S.'s son, and finally, on Tuesday last, he was likewise taken to the asylum, there being now three of the same family in the institution.

Thus has an entire family been obliterated, as it were, from the face of the earth, some of the members of it suffering the most violent death which can be conceived, while others live on, in a condition worse than death, in the narrow confines of a maniac's cell.

HOG CHOLERA REMEDY.—Mr. Edward Golden, of Flora, Illinois, writes the Prairie Farmer that in years gone by he lost heavily by this disease. At last he began giving his hogs leprosy and blackroot, one tablespoonful to the hog, together with about the same amount of salt, in rich slop twice a day, for three days, then skipping three days, and giving it once a day for three days more. He followed this with a dose once a week for three or four weeks during the cholera season. He has lost no hogs from cholera since he began using this medicine, though the disease has been prevalent in his neighborhood.—Prairie Farmer.

TRAINING COLLIE DOGS.—In Texas they have a way of training dogs with sheep. A pup is taken from its mother before its eyes are opened, and put with a ewe to suckle. After a few times the ewe becomes reconciled to the pup, which follows her like a lamb, grows up among, and remains with the flock; and no wolf, man, or strange dog can come near the flock of sheep; and the flock will follow the dog to the fold regularly at half past seven o'clock, P. M., if you habitually feed him at that time.—Dr. N. H. Paaron, in Live Stock Journal.

The Augusta Constitutionalist learns that an attempt will be made to stay the execution of McEvoy, the Graniteville murderer, by an appeal to the supreme court. The hardened youth recently, sent to his home for a fiddle with which to amuse himself in jail. The jailor told McEvoy if he would pay his lawyers a certain sum of money that they would get him a trial, and being told that it would probably take \$200, he uttered a terrible oath, and said he would not give that amount to live forever.

New Hanover has determined to send for returning Gen. A. M. Wadell to Congress, and the Review says by can count with certainty on Owsley, Columbus, Paeder and Brunswick.