

THE NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.

N. EIGHT & SON,
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Original Story.

Written for the ARGUS.
FATHERLESS AND MOTHERLESS;

OR
SUNSHINE AFTER DARKNESS,

BY
MISS MINNIE F. DICKSON.

CHAPTER VIII.

A LETTER.

To the fond, doubting heart, its hopes appear
Too brightly fair, too sweet to realize;
All seems but day dreams of delight too dear!
Strange hopes and fears in painful contest rise,
While the scarce-tasted bliss seems but to cheat
The eyes.

Mrs. Tighe's Psyche.

One week has the happy spirit of Gilbert Langdon been an inhabitant of that physician-like world of felicity—one week has his body rested beneath the emerald carpeting of Oak Lawn cemetery, where, seventeen years before, he placed the form of Richard Donaldson by the side of his angel wife; and there together those three will rest through the tireless and devastating march of time, ay, together they will rest, unmindful of earthly sorrows and earthly joys, until the Mighty Angel shall descend from Heaven—until the seven thunders shall utter their sound—and proclaim, in a loud voice, that time shall be no longer!

In her little room, seated by an open window, tears trickling through the slender white fingers that cover her flushed face, is Belvieve Ellwood. By her side, lying upon a chair is a dress pattern of black glapaca of the most inferior quality. Removing the small white hands from her face, she cries, in a grievous, quivering voice:

"Oh, why does aunt Martha persist in treating me so cruelly? For what purpose did she purchase that dress except to humiliate me? It is not the common material which mortifies me; but the motive of the act. She wishes me to feel her hate and my dependence upon her charity. Oh, I do feel it, and it wounds me bitterly! If there was only some way of egress from this life of torture, if there only was!"

Just then there were footsteps outside, and the next moment the door of her room opened, giving admittance to Aurelia Langdon; who noticing her flushed face, and red eyes asked, in a taunting voice:

"What is the matter, now, baby? How do you like your new dress? My and mamma's are craps; but she thought that piece of alpaca would be more suitable for one in your dependent station."

The cool, mocking manner in which her words were spoken, produced the desired effect. Yielding to another fit of weeping, Belvieve answered:

"Do not, please, speak so cruelly to me, Aurelia—it will break my heart. The dress is coarse and inferior, but I do not care for that, if you would only not be so cruel, and love me a little Aurelia. I am dependent upon aunt Martha, I know, but why did she ever permit me to come to Oak Lawn, if she could but hate and despise me—oh, why did she not leave me to the mercy of strangers?"

"Leave you to the mercy of strangers?" repeating it after her. "I imagine if she had you would not have been here now—I wish that she had, too; so you see my mind and your own are congenial upon that subject. As to treating you cruelly I don't know who does that. I think you are treated amazingly well myself. Begs rarely meet with the kindness you have. Loving you is entirely out of the question. Love you, who divulged, by one careless and intentional act, the dearest secret of my life: my correspondence with Herbert? No, Belvieve Ellwood, I do not love you, but I hate you now and forever, and you shall not only hear of, but shall feel that hate!"

As she finished speaking her cheeks grew crimson, and her light brown eyes flashed angrily.

"Aurelia! Aurelia! what are you saying? Pause, and think ere you heap such bitter denunciations upon your inoffending cousin; for, believe me, I am not guilty of the wrong of which you accuse me. It is true, I dropped the letter from your book, but, as I told you then, I tell you now, previous to the act, I was not even aware of the existence of such a correspondence. Will you not believe me?"

As she spoke, she raised her tear-wet eyes to the haughty face above her; for Aurelia, arising from her seat, while she was speaking, had crossed the room, and now stood by her side.

"No, I don't choose to credit all that my fair cousin says, and especially what she says, as regards this matter. Of course I have not the least thought that you would acknowledge your guilt. Revenge may be slow coming, but for all that it will be sure, my cousin."

And with these tantalizing words, breathed rather than spoken, in the ear of her cousin, Aurelia Langdon swept haughtily from the room, giving Belvieve no time to reply.

Very soon after her departure from the room, the door was again opened—this time by Aunt Voe, who entered, displaying her white teeth by a broad grin.

"Here, Miss Belvie, honey," handing Belvieve a letter, "is a letter what Tom brings from de post office dis mornin' fur you. He said he plum furgot to gib it to you himself, and axed me to bring it, for I was comin' any way."

Taking the letter from Aunt Voe's hand

she glanced at the address which was written in a round, masculine hand, then eagerly breaking the seal, and taking the letter from its enclosure, her eyes sought the name of the writer. Reading which a rosy blush suffused her brow, cheek, and neck—so rosy that Aunt Voe noticed it, and asked:

"Who is from, honey? I knowed it was something what would make you glad; I felt it somehow, or nuther. You'll tell Aunt Voe who it is, won't you, dearie?"

Another blush dyed her cheek as she answered:

"Yes, I will tell you when I read it, Aunt Voe."

The letter was headed, "Ellerlie, Louisiana," and read as follows:

DEAR MISS ELLWOOD:

Doubtless you will be very much surprised when you receive this letter from one who has seen you but once, and spent in your presence but one brief (alas, too brief!) evening. But, nevertheless, I cannot refrain from addressing you now. My purpose in so doing is to crave from you the pleasure of a correspondence. Will you not grant this request, Miss Ellwood? I assure you that I am sincere in asking it; for since our first and only meeting, though miles of land has separated us, I have been with you often in memory. There are times in our lives which we can never forget—happy moments that weave themselves around the tendrils of our imagination and become a part of our every thought—in the beautiful language of Percival,

There are moments of life that we never forget,
Which brighten and brighten as time steals
Away;

They give a new charm to the happiest lot,
And they shine in the gloom of the bluest day.

Such has proven to me the more than pleasant evening that I spent in company with yourself—since that time my thoughts have revolved upon little else except Miss Ellwood, and for this reason I have asked you to vouchsafe to me the privilege of a correspondence.

My first letter will necessarily be short; I fear I have already made myself tiresome to you in this uninteresting misadventure—If so, I ask your forgiveness.

I shall await most impatiently your answer, and earnestly hoping that it may be in the affirmative.

I will now subscribe myself,

Your Friend,

MORTIMER L. CAME ON.

Then followed his address, which he gave as New Orleans. After finishing its perusal, Belvieve, with a happy light in her eye, arose from her seat, and, going to Aunt Voe, seated herself in her lap, and twining her arms about the faithful negro's neck, as she had so often done in her childhood just past, she told her all that she knew of Mortimer Cameron, and ended her recital by telling her of Aurelia's shameful conduct before her entrance; to which Aunt Voe replied:

"Nebber you mind, child, I wouldn't care fur nuffin any ob 'em could say, I wouldn't. You'll come out ahead ob 'em all yet—Aunt Voe's slus thought it: now she knows it. Cameron's a good name, honey—I know he's rich."

"Yes, Aunt Voe," Belvieve answered, blushing deeply, "Mr. Cameron is wealthy. I have often heard Florence Western speak of him; but he is nothing to me, except another frick, added to my limited list; I have so few I am thankful for every new one."

"No, honey, nuffin but a friend now," replied Aunt Voe; "but will be arter a while. But now, honey, Aunt Voe must go back to her cabin, she didn't hab long to stay wid you dis mornin'."

So saying she lifted the girl from her lap, and arising, passed out of the room, muttering in a low tone:

"Miss Belvie's happy at last, and I 'e so glad—wish she would hurry, an' git ready to leave here, 'cause I's gittin' mighty tired takin' dese low-down niggers' sass—da is just like some ob dar white folks—got more'n ob old rick in 'em dan will eber be got out'n 'em ef da don't mind, but I don't say much to 'em on Miss Belvie's account—it'd make dat aunt o' hern cut up so. Den, I wish Miss Belvie was 'way on her own 'count. God bless de chile!"

(To be continued.)

ANGER OF FLOWERS AND FRUITS IN SLEEPING ROOMS.—The Chicago Medical Journal and Examiner cautions its readers as to the danger of keeping flowers and fruits in sleeping rooms. It mentions several instances, reported by Dr. Britter, illustrating the fatal results of the practice, which, as a precaution to our readers, we publish:

"A gentleman had the unhappy idea of making of the branches of an oleander some sort of an alcove in which to sleep, next morning he was found dead. A grocer and his clerk went to sleep in a room in which three boxes of oranges stood and they were dead by the next morning. A clerk in a store, who was to watch at night, laid down with a bag of saffrons under his head; he, likewise, was found dead in the morning. Another gentleman, having some hyacinths in his room, got the most violent headache, and felt so drowsy that he could hardly restrain himself from sleeping. He at once put the flowers out of the room, opened the windows and soon after felt easy."

OUR RADIX LETTER.

A CHAPTER ON EXODUS—HOT WEATHER—THE REGATTA—A FRENCH SWIM—A MUNICIPAL BEREAVEMENT—FLUNKYISM—THE KING SERPENT—JEDOME BONAFANTE—GILMORE'S CHERUBS AND BEERLESS—AMUSEMENT GOSHIP—MATHEWS AT PHILADELPHIA—AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY—THE GREAT AMERICAN RAMPLERS—BRASILIAN BOGS—VARIOUS CONVENTIONS.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

NEW YORK, June 9, 1876.

EDITOR ARGUS.

And now comes the season when if you want to see any New Yorker who is anybody you can't find him—or her, as the case may be. Mrs. Grundy says that if you are anybody you must not be in New York for the next three months at the very least; so if Paterfamilias, owing to hard times, falling stocks or misplaced bets on base ball or mustang riding, pleads a lack of the multiplicity of \$ necessary to take a cottage at Newport, or settle the family at Saratoga or Long Branch or Cape May or the Centennial for the season, Materfamilias draws down the corners of her mouth with ominous determination, has the front blinds closed with a bang, jerks down the shades with her own hands, locks the front door and pockets the key, gives Paterfamilias his breakfast in the kitchen, and after sending him out the back way to seek his "nasty old office," through byways and alleys, sits down to condole with her daughters over the brutality of men in general and of the head of that family in particular. The accumulation of dust on the front steps and door plate is thenceforward a thing to be encouraged, and should any indiscreet domestic in basement confidences with the girl next door dare to breathe aught of the true state of the case, the places that knew her would straightway know her no more.

Thus it is that only we unfortunate scribblers are supposed to show our heads in the city this hot weather.—But for us there is no respite, and even in these days when a fellow feels like punching the marrow out of his bones to get a draft through them we have to be dodging about with true newspaper ubiquity gathering sunstroke for ourselves and news for an insatiable public. With which bid for sympathy permit me to offer you a few disjointed facts, placing first the coolest ones I can think of.

The two public swimming baths which the city boasts have been opened this week and are gratefully appreciated by the few that find admission thereto. In a city of this size, which is so surrounded with water the inadequacy of these institutions is simply shameful. Two baths of the size of these are merely an aggravation to the quarter of a million people who should and would use this great sanitary appliance were the conveniences thereto furnished them. Some new ones will doubtless be opened this season.

The Centennial Regatta of the New York Yacht Club, which came off on Thursday afternoon was a grand success. The heat on shore only served to set off and render more grateful the refreshing coolness and stiff breeze on the bay. There were twenty entries for the race, and the spectacle formed by the large fleet of white wings and shapely hulls flying over the water was inspiring indeed.

We have suffered a municipal bereavement in the death of the second of the two white whales recently brought down from the coast of Labrador for Coup's Aquarium. One of these animals, which were the first ever known to be taken alive, died shortly after their arrival and now the second has followed it. The loss is a severe one, as the cost of taking and transporting the huge creatures was very large, but nothing daunted, Mr. Coup has this week dispatched another expedition to Labrador for a duplicate monster.—Extra care is to be taken of their next prize. Instead of letting him beat himself to death in a tank it is proposed to tow him down, at least part of the way,

by river or canal. Who wouldn't be a white whale this weather.

In my last I omitted mention of an event which caused immeasurable excitement among our social creme de la creme, namely, the marriage of a real, live English lord to a beautiful Cuban. The aristocrat who so greatly honored plebeian America was Lord Maudeville, heir to the Duchy of Manchester and to one of the finest estates in England. The hunt ton are ecstatic over the reflected glory with which the occasion covered them, and the newspapers plume themselves on the "future American Duchess" and the "brilliant pedigree" of the noble fish taken in an American matrimonial net. Considering that the lady is herself a foreigner, the daughter of a Cuban refugee and belongs in no way to our republic, the extreme flunkeyism of this is rich indeed. Would it not be well for the government to repeal all taxes and obtain its revenues by selling titles to our codfish aristocracy who so evidently yearn for them? How the bosoms of Lord Corruption and Lady Shoddy would swell with pride and gratified ambition on receiving their patents of nobility and how carefully would they gather up their skirts to save their sacred persons from the contamination of contact with the common herd! The plan is respectfully submitted to Congress as entirely feasible and certain to be popular.

It was generally supposed that the old "Ring" serpent was pretty thoroughly killed, but there is a little life in the tail yet. The "wiggles" that attract notice this time is the suit of the widow of the Ring architect, Kellum to recover his commission of three per cent. on \$8,000,000, the alleged cost of the famous Court House, which furnished the daily bread of those industrious and self-sacrificing patriots, Tweed, Connolly & Co., for several years. This claim, which amounted to some \$240,000 was prosecuted with vigor, until the city, after getting the testimony of experts to the effect that the building should not have cost over \$2,800,000, hinted at suing Kellum's estate for the amount it had lost through the architect's villany or incompetence, when the widow "folded her tents like the Arabs, and as silently stole away," finding that that was all she could steal.

The most distinguished stranger in New York at present is Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, grand nephew of the first and nephew of the second Emperor, himself showing the hereditary instincts by his brilliant record as Colonel in the French army in Egypt. He is a tall, striking looking man of middle age, distingue and of fine presence, altogether worthy, in appearance at least, of the illustrious name he bears. Col. Bonaparte, who intends visiting the Centennial and then passing the summer at Newport, is now staying with his family at the Westminster, one of the most quietly elegant hotels on this continent and the one especially sought by men of prominence in literature, science, and art. Here was the New York home of the lamented Dickens and of Wilkie Collins during his recent visit to this country; and here during their sojourn in the metropolis may always be found Proctor the great English lecturer and astronomer, our own John B. Gough and scores of others among the class whom men delight to honor.

The Hippodrome as it was under Barham and Moody, Gilmore's Garden as it is to-day, has been a prominent point of interest this week. It was Offenbach's last week for one thing and for another, this was the objective point of a grand assault by the ultra-tetotal element, who, doubtless believing that the shades of Moocy & Sankey still hovering about the place, would aid them in such a work, took the Sunday liquor law as a pretext, and invoking the aid of the police made numerous arrests of the waiters and beer-sellers there employed. These radical proceedings do not meet popular approval, and even

the Judges before whom the cases were taken but thinly concealed their disapprobation. Recorder Hackett in fact openly condemns the action as officious and unwarrantable.

Offenbach having finished a very successful season here will next direct a series of his own operas to be given at Booth's Theatre with Almee as prima donna. Gilmore with his military band and Levy the cornetist will occupy the stand thus vacated amid the verdant decorations of the Garden.

This week ending the regular season at most of the theatres the coming one will be a sort of off week in amusements. The Union Square closes temporarily, after a very successful run of "Conscience," reopening on the 19th with the ever popular Vokes family. "Pique" will have its 200th and last representation at the 5th Ave. on the 23d inst. The success of "The Mighty Dollar" at Wal-lack's continues unabated. Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer of Booth's, not satisfied with their brilliant successes of the past season promise us a genuine sensation in the near future, the exact nature of which it is not as yet permitted to mention. At the Park Theatre "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is drawing splendidly, with B. J. Heron as Eva and the original Topsey, Mrs. G. C. Howard, who for 23 years has played this part and no other.

PHILADELPHIA, June 10.

I find the warm weather is by no means confined to New York but is breathing its hot breath over the perspiring mass of cosmopolitan humanity which is "doing up" the Centennial in white vests, muslin dresses, juleps and catawba cobbles. Still it isn't so bad as you might imagine out at the grounds themselves. The Centennial premises are so spacious that the crowd is not troublesome and the location so far from the city proper and on such high ground as to catch every stray breeze, is as favorable a one for comfort as I have yet found in either city.

The week has not been especially eventful here, matters having settled down into something very like completeness, and the business and pleasure of sight seeing has gone on uninterruptedly and in the regular groove.

Several steam engines have been started in Agricultural Hall, and by the time this reaches you power will doubtless have been applied to the machinery therein contained, and the clatter of the fanning mill, the vicious jigger of the mower, and the long armed rumbling clatter of the reaper will materially enliven the "still life" scene which it has hitherto presented.

One of the handsomest shows in this building is Brazil's display of evidences of her magnificent fertility.—Among other things is a splendid collection of tobacco, raw and manufactured, and samples of various wines and liquors peculiar to that country.—None of those latter are for sale but the Brazilian Commissioners, naturally anxious to establish an export trade to this country, have volunteered to take and transmit to home dealers any orders for these wines, etc., which may be given them. As a consequence the number of "buyers" who apply for a taste of the samples is so great as to cause the Brazilians to wonder at the number of American liquor dealers who wish to become importers.

Dora Pedro's realm, by the way, has probably the most striking pavilion in all the main building. It is an exaggerated alhambra, the moresque architecture indeed prevailing, but so covered with filagree work and red, blue, green, white and gold coloring, as to be rather gaudy. The exhibits within this pavilion are in keeping with the general rainbow character of the empire's representation, consisting of gorgeous pyramids of feather flowers, representing many of the beautiful species that grow within the tropics, a collection of lustrous bugs, beetles and various other insects of which the Brazilian fair

ones are so fond that they wear them as sleeve buttons, brooches and the like. It is from them that we get the idea of the bug jewelry, which is popular, though in a less degree, among American ladies.

Every society or convention throughout Uncle Sam's domain which ever gets together for any purpose whatever has appointed its meeting in Philadelphia this year. Several such have already been held. The Medical Convention and the Blewer's Congress are both in session now, and the Civil Engineers, Book Trade, Photographic and Agricultural Associations are all coming soon. So are the Good Templars, so are the West Point Cadets, and so is any other Order, class or Society that you can name—all of which is a good thing as redounding to the glory and profit of Philadelphia in general and the Exposition in particular. The Brewers this week opened their special building, which is a substantial structure measuring 28x75 with an addition of 108x70. It contains a comprehensive exhibition of the trade.

Admissions are now averaging between 40,000 and 50,000 per day, and cash receipts from \$13,000 to \$18,000.

RADIX.

The Value of Sunflowers in Several Ways.

A few stalks of this grand, rank growing plant, in the garden or near the house, are highly beneficial in many respects; they are great promoters of good health by freely absorbing malarious gases in the air and purifying it. The seed is splendid food for poultry in the winter and spring. And, best of all, the seed of sunflowers is the most healthy food that can be given to horses in winter and spring; half a pint a day keeps them in health and spirited, with sleek coats, and more animated, than any other food. It prevents "heaves" and other diseases. All places, with the least tendency to malarial difficulties, should have numbers of sunflowers growing about the residences.—Then they are great favorites with little birds—yellow birds, blue birds, wrens, and many others—which will leave fruit and berries to perch upon and pick sunflower seed. It may not be generally known that the seed of the sunflower is the most infallible remedy yet discovered for the speedy cure of founder in horses. The direction which we glean from a brief article upon the subject in the Essex Banner, says: "Immediately on discovering that your horse is foundered, mix about a pint of the whole seed in his food, and it will perfect a cure."

In that most excellent book, "The Earth as Modified by Human Action," is found the following mention of sunflowers as a protection against miasmatic exhalations:

"Prof. Maury believed that a few rows of sunflowers, planted between the Washington Observatory and the marshy banks of the Potomac, had saved the inmates of that establishment from the intermittent fevers, to which they had been formerly liable. Maury's experiments have been repeated in Italy. Large plantations of sunflowers have been made upon the alluvial deposits of the Oglio, above its entrance into the lake of Inco, near Pisogn, and it is said, with favorable results to the health of the neighborhood. In fact, the generally beneficial effects of a forest wall, or other vegetable screen, as a protection against noxious exhalations from marshes, or other sources of disease, situated to the windward of them, are very commonly admitted."

ADVICE TO GIRLS.—Girls talk and laugh about marriage as though it was a jubilee; a gladstone thing, a rose without a thorn. And so it is, if it is all right—if they go about it as rational beings instead of merry-making children. It is a serious thing to marry. It is a life business. Therefore, never do it in haste; never run away to get married; never marry for wealth or standing, or fine person, or manners, but for character, for worth, for the qualities of mind and heart which make an honorable man. Take time; think long and well before you accept any proposal; consult your parents, then some judicious friend, then your own judgment. Learn all that is possible for you to learn of your proposed husband. When all doubts have been removed, and not till then, accept.