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ADVERTISING RATES:

	1w.	1m.	3m.	6 m.	12m.
sq.	$1 00	$2 50	$6 00	$10 00	$18 00
2 sqs	2 00	5 00	10 00	16 00	30 00
3 sqs	3 00	7 50	14 00	20 00	35 00
4 sqs	4 00	9 00	18 00	25 00	45 00
½ col.	5 00	10 50	22 00	30 00	50 00
¾ col.	10 00	20 00	40 00	55 00	100 00
1 col.	20 00	38 00	75 00	100 00	150 00

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Mr. H. C. Quantz

Desires to inform the citizens of Anson and surrounding country that he has opened out in the house formerly occupied by E. Hutchinson & Son, on Green Street, and one door north of Marshall & Co.'s, a shop for the manufacture of

HARNESS,
SADDLES,
BRIDLES,
&C., &C.

A full line of the above will be on hand as soon as they can be manufactured. Also, Whips, Collars, Horse Brushes, Curry-combs, Blankets, Bits, &c., &c.

37-3m

POETRY.

[FOR THE HERALD.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

BY SUE J. JEMAMINE DICKSON.

When the path grows dark, and the world looks dreary,
I think of the rest—the rest for the weary,
Up there in the beautiful mansions above,
Near the bright star of my father's own love—
Up there where the streamlets purl, ripple and flow,
And spiritual flowers eternally grow.
When clouds gather thick o'er the blue of the sky,
When the wild winds arise, and their voices is high;
And phantoms of sorrow 'round me do hover,
I think of the time when all will be over—
When I shall pass from the world of the dreary
Into the Haven—the rest for the weary.
The rest for the weary, the rest o'er the river;
The rest on the shores of the grand Forever;
The rest by the beautiful streamlet of Life
When earth and her cares; her sorrow and strife,
Are over, forgotten, forever are passed:
And I've crossed the bright stream triumphant at last.
Triumphant I've entered the haven of rest,
And stand 'mid the glorified, righteous and blest;
In view of this triumph the burden grows light,
And I look to the Hills transcendently bright,
And wait for the time when I'll claim the bright palm—
The time when I'll stand fore the throne of the Lamb.

JABEZ GRUMMLES' EXPERIENCE.

Mr. Jabez Grummles was forty years old, weighed two hundred and twenty-five pounds, was married, but had no children, and had never been inside of a railroad car, and what was more, vowed that he never would. He looked upon all these modern innovations as traps set by designing and conscienceless men to take the lives of innocent people, and as the strong arm of the law did not intervene to protect them, it was the duty of good citizens to keep away from such contrivances altogether.

The railroad ran within a half a mile of his little farm, and he not only heard the screech of the steam whistle several times a day, but when he choose to look in the proper direction, he could see the great monster, with its train, thundering through a narrow cut, on its way to the distant city. Besides this, the telegraph actually passed in front of his own door, one of the poles being less than twenty feet from his gate. He had watched the men while stringing the wires from one post to another, and he conceded that there was an improvement in the manner of their climbing. The old style was to hug a tree, and then rub the skin off the inside of your knees, with the face all the time turned yearningly upwards, and slipping backward almost as fast as you went upward. But these workmen, aided by the hooks strapped upon their boots, went up the poles as if they were ascending a pair of stairs; and there was an improvement so palpable that he could not refuse to grant its existence.

But those wires, fastened upon the upper parts of the poles by means of the necks of green porter bottles—what an outrageous humbug they were! He had sat by his window when no one was looking at him, and listened to the humming of the wind as it set the wires a-tremble, and he was sure there was nothing resembling words in such sounds as that.

When one of his neighbors told him, with a serious air, that it was intended that men themselves should travel over those wires, he spent a long time in looking up at the telegraph, and then he sadly shook his head.

'Any fool knows that it would be death on a feller's trowsers to scoot along on them wires, for no man living could hop over the tops of them poles quick enough to save his breeches from being ripped all to flinders. No, no; it's a humbug all the way through.'

But one morning a sudden and unaccountable resolution entered the head of Jabez Grummles to take a ride in the railroad car. How it came to enter his brain he could not tell himself, although some time afterward he declared that it was evident enough who put it there—it was the same sulphurous individual that has been making mischief in the world ever since the Creation.

He expected, when he announced the conclusion to which he had come, that the partner of his bosom would offer the most strenuous opposition, and he would have to leave her in a huff; but to his amazement and delight, she seemed to think it would do him good to take a little run down to the city, only twenty miles distant; and having made the trip herself on several occasions, she gave him a good deal of useful advice. She warned him to beware of pickpockets, of getting on and off the cars in too much of a hurry, and to look out for designing females, who assumed almost every guise (it is probable that this last caution was incited entirely by natural jealousy) to be careful not to lose his ticket, and, above all things to hold on to his money, and take no more along than he didn't possibly need.'

The last admonition convinced Jabez that it would never do to carry his funds after the manner of ordinary men, for of course the light-fingered gentry would know just how to go to work. So it was decided to put half of his funds in his neckerchief, which his wife carefully tied about his neck with her own hands.

'Nobody won't think of looking in such a place as *that 'ere* for money,' was the comment of his better half, as she gave the last jerk to the knot she was tying.

The rest of the money was placed in the inner vest-pocket, and the vest carefully buttoned over, so as to shut out all tapering and inquiring fingers, and thus it would seem that he was armed and equipped in the best possible manner for an expedition that did not really involve more than fifty miles altogether upon the rail.

Afterward, when Jabez was alone for a few minutes, he was seized by such a haunting fear that he might run short of funds that he quietly slipped twenty more dollars in the vest-pocket. He felt that it was all-important that on such an expedition there should be no disadvantage in such a respect.

And so, early one spring morning, Jabez Grummles started on his first railroad trip to the city.

The first thing which a novice attempts to do is to make those around him believe that he is not a novice, and that he has gone through this same performance until it has become a bore to him; and so, when Jabez sauntered into the depot, a half mile from his home, and asked for his ticket, no one unaware of the fact would have suspected that this was his first trip of the kind.

Jabez *did* feel a little weak in the knees when he heard the roar of the coming train, and was half resolved to turn about and retrace his steps homeward, when the fiery monster steamed up to the platform, giving out a whistle that almost lifted the hat from his head, and set a half dozen by-standers laughing at his awkwardness. But by a desperate effort, he screwed up his courage to the sticking point, followed those who were stringing through the car door and sat down in the nearest seat.

'Beg your pardon, sir, but that seat is taken,' remarked a polite young man, with his hat off and his hair parted in the middle; and at the same time he laid his hand upon the shoulder of the astonished Grummles, who, not exactly understanding what he meant, inquired:

'It is eh? Who took it?'

'I did, sir; and I will trouble you to give it up to me my friend.'

'Blast it! if they hain't got these blamed pews all rented out!' growled the disgusted Jabez.

And he rose, and walked a few steps, sat down rather gingerly beside a lady, who had a crying baby in her arms.

'Are you a married man?' asked the female, looking askance at him.

'Of course I am!' was the prompt, frigid reply of Jabez, who recalled the admonitions of his affectionate wife.

'Then might I ask you to hold my darling little baby a minute, while I git the paregoric out of my rittycule?'

'I—I s'pose so; but I ain't used to babies,' Jabez stammered, as the mother jammed it down in his lap, with such force as to cause a violent aspiration from both.

'I s'pose she owns this pew, and if I don't hold her baby, she'll put me out,' reflected Jabez, as he took the little dumpling on his knee and began dancing it, in the fashion he thought a married man would be likely to adopt.

'What is her name?' he inquired of the mother.

'It ain't *her*; it's a *him*. His name is George Washington Augustus Fitzdobbins D'vis Elverson Jones.'

'I should think it would need paregoric pretty reg'lar,' replied the amazed Jabez; 'and I should think a barrel of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup throwed in would help him along, as he gets older, and begins to wrestle with his own name—Thunder!'

Just then, the cars gave a sudden jolt, and the innocent baby's round, bald head went down, its fat legs up, and turning a back somersault, landed on the floor, between him and the mother.

'Oh, you brute!' screamed the latter, hysterical with terror. 'I've lost my baby! I've lost my baby!'

'No, you haven't, either,' protested the scarcely less flustered Jabez. 'I've got my foot on it, and won't let it get away.'

As soon as possible, Jabez Grummles picked out a seat at the other end of the car, where he made sure that the one who shared it with him was of his own sex.

This gentleman was engaged in reading *Saturday Night*, and naturally was so oblivious to everything else that he failed to hear the question that was asked him by Jabez, who was desirous of opening a conversation with him.

When the conductor came around to punch the tickets, our friend concluded that he was his man, and as he passed over pasteboard, he remarked, in the blandest manner possible:

'A fine morning, Mr.—What's your name?'

'Who said it wasn't?' blurted the conductor, as he reached out for another ticket and hurried on by.

Jabez concluded that if these people were too ill-mannered to enter into a pleasant conversation, he would let them alone; so he settled back in the seat, and looked over the paper of his neighbor, glanced out the car window.

The sight of the trees and houses whisking by with the speed of the wind, as it seemed, filled him with consternation, and he believed they were going with a velocity that was certain to produce some appalling catastrophe.

'I say, neighbor,' he said, nudging the gentleman beside him, 'don't you think there is a *leetle* danger?'

The man appealed to was somewhat of a wag, and laying down his paper, replied, with a voice that seemed quavering with fear:

'Yes, sir; there is danger; there is *always* danger upon this railroad.'

'That's what I thought; and I was a blamed fool for leaving home—Hello!'

This exclamation was caused by looking out of the car window and discovering the river, with its shipping, far beneath them. The train was rumbling over a bridge elevated at a great distance, and it seemed to the terrified countrymen they were a half mile at least up in the air.

'That's the first time I knowed these blamed things *flew*!' he gasped.

'Ah!' was the bland reply of the stranger, 'you are not accustomed to travel on this line.'

'No, sir; if I ever get home safe, you'll never catch me in these infernal things again!'

'This, you know, is the Balloon Express, that makes half the journey through the air. It's a fine way of traveling, if it wasn't that, about nine times out of ten, there is a smash up. There goes the signal now!' added the merciless wag, as the car-whistle gave out a terrific blast. 'You'd better brace yourself, for I guess we're going to the bow-wows certain sure.'

Poor Jabez, in the excess of his terror, turned so white and gave such signs of fainting that one man caught up a glass of water, and with several others, dashed toward him.

'Give him air! Loosen his necktie!'

One man proceeded to carry out the latter advice, and when he had finished, the crisp bank bills, that had been nestling there, in the belief that it was the safest place in which they could be hid, were gone.

In a few minutes Jabez revived, and looking about him with a bewildered air, he asked:

'Have we *lit*?'

It happened at this moment that the train was breaking up for one of the stations, and the wag, with some twinges of conscience, replied that they were alighting at that moment.

'Then I'll be hanged if I stay here any longer!' he exclaimed, springing up and dashing out the car, until the laughter of the passengers.

When Jabez stood upon the platform and looked at the train, puffing off in the distance, he recalled that he had left his umbrella on board, and examining his disordered neckerchief, found that the money placed there was also missing.

'I wouldn't go back in them infernal things ag'in for a thousand umbrellas and forty neckties stuffed with greenbacks.'

Upon inquiry he learned that he was something like ten miles from home, and as the day was quite warm, and was fully resolved not to enter the cars again, he felt some anxiety as to how he should reach his farm and wife.

'I guess I'll have to hire a wagon, if I can't find somebody going my way. It's lucky Priscilla thought to divide that money into two parcels, for I've got some left,' he added, as he punched his vest and felt the pocket-book beneath.

While he stood debating with himself as to what he had better do, and was walking up and down the platform, loth to ask information of any one, his eye struck the following hand-bill, tacked up on the outside of the station building:

'FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.—The above reward will be paid for the capture and conviction of Richard Scrover, who, it is believed, is the leader of the gang of horse thieves that have plundered this country and neighborhood during a year and more past.

'The said Scrover is a large, fleshy man, with a red countenance, bald head, generally carries a large bull's eye watch, with large gold chains has a clean-shaven face; light-gray eyes; end of nose very red; a set of fine, even teeth; walks with a slight limp, and generally pretends to be an innocent farmer.

'The above reward will be paid on the arrest and conviction of this scoundrel, who was seen but a short time since in this neighborhood.

'ADMIJAH HOBART,
'JACOB HOTCHKISS.'

'*Thunder!*' gasped Jabez Grummles, as he stared at this handbill, after reading it through—'*that's me!*'

No it was, the description corresponding exactly with his personal appearance, even to the limp in walking. It was an extraordinary coincidence, to say the least.

'I guess I'd better get away from here as soon as I can,' he added, glancing furtively about him; 'they'll take me for the leader of them hoss thieves as sure as I am born. There's a feller watching me now.'

So there was, beyond question; and walking down from the platform, Jabez started in a homeward direction. He sauntered along with an indifferent air until he passed a curve in the road, when he struck off at a gait that was as a run as possible.

'There he goes! there he goes! Head him off! Quick! That's Scrover, sure!'

Jabez just then was passing a narrow stretch of woods, when, hearing these voices, he turned his head and saw three men running toward him.

The worst of it was that each carried a gun in his hand, and seemed to be eager for an excuse to use it upon him.

It was no pleasant prospect—that of being arrested as the leader of a gang of horse thieves—for it is well known that communities, as a rule, are very tender on the horse question, and will hang a man sooner for that than for any other known crime. But Jabez preferred running such a risk to that of being triply perforated; and so, when he was summoned to surrender, he did so with a bland insinuation that possibly they had made a slight mistake.

They replied they guessed not, that they rather suspected a vigilance committee, down the road, would like to make his acquaintance.

At mention of this terrible organization, the cold sweat broke out upon Jabez again, and he offered all the money that remained in his possession if they would take him to a safe place, and hold him until he could prove his identity. He was certain that there must be some at this comparatively short distance from home who knew him, by name at least.

However, one of the men accepted the money, and conducted him to the corner store, around which a crowd instantly gathered, with shouts of 'Lynch him! lynch him! Fetch out the hoss thief and string him up!'

Matters were becoming critical, when providentially a man appeared upon the scene who knew him well, living within a mile of his home.

After considerable difficulty, a release was effected; and when Jabez Grummles returned to the partner of his bosom, that evening, he solemnly took down the Revolutionary musket that hung over the fire-place, and handing it to her said:

'Wife, that's got in a double load of buckshot, besides a bullet. The first time you hear me propose to take a ride on them infernal railroad cars, take aartin aim at me, and blaze away!'

'Don't, be alarmed, Jabez; *I will!*' was the tender reply of the affectionate wife.

'Are you guility or not guilty?' asked a Judge of a prisoner the other day. 'Arid sure now,' said Pat, 'what are you put there for but to find it out?'

The road to Father's Heart.

Jacob Blivens is a young man who lived in Alleghaney; he was desperately in love with Amelia S——, and Amelia was said to fully reciprocate the youth's attachment. Jack thought it was time to broach the subject to Amelia's father, who was unaware that Bliven's uncle had died two weeks before, leaving Jake a handsome legacy. The young man with Amelia on his arm, came into the presence of the father.

'Good evening, Mr. S——,' said Blivens, hesitatingly, while Amelia grew scarlet.

'Eh!' exclaimed the old gentleman, looking up, and his prophetic soul telling him what was coming.

'What's this?'

'Why Amelia and me—'

'Amelia,' interrupted the old man.

'By dad! how the young dogs do get familiar on short acquaintance; it was Miss Amelia a week ago.'

'Yes, sir, but things have changed since last week,' said Blivens, boldly, 'an' we've come to ask your consent.'

'Diabolical wretch ——!'

Amelia here commenced her part by stopping the old man's mouth with a kiss. 'Your consent,' continued Blivens, taking Amelia by the hand and kneeling at the stern parent's feet—'to be joined in the holy bonds of—'

'Pernicious caitiff! Out of my house!' cried Mr. S——, wildly. 'D'ye think my daughter shall marry a beggar?'

'Oh, just hold up a minute; you gits mad so easy that nobody can tell you nothing,' said poor Blivens. 'My uncle died.'

'And what the duce did he died for?' said Mr. S——

'I didn't ask him, sir, but bein' as he is dead, and Amelia loves me, and—'

'Mendacious parvenu! Do you love this villain, Amelia?'

'Yes, papa, replied the fair Amelia, blushingly.

'I'll disown you for it,' said Mr. S——'I expected great things of you.'

'Well, as I was saying,' Blivens went on, 'she loves me and I love her, an' we both love each other, an' we want your consent.'

This was very bold in Blivens, and the old man didn't answer. Amelia looked hopeful at her Jake, and looked anxiously at Amelia's papa.

'And if you do marry her, what have you got in the way of fortune?' at length said Mr. S——, 'a piccadilly collar and boiled shirt, I suppose.'

'No sir, I've got eight piccadillies and five shirts, replied Jacob, besides $10,000 that my uncle left me, and—'

'What! my dear Jacob! Why, my dear boy, bless your heart, why the duce didn't you say so before?' cried the old man, shaking Bliven by the hand.

'Here, Amelia; take her, young man, and may heaven bless you both.'

It is reported that Mr. Smith has asked his son-in-law for a loan of $9,000 and that Jake had refused and taken his wife to New York, where he intends to be free from father-in-lawism.—*Pittsburg Herald.*

'Colonel Pompey, how is you dis morning?' 'Look'ee here, nigga! Don't you call me colonel no more, since de white folks done run dis ting in de ground. I'se a major or nothing arter dis!'

'Yes, purty tuff times,' replied a Detroit bootblack the other day, 'and Bill says they is to be still tuffer afore spring. I'd go on the stage this winter, but I haint no good clothes. I'd like to get to be cashier in a bank, but I hain't high enough. I've thought some of being a lawyer, but they say that lawyers lie so I guess if the weather holds bad, I'll go to heaven' as office of some kind at the City Hall.