

# THE ANSONIAN.

FEARLESSLY THE RIGHT DEFEND—IMPARTIALLY THE WRONG CONDEMN.

VOLUME I.

POLKTON, ANSON CO., N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1874.

NUMBER 9.

## Farm and Household Department.

### Domestic Recipes.

Cakes without eggs.—Two cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of sweet cream, two small teaspoonfuls of saleratus, four cupfuls of flour; flavor with nutmeg or lemon, and bake in small scalloped tins.

To get rid of red ants in closets.—Throw some twigs of tomato vines on the shelves; or let the shelves be made of black walnut. Either will drive them away.

Muffins.—One quart of milk, three eggs, one cup of melted butter, five tablespoonfuls of yeast, one teaspoonful of saleratus, stir in flour until it is a thick batter. To be baked on a griddle.

Pancakes.—One egg, two spoonfuls of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, three cups of flour.

Sago Pudding.—Two large spoons of sago boiled in one quart of milk, the peel of a lemon, little nutmeg; when cool add four eggs; little salt. Bake about one hour and a half. Eat with sugar and cream.

Macaroni Mutton.—Some slices of mutton, one-quarter pound of macaroni, sauce of any kind, pepper, salt, a teaspoonful of vinegar, and a little water. Put all together in a stewpan, keep the lid on, and stew gently for an hour or an hour and a half.

Orange Cream.—Take half a dozen oranges, grate the peel into a pint and a half of hot water, and beat up with it four eggs; sweeten the liquid, pass it through a strainer, then simmer it until it becomes of the consistency of cream, and pour it into glasses.

### Dairying.

The Hon. Francis Douglas, of Whiting, Vermont, gives some good ideas on dairying. He says that the time when block-heads could succeed is past, and that success depends upon the mental power and educated skill brought to the business. Physical force is certainly important, but alone it will not answer, and they who depend most upon muscle and work hardest make least money. Men, who toil long, and do not quit till dusk, and then milk their cows, do neither themselves nor the cows justice, and while they may think they gain they lose. Being overworked, they have neither time nor ability for thinking, and they go on the old way un-mindful of the progress of the times, of the improvements in stock and of the markets, and their butter is made in a slipshod way, bringing little more than half price. Their cows yield a gross return of no more than thirty or forty dollars a year, their houses are without conveniences, their families lack advantages, and they complain of the poorness of the business. On the contrary the man who thinks and investigates first obtains good cows, such as will produce 300 pounds of butter a year, and so much pains are taken in all parts of its manufacture that it sells for from 40 to 60 cents a pound, and the cows will bring in a gross revenue of one hundred and fifty dollars a year, two-thirds of which is clear profit. Thus the hard working farmer may barely live, while the thinking farmer gradually gets rich. Still, good sturdy work is the basis of all only it needs intelligent direction, and this is the truth Mr. Douglas would teach.

### To Make Charlotte Russe.

This is usually made in a scalloped, oval tin mold, three inches in depth, but a quart tin pan can do duty for it. Dissolve one large tablespoonful of gelatine in two-thirds of a tumbler of new milk, boiling it slowly, having first wetted the gelatine with two tablespoonfuls of cold water, and soak it ten minutes, as this makes it dissolve more readily in the boiling milk, which can be heated as the gelatine soaks. Add to it two large tablespoonfuls of white sugar. Beat three eggs well, and when the gelatine is melted and the milk cool enough not to scald them, stir carefully. Add one teaspoonful of extract of vanilla or lemon; then strain through a sieve. Cut sponge cake into slices half an inch thick, and fit them neatly and closely into the dish, covering the bottom of it first. Beat up a pint of thick cream with the milk and eggs, all ready prepared, until it is well frothed. Do it either with a whip-churn or egg-beater. Set the mold into a pan filled with pounded ice or salt; turn in the beaten mixture; cover it with very thin slices of cake. Place another pan over it; set it in a cool place for three or four hours, or as much longer as you desire, and you will have a delicious dish at a cheap rate.

### Chapped Hands.

The following is recommended as a cheap, convenient, and excellent domestic preparation for the above. Take fresh unsalted butter and beeswax, equal parts, melt them together and apply after each washing of the hands or face. Another remedy, a little more costly, but perhaps better, is equal parts of mutton tallow and beeswax melted together. When cold, thin the mixture down to the proper consistency by the gradual addition of glycerine, which should be thoroughly incorporated with it by means of a case-knife. Either of the above may be perfumed to suit the taste, or rather the smell.

## The Wandering Earl.

He Takes to the Sea from Love of a "Life on the Ocean Wave."

A writer in the *Sailor's Magazine* and *Seamen's Friend* gives a detailed account of the life of the late George Hamilton Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen, from the time he shipped as a merchant seaman from Boston. This singular action in a young man of such position and admirable qualities is explained as follows:

"The motives which induced him to take this step can never be fully known. But he appears to have been influenced partly by the belief that his lungs were weak, and that his health would be benefited by sea voyages in a warm climate; partly by a mistaken idea that retrenchment in his expenditure was necessary, but chiefly, no doubt, by his intense love for a sea life, which dated from his boyhood, and was then so strong that his father had given his consent to his entering the Royal Navy, had he not been found to have passed the age prescribed by the rules of the service."

The Earl is described as very handsome in face and figure, six feet in height, and of a singularly winning address. He chose to call himself the name of George H. Osborne, and under that designation he was known from the time that he sailed on his first voyage—from Boston to the Canary Islands in the summer of 1866. On his return voyage from the islands the vessel in which he sailed was nearly wrecked through the incapacity of the captain and mates. She was saved through his skill and energy, and the idea then entered his mind that he would devote himself to the study of navigation, in order to be fitted for taking command of a ship. Accordingly he spent the winter at Boston, studying both at the Nautical College and at a commercial school. After obtaining from the examiner in the Nautical College a certificate that he had passed as a first class navigator, and in seamanship second class, he proceeded to New York to present himself for examination before the Board of the American Shipmasters' Association. The result in his case is recorded as follows: "4969. George H. Osborne. Lunars and D. Alts. good. Chron.: Very good, 9."

The 9 shows the number of marks; the highest given is 10; 4 is the pass number. Immediately upon receiving this certificate he took passage to Galveston. Thence he went to New Orleans, and soon afterwards shipped as a second mate on board a bark taking in old iron and machinery at Mobile. Here he got his fingers crushed, and he had to return to New Orleans, from whence he sailed as a seaman for Vera Cruz on the 28th of April, 1867. The vessel was long detained on account of the war. In one of his letters he wrote: "One day, in Vera Cruz, a cannon ball came and struck a tailor's shop close to me, just about six feet from the ground. I immediately went and stood with my head in the hole until the cannonading ceased. I thought it unlikely that another shot would come just to that same spot, but while I was there seven people were killed in the square."

The Earl spent some time in 1868 at Richmond, Me., to which place he returned and made it his home between his subsequent voyages. In October he was engaged as mate on board the *Walton*, and in December was promoted to the command of the vessel and sailed for Jacksonville, Fla. His next voyage was to Galveston, Tex., from whence he went to Pensacola, Fla. He returned to Richmond on the 6th of June, 1869, and made several other coasting voyages in the *Walton*. But in consequence of some difference of opinion with the owners with regard to repairing and rigging the ship, he resigned his command and returned to Richmond.

About the 1st of January, 1870, Lord Aberdeen went to Boston and engaged himself as first mate with Captain Kent, of the *Hera*, a newschooner bound for Melbourne. It was before the dawn of the sixth day's sail from Boston, on the 27th of January, 1870, that his end came. The following is the account given by one of the sailors who was standing near him at the time: "I was in the watch of the first mate, George H. Osborne. He had the watch from four to eight A. M. We were lowering the mainsail. Osborne and I were side by side hauling on the same rope. The ship gave a heavy roll, and the down-haul got slack; then with another roll the down-haul got taut. Osborne and I were both caught in the bight of the down-haul. The first shock came on him because he was nearer the sail than I. I had time to lay myself down, and the rope passed over me, while Osborne was dragged across me and into the sea. I saw him fall into the sea, but I could do nothing to prevent it. It was the work of a second. I saw him come to the surface. It was not a dark night. I threw him a rope as soon as I possibly could. I heard him call out to launch the boat and call the captain. We threw him planks and ropes, but he did not succeed in lying hold. The boat was cast loose as quickly as we could; but by the time the boat was loose it was too late. I don't think any men could have gone in the boat without great danger to life. Some of the Boston men

volunteered to go in her, but the captain thought it was not right to risk their lives. I heard what I believed to be Osborne's last cry before the boat was ready. We never heard or saw him again."

### About Cats.

The catamount of North America is not a cat, but a far larger and stronger animal, and of a different species. The wild cat of Europe is nothing but the tame cat in a savage state. The Manx cat not only differs from the common breed in having no tail, but his hind legs are longer, his head larger, and his intelligence, I think, somewhat higher. Possibly the spinal nervous force which was formerly absorbed by his caudal extremity has ascended into his brain and reinforced its action. The suggestion is thrown out for the benefit of those philosophers who insist that man's first step in improvement was the getting rid of his tail. If this reasoning is correct, we may expect something great of the Japanese pussy, which is also tailless.

At Tobolsk there is a red breed; in China a variety with drooping ears; in middle Asia the Angora, with long fur and mane. Of this last species is the favorite of Victor Hugo, a monstrous old curmudgeon in the style of a small lion, who inspired the poet Mery with the saying—"God made the cat to give man the pleasure of caressing the tiger."

A grumalkin which was brought from the coast of Guinea to England had short, bluish gray hair, a curiously wrinkled skin, black long legs, and a general eccentricity of aspect. In New Zealand, in the Highlands of Scotland, and probably in all other countries, the animals which return to the savage state take on a dappled gray color. When, therefore, you see a gray cat, you may infer that he has a good constitution and a large infusion of the hunting instinct.

Wild cats, when domesticated, bear a high character as mousters, but are furious quarrelers with their own sex of the same species.

### Determining the Vitality of Seed Corn.

A correspondent of the *Western Farmer* says: "On the upper side of the kernel, or the side next to the tip of the ear, is a cove or indentation. At the bottom of this cove lies the germ, and very near the surface, being covered with little else than the thin hull of the kernel. If the seed possesses vitality, this germ will be plainly visible in the form of a narrow, rounded cord or stripe, running from the head of the cove toward the point of the kernel, and usually of a darker color than the general surface of the cove. It is not necessary that the germ should form a ridge through the bottom of the cove. Its appearance is more as if imbedded in the kernel and slightly covered with a semi-transparent surface. If the enamel of the cove is bright and smooth and the line visible, we may be sure the seed will germinate. If the surface of the cove is dull and wrinkled and no line visible, it will be useless to test it in earth. Let any one not accustomed to observe these indications take a bright, sound ear, and a decidedly unripe one, break them in the middle and look at the kernels in the break on the stem halves, and he will at once see the difference. By this rule I have selected seed from the crib from among much that was unsound, and with unfailing success. Many doubtless understand all this, but may well repeat it at this time."

### Ascension Day.

Ascension day comes forty days after Easter, and this year it fell on May 14. The event celebrated was the ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ. After He arose from the dead He remained forty days upon this earth, meeting with His disciples and friends. St. Paul tells us that at one time Jesus was seen by over 500 brethren at once. You will find accounts of what He did and said between His resurrection and ascension in the last chapter of each of the Gospels. When the time came for Jesus to ascend into Heaven He was walking with His disciples, and He led them out on Mount Olivet as far as Bethany, where Lazarus lived; and while He was talking with them He was taken up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight. Filled with wonder, they continued gazing after Him as He went up, when two men in white apparel, angels, stood by them and said—"Why stand ye gazing up into Heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into Heaven shall so come as ye have seen Him go." Comforted by these words, the disciples returned to Jerusalem, and went into an upper room. There they remained with many more who loved their Lord, praying to Him. He had gone into Heaven itself, to appear in the presence of God for them and for all who loved Him then or now.—*Exchange*.

You may talk yourself into a bronchial affection, but you can't convince a Western woman that there won't be a death in the family if she dreams of seeing a hen walking a picket fence.

## Joking in San Jose.

There is a great deal of valuable wit wasted in the desert air of San Jose.

A runaway team dashed into the front door of McLaughlin & Ryland's bank a few days ago, and smashed about \$100 worth of paint and wood work.

No sooner had the wreck been cleared away than a humorous citizen stepped up to the counter and remarked to the cashier, "Well, Mr. Hoffman, you've had quite a little run on your bank, I see."

The cashier smiled faintly, and the humorous citizen left the place chuckling spasmodically at his own joke. In about two minutes another citizen stepped in and remarked to the cashier, "This is what you call a run on the bank, I suppose," and he laughed convulsively. The cashier smiled rather more feebly than at the first, and citizen No. 2 went up the street, telling every man he met what a good joke he had "got off."

The cashier meanwhile had opened his ledger, dipped his pen in the ink bottle, was just about to make an entry, when a third citizen stepped up to the counter and said, "I understand there has been a run on the bank?" The cashier stared at him solemnly, and the citizen went out, wondering at the stupidity of people who were not intelligent enough to appreciate and laugh at a real good original pun. The cashier, whose statististical instincts were now aroused, resolved to keep tally of the number of men who might perpetrate that remarkably funny joke during the rest of the day.

The number of visitors was unusually large, and, strangely enough, the idea of there having been a run on the bank suggested itself to every one. Toward the close of business hours, Owens, of the *San Jose Mercury*, walked in timidly, probably with the intention of applying for a call loan of six bits to get his other shirt from the Chinaman's. Before issuing his financial prospectus, however, he, with all the tact of an experienced borrower, resolved to put the cashier in good humor by an original joke. "Good afternoon, Mr. Hoffman," said Owens. "Good afternoon, sir," replied the cashier, casting his cold, professional eye at the free love editor, and intuitively divining the object of his visit. "Quite a run you have had on your bank," said Owens, with a significant emphasis on the word "run," so that the point might be made visible without the aid of plans and specifications. "What did you say?" replied the urbane Hoffman, taking a note book from his pocket. "Quite a little run on your bank," reiterated Owens, who began to fidget nervously. "I thought that was what you said," replied Hoffman, making a mark in his little book. "Then," said the eminent punster, "may I inquire what are you marking down?" "Yes," said Hoffman, "I am keeping count of the number who got off that same little pun. You make only 67." "Sheepish," is a term by no means comprehensive enough to describe how the spiritualistic Owens looked just about that time. He tried to smile, but the effect only resulted in a painful sneeze, and he shambled out of the bank without saying a word about the small loan.

### Somewhat Prudish.

Grace Greenwood has the following in the *Washington Capital*, apropos of sundry criticisms which have presumably been made in that city on an entertainment in which she took part: "All the objectors and grumblers remind me of a certain old New England deacon living in one of the quietest, primest and piouset of the country villages. I need not say that nothing like these vain and theatrical church-entertainments was known there. But one winter some ladies of the parish, carried away by the fast spirit of the times, got up a 'mite society,' and the deacon's decorous daughters joined. Usually its sessions were over at nine P. M.; but one night, owing to the length of the closing hymn and prayer, the mite-ites were kept about twenty minutes later. It was half-past nine when the deacon's daughters reached home. The deacon met them at the door. He had sat up for them. He pointed sternly to the old hall clock and exclaimed: 'Girls, I should like to know what you mean by such behavior? If this isn't debauchery I'd like to know what is?'"

### Linseed Oil.

Linseed oil is obtained from flaxseed, by grinding the same under heavy stones, set on edge and made to revolve on beds of stone. Attached to the edge stone are scrapers which throw the seed into the circular track of the roller. The ground seed is placed in strong, woven woolen bags, which bags are covered with mats made of horse hair and sole leather, of a proper and sufficient width to protect the bags in the operation of pressing. These mats with their contents are subjected to an immense hydraulic pressure, and the expressed oil flows off into large tanks, where it is allowed to settle. What remains in the bags after the pressure is known as oil cake. About 8,000,000 gallons of linseed oil are used annually in the United States.

## The Thugs.

### Their Love of Blood and Devotion to Bhowanie.

The first instrument of destruction adopted by this exterminating goddess is the knife, but finding that wherever the warm life blood flowed out, there a new being sprang into existence to fill the void, Bhowanie ordered the substitution of the present mode of strangulation by means of a handkerchief, or a cord with a noose at one end, and so her followers have ever since taken the lives of their victims. The noose is thrown with unerring dexterity over the head of the doomed man, and while with one hand it is instantly tightened around the neck by means of a sudden jerk, with the other the captive is thrown violently to the ground, which he scarcely touches ere the blackened face and bloodshot eyes proclaim the struggle at an end. The bodies are buried where slain, and the ground burned over to prevent detection.

The leader of a band of Thugs, captured a few years ago, said, while on trial, that the moments of the most exquisite pleasure he had ever known were those in which he had gazed on the starting eyes and stiffening limbs of his victims, and the cup of most exquisite joy which he could conceive was that of taking life in order to lay his victims on the altar of Bhowanie, "whose longings," said he, "can never cease while a single human being exists."

The majority of the Thugs are trained to their murderous vocation from early childhood, and are carefully instructed in its doctrines and duties by Guru, himself a retired Thug, too old or feeble for active duty. Quite a considerable number of adults enter annually the lists as candidates for membership. When thus received, they are for a long time carefully watched, being first employed only as decoys or guardsmen, then as grave diggers, and not until after long trial and well attested fidelity are they received into fellowship, and intrusted with the signals and technicalities by means of which the gang converse freely with each other without the possibility of being understood by the uninitiated.

The "investiture with the handkerchief" is the ceremony which inducts either a new member or juvenile neovitate, and this must be performed in the presence of the entire company and by unanimous consent. It was formerly customary to tattoo the name of Bhowanie on the upper part of the left arm of her followers by puncturing the skin, and tracing the characters with a fine needle dipped in the juice of the abana. As the virus diffused itself, the letters became of a fiery red, and were utterly ineffaceable. But this practice has been discontinued, as affording to their enemies too clear an evidence of discipleship to Bhowanie. This knowledge of the password is now the fullest proof of membership, and without this it is impossible to obtain admittance to any of their secret sessions or solemn convocations.

### Wife Catching.

The marriage ceremony of the Esquimaux is performed curiously. When a boy kills a polar bear, it is considered sufficient proof of his ability to maintain a family; he is therefore told to go and catch a wife. Watching his opportunity at night, he pounces upon a victim and attempts to carry her off. She, however, struggles and shrieks until she has collected around her a group of sympathisers. She then turns upon her captor, and bites and scratches until he is compelled to release her; then she darts into the crowd and attempts to escape. The expectant bridegroom follows her, but not unmolested. All the old women take scourges of dried sealskin and flagellate him unmercifully as he passes, making at the same time every effort to arrest him in his course. If, despite these little impediments to matrimonial bliss, he should catch his victim, the biting and scratching scene is renewed, and in all probability he is compelled to release her, and the chase, with its attendant discomforts, is resumed. Should he overcome all obstacles, the third capture proves effectual, and the victim, ceasing her struggles, is led away among the acclamations and rejoicings of the assembled multitude.

CONVIVING.—The latest trick was played by the girls in a California Seminary. Instead of using the three-cent stamp on their letters, they adopted the plan of using three one-cent stamps. The letters were so very plain and matter-of-fact, and the attempts at evading surveillance in the old fashioned way grew so scarce, that one inspecting teacher investigated this whim. And lo! the cunning creatures had taken to writing tender, emotional little epistles to their lovers under the stamps.

A meeting of clergymen of all denominations was held in Boston to consider the temperance movement. A variety of opinions was expressed as to the best mode of procedure, and finally a committee was appointed to arrange some basis for union, and report at a future meeting.

## Notes of the Day.

Russia has abolished imprisonment for debt.

Michigan's treasury boasts a million dollars of surplus.

The street cars in Pittsburgh, Pa., reduced their rates of fare recently, and the result is an increase in the receipts.

The latest footing up of the Western press shows 154 papers that sustain the President's veto, 84 that oppose it and 15 on the fence.

The young ladies of Sacramento, Cal., have a detective society for finding out the habits of the young men. When they find out anything, they are disabled for several days thereafter by their efforts to keep it secret.

A little boy in St. Cloud a few days ago undertook to see if he could lift himself by hanging on a mule's tail. He found out all about it, and the doctors think the skin on his forehead will grow up, but will leave a bad scar.

During the progress of a dry goods clerks' ball in the Bowery, recently, some fiend availed himself of a pause in *Les Lancers* to rap on a chair with the butt end of a pencil, and cry, in shrill tones, "Ca a-a-sh."

So many individuals have been arrested on suspicion of being old Bender, the Kansas murderer, that now from Cape Cod to San Francisco there is hardly an ill-favored old man who doesn't feel ticklish at the sight of a police officer.

A Georgia paper says: "Every village and borough in the State is projecting the erection of factories of various kinds. We never knew a period in the history of Georgia when so much money was put into manufacturing business as at present."

A retiring editor says: I have never been horsewhipped, reviled, knifed, kicked, licked, bricked, pummeled or cursed for anything I have said, written, done, or left undone as an editor, and in ceasing to be one I am filled with a melancholy sadness.

While a couple of women were discussing the other day, the merit of a certain physician, one of them asked the other what kind of a doctor it was "Sure, I dunno," was the reply, "but I think it's an alpaca doctor they call him."

"Hallo, how are you? Can't stop, though, or I shan't miss my train!" "Dodger: "Catch it, you mean." "Dodger: "No, I don't. I always used to miss my right train, so now I always miss the one before it, and get home in time for dinner! Ta, ta!"

### How They Would Take It.

Congressman Phelps, of New Jersey, in discussing the Centennial question and criticizing the propriety of inviting foreign powers to attend the celebration, said:

We ask them to celebrate our glory and their humiliation; the rise of the institutions which we cherish, and the fall of the institutions which they admire and cherish. Under such circumstances, can we expect that England will take a zealous interest in an enterprise which celebrates the loss of the finest jewel that was in her crown? Can we expect that William, already struggling with the independence of his own Parliament, will desire to call the attention of his Prussian magistrates to the more conspicuous exhibition of this Republican Government? Can we expect MacMahon, who in the name of Brutus, is wielding the sceptre of the Cæsars, to call the attention of France to a Government which is of the people, by the people, and for the people? It seems to me that to make of this an international exhibition, and to invite men who belong to what is called the *effete* monarchies to come here and rejoice with us in our celebration is absurd and ludicrous. It is, to me, as if a man urging his unwilling bachelor friend to marry, should tell him that if he would only marry he would get a mother-in-law.

### The Scent of Carrion.

It has been generally supposed that crows and vultures have been attracted to carrion by means of an almost supernatural development of the sense of smell. But, according to observations made by Mr. Dunlop, who has been traveling in the East, a different reason is assigned for the gathering together of these birds of prey. He says: "Vultures are constantly wheeling far out of sight in the sky; they have a very keen sight, and the instant that any one changes his idle wheel for a fixed course toward an object, every vulture in sight follows him. The most distant of them has others, again, more distant to follow him, and thus the fact of food to eat is telegraphed for hundreds of miles."

LOCUST YEAR.—The Cornwall correspondent of the *Newburgh Journal* writes: "We were reminded a few days since while digging about the yard, that this is to be locust year. Immense numbers of these little fellows, nearly full-grown, are now making their way upward, and are within eight or ten inches of the surface of the ground. They will probably put in their appearance some time in June. They come every seventeen years."