

THE ANSONIAN.

FEARLESSLY THE RIGHT DEFEND—IMPARTIALLY THE WRONG CONDEMN.

VOLUME I.

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Farm and Household Department.

To Improve Bog Meadows.

At a meeting of the Farmers' Club, Mr. Ely read a paper on the importance of bog meadows. He said:—

Bogs only grow where there is an excess of water. They start grass early on their hummocks, but it soon becomes so coarse and tough that no cow or horse will eat it. First drain-it well; cut a main ditch. Then if there are springs on its border on the outside, dig your drains so as to cut them all off. If you have your outlet, that is the main drain, so low as to carry all the surplus water off, your bogs will all die in a short time, making it an easy matter to cut them off by using a stout bog hoe made for the purpose. Do not pile them up on the ground, but draw them off; make a pile of old rubbish, wood, and stumps, that will start a fire in the heap; once well on fire they will burn till they are all consumed, making you a fine lot of ashes. Make your ditches somewhat in the shape of the letter V, slanting on each side towards the bottom. Do not let the bog dirt remain on the side of your ditches, but draw it off to some upland. It will pay you well for so doing. The first year plow as well as you can; narrow well some dry day; sow with turnip-seed in July, using guano, about 400 pounds to the acre. I have raised them to weigh fifteen pounds each. If the ground on meadow is pure bog dirt with marl underneath, you can the next year venture to sow onion seed. They are the best crop to raise on such ground. Cabbage is the next best. Cucumbers are the next, but they are apt to grow crooked if the ground is not kept dry enough. Beets, carrots, and parsnips I have tried; they will not grow well, owing to the continued moisture below. I am now setting out a large piece with the colossal asparagus, as I find it takes kindly to the soil. Have tried potatoes; if the season is too wet, the potatoes will set on the vines above ground and the crop will be a failure. Fodder corn I raise in large quantities, and with but little labor. These bog meadows require deep drainage, good judgment, common sense, expense, time, labor, and industry to keep them in good condition. Your ditches must be at least once a year cleaned out. The top of the water in your ditches should always be two feet from the top to the ground, and if the soil is deep you can raise crops for many years with but little manure or other fertilizers.

I have reclaimed such ground by this plan that three years ago did not pay the taxes; now I have fine crops of onions growing in their season, and I consider it the best and most productive land on my farm.

Raising Fruit.

A correspondent asks why Southern Pennsylvania is not as good a fruit producing country as in times past. In answer, says a fruit tree dealer, I will say the masses are less informed on the subject of fruit growing than almost any other. The nurseryman who can sell the cheapest gets the farmer's custom. For the last thirty years we have been selling trees grafted on roots cut in pieces three and four inches long. (All extensive nurseries, I believe, graft on this principle.) A tree produced in this way costs about one-third as much as to graft on the whole root, but they are short-lived, and at the expiration of about ten years we sell you another lot. Don't you see the point? Naturalists tell us the average life of the apple is seventy years when grown from the seed. Your first orchards were undoubtedly largely of this class, probably grafted or budded in the top, but possessing the whole root. Now, if you desire to see your orchard bending under an enormous load of fruit, return to your former habits. Instruct your nurseryman to graft your trees on the whole root, though they may cost a trifle more.

Dust Baths for Poultry.

Cleanliness is important in fowl-houses, for experience shows that poultry are unfavorably affected by the emanations from filthy quarters, and besides, working in places where roosts and floors are covered with droppings, is decidedly unpleasant. Dry earth, in the form of powder, scattered everywhere, will absorb the bad odors, giving a wholesome atmosphere to the hen-house, and at the same time preserve the manure in the least offensive condition. Besides these purposes, a box of dry earth should be in a convenient corner of every fowl-house for the fowls to roll in. Dust from the highway is the most convenient. Replace the same by an equal quantity of good gravel, and the public will be the gainer.

Singular Cause of Death.

A bookkeeper in the employ of a lumber firm in Detroit, Mich., became suddenly ill, and the *Free Press* says the several physicians who were called decided that one of his lungs was affected with an abscess caused by rubbing his side against the table. He was told that the abscess would break within two days, and that the chances were that he would die. He made preparations for his decease, and his death occurred within a few minutes after the abscess broke.

The Last of Sham.

A Lesson for the People of this Day and Generation.

By and by, perhaps, we shall get it beaten into our heads that sham, considered from a purely business point of view, doesn't pay; indeed, is the poorest of all possible investments. It is high time we did. If this Mill River homicide sets the American public thinking on the subject, the dead will not have died in vain. A reservoir is built on the cheap and flimsy plan. It bursts, kills 150 people and devastates four villages. Isn't it pretty plain figuring that, in this case, sham hasn't paid? Aside from the lives lost—and human life in these days has a money value, measurable in dollars and cents, as corporations are beginning to find out—a good many hundred thousand dollars' worth of property, accumulated by the labor and thrift of years, has been wiped out in a very few minutes. Isn't the failure of the reservoir's owners to see that it was honestly and substantially built in the first instance a pretty plain case of penny-wisdom and pound-foolishness? And this is but one case out of hundreds and thousands. It is a lamentable and alarming fact that sham work of all sorts has become very common with us of late years; so common as to be accepted by too many of us as a matter of course. Every intelligent man sees the fact; every thoughtful man deplores it. For sham is merely a shorter word for dishonesty. It is at once a lie and a theft. But the children have got hold of a law of the universe when they say in their games that cheating never prospers. It may seem to prosper for a while. But the prosperity that is built on fraud is built on the sand; one day the flood comes, there is a crash, and that is the end. The sham reservoir gives way; the sham house tumbles in; the sham fire-proof city shrivels to ashes; the sham values collapse; the sham bank breaks; the sham statesmanship, Christian or otherwise, is found out. Carlyle was right; "lying is not permitted in this universe." The Almighty has set his canon against it. It is as bad political economy as it is bad morals. The worst of it is, that a part of the penalty always and unavoidably falls upon the innocent.

It is time there was a general revolt against this costly and cruel shoddiness which is sapping the prosperity and eating out the morality of the land. It is a hopeful sign, and of good omen, that so many influential newspapers should take occasion of the Mill River affair to direct public attention to it. Sham buildings, sham engineering, sham financing, sham statesmanship—we have already tolerated them a good deal too long. Some of them may perhaps be reached by legislation; but we must own to having very little faith in the statute by itself, either as preventive or remedy. We would prescribe instead, education—the education of a sound, wholesome, aggressive public sentiment that will hit the head of a sham wherever it sees it—the education of the child at home, the boy at school, the young man at college or at the work bench, to honesty and thoroughness, and a self-respect that will not suffer him even to de-ceive in a reward that he has not fairly and honestly earned. The symptoms of the disease blotch and pimple the whole face of our society; but its seat is in the individual character; no radical cure can be effected until the remedy is applied there. At present the American young man too often desires above everything else to acquire riches hastily.

"You must have a pride in your work," said Caleb Garth, "and in learning to do it well and not be always saying, 'There's this and there's that—if I had this or that to do, I might make something of it?' No matter what a man is, I wouldn't give two pence for him, whether he was the Prime Minister or the rich Thatcher, if he didn't do well what he undertook to do." The great need of the country to-day is a generation of young Caleb Garths.

Action of Hard Waters on Lead.

Investigations made and published by an English physician, confirm the statement made by other experimenters, that while hard waters of a certain kind exercise a protecting influence on lead, there are others which act energetically upon this metal. It seems from these researches then that hard waters do not protect lead, simply from the fact of their being hard; but this protection, when effected, is dependent not only on the nature of the salt causing the hardness, but also on the proportion present; for while all experience proves that a small amount of sulphate, at any rate of sulphate of lime, does protect the lead, a large quantity of sulphate of magnesia acts considerably upon it. It also appears that chlorides act upon lead, either with or without the presence of a sulphate, but their action is not so great as that of soluble carbonates. These results, however, do not practically affect the question of the safety of using lead for common waters, so far as sulphates are concerned, it being well known that no bad consequences, on the score of health, result from such use.

Feminine Tact.

How Some Women Submit to their Husbands.

Figaro is responsible for the following: Mrs. Jones says she hates these women who are always crying out for their rights. She is happy, and contented to submit her will to her husband's, as it is a wife's duty to do. She scorns the idea of not allowing a man to be master in his own house. She observes that "no one can accuse her of setting up her will in opposition to that of her husband." Jones acknowledges this, yet, somehow or other, he never seems to have his own way. He comforts himself that he might have it if he wanted to; as he says "there's nothing to prevent his doing so."

Very soon after he married, Jones, who is very fond of a cigar after dinner, and likes to smoke it while lying on the sofa, asked his wife if she minded it. Mrs. Jones, with a smile, said, "Never mind, dear, smoke your cigar." Jones said, "But I do mind you, dear. Tell me will it annoy you?" Mrs. Jones then confessed that the smell of a cigar had such an effect on her that she was always "laid up for days afterward." Jones doesn't smoke in the house. Mrs. Jones told Jones that he mustn't give up his club because he was married; she wouldn't hear of such a thing; he must enjoy himself and be as free as ever. Jones rather liked this, but when after a week or two of married life he proposed visiting the club, he found that to do so would endanger Mrs. Jones's sanity, if not her life. She didn't mind his going, but she had never stayed alone in a house by herself. She couldn't call the servant in to sit with her, that would never do; but it didn't matter, Jones must go, only he must promise that he won't be frightened if he found her in a fit when he returned; she didn't know that she would have a fit, but she might have one. Jones gave up his club.

Now Jones, co-operatively with Mrs. Jones, is raising quite a large family; he has four children. The other day Jones remarked that he should soon be obliged to get a new business suit, as the clothes he wore were looking seedy. Mrs. Jones said by all means, Jones should have a new suit of clothes, and she begged he would not bother himself because she had no spring dress, and the carpet in the front room was not fit to be seen, and Harry and George both wanted new suits and new boots; they could go without these things and "papa must have his nice new clothes." Jones did not buy any new clothes, and he has a hole in his right boot which he strives to conceal by ink his stocking when it shows through. Jones used not to go to church before he was married. He goes now twice every Sunday. Mrs. Jones said she could go alone well enough; she did not mind what all her friends and relatives would say if her husband did not accompany her; that is, she did not care for herself, though she must confess that to hear her dear Albert spoken of as these people ("all good people in their way, but severe") would speak of him, would make her feel as if she never could lift up her head again.

Mrs. Jones is always ready to give in her will to her husband's. He has only to say she is wrong and she will give in in a minute. She does not mind suffering. If he wants to have the window open, she doesn't say he shan't, she only reminds him what a cold she caught only two weeks ago through the window being opened, but after all it didn't last long, and it didn't matter. Mrs. Jones is not the only submissive wife who manages by submitting to get her own way in everything. But still Jones is happy, and such a thing as a quarrel is a rarity in the Jones domicile. "Wives, submit yourselves to your husbands." Take example by Mrs. Jones.

Pretty.

An amusing story is told of the daughter of a well-known London Alderman who was taken into dinner by a Judge who figured prominently in the Tichborne trial. The conversation turned on the young lady's usual place of residence, which happened to be Highgate. "Don't you think Highgate pretty?" she asked. Unfortunately she was slightly uncertain in her aspirates. His lordship gave her one hurried glance of intense astonishment. "You get pretty?" he replied gallantly, recovering his presence of mind. "No, Miss —, I think you were always pretty." However horsified at the compliment, the young lady quite justified it by her profuse blushes.

What He Wanted.

A young man in one of the Penobscot River towns in Maine, recently supposing himself to be upon his death-bed, quietly arranged his earthly affairs, so far as he was able, and then astonished his weeping friends by the choice of an auctioneer to conduct the funeral services. "There's Mr. — down to Bangor," he said, "he's an easy, fluid bloker, and I allers liked to hear him. I've 'ad dealin's with him, an' allers found he set out things jest about as they was. He's the man I want to talk to my funeral."

The Fork Affair.

The Original of the Man who Swallowed a Fork.

A man named Raymond Lagerise, an old drummer in the regiment of Labeoyere, joined, after the restoration, a troupe of mountebanks, for whom he carried the drum. He thus traveled over a part of Europe, and did not return to France until nearly 1820. At this time he entered the service of a charlatan of la Tour-du-Pis, one Guillet, well known in the department Isere, and the very evening that he was to begin his duties, at Voiron, in a public house, he was telling his companions the strange and wonderful tricks, which he had seen in his travels, especially the one of swallowing swords.

As the audience appeared incredulous, adding, the better to convince them, example to declaration, Lagerise takes from the table, at which he had just dined, a silver fork of large size, and introduces it, handle foremost, into his throat. He pushed it down its entire length, holding it at the end of his fingers; then losing his hold of it entirely, to show that there was no deceit about it, he remained thus a moment motionless enjoying the surprise of those present. But at the instant when he was about to withdraw the fork from his throat, in consequence of those instinctive and uncontrollable movements of swallowing, which are most suddenly and unexpectedly produced, all at once it disappeared entirely; and before the lookers-on could even think of getting aid for Lagerise it had penetrated the oesophagus so far that it was impossible to reach it. In vain emetics were tried; indeed, in this case such practice could only end in disappointment.

The fork was four days passing through the stomach and pylorus. The patient himself could indicate very exactly its situation and movements. At last, on the ninth day, it became fixed on the right side of the bowels, four fingers length in front, and nearly on an level with the umbilicus—a portion which is kept until the day of operation. The patient suffered from its presence in the intestines a sharp pain which quiet and a reclining position entirely relieved, but which walking and pressure increased.

The most painful circumstance in his condition was not being able to stand or walk erect. But eating as usual—digestion being good—no alarming symptoms appearing, he left his cure to time and circumstances. A month passed in this situation without his growing worse indeed, but also without any relief. Dr. Raymond, of Grenoble—heard of this man with the fork, and went to see him. After a very careful examination the surgeon declared that the foreign body could be extracted, although the exploration of the parts would permit of its being touched but very lightly, and during a very short time; and the least pressure upon the point of the bowels where it made a slight protuberance had the effect to push the opposite extremity against the walls of the abdomen and to cause very severe pain. A day was set for the operation, which was to take place at the hospital at Romans, with the concurrence of the local physicians. It was a market day; a crowd of people from the country round gathered at the hospital, awaiting the result. The fork was extracted, and shown to the crowd, who welcomed the exhibition with frantic huzzas.

Newspaper Advertising.

The English style of newspaper advertising has much to commend it, says Murat Halstead before the Kentucky Press Association. In posters flaming on the walls, in sign-boards, in utilizing famous scenery with glaring announcements, England surpasses us. The Young Men's Christian Association competes, in placarding landscapes, with the jocund proprietors of patent medicines, and with *The London Telegraph* which proclaims throughout the land; and along the sea the joyful tidings of the "largest circulation in the world." The beauties of nature are of course enhanced by the gigantic lettering of the most notable spots with famous texts of scripture. But the advertising in the journals of England is neat, not gaudy. It is high priced, and the prices are unchangeable. It is the boast of *The London Times* counting-room that the price of advertising has not varied a penny a page for a quarter of a century. The advertisements in the first-rate English newspapers are rigorously classified. The people seek their "wants" under the appropriate heads. Among the advantages of this system is the promotion of the beauty of typography. The heavy rates charged for advertisements, and firmly maintained, yield a large revenue from a small space, and this gives room for the use of plain type in the reading matter. If we could rid ourselves at once of the gaudy displays, and of the fraudulent advertising as reading matter, the appearance as well as the character of the American newspaper would be improved; and without reducing our profits we might enlarge our type and spare the

Confidence Men.

The Manner in which Confiding Souls are Taken In in the Metropolis.

All the teachings of experience and all the daily clamor of the press seem to be unavailing to convince a certain class of visitors from the interior that if they make sudden friendships in the city they will regret it. There is hardly a day in which the police of New York, the *Tribune* tells us, are not made the recipients of a tale of woe founded upon spontaneous intimacy and misplaced confidence. Sometimes a gentle stranger accosts the rural visitor as Mr. Huggins of Utica. He replies, "You are mistaken; my name is Muggins, and I live in Skaneateles." The stranger apologizes and dis appears, and just around the corner a confederate comes up, calls Mr. Muggins by his own name, and is voluble about matters and things in Skaneateles. This is a plan by which even municipal dignitaries from the interior are sometimes beguiled. It was practiced a few days ago in Boston upon a New England deacon, who owns a stocking-mill in Massachusetts. He came to the city, sold his wares, and met a man who accosted him as an old acquaintance, and in the flush of the renewed intimacy, got all his money.

But a commoner and coarser method of the predatory class is to approach the victim with frank and honest sincerity, saying, "I don't know you, but I like your looks." This seems universally effective. A day or two ago a singularly striking instance of the efficacy of this plan of plunder was seen in New York. An Indian trader from the Far West, one of those men whose lives are a continual struggle for existence by means of the exercise of the sharpest and strongest faculties of observation and judgment, a man who had gained a fortune by sagacious trade on the border, risked his life and lost his property by means of this idiotic confidence. A total stranger met him on the cars and entered into conversation with him. He opened his heart to him instantly, and on arriving in this city they had already become "partners." Instead of spending his money at hotels, he went to the house of the ostensible "sister" of his new Plyades. As a matter of course, he was found the next morning wandering half-naked in the streets, drugged almost to unconsciousness. His trunk and his money are in the keeping of his friend and his friend's sister, wherever they may be.

It is hard to be compelled to preach a sermon of cynicism. But unless every stranger learns the lesson of wholesome distrust, he would do well to stay away from large cities. A man who forces himself upon your acquaintance with offers of friendship and service intends to rob and swindle you. No one will fall in love with you at first sight, and if he tells you so, he is after your pocketbook. But this may be said and repeated to the end of time, without putting men and women on their guard against swindlers. Vanity is stronger than common sense or experience. No one is safe from the confidence man, unless he is convinced of his own ugliness. To say to the average mortal, "I like your looks," in the phrase and manner suited to his degree of cultivation, is the surest way to convince him of your own taste and candor. There are few men living who are not more pleased, in their heart of hearts, at a personal compliment than at any eulogy upon their goodness or their righteous fame. The confidence man's whole stock in trade is this reliance upon human vanity. His only chance of a livelihood is making people believe that their prepossessing appearance has attracted him. And every day shows how easy a task it is. A man of ordinary ignorance may hold the severest views of flattery in the abstract, but he hears nothing but truth and discretion in the voice of the concrete flatterer. There would seem to be no remedy for the confidence game, except to adopt the English religion which has been so much laughed at, and never grant your acquaintance except upon a proper introduction; and if any man or woman tells you they like your looks, the best way is to call the police.

BEGGARS.—It is very nice to be a beggar and live in Rome. There they have kitchens for the poor all the year round, and the lovely, elegant, and gifted woman, Princess Marie Hohenzollern, is at the head of them. The Princess goes every morning to the great hall with her aids. She ties a broad apron around her waist, and for two hours ladles out good broth, cuts portions of healthy meat, and slices of bread. She tastes of the food and knows that it is good.

A little fellow, five or six years old, who had been wearing undershirts much too small for him, was one day, after being washed, put into a garment as much too large as the others had been too small. Our six-year-old shrugged his shoulders, shook himself, walked around, and finally burst out with, "Ma, I do feel awful lonesome in this shirt."

It is one of the curiosities of natural history that a horse enjoys his food most when he hasn't a bit in his mouth.

Play and Plague.

A Reminiscence of the Cholera in 1832.

In 1832—and, by the way, that was forty-two years ago—says the *Washington Chronicle*, the dreadful scourge of the cholera visited this country. It was of the pure Asiatic type, and daily swept thousands into swiftly-opening graves. Then, as always during the plague, the places of public amusement were thronged; and particularly so in Philadelphia, for there it was felt in its severest forms. The people went about the streets with trembling limbs and blanched faces, and terror reigned supreme, but the old Chestnut Street Theatre was every evening full. Its *habitués* sought in the excitement of the stage for some relief from fear and anxiety, and to have their thoughts turned from the solemn surroundings of death into channels of laughter and peace.

In those days the theatre had what was called the "pit," answering to the orchestra of modern times. It was the cheapest portion of the house, and always filled with the *gamins* of the city. Edmon S. Connor, during the plague, was filling an engagement at the theatre alluded to, and every night, among others in the pit, it was occupied by a Kentuckian of tremendous size, and blessed with a pair of lungs that could make his voice heard for at least a mile. He was enthusiastic as he was big, and whenever anything suited him he would sing out "Good!" with startling effect. "The Heir at Law," however, seemed to be his favorite play, and Dick Dowias and Cicely Homespun would rouse him to a perfect frenzy of appreciation, and in the climax of the play he exclaimed, "Good, by Heavens!" with a power that would make the rafters tremble above. It was a little new for Ned Connor and his *confères* on the stage, and at first shook their nerves, and more than once they were interrupted in the performance. "But there was something sincere in the mighty voice of the burly son of the 'Dark and Bloody Ground.'" Beyond that, too, he had a powerful magnetic presence. The great fire of his enthusiasm seemed to warm and kindle into life all the energy and dormant talent of the actors on the stage. They played for him and to him; they won his applause, and with that the commendation of the entire theatre. To the company he was unknown. They did not even know his name, but they called him Mr. Good, and God's thundering exclamations of "Good!" gave him his *soubriquet*.

It had been a dreadful day in the infected districts. The dead were in almost every household. The funeral march to the thickly strewn graves was an unbroken line from morning till night; and when night came on it hung over the plague-stricken city with the solemnity of black velvet over a catafalque. That evening the lights of the Chestnut Street Theatre, strange as it may seem, were lit up for an audience filling every portion of it. The play of the "Heir at Law" was commenced. Every one present was expecting an hour or two's diversion from the horrible scenes going on without. The play proceeded, but suddenly the audience seemed congealed. It utterly refused to respond to the strong points the actors made, and they, too, in turn, were frozen by the coldness pervading the audience. The players turned to the accustomed seat of their Kentucky friend, but it was vacant. They waited to hear his stentorian voice shouting "Good! Good, by Heavens!" but it was silent. Where was he? But a few hours before, hale and hearty, he was cheering them on, and while they wondered, at that very hour, his corpse, a victim of the plague, was being borne past the theatre out to the burial ground. Good had gone to the reward of the good.

Tampering with the Eyes.

A Boston ophthalmic surgeon, of high reputation, in a recently published work, has given some hints concerning eye affections which, in the present rage for quick remedies, cannot be too widely known. He assures us that the far-sightedness of old eyes, instead of being due to the flattening of the cornea, or front of the eyeball, is the result of the gradual hardening and consequent loss of elasticity of the crystalline lens. In relation to a favorite quick system of treatment, he says: "It is a mischievous error to suppose that the form of an elastic globe filled with fluid or semi-fluid substances can be changed, except for the moment, by pressing upon it with the fingers, as has been recommended by charlatans. Also the theory that the eye can have its form favorably modified by rubbing it always in one direction, or by any other manipulation, has no foundation in facts. But while persistent squeezing according to these methods can never do any good, it involves great risks. It may lead to congestion and hemorrhage within the eyes, or give rise to destructive inflammation, or the formation of cataract by dislocating the crystalline lens, or cause almost immediate loss of sight by the separation of the retina, or nervous distribution, from the neighboring parts." It is to be hoped that warnings like these will not be lightly passed over.