

# THE ANSONIAN.

FEARLESSLY THE RIGHT DEFEND—IMPARTIALLY THE WRONG CONDEMN.

VOLUME I.

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## Casting a Shadow.

A wit stopped at a foundry, where some men were casting iron ware, and entering, said, "You all appear to be engaged in casting here."

"Yes," said the foreman, "that's our 'biz.' The wit remarked, "I'm glad it is, for I have sought, and found at last, a place to get a shadow cast."

The iron man at once replied that "Such a feat their skill defied;" but recommended him to pass to a foundry where they worked in brass.

## SOME ONE IN THE ROOM.

Elijah Croly, my husband, was owner and captain of a coasting-vessel, doing a good trade; and we occupied an old-fashioned and somewhat dreary house at Stepney. Elijah liked the place more than I did, and it was on his account that we stayed there so long. I thought it could make very little difference to him where we lived, for he was at home only two or three weeks out of every ten. I was often alone two months at a time; and lonely enough it was sometimes.

"Get some one whom you like to stay with you, my dear," the captain said, when I told him one day how unpleasant I felt to be alone so much. "Get any one you please, and before long I hope I shall be able to stay at home with you myself."

"I took his advice, and after some inquiry I found a woman who I thought would suit me. Her name was Emily Sands, and she was a pleasant-faced woman of about forty. She told me that she had been left a widow, with no means, and had since earned her living by needle-work; and although I had intended that the woman who came every morning to do my housework should still come, I found Emily so handy and so willing that I soon discontinued the services of the other. She was so amiable and so vivacious, that I was satisfied that I had done the best that I could do in the matter.

"I hope so," he said, doubtfully. "And don't you think so?" I asked.

"Well, no," he replied.

"Now, I'd like to know why, Elijah. Do you see anything wrong about her?"

"I can't say that I do; I presume it is only a notion; but I have in some way conceived a kind of distrust of her face. I can't explain it, and you had better not be prejudiced by it."

"You may be very sure I shall not," I rejoined, "if it has no more foundation than this."

And this was all that was said between us on the subject. I was too well acquainted with the captain's sudden whims to attach much importance to this one.

The captain remained at home this time barely two weeks. On the morning that he left to take his vessel for another trip, just after he had taken up his hat to go, he called me into the chamber and shut the door.

"Here is something, Fanny," he said, "that I want you to keep safely for me till I come back." And he took a paper package from his breast-pocket as he spoke.

"There are ten fifty-pound notes in it—five hundred pounds in all. I will lock it up here in this bureau-drawer, and give you the key." And he did so. "No one would think of coming here for money."

"Do you think you had better leave it here, Elijah?" I asked. "Why not put it in the bank?"

"I meant to, but I shall not have time. The money was only paid me last night. But no matter, the money will be safe where it is, and there will be no danger about it; or if you don't think so, you may deposit it yourself."

My uneasiness increased as the day wore on; and about three o'clock the same afternoon, I took the money and went to the bank, determined to deposit it. The bank was closed; all the banks were closed, for it was Saturday.

I took the package home again, replaced it in the bureau-drawer, locked it, placed the key in my pocket, and resolved that I would not worry any more about it. Emily called me to tea in a little while, and though not hungry, I went into the dining-room and sat with her while she drank her tea and laughed and chatted in her vivacious way.

The evenings were rather long, and Emily and I sat together in the dining-room after the table was cleared, she reading aloud, and I listening, as was our custom. When the clock struck ten she laid down her book; and I took my lamp, and bidding her good night, went up to my room.

My chamber occupied the whole front of the second story, and Emily had a back room upon the same floor. A bell-wire ran from my room to hers, so that I could summon her at pleasure.

I placed the lamp upon the bureau, shaded it, and retired and locked the door. Then I drew my easy chair to the middle of the room, put on my slippers, and sat down for a few minutes before retiring. And immediately I became

vexed at myself to find that I was looking at the drawer that held the money, and that I was feeling in my pocket to see that the key was safe. The shade that I placed over the lamp confined its rays within a small circle, beyond which the bed, the furniture, the carpet, and the wall paper were obscure. In the corner, to the right of the door, was an antique, high-backed chair, a favorite piece of furniture. As I turned my own chair from the bureau, my eyes rested on this object; and I saw by the same glance that a human figure was sitting in it!

I could not at first make out whether it was a man or woman; I only became conscious, as I sat in bewildering, dumb terror, that I was confronted by a stranger there in that semi-darkness—by some one who had hidden in the room for some object. There I was, locked up in a room alone with a ruffian, waiting, trembling, and expecting to hear him speak, or to become the object of some violence. For although, as I have said, I could not distinguish whether it was man or woman, I did not doubt that it was the former, and one of the most desperate of his kind. And presently, my eyes fell to the floor, I saw a great pair of boots thrust out upon the carpet within the radius of the light.

I do not know how long we sat there in the semi-darkness of the room, facing each other, but motionless and silent; it might have been three minutes or thirty.

The thought of alarming Emily suddenly occurred to me, and I reached out for the bell-cord. It should have been within easy reach of the spot where I sat, but my hand failed to find it.

A low chuckle came from the occupant of the old chair.

"That was a clever thought of you, marm," came forth in a deep, rough voice, and in a tone of easy insolence. "Come, thought, marm; but bless your simple soul, do you think I was a-going to leave that 'ere cord there for you to make a noise with? Not by no means. It's well to be careful when you're in this kind of business, marm; and so when you left me alone here before dark—I then being under the bed, you see—I crawled out and took a survey of the place."

"What do you want?" I asked. He chuckled again, and replied: "Now that's good; you're a business woman, marm; you come right to the point without any nonsense. I'm going to tell you what I want. Be quiet, marm," he said. "I don't mean to hurt you if I can help it. Keep still and I won't. Let's have a look at each other."

He removed the shade and looked at me for full half a minute, as I sat in the glare of the lamp. He was a large, brawny fellow, full six feet high, and dressed in an old suit of fustian clothes. His face was entirely concealed by a erape mask; not a feature of it could I see from his neck to the crown of his head. He leaned one arm upon the bureau, and regarded me attentively.

"You don't know me," he remarked, in an ordinary tone. "No, of course not; it is best for you that you shouldn't. I thought at first there was something familiar in your face; but I fancy I was mistaken. Well, to business, marm." And he assumed a sharp tone, and looked carefully at the bureau. "I've got a pistol here, missus"—and he slapped his pocket; "but you're too sensible a woman, I take it to make me use it on you. I want that money. There's five hundred pound of it in this drawer; you have the key—give it to me!"

I handed it to him without a word. "I'll leave you now in a minute, missus," he said, rapidly inserting the key, turning it and opening the drawer, "with many thanks for your good behavior. Is this it?"

He took out the package, and held it up. "That is the money," I said. "She might deceive me, after all," I heard him mutter; and thrusting his forefinger into the end of the envelope, he ripped it open, and pulled the end of the notes out into sight. "Yes, here it is. Now—"

He had thrust the package into his pocket, and was about to close the drawer, when his eye was caught by something within it. He started, thrust his hand into the drawer, and, taking out an object that I was well acquainted with, he bent over and scrutinized it, holding it closer to the lamp. How I did wish that I could see the expression of his face at that moment! He held in his hand an ivory miniature of my husband's face, a faithful picture made by an artist years before, at my request.

"Whose face is this?" the robber demanded, in a voice that trembled with eagerness.

"My husband's," I replied. "Your husband's? Yes, yes—but his name?"

"Elijah Croly."

"Captain Croly?" he demanded, in the same tone.

"Yes." "The same who commanded the bark Calvert, that used to run out of Liverpool?"

I nodded my head. I knew that the vessel named was the last one that my husband had sailed on the ocean before he bought his own coaster; in fact, it was the same in which I came to England.

"And this is Captain's Croly's money?—this is his house?—you are his wife?" he asked, rapidly, giving me no time to answer his questions. "Yes, yes—I see it all. Great heavens!—to think what I was just about to do!"

He dropped into the nearest chair, apparently faint with emotion; but while I sat in deep surprise at the unexpected turn that this affair had taken, he said: "You have no reason to fear now; I will not rob you; I will not harm you. Only don't make a noise. Please open the door, and you will find Jane—your woman, I mean—waiting in the passage."

I obeyed. I did not know what else to do. I unlocked and opened the door; and there, to my astonishment, stood Emily Sands arrayed in her bonnet and shawl, with a bundle in her hand—waiting, I have no doubt, for a signal from within. She started upon seeing me; but the man immediately called to her by the name of Jane, telling her to come in.

She passed by me as she did so; and I whispered, "Oh, Emily, how could you betray me?"

She manifested no shame or sorrow, though I know she must have heard the whispered words; her face was hard and unwomanly, and its expression was sullen. And I could not doubt that she had played the spy upon my husband and myself, and had betrayed us to this man.

"I've a very few words to say to you, m'am," said the man; and all the boldness and insolence had gone out of his voice, leaving it gentle and sorrowful. "Just a few words to ask you to forgive us for what we meant to do, and to tell you what has happened to change my mind so suddenly, and why we can't rob you, as we meant to do."

He took the package from his pocket with the words, and tossed it into my lap.

"I at money belongs to the man that I love and honor more than any other on earth. I'm a hard customer, m'am; we live by dark ways and doings, Jane and I; and I wouldn't have believed when she let me in here to-day and hid me, that I could leave the house without that money; but if I'd known whom it belonged to, I'd sooner have held out my right hand to be cut off than come here as I have, and for what I came. I used to be a sailor, and I was with Captain Croly in the Calvert. He was the very kindest and best master that ever handled a speaking trumpet, and there wasn't a man aboard the bark but loved him. One night off Hatteras all hands were sent aloft to reef in a heavy gale; and when they came down again I was missing. 'Where is he?' the captain asked; but none of them knew. They hadn't noticed me since we all sprang into the shrouds together. 'Overboard, I'm afraid,' said the mate; and the men all seemed fearful that I was lost. The captain hailed me through his speaking-trumpet; and there came back a faint, despairing cry, only just heard above the piping of the storm. Captain Croly never ordered any one else up; he cast off his coat, and threw down his trumpet, and went aloft before any one could get ahead of him. He found me hanging with one elbow over the foreyard, and just about ready to fall from weakness and pain; for my other arm was twisted out of joint at the elbow by a turn of the ropes. He caught me, and held me there till help came up from below, and then they carried me down. It was Captain Croly that saved me from a grave in the sea; and I would have robbed him to-night! Forgive us, madam, if you can. We will leave you in peace. Come, Jane!"

"Well," said Elijah, in his joking way, when he came home next after this eventful night, "you've not been murdered for that money, I see. Where's Emily? Has she run off with it?"

I handed him the package, merely remarking that the woman had unexpectedly left me, for reasons which were best known to herself. This was all the conversation that I had with him upon the subject; he never knew what I have now been telling. Perhaps I did wrong; but I was always reluctant to tell him all about it, and he died before I could make up my mind. But I never had any other secret from Elijah; and I believe I never had an adventure that made such an impression upon me as this did.

"Steadiness of nerve is illustrated by the case of the man who can sit and hold skeins of silk for his wife for a couple of hours at a time without moving his legs.

## APPLES AND PEARS.

Maintaining Fertility in Orchards—How it is Done.

The question, "How can the fertility of large orchards be most economically maintained?" was discussed at a late meeting of the Western New York Horticultural Society. Oliver Chapin, of East Bloomfield, plows each year four inches deep, without cropping. Trees grow well but bear poorly. Principal varieties, Baldwin, H. E. Hooker said the fertility of small orchards is easily kept up, but sufficient manure cannot readily be secured for 50 or 100 acres of trees. The only profitable old orchards are those that are in some way frequently manured. Top-dressing and mulching with manure is preferable to plowing for old orchards. While trees are young cultivation does good. After bearing begin to seed and top-dress.

E. Moody maintained that vegetable manures, including stable manure, was injurious. They increase the fungus that prevails upon the apple. He would apply mineral manure. It needed experiment to decide what kind. Ashes and lime are undoubtedly valuable. The leaves of the tree will take carbonic acid from the atmosphere to supply the tree with carbon. Hence carbonaceous manures are not needed. Salt is an excellent fertilizer for apple trees, applied in small quantities. If an orchard is plowed yearly without cropping he believes its fertility is increased.

Mr. Croker stated that isolated apple trees, standing near the barn where their roots get plenty of yard manure and their tops plenty of air, never fail to thrive. Mr. Moody mentioned that one trouble in growing apples is not lack of fertility, but the fruit does not grow fair. It is attacked by insects and fungus, and these need other remedies than manuring. V. Bogue, Albion, always has good crops of apples after plowing under green clover, also plows under buckwheat. This frequent cultivation destroys insects. Uses barnyard manure once in six or seven years. Hens run in the orchard, and their droppings fertilize the soil. G. P. Avery, of Grand Travers, Michigan, has heads in vogue there. The land is plowed without croppings, except buckwheat, which is turned under twice a year, the last time very late in the fall. Trees are kept smooth, and the larva of the codling moth hides in the stems of buckwheat and is destroyed by late plowing. Bandages are also around the trunks to catch the moth. Apples grow very fair and free from worms. Soil mostly sandy to sandy loam.

President Barry remarked that large orchards must have manure just the same as small ones. Green crops are not sufficient. A farmer who plants 100 acres in orchard without knowing where to get manure is as unwise as one who should buy 1,000 sheep with nothing to feed them. Farmers must grow or feed more stock. This is the natural mode of getting manure, and he believes the best. He had known nurserymen to buy and feed sheep and cattle in winter solely for the manure. They thus received pay for feed and labor, and made the manure extra. Farmers can do likewise. He practices drawing fresh stable manure every third or fourth year, and applies as top-dressing in fall and early winter. Using the manure fresh, it goes much further, and a very light application is sufficient. Pears should be manured with something lightly every autumn. Coal ashes are good for a top-dressing; wood ashes and lime are excellent. The great object is to keep the surface light. In applying stable manure to pear trees always use it sparingly in fall or early winter, and never plow under. In contact with the roots stable manure may cause blight. Used as a top-dressing, there is no danger.

Dr. Sylvester planted an apple orchard 33 years ago. Sold last year 1,000 barrels from less than 10 acres. Don't believe in large quantities of stable manure. Applies mixture of much and gas-lime or muck and stable manure lightly as top-dressing every year. Does not wish to make a very vigorous growth of wood. We cannot afford to grow apple wood or pear wood, even at \$100 a cord. He is content if he gets three inches growth of wood a year. That gives enough fruit, and the trees remain healthy. Changes his manure prescription each year. This year it is six parts muck to one of stable manure. Has 50 acres of muck on his farm—an inexhaustible store of fertility. W. B. Smith maintained that orchards on naturally good soil do not need much manure. Knows one which has produced well without manure 30 years. F. W. Lay made a hog yard of his orchard, and it increased in productiveness. Major H. T. Brooks, 20 years ago, planted an orchard on new land. It is still bearing finely. Ten years since he fenced off one acre as a hog-yard, and trees where the hog droppings fell are twice the size of the others.

## Lobbying as a Science.

Sam Ward, known in Washington as the "Lobby King," testified before the Pacific Mail investigation committee that he received \$500 down and was to receive \$5,000 more if the subsidy was secured. In his remarks about the Washington lobby, Sam said: I could entertain you with histories of well-concerted plans which all disappeared just at the crack of one member's whip; perhaps a matter of caprice, perhaps a matter of accident—you cannot tell which; we who are of the regular army know when we are whipped—but gentlemen of little experience come down here and peg and peg on till the end of the session, and never understand why they had better go home; to introduce a bill properly, to have it referred to the proper committee to see that some member in that committee understands its merits; to attend to it; to watch it; to have a counsel to go and advocate it before the committee; to see that members of the committee do not oversleep themselves on the morning of important meetings; to watch the coming in of the bill in Congress, day after day, week after week; to have your men on hand a dozen times, and to have them as often disappointed; to have one of those storms which spring up in the Adriatic of Congress until your men are worried and worn and tired, and until they say to themselves that they will not go up to the Capitol to-day, and then to have the bird suddenly brought to naught. These are some of the experiences of the lobby.

Another point—the question of entertainments—is spoken of. There is nothing in the world so excellent as entertainments of a refined order. Talleyrand says that diplomacy is assisted by good dinners, but at good dinners people do not talk "shop," but they give people who have a taste that way the right, perhaps to ask a gentleman a civil question and to get a civil answer—to get information which his clients want and that can properly be given. Sometimes a railroad man wants information; sometimes a patentee wants his patent renewed—that is a pretty hard fight. Then a broker wants to know what the Treasury is going to do about a certain measure. Sometimes a banker is anxious about the financial movements in Congress, or a merchant about the tariff. All these things we do constantly, and we do not make any charge for that.

We keep up a certain circle of friends, and once in a while an opportunity comes of getting something that is of real service, and for which compensation is due and proper; but the entertainments are proportioned to the business of the session; when the business is good so are the entertainments, and when the business is not good the entertainments are meager.

## At the Charity Ball.

Among the dresses worn at the great charity ball, in New York, we note the following: Mrs. General Hancock, black velvet dress, with very delicate white lace overdress, ornamented with mixed crimson and tea-roses. Mrs. A. T. Stewart, rich lavender silk, trimmed with point lace in sashes; scarlet flowers in her hair; ornaments, emeralds and diamonds. Mrs. John Hoey appeared in a handsome dress of gray, trimmed with raby velvet. A Paris dress of pale pink silk, with gauze overdress powdered with silver, and bouillonne trimming of silk Breton embroidery. A charming composite dress of pink and white. A Paris-made dress of lemon colored silk trimmed with white tulle, and garlanded with green leaves; pearl ornaments. An elegant dress of pale blue and chambray twilled silk; a chatelaine pocket embroidered with gold and pearls, and beautiful pearl ornaments. A lovely dress of white corded silk trimmed profusely with white lace, and ornamented with trails of white convolvuli and green leaves. A toilet of all white, or rather a soft creamy tint, exquisite but indescribable. It was wreathed about as if composed of sashes made of floss, and trimmed profusely with rich white fringe. A white illusion puffed upon white silk and ornamented with white roses. An elegant bouquet of cream-colored roses was carried in the hand.

## In a Bad Position.

One night recently the gas suddenly went out in Marseilles and left the whole city in darkness. At that moment a gymnast was performing on the flying trapeze in the theater. He was even in the air at that very instant, having made his leap from one trapeze to catch the other. He caught the other successfully, but in such a nervous condition that he remained in a convulsive or cataleptic state. He could not relax his grasp to change his position; his muscles held rigidly as steel and his whole body was fixed swinging like a stone. He was taken down in that condition and recovered next day.

## Western Locusts.

Mr. ... are, the Nebraska State Superintendent of Immigration, has made a report on the western locusts, or grasshoppers, which we condense as follows:

"The abiding home of the insect is on the high, dry plateaus of New Mexico and Arizona, and the southern foothills of the Rocky Mountains. There they are always. In some seasons they multiply with astonishing rapidity and become too numerous to subsist. Then, like bees, they swarm and migrate to other countries. They follow no rule of immigration, but go with the wind. They fly until they become weary and hungry, and then drop down to rest and eat. They do not all go at once nor to one place. They become separated and much divided after starting, but in almost any case, whether the grand army or some principal detachment, they are as the sands of the sea, myriads of millions. Coming in the distance they look like a light cloud rapidly riding on the wind, and under the blazing noon-day sun they glitter like snow flakes, extending from near the ground to the height of half a mile, but cast a gloomy shadow on the earth. When they drop down to feed every green and gay thing is covered in a moment, and the earth is gray and dismal. Only a few things do they not relish, as sorghum, broom corn and peach-tree leaves. Wheat and oats, when the straw or grain is green, are devoured in a few hours. Corn is their staple; they go for the tassel and silk (if these are out), then the tender grain, scrambling and crowding each other like hungry pigs. They are very fond of potatoes, beans and cabbage; but onions are their most delicious morsel—they will dig into the ground for the last particle. Usually they remain not more than twenty-four to forty-eight hours in a place, if the weather is warm and the sky clear; but sometimes a week, if the air is chilly and very damp and the sky cloudy. After leaving their native home they have never been known to procreate in their colonies more than three years, and that has occurred but twice in the history of the United States. Somewhat more frequently they have been known to hatch during the second year; but out of twenty swarms this has happened only three times. In other cases they have ended their existence and their race, in any given place, in one year. Of those which invaded Nebraska in 1874, the first swarms laid eggs in several counties; but the long, dry fall hatched them out, and thus stopped further production. The swarms that came last seemed to have been hatched too far north, and too late in the season to come to maturity, and consequently they laid no eggs. All these perished in the first frosts. It will be several years before their native land will be overcrowded, and when they rise up to migrate they will be as likely to go in one direction as another. Ever since the year 1849 the plains have been traveled over constantly, and the movements of this desert locust, as it should be called, have been noted. In all this time there has been no such devastation as last year, nor is it likely that there will be a recurrence of this calamity for many years, and let us hope never."

## The Birds' Christmas Carol.

They have sweet Christmas music in Norway—Norway, that far-off country, with the steel blue sky and frozen sea. It is a song in the air. The simple peasants make the birds who inhabit those rude coasts and ice valleys so very happy on this one day of the year that they sing of their own accord a glad carol on Christmas morning, and all the people come out of their home and rejoice to hear it. On Christmas eve, after the birds have sought shelter from the North wind, and the still night is bright with stars, the good people bring from their storehouses sheaves of corn and wheat, and, tying them to slender poles, raise them from every spire, barn, gatepost, and gable. Then when, after the long night, the Christmas sun arises, crowning the mountain with splendor, every spire and gable bursts into sudden song. The children run out to hear the old church spire singing; the older people follow; the air is filled with the flutter of wings and alive with carols of gladness. The song of the birds fills every village with happiness, and to this living, grateful anthem the people respond in their hearts, "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good will to men."

KEPT NO BOOKS.—A Boston "merchant" failed lately, owing over 20,000, when a committee of creditors waited upon him to investigate his affairs. In reply to their request for his books and papers, they were politely informed that he had never kept any books, but that he desired a list of the persons owing him, he thought he could easily furnish a list from memory—a statement which afterwards proved to be true.