

ANSONIAN.

FAIRLY THE RIGHT DEFEND IMPARTIALLY THE WRONG CONDEMN.

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the floor till
drop out of their
"Are you deaf
Perkins forgot
the world but her-
"Theodore!"
"Sir!"
"I'll just try one spoonful of that
gruel before it gets cold."
"Why, uncle, I threw it away."
"Threw my gruel away!" gasped
the sick man, breathlessly.
"You told me you did not want it,
uncle."
"I told you so? Furies and fiddle-
sticks! You might know by this time
that I don't mean what I say. Get me
some more, quick! If I hadn't been
bed-ridden for a year, I could go twice
as fast as you do!" he added, grumblingly.
"I never saw such a snail in my life.
Oh, dear! to think I shall never walk
again."
Uncle Joseph lay counting the seconds
until his niece brought in a second bowl
of gruel, this time so deliciously made
that even he could not find fault with it.
"Uncle," said Theodore, as she set it
on the table at his bedside, "the doctor
said yesterday that he really thought, if
you were to try, you could walk as well
as any man."
"The doctor's a fool," said Uncle
Joseph, "and you may call him so, with
my compliments."
"I will, uncle, the next time he
comes."
"Theodore?"
"Sir?"
"If you do, I'll disinherit you."
"Very well, uncle."
"Theodore, you'll have to feed me.
This annoyance has weakened me terri-
bly."
"Yes, uncle."
"Stop, stop—it's hot—you're choking
me!" But Theodore kept resolutely on.
"S-t-o-p!" spluttered Uncle Joseph,
springing nimbly to the other side of the
bed. "What do you mean, Theodore?
Didn't I tell you to stop? I don't be-
lieve there's an inch of skin left on my
throat."
"You told me yourself, uncle, that
you don't mean what you say. How
was I to know that this was an excep-
tion?"
An irate rejoinder trembled on Uncle
Joseph's tongue, when suddenly he
caught sight of a blue column of smoke
wreathing up under his window.
"What's that smoke?" he ejaculated.
"I think it's Mrs. Perkins, sir, put-
ting fresh kindlings on the fire."
"It isn't!" yelled Uncle Joseph.
"The house is on fire!"
Theodore dropped the spoon and
bowl, and rushed out of the room,
shrieking:
"The house is on fire! help! murder!
thieves!"
The servants below stairs caught up
the cry and echoed it in shrill dismay.
Uncle Joseph listened with bristling
hair and dilated eyes.
"Help! help!" he bawled, but no
one responded. Louder still he yelled,
but yet in vain.
"Am I to stay in my bed and be
burned to death?" he asked himself,
and scrambled out with an agility that
fairly surprised himself.
The servants were arrayed on the
lawn, staring in all directions to find the
exact location of the fire, when the gar-
dener uttered a shriek:
"If there ain't master, as hasn't left
his bed for years, a-runnin' as if a tiger
was arter him!"
"Where—where's the fire?" panted
Uncle Joseph, gazing wildly around
him.
Mrs. Perkins rushed to the front door,
her cap streaming.
"I never saw such a pack of born
idiots in my life," she gasped. "There
ain't no fire—only a few pieces of green
wood I put on the kitchen fire. One
would think you'd never seen smoke
before, and—why, if there ain't master!"
"Theodore," said Mr. White, looking
somewhat sceptical, "where did you see
fire?"
"I didn't see it, uncle, but you said
the house was on fire," Theodore made
answer demurely, "and of course I
thought you must know. Please, uncle,
go back to bed again."
"I won't!" said Uncle Joseph, gather-
ing the skirts of his wrapper about him.
"But, uncle, you're sick."
"No, I'm not!"
"Uncle, do you really mean it?"
"Of course I do, Theo!"
And he did mean it. The cure had
been effected; and Theodore mentally
congratulated himself on the success of
the plan of treatment. And Uncle
Joseph never alluded to the day on which
his niece had taken him so implicitly at
his word.

And Uncle Joseph closed his eyes, as
if to signify he was too weak to debate
the question further. He waited anx-
iously for Theodore to press the question
further, but she did not, and presently
he opened his eyes the least little bit in
the world.
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"Sir!"
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gruel before it gets cold."
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JUROR TRIALS.
The Trials and Peripeties of an Unfortunate Whose Name is in the Juror Box.
There are jury trials and juror trials. We can very well understand how an unfortunate juror, especially in a capital case, looks himself over and then glances at the man in the dock, wondering which is on trial for his life. It sometimes requires a great deal of patriotism to induce a man to run for office. He knows he will be abused and much maligned in public, but he consents to sacrifice himself. As things go, however, it is by no means pleasant to be summoned as a juror, according to the *New York Times*. A man who is the pillar of a small and interesting family, and the ornament of a limited circle of friends, shrivels miserably under the hands of the opposing counsel in a criminal trial. Good and worthy citizen that he is, he is proud to obey the call of the law and do his duty in the imperiled cause of morality and good order. He is disappointed—almost outraged—to find that he is considered to be terminally guilty for not having an opinion. He has heard the case talked of, and when Smith killed Nokes he read about it in the papers. But, being a fair-minded man, he thought he would wait until the case was tried in the courts before forming an opinion as to Smith's guilt or innocence. While trying to keep his mind free of bias, he is astonished to find that he is invited to sit in the jury-box, and decide upon the case. He is still more astonished when he discovers that the fair, unwritten tablet of what he fondly calls his mind is regarded with extreme disgust by the lawyers. When they sneer at his culpable ingenuitiness of character he feels very much as Warren Hastings did when so terribly impeached by Edmund Burke. He thinks himself one of the most guilty of men, and not until he escapes into the free air, and carefully goes over himself in the bosom of his own family, does he come to the conclusion that he has somehow been under a spell.
The man who not only has no opinions, but has kept out of the way of having any, is a still more dangerous culprit. His offense, according to a theory in the courts, is one of great moral turpitude. He is also made to appear very unmy to that vast audience, the general public. The denseness of his ignorance—compared with the rapier-like wit of distinguished counsel—makes him a cause for inextinguishable laughter. He is the pantalon of the play, upon whom all the heaviest jokes fall. If he is a German, he is cross-questioned as to his knowledge of Goethe and Herder.
We can only imagine with what a sigh of relief the prisoner finds himself at liberty and dismissed from the jury-box. "Not proven" is the verdict in his case. Another variety of victim is one who does not have all his wits about him when he is put on the rack. He thinks he heard somebody preach on a certain day; he unguardedly says so in the course of the desultory conversation with which he lightly opens his own examination. Some sharp lawyer picks him to pieces before he knows it, proves an *alibi* for the minister whom the world-be jurymen thought he heard preach, and, to that individual's complete dismay, makes him out to be one of the most designing men who ever attempted to enter a jury-box. The wide range of subjects and general scope of inquiries brought before the mind of the appalled juror is also one of the distressing features of his case. The astuteness which prompts this kind of investigation is too deep for the average juror, to say nothing of the general public. He is pelted with questions relating to the most distant topics, the reason for which seems buried in the wonderful mind of the learned counselor. It is as if a Pacific Mail Investigating Committee should institute inquiries as to the relations of the subjective and the objective.
But, after all, the great trial of the juror who is on trial is the perfectly heartless way in which the counsel go into his private life. These learned gentlemen learn all about him as they drive him on. They are like the Abyssinian peasant who subsists on the animal he rides, cutting a steak from his steed as he pursues his journey. The unhappy juror under the microscope reveals all his family affairs. He is compelled to tell how many times he has married, how many children he has been blessed with, and what he has done with them, and woe to him if he fails to account for even the most insignificant of his offspring. His business, income, habits, and especially his daily reading, are all subjects of the most searching inquiry. It may be remarked in passing that the practice of newspaper reading is reprehended with great severity by the bar. The man who, in this nineteenth century, never reads the newspapers, not

even the "headings" nor the "small articles," is usually made welcome to the jury-box. But the average juror often fares worse than the man in the dock. The accused is not compelled to convict himself out of his own mouth. He may hear his character torn by his neighbors, but the hapless juror, like honest Dogberry, writes himself down an ass. Guided by the blandishments or driven by the terrors of the opposing counsel, he becomes his own worst enemy. If he has an opinion, he is disqualified; if he has none, he is a base imposter. If he is intelligent, he knows too much; if he is a dunce, he is laughed out of court. His private affairs are extensively advertised, and his personal character is made a concern of wide public interest. His neighbors look on him with distrust, and he becomes an object of pity to himself. And yet, many good people think it strange that men shirk jury duty when they can.
Baby Farming in Massachusetts.
A coroner's jury has been engaged at Holliston, Mass., investigating charges against Nelson and Mary Reynolds, who have been engaged in the business of baby farming at that place. An extract from the evidence will show how the business was conducted:
Mary Colby, the young woman who entered the complaint before the authorities, testified as follows: "Am twenty years of age; resided with Mrs. Reynolds; the first child that died was called Tommy; he died in November and was one year old; Mrs. Reynolds gave him a mixture composed of laudanum, camphor, and rhubarb, from the effect of which he slept three days and nights; tried once to wake him, but failed; Mrs. Reynolds whipped the child every day and badly, abused him; gave him a double spoonful of this mixture every day; the child had not been sick previous to his death; Mrs. Reynolds said he died of the bowel complaint; the next victim was a child called James, and was five months old; when he first came he cried a good deal and she gave him the medicine, after guessing at the quantity; never saw the medicine given in less doses than a spoon; she often gave two spoonfuls; she told me once that if she gave a drop too much it would have sent him to another world; little James was also whipped; after the death of James, little Ned came in December and lived four weeks; she was twelve weeks old and was sick a week; she was forced to take the 'mixture,' and in order to compel her Mrs. Reynolds held her nose; she gave this child twenty drops; her body was kept a week before it was buried; the next child, Agnes Forbes, came in December; she was three weeks old, and was sick for a week before she died; she was given the 'mixture' sometimes by her own mother; Fredelia Pierce, the next victim, was sick three days, received the same treatment, and died; Mrs. Reynolds said there was no need of a doctor, and none was called; Mrs. Sheehan dressed the dead child in Mrs. Forbes's child's clothes, but Mrs. Reynolds promptly took them off and put spoorer ones on, saying, 'Let the dead take care of themselves'; Mrs. Reynolds closed the child's eyes and mouth twenty minutes before she died; Mrs. Reynolds kept a bottle containing half a pint of whisky; she had seen her often apparently under the influence of liquor; never saw her without a supply of liquor in the house; when drunk, she would fight with the old man and abuse the children; have seen her strike Mr. Reynolds three or four times in the face; he would get drunk three or four times a week and sleep on the floor; have heard Mrs. Reynolds say there were three children buried on the farm; she stated so at three different times, and said it was because no one would give her a grave; when asleep under the influence of this medicine, the children rolled their eyes about and back in their head; it often made them groan and keep their eyes open."
A Watchman and Detective.
The late event at Bay Ridge, near New York, where two professional burglars of the worst type were detected in the act by means of an electric burglar alarm, is a forcible practical illustration of the usefulness of these ingenious arrangements, some varieties of which are coming extensively into use. The parts common to all electric burglar alarms are a galvanic battery, wires connecting it to doors and windows, and the alarm proper, usually consisting of a bell, which, by the opening of the door or window, is brought in connection with the battery and worked by the same. All such contrivances may be strongly recommended to all who desire effectively to protect their property, and perhaps their lives, against the attacks of those outcasts of human society who appear to be unable, or rather unwilling, to earn an honest living.
Owed to winter—A bad cold.

Asiatic Snow Plains.
The following description of the snow plains of Central Asia is taken from "Campaigning on the Oxus." "The days pass—some in wild, fierce storms of snow and sleet, that howl around us as though all the demons of the steppes were up in arms, some in bright sunshine, whose intolerable glare blinds us and blisters our faces. From time to time we drive down into darksome underground holes, hot and reeking, hover around the steaming samovar, pouring down oceans of boiling tea; then out on the silent steppe again to continue the weary struggle. There are nights when we awaken from a half-frozen sleep, and remember we are in the heart of the mysterious regions of Asia, and see nothing but the wide, snowy steppe, silent and ghostly in the spectral moonlight. For miles and miles there is no human habitation, but the burrow-like stations somewhere, far ahead, buried under the snow, as though crushed into flatness by the grim uniformity above. There is something strangely oppressive and awful in the changeless monotony of these wide, snowy plains, level as a floor, where for days and weeks you see nothing but snow and sky, where you are the moving center of a horizon-bound plain that seems to move with you, and hang upon you, and weigh you down like a monstrous millstone. There is the breadth and loneliness of the ocean without its movement, the cold and icy silence of the arctic regions without the glory of the arctic nights or the grandeur of the arctic mountains—the silent desolation of an unpeopled world. These broad, level, snowy plains, over which the icy winds from northern Siberia come rushing down in furious blasts with an uninterrupted sweep of a thousand miles, and drive the snow about in whirlwinds that go scudding over the plain like giant specters; the short days of sunshine, when the glare on the snow dazzles and burns; the long, cold nights passed in a half-frozen, half-comatose state, with the first blast trading warily forward—I shiver now at the bare remembrance of it all."
An "Old Plantation" Christmas.
A correspondent of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, describing a Christmas in South Carolina fifteen years ago, says: "The breakfast room was all hung with garlands of moss, evergreens, and crimson berries; at one end stood the mistletoe bough, and at the door a row of shining, black faces, glistening with the oil of happiness, and in most instances with two rows of dazzling teeth. From the wide-open glass door, far out on the sloping lawn, the numerous darkies stretched, arrayed in their best and brightest. 'Just come,' they said, 'to wish all a happy Christmas, and then go away until after breakfast.' Then you will see Jim, and Lex. A princely meal, with all its graceful accompaniments of solid old silver and solid goodwill and geniality, and again we went out on the lawn. The servants each had some special greeting. 'To Kate, 'Lor bless me, missy, you look like something good to eat.' 'Jim! look at Mrs. Lex; ain't he his pa's own child?' and to little Willie, 'Bless the child, he's mo' too pretty to live.' To the stranger, they accorded a courtesy, a smile, and a 'Merry Christmas.' But now a fiddle was heard, and the more youthful part of the company prepared to dance. As an accompaniment to the fiddle a boy beat two sticks on the floor with most remarkable precision, and in perfect time and true. I asked the name of the taps and was told, 'Share 'em,' but recognized 'Yankee Doodle' soon after and 'Oh, Susannah.' My host and hostess, assisted by the children, handed gifts to every one of the people present with kind words and a shake of the hand. Gay bandanas, ornamental pipes and tobacco, candy and fruit for the little ones—not one was omitted—and in every instance that I observed the gifts were numerous. A happier crowd was never seen as they bowed and scraped and bade God bless the kind donors."
A Pass Revoked.
A person who lives on the line of the Boston and Providence railroad, and who holds an important position under Uncle Sam, has for some time been riding at the expense of the company on a pass from the superintendent. Recently a conductor asked the gentleman mentioned for his ticket. "I have a pass from the superintendent," was the reply. "I suppose you have, Mr. —, but I have received instructions to see them all." "Do you doubt my word?" asked the passenger. "No, sir; but I must see it," says the conductor. At this the gentleman became exceedingly wrathful, and commenced a tirade of abuse. Upon his arrival in Boston, the conductor reported the case to President Clifford, who promptly issued an order revoking the pass, and gave the gentleman a piece of his mind by letter.