

THE ANSONIAN.

FEARLESSLY THE RIGHT DEFEND IMPARTIALLY THE WRONG CONDEMN.

POLKTON, ANSON CO., N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1875.

NUMBER 52.

VOLUME I.

The "Why" of a Blush.

Two maps by the cottage porch
Grew crimson in the sunset light;
Was it their leaves' reflected glow
Which made her perfect face so bright?
Fled her gently down the steps,
And down the pathway's flickering shade,
But still o'er tender cheek and brow
The same deep radiance warmly played.

"Enough, oh sweet!" I whispered low;
"That heart is mine I yearned to win;
No sunset flush, but love's pure dawn,
Breaks from the blushed soul within!"

COURTSHIP AFTER MARRIAGE.

"Now this is what I call comfort," said Madge Harley, as she sat down by her neighbor's fire one evening; "here you are at your sewing, with the kettle steaming on the hob, and the tea things on the table, expecting every minute to hear your husband's step, and see his kind face look in at the door. Ah! if my husband was but like yours, Janet."

"He is like mine in many of his ways," said Janet, with a smile, "and if you will allow me to speak plainly, he would be still more like him if you would take more pains to make him comfortable."

"What do you mean?" cried Madge. "Our house is as clean as yours; I mended my husband's clothes, and cook his dinner as carefully as any woman in the parish, and yet he never stays at home of an evening, while yours sits here by your cheerful fire night after night as happy as can be."

"As happy as can be on earth," said her friend, gravely; "yes, and I shall tell you the secret of it, Madge?"

"I wish you would," said Madge, with a deep sigh; "it's misery to live as I do now."

"Well, then," said Janet, speaking distinctly and slowly, "I let my husband see that I love him more. Love is the chain that binds him to his home. The world may call it folly, but the world is not my lawgiver."

"And do you really think," exclaimed Madge, in surprise, "that husbands care for that sort of thing?"

"For love, do you mean?" asked Janet.

"Yes; they don't feel at all as we do, Janet, and it don't take many years of married life to make them think of a wife as a sort of maid-of-all-work."

"A libel, Madge," said Mrs. Matson, laughing; "I won't allow you to sit in William's chair and talk so."

"No, because your husband is different, and values his wife's love, while John cares for me only as his house-keeper."

"I don't think that," said Janet, "although I know that he said to my husband the other day that courting time was the happiest of a man's life. I know John did not alter his opinion, but he went away thinking of his courting time as a joy too great to be exceeded."

"Dear fellow," cried Mrs. Matson, through her tears, "I do believe he was very happy then. I remember I used to listen for his steps as I sat with my dear mother by the fire, longing for the happiness of seeing him."

"Just so," said Janet; "do you feel like that now?"

Madge hesitated.

"Well, no, not exactly."

"And why not?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Madge, "married people give up that sort of thing."

"Love, do you mean?" asked Janet.

"No, but what people call being sentimental," said Mrs. Harley.

"Longing to see your husband is a proper sentiment," replied Janet.

"But some people are ridiculously foolish before others," reasoned Madge.

"That proves they want sense. I am not likely to approve of that, as William would soon tell you; all I want is that wives should let their husbands know that they are loved."

"But men are so vain," said Madge, "that it is dangerous to show them much attention."

Her friend looked up.

"Oh, Madge, what are you saying? Have you forgotten with the notion that it is not good for John to believe you love him?"

"No, but it is not wise to show that you care too much for them."

"Say I and him; do not talk of husbands in general, but of yours in particular."

"He thinks quite enough of himself already, I assure you."

"My dear Madge," said Janet, smiling, "would it do you any harm to receive a little more attention from your husband?"

"Of course not. I wish he'd try," said Mrs. Harley, laughing at the idea.

"Then you don't think enough of yourself already! And nothing would make you vain, I suppose!"

Madge colored, and all the more when she perceived that William Matson had come in quietly, and was now standing behind Janet's chair. This, of course, put an end to the conversation. Madge retired to her own home to think of Janet's words and to confess secretly that they were wise.

Hours passed before John Harley returned home. He was a man of good abilities, and well-to-do in the world; and having married Madge because he truly loved her, he had expected to have a happy home. But partly because he was reserved and sensitive, and partly because Madge feared to make him vain, they had grown very cold toward each other, so cold that John began to think the ale-house a more comfortable place than his own fireside.

That night the rain fell in torrents, the winds howled, and it was not until the midnight hour had arrived that Harley left the public house and hastened toward his cottage. He was wet through when he at length crossed the threshold; he was, as he gruffly muttered, "used to that;" but he was not "used" to the tone and look with which his wife drew near to welcome him, nor to find dry clothes by a crackling fire, and slippers on the hearth; nor to hear no reproach for late hours, and dirty footmarks as he sat in his arm-chair. Some change had come to Madge he was very sure. She wore a dress he had bought her years ago, with a neat linen collar around the neck, and had a cap, trimmed with white ribbons, on her head.

"You're smart, Madge," he exclaimed, at last, when he had stared at her for some little time in silence. "Who has been here worth dressing for to-night?"

"No one until you came," said Madge, half laughing.

"Nonsense; you didn't dress for me!" cried John.

"You won't believe it, perhaps, but I did. I have been talking with Mrs. Matson this evening, and she gave me some very good advice. So now, John, what would you like to have for your supper?"

John, who was wont to steal to the shelf at night and content himself with anything he could find, thought Madge's offer too excellent to be refused, and very soon a large bowl of chocolate was steaming on the table. Then his wife sat down, for a wonder, by his side, and talked a little, and listened, and looked pleased, when at last, as if he could not help it, he said:

"Dear old Madge."

That was enough; her elbow somehow found its way then to the arm of his great chair, and she sat quietly looking at the fire. After awhile John spoke again:

"Madge, dear, do you remember the old days when we used to sit side by side in your mother's kitchen?"

"Yes."

"I was a younger man then, Madge, and as they told me, handsome; now I am growing older, plainer, duller. Then you—you loved me; do you love me still?"

She looked up in his face, and her eyes answered him. It was like going back to the old days to feel his arm around her as her head lay on his shoulder, and to hear once again the kind words meant for her ears alone.

She never once asked if this would make him "vain." She knew, as if by instinct, that it was making him a wiser, a more thoughtful, more earnest-hearted man. And when, after a happy silence, he took down the big Bible, and read a chapter, as he had been wont to read to her mother in former times, she bowed her head and prayed.

Yes, prayed for strength to fulfill every duty in the future, for blessings on her husband evermore.

She prayed—and not in vain.

A Prison Romance.

They had a little romance at Sing Sing prison. About noon a pretty young woman, with an infant in her arms, was driven up to the prison and asked to see one James Dolan, a convict, who was to give his name to her child and to herself the title of a wife.

He was a rough, uncouth-looking fellow, but the little woman loved him dearer than all the world, she said, and so the chaplain of the prison married them, and after a few brief words of parting, the newly-made wife went out into the sunshine and the convict trudged gloomily back to his task. How much of romance there is in this workaday world of ours.

ALL IN SECRET.

Nothing was known of the amendment to the new United States postal law until it passed, and the editor of the official postal paper was not sure of its passage until a week after it had become a law. The express companies whose business was injured by the law succeeded in getting the bill through secretly, and before the people knew what was being done the bill was a law and in force.

THE BLACK HILLS EXPEDITIONISTS.

What they say about their Discoveries and their Prospects of Gold.

Gordon, one of the Black Hills expeditionists, who returned home to engage reinforcements, has given a newspaper reporter the following information: The company immediately commenced erecting a stockade, eighty feet square, inside of which they built a number of log cabins, and were thus protected alike from the weather and the Indians. Mr. Gordon says that after erecting quarters they commenced to prospect, though necessarily on a small scale. They found gold, just as Custer had stated, from grass roots to bed-rock. Previous to erecting their quarters the frost was but a few inches below the surface, but by the time they were completed, early in January, the frost was from one to three feet deep. Gold was found as high as fifteen cents to the pan, and old miners confidently state that with sluices from \$10 to \$25 could easily be made. In that valley alone there were claims enough for 2,000 men, to say nothing of the immense country of which this is so small a part. The numerous specimens of gold brought home by Messrs. Gordon and Witcher are very rich. Silver, plumbago and iron were also found. Experienced miners say there is every indication of rich diggings there. Mr. Witcher says that when they first reached Custer's Park they found a hole which some of Custer's men had dug. It was three feet wide, eight feet long and eight feet deep. Two men jumped into it and shoveled out some dirt and found fifteen cents' worth of gold the first panful washed. The men then surrounded the hole, took off their hats and gave three rousing cheers for Custer. About twenty-five prospect holes were sunk, and in every instance there was good color from grass roots to bed-rock. The distance they had to carry the frozen earth to thaw it out before washing necessarily made prospecting very slow, but in the short time intervening between the finishing of the stockades and the departure of Messrs. Gordon and Witcher they had obtained about \$15 worth of float and shot gold, which we saw on exhibition in Sioux City. They have likewise discovered some rich gold and silver bearing quartz lodes, which old miners believe to be as rich as any in the country.

A Model Juror.

A juror in Erie, Pa., who was unable to follow the evidence sufficiently closely to satisfy his own mind, last week sought out the defendant in the case, and got from him all the facts he deemed necessary. The result is thus set forth by the Erie Dispatch:

When the Lehman vs. Illig jury retired, upon the first vote cast, eleven were in favor of a verdict for the plaintiff, and one for defendant. This one is a farmer, passing the prime of life, a conscientious, dignified personage, a pattern of probity and simplicity, who wouldn't on any consideration have his verdict influenced by improper motives. After some persuasion he yielded to the very strong majority against him, not because he thought them exactly right, but because the majority was so overwhelming. After the verdict had been rendered he expressed his position in this manner: During the trial he had suffered considerably from rheumatism and neuralgia, and the pain had attracted so much more of his attention than had the evidence, that he was not very clear what the testimony had been, and so, to enlighten himself upon it—having a passing acquaintance with the defendant in that suit—he sought him out on the evening preceding the morning when the said defendant a full explanation of his theory in the case, coincided heartily in his views, and after an hour or so of conversation with him in relation to it, went to bed fully convinced that the suit should never have been brought, and that the defendant was entitled to a verdict, which impression he carried unimpaired to the jury room.

A Sunny Temper.

What a blessing to a household is a merry, cheerful woman—one whose spirits are not affected by wet days, or little disappointments, or whose milk of human kindness does not sour in the sunshine of prosperity. Such a woman in the darkest hours brightens the home like a little piece of sunny weather. The magnetism of her smiles and electrical brightness of her looks and movements infect every one. The children go to school with a sense of something great to be achieved; her husband goes into the world in a conqueror's spirit. No matter how people annoy and worry him all day, far off her presence shines, and he whispers to himself, "At home I shall find rest." So day by day she literally renews his strength and energy, and if you know a man with a beaming face, a kind heart, and a prosperous business, in nine cases out of ten you will find he has a wife of this kind.

A Girl's Chances in Nevada.

We have before us, says the Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise, a very pretty letter from a lady in the Green Mountain State, asking us to inform her what her chances would be in Virginia City to get a situation as a teacher, or, if possible, what encouragement an accomplished housekeeper would probably receive in this city; one who could come bringing the highest recommendations as a lady and a scholar. As we are frequently in receipt of such letters, we have concluded to answer this through the Enterprise:

Miss B.: Your note is under reply. Teachers here command from \$100 to \$200 per month, in gold coin. Board costs about \$35 per month, and lodging from \$15 to \$25, according to the caprice of the lodger. Female domestics command from \$35 to \$40 per month, with board included, of course. Whether you could obtain a situation as teacher or not we cannot say. It would depend on many things. In the first place our present teachers are probably the best teachers in the world. If you were to come you would have to wait for a vacancy; and then if you are not fine looking you could not pass the examination of our superintendent (who is a single man); and if you are very beautiful, the apprehension would be that you would get married before you learned the names of your pupils. We do not think a private school would succeed, except behind it was the capital to build fine structures and furnish them with the apparatus of the modern school-room. About getting employment in private families there is but one difficulty. The confidence of our families has been so often abused that they are demoralized, and have settled down to believe there is nothing reliable but a Chinaman, and he cannot be depended upon about the time of the Chinese new year. The difficulty lies in the fact that there are more of those brutes here called men than there are of those angels called women, and the men have a way of coaxing which generally, in about four weeks, transforms an Eastern girl—who came here with the best intentions to work faithfully, lay up a great deal of money, and go back and support her mother—into a wife, with her time divided between presiding over her own home and hunting around town for a Chinaman to do her housework. If this last suggestion is of any interest to you, you may depend upon the miners living here, and may know in advance that any one of them has more reverence for an appreciation of a worthy woman than a thousand of the youths of Vermont, who, being brought up among so many women, never realize that they really are angels in disguise.

Catching the Turtle.

The turtle is the main source of food supply to the Conibo of South America. The forests and waters furnish him fish, fowl, and fruit in great variety, but he cares for little else besides the turtle when he can procure it. Between August 15th and September 1st the waters of the Ucayali, the affluent of the Amazon, on which the Conibos live, become less impetuous, in consequence of snow having ceased to fall on the summits of the Andes. Vast spaces of sand are left bare, and the turtle fishing at once commences. On a fixed day, says Scribner's magazine, the Conibos embark in canoes furnished with all necessary utensils, and travel up and down the river for from thirty to sixty or even one hundred miles. When they discover on the shore the claw-marked furrow made by the turtle when walking, they call a halt, and having built at some two hundred yards from the water their ajoupas or cabins, they patiently wait in ambush the arrival of their amphibious prey. Generally their instinct is so unerring that their encamping hardly proceeds by more than a day or two the appearance of the turtles. On a dark night, between midnight and two o'clock, an immense swell agitates the river. Its waters fairly seem to boil. Thousands of turtles come clumsily tumbling over the river and spread themselves over the shore. The Conibos, squatting, or kneeling under their leafy sheds, and keeping profound silence, await the moment for action. The turtles, who separate themselves into detachments on leaving the water, dig rapidly with their fore feet a trench often two hundred yards long, and always four feet broad by two deep. They apply themselves to their work with such zeal that the sand flies about them and envelops them as in a fog. As soon as they are satisfied that their trench is large enough they deposit in it their soft-shelled eggs to the number of from forty to seventy, and with their hind feet quickly fill up the trench. In this contest of paddling feet more than one turtle, tumbled over by his companions, rolls into the trench and is buried alive. Half an hour is enough for the accomplishment of this task. The turtles then make a disorderly rush for the river. Now the moment has arrived for which the Conibos have anxiously waited. At a given signal the whole band suddenly rise from their lurking-places and dash off in pursuit of the amphibian, not to cut off their retreat—for they would themselves be trampled under foot by the resistless squadrons—but to rush upon their flanks, seize them by their tails, and throw them on their backs. Before the turtles have disappeared, a thousand prisoners often remain in the hands of the assailants.

OLD PROBABILITIES.

See the Daily Weather Reports are Made Up at the Washington Signal Office.

The signal service proper of the United States owes its existence to the late war, at the close of which, like other kindred bodies, it survived only in skeleton form. It is but five years ago that Gen. Myer, with a few eminent aids, acting under the authority of an act of Congress and the immediate orders of the Secretary of War, inaugurated the system of observations and reports by signal and telegraph which enables us daily to impart valuable and interesting information with regard to the weather, the rise and fall of all navigable rivers, and generally speaking, all unusual phenomena within the domain of meteorology.

The new branch of the service—at first intended to benefit our lake navigation only—soon extended its usefulness to the Atlantic coast, then to the principal inland cities down to the gulf, up the Mississippi to its source, and across the continent to the Pacific ocean, until—as is now the fact—we can have daily reports of the state of the weather at Portland, Oregon, and San Francisco, Halifax and Easter Point, Key West and Galveston, and Pembina and Duluth, with as much certainty and accuracy as could be obtained from places within the range of unaided vision.

The sub-offices are officially known as "stations," and are divided into two classes, viz.: Stations of observation and report, and stations of observation, report, and distribution. Each class is equally valuable and indispensable, and bears the relation to each other and to the chief office, in Washington, that the veins and arteries do to the heart. All stations are known by numbers, whether located in the United States or British America, and in transmitting reports telegraphically over the several "circuits" the names of stations are understood by figures.

Seven regular observations are made daily, viz.: Three to be reported by telegraph, three for local use, and a special noonday observation, telegraphed to Washington only in the event of a sudden rise or fall of the barometer. The "synopsis" briefly recounts all that has occurred during the preceding day, while the "Probabilities" announces the meteoric condition to be expected for the ensuing twenty-four hours. As a rule, the predictions are verified, but the signal service—thus far—do not claim to be infallible; they simply forecast, from what is known to exist, the character of the weather which will naturally follow.

The instruments used and consulted are: The barometer, standard thermometer (mercurial), hygrometer, anemometer (electro self-registering), anemoscope, rain-gauge, and maximum, minimum (spirit), and water thermometers; in addition to which the several atmospheric phenomena must be carefully noted, as, for instance, name, amount, and direction (moving from) of upper and lower clouds; state of the weather, amount of rain-fall, snow, sleet, or hail—in inches of water; all electrical phenomena, halos, parhelia, and mirage. When auroras occur, every phase of the display must be minutely and accurately recorded, including their duration, altitude, and azimuth. On lake and coast stations "cautionary signals," or storm warnings, are displayed when danger to shipping is apprehended. When observations are reported by telegraph, the signal service cipher is always employed.

An Ingenious Operator.

The Zanesville Courier tells how a railroad telegraph operator contrives to get himself waked when a train passes: When he gets ready to take a snooze he takes a stout piece of twine, stretches it across the track, one end tied to a tree and the other to a coal bucket filled with car links, coupling pins, old cylinder cans and such other metallic substances as come handy. The bucket is nicely adjusted on top of a stool or bench, so that a slight jerk on the string will pull it off, and then the railroad employee stretches himself out contentedly to await the coming of a train. He receives the first intimation that his services are needed by a crash that would almost startle a dead man, gets up, notices the other offices that such a train has passed "O. K.," fixes up his machine, and then releases into the arms of morpheus to await the next call, and thus he stands guard all night. In the morning the machine is taken to pieces, distributed about the room, and nobody is the wiser.

Etiquette in Washington.

The hardest thing for a daughter of society visiting in Washington to learn, says a letter writer, is said to be that social rules here are as antipodal to fashion's fads in other parts of the country as though this were a city in Cochinchina. Ladies come for a few days, and almost crack their stays with spleen at learning they must go around and do all the initiatory calling. "She knows I am here, and she ought to call first," said a Chicago society lady stopping briefly at the Arlington House. It was the wife of a Western Congressman to whom she was referring, and all the explanation in the world could not convince the fair sojourner that she must start out, find the Hon. Mrs. Blank, and make the first courtesy. Why this should be etiquette is more than I will agree to tell, any more than why it shouldn't be etiquette everywhere else. I am only doing all possible to save feminine hearts from burning by telling the dainty dears what they must expect. When you come to Washington, be prepared to hunt out your society friends in person, or do not tear your chignons in anguish at finding yourself neglected.

Smart Indians.

Several of the Modoc Indians attended the Baptist church at Lexington, Ky., the other day. A gang of boys were seated before them, who turned to stare at them, and continued the staring process until it became unendurable. One of the Indians took the boy's head gently in his hand and turned it toward the minister, giving a significant gesture to the other boys at the same time. It was enough, the boys listened to the preacher and left off the staring operations.

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