

THE ANSONIAN.

FEARLESSLY THE RIGHT DEFEND—IMPARTIALLY THE WRONG CONDEMN.

VOLUME II.

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NUMBER 1.

We Watched Her Breathing.

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had leant her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE WISE MAN'S CHOICE.

It is a simple story we have to tell and it is a story of to-day, with the actors living; therefore we will not direct the stare of the multitude by publishing real names.

Let us say that Mr. Beverly was a merchant, wealthy, respected and influential, doing a business large enough to satisfy the ambition of an Astor or a Bill Grey. Previous to the fall swoop of the fire fiend in Boston, his store reared its granite front on Franklin street, and unquenchable and bulky were the bales and boxes that found daily transit to and from the busy mart.

In Mr. Beverly's employ were three clerks—George Acton, Philip Lewis and Clarence Bugbee—who had entered to learn the mercantile business, and who had given promise of proficiency. The fact that they had been retained in the house a year or more, was proof positive to those who knew Mr. Beverly that they were of industrious, steady habits, and youths of promise.

At his home Mr. Beverly had among his children a daughter—Florence by name—who often came to the store, and whom the clerks had met at her father's house. These clerks could be gay and gallant on occasion, but never toward Florence Beverly. The feeling they cherished in their hearts they adored her afar off, giving her respectful attention, and prize her smile of recognition as a priceless boon.

So far as the family connections of these three young men were concerned, they were all honorable, respected people, but none of them wealthy.

On a certain occasion Mr. Beverly was heard to remark that he would rather give his daughter in marriage to a man poor in purse, who could bring the wealth of a pure and upright heart, than to the possessor of millions whose manhood was tainted in the least degree.

This remark came to the knowledge of the clerks, and it is not surprising that they thereupon experienced wild and brilliant day dreams, in which most stupendous and dazzling castles were constructed in the air.

As time passed on they became more and more familiar with Florence's sweet smile, and were admitted to a friendly acquaintance which proved, at least, she did not despise them.

At length came the devastating fire of the ninth of November. Upon viewing the scene of desolation, and calculating the chance and the necessities of business, Mr. Beverly resolved that he would not immediately seek new quarters for the continuance of his trade. He had no need, and he did not care to do it; he secured an office where he could meet and consult with his correspondents, and settle outstanding accounts, in pursuance of which only the services of his private secretary and two bookkeepers were required.

The three clerks were summoned to the merchant's presence. He told them what he had concluded to do, and why he had so concluded, and he advised that they should seek some other employment until he was ready to start again.

"I shall rebuild as soon as possible," he said, "and then your old places will be open for you. In the meantime, if you are pushed, do not hesitate to come to me for assistance."

Within two weeks from that time both Philip Lewis and Clarence Bugbee called upon Mr. Beverly, and asked for the loan of a hundred dollars each. They had been unable to find employment, and were in arrears for board. The merchant kindly gave them the money, and with it a little fatherly advice touching care and economy.

One day, after this, as Philip and Clarence were walking down the block-end track which had once been Franklin street, they saw a young man in a gray frock, working at the window of a derelict and the ruins of the old store, whom they thought they recognized. They crossed over, and found it to be their fellow clerk, George Acton. They were astonished and scandalized.

"Ignorance's name, George, what does

this mean? Is it only an escapade of yours?"

"No," answered Acton, wiping the sweat from his brow, "I am fairly and honestly at work, and I earn two dollars a day. That's better than loafing."

"Heavens!" cried Philip Lewis, with a start, "here comes Mr. Beverly and Florence. Go and hide yourself, Acton, before they see you."

But the young laborer did not budge an inch. Just then the boss called out to "hoist away!" and George applied himself to the work.

Meanwhile Mr. Beverly and his daughter had come upon the scene, once more to look upon the ruins of the grand storehouse. Lewis and Bugbee bowed respectfully, and then drew aside in mortification that one of their fraternity should be found in so menial a position, for it was evident that both father and daughter had recognized the youth in the garb and grime of toil, as the former clerk.

"Halloo!" cried Mr. Beverly, as soon as he was sure that his eyes had not deceived him. "Is this you, George Acton?"

"Yes, sir," replied our hero. His face was flushed, but it was with healthful labor, and not with shame—the steady brightness of his eyes showed that.

"Are you regularly hired here?"

"Yes, sir. The contractor gave me this berth until we can find one better."

"What does he pay you?"

"Just the same as he pays others—two dollars a day; but I earn a dollar extra in the evening by keeping his accounts. It's better than nothing, sir. I tried to find a clerkship; but there were at least a dozen applicants for every vacant place. Of course I couldn't starve; and while I have health and strength I will neither beg nor run in debt. I was brought up to work, you know; and, thank Heaven, I am neither afraid of it, nor do I feel above it."

"Hoist away!" shouted the master; and George Acton applied himself again to his work.

And the contractor, and from the fact that they looked several times toward the windlass where the young clerk was at work, it was reasonable to suppose that they were speaking of him.

And during this time Miss Florence spoke with Philip and Clarence, and a delicious fluttering seized them as they met her welcoming smile. They expected that she would speak of the sad and humiliating spectacle exposed before them, and they were prepared to tell her how mortified they felt; but she made no allusion to the circumstance. She did not even intimate to them that she had recognized the young man at the windlass.

By-and-by Mr. Beverly came out from amid the ruins, and having drawn the arm of his daughter within his own, and bowing to his former clerks, he departed. He did not bow an adieu to young Acton, for just then the laborer was busy at his work.

And Philip Lewis and Clarence Bugbee walked away talking of their pity for poor Acton.

"Mercy!" cried the former. "I wouldn't have been in his place when Florence Beverly came upon the scene for all the money in Boston."

"It was certainly humiliating," asserted the other. "But," he added, reflectively, "Acton never was really high-toned. I guess his family is rather low bred, any way."

And in this conclusion both young men fully agreed; and they further agreed that they should not in the future recognize George Acton as an acquaintance.

A week later Lewis and Bugbee had occasion to call at the office where Mr. Beverly had established his business headquarters, and they were not a little surprised at beholding George Acton seated at the desk of the confidential clerk and correspondent. It was a private room, with a glass door, which George occupied, and they ventured to ask one of the bookkeepers if Acton had been permanently employed.

"I don't know about that," replied the bookkeeper. "I only know that Mr. Beverly seems to have taken a sudden and strong liking to the young man, that he intrusted him with his private correspondence, and has given him a home beneath his own roof."

"Another day came—a day when the sleighing was excellent, and when the merry bells were jingling far and near. Through the kindness of a friend Lewis and Bugbee had managed to secure a team for the afternoon, and they drove out upon one of the Brighton roads. Out in the country they met the superb double cutter of Mr. Beverly, drawn by a pair of rattling bays. Upon the front seat sat the merchant and his wife, and on the back seat, smiling and chatting with all the grace and charm of friends who had given to each other the fullest

trust and confidence, sat George Acton and Florence Beverly!

What did it mean?

If Philip Lewis and Clarence Bugbee are not stupid beyond belief, they must see this have solved the problem; and may the solution give them new and enlarged views of life and its duties.

United States Iron Interests.

According to the census of 1810, there were 153 furnaces in the United States, producing 53,908 tons of iron, and four steel furnaces, producing 917 tons of steel, the importation of steel for the same year, being reported at only 550 tons. The commercial and financial revolutions which followed the war of 1812-15 affected disastrously the iron manufacture in common with all other industries; but that it did not entirely interrupt is shown by the fact that some new establishments of great importance went into operation at the time of the greatest depression; and in 1816 the total import of pig-iron was but 329 tons. By 1824 the iron production and manufacture were both very active, and the pig-iron product of this year undoubtedly exceeded 100,000 tons. For 1832 it was reported at 200,000 tons. The first furnace for smelting with anthracite coal was built in 1837, but at the close of 1843 there were twenty anthracite furnaces in successful operation. The first important demand for iron in the United States for railroad purposes commenced in 1835, during which year 465 miles of road were constructed, followed by 416 in 1838, 516 in 1840, and 717 in 1841. In regard to the production of pig-iron in the United States during the decade from 1840 to 1850, a period characterized by extreme variations in the tariff policy of the government, there has been little controversy; but the most careful investigation yet made into the subject (that of Hon. W. M. Grosvenor) leads to the conclusion that the product of 1840 was about 347,000 tons, and that it increased from that year to 1848. Subsequent to this date the progress of the pig-iron industry may be accurately indicated as follows: 1850, 564,755 tons; 1855, 784,178; 1860, 917,770; 1865, 931,582; 1870, 1,865,000; 1873, 2,695,000.

In 1865 the production of cast steel in the United States was 15,262 tons; in 1873, 28,000 tons.

1868 the production of pneumatic or Bessemer steel was 8,500 tons; in 1873 (estimated), 140,000 tons: The recent progress of that department of the iron industry of the United States engaged in the manufacture of rails for railroads is also indicated by the following statistics of annual product: 1849, 24,314 tons; 1855, 138,674; 1860, 205,038; 1865, 356,202; 1870, 620,000; 1872, 941,000; 1873, 850,000.

In 1840 the consumption of iron in the United States for all purposes was estimated at about forty pounds per capita; in 1846, at about sixty pounds; in 1856, at sixty-four; and in 1867, at (approximately) one hundred pounds. The per capita consumption of Great Britain and Belgium alike for this latter year was one hundred and eighty-nine pounds; and of France, sixty-nine and one-half pounds. For the years 1872-73 the per capita consumption of iron in the United States has been estimated as high as one hundred and fifty pounds; and that of Great Britain at two hundred pounds.

What It Does.

Slight derangement of the digestive or other functions is often sufficient to occasion a temporary delirium in children, beginning during sleep and prolonged after waking. The suffering is great, and the condition an alarming one to parents and friends. The mental excitement is so intense as to resist impressions from without to an extraordinary degree. It is here that the associations of smell can be used more effectively than others to break up the morbid train. A good whiff of borage almost always restores the little sufferer back to its ordinary world; or a little ammonia may be used. But an odor which is agreeable is probably more effective than one which is merely pungent. It is a common observation that mental associations are awakened by odors more than by the impressions of any other sense. In the case of nightmare the strong, familiar smell seems to break up the train of abnormal mental excitement.

THE REASON.—A Pottsville man, whose chickens had been stolen, advertised for the thief to come back and take the coop. The next day the following was received at the *Miners' Journal* office: "I examined with care the coop of Mr. D. G. Matthews, which I stole the chickens, and had I found it a good one I would have taken it along at the time. I decline his offer in this morning's *Journal*."

THE OVERCROWDED CITIES.

A Hint that is Worth the Heeding—Country vs. the City.

There is hardly a city in the United States which does not contain more people than can get a fair, honest living, by labor or trade, in the best times, says J. G. Holland, in *Scribner's Monthly*. When times of business depression come, like those through which we have passed, and are passing, there is a large class that must be helped, to keep them from cruel suffering. Still the cities grow, while whole regions of the country—especially its older portions—are depopulated year by year. Yet the fact is patent to-day that the only prosperous class is the agricultural. We have now the anomaly of thrifty farmers and starving tradesmen. The agricultural classes of the West are prosperous. They had a good crop last year, and have received good prices for all their products; and while the cities are in trouble, and manufactures are running on half time, or not running at all, the Western farmer has money in his pocket, and a ready market for everything he has to sell. The country must be fed, and he feeds it. The city family may do without new clothes, and a thousand luxurious appliances, but it must have bread and meat. There is nothing that can prevent the steady prosperity of the American farmer but the combinations and "corners" of middle-men, that force unnatural conditions upon the finances and markets of the country.

This is not the first occasion we have had for allusion to this subject, and it is not likely to be the last. The forsaking of the farm for city life is one of the great evils of the time, and, so far, it has received no appreciable check. Every young man, apparently, who thinks he can get a living in the city, or at the minor centers of population, quits home upon the farm and joins the multitude. Once in the city, he never returns. Notwithstanding it until he dies, adding to the population of his new home. Greeley, in his days of active philanthropy, used to urge men to leave the city—to go West—to join the agricultural population, and thus make themselves sure of a competent livelihood. He might as well have talked to the wind. A city population can neither be coaxed nor driven into agricultural pursuits. It is not that they are afraid of work. The average worker of the city toils more hours than the average farmer in any quarter of the country. He is neither fed nor lodged as well as the farmer. He is less independent than the farmer. He is a bond-slave to his employers and his conditions; yet the agricultural life has no charms for him.

Whatever the reason for this may be, it is not based in the nature of work, or in its material rewards. The farmer is demonstrably better off than the worker of the city. He is more independent, has more command of his own time, fares better at table, lodges better, and gets a better return for his labor. What is the reason, then, that the farmer's boy runs to the city the first chance he can get, and remains, if he can possibly find there the means of life?

It can only be found, we believe, in the social leanness, or social starvation, of American agricultural life. The American farmer, in all his planning, and all his building, has never made provision for life. He has only considered the means of getting a living. Everything outside of this—everything relating to society and culture—has been steadily ignored. He gives his children the advantages of schools, not recognizing the fact that these very advantages call into life a new set of social wants. A bright, well-educated family, in a lonely farm house, is very different material from a family brought up in ignorance. An American farmer's children, who have had a few terms at a neighboring academy, resemble in no degree the children of the European peasant. They come home with new ideas and new wants, and if there is no provision made for these new wants, and they find no opportunities for their satisfaction, they will be ready, on reaching their majority, to fly to the farm and seek the city.

If the American farmer wishes to keep his children near him, he must learn the difference between living and getting a living; and we mistake him and his grade of culture altogether if he does not stop over this statement, and wonder what we mean by it. To go to living, to make money, to become "foreheaded"—this is the wish of life to agricultural multitudes; discouraging to their numbers to contemplate the life of the city, there is no difference between living and getting a living. Their whole life consists in getting a living; and when their families come back to them from their schooling, they find that, really, this is the only pursuit that has any recognition under

the paternal roof, they must go away.

The boys push to the centers of the cities, and the girls follow them if they can. A young man or a young woman, raised to the point where they apprehend the difference between living and getting a living, can never be satisfied with the latter alone. Either the farmer's children must be kept ignorant, or provision must be made for their social wants. Brains and hearts need food and clothing as well as bodies; and those who have learned to recognize brains and hearts as the best and most important part of their personal possessions, will go where they can find the ministry they need.

What is the remedy? How shall farmers manage to keep their children near them? How can we discourage the influx of unnecessary—may, burdensome—populations into the cities? We answer: By making agricultural society attractive. Fill the farm houses with periodicals and books. Establish central reading rooms, or neighborhood clubs. Encourage the social meetings of the young. Have concerts, lectures, amateur dramatic associations. Establish a bright, active, social life, that shall give some significance to labor. Above all, build, as far as possible, in villages. It is better to go a mile to one's daily labor than to place one's self a mile away from a neighbor. The isolation of American farm life is the great curse of that life, and it falls upon the women with a harshness that the men cannot appreciate, and drives the educated young away.

Put Yourself in Her Place.

Take a man, says Mary Kyle Dallas, and pin three or four large tablecloths about him, fastened back with elastic and looped up with ribbons; drag all his own hair to the middle of his head and tie it tight, and hair-pin on about five pounds of other hair, and increase the exhibiting space, which in the great hall amounts to twenty-one acres. Separate buildings will add to this as follows: The art gallery (a permanent structure) occupies a space of one acre. The main building is constructed of built-up wrought iron columns, placed on masonry foundations. The columns are placed twenty-four feet apart in the longest direction of the structure, and the open space is filled with panels of timber and plank seven feet high. Above this are glazed skylights. It was designed to open the exhibition April 19, 1876, and close it October 19; but in compliance with the request of the foreign commissioners, and in order to take advantage of the best season of the year for fine weather, these dates have been altered to May 10th for the opening and November 10th for the close.

Were Frightened.

The transit of Venus seems to have caused some commotion among the natives of Tokio. The *Times*, of India, tells us: On the morning of the 9th inst. the mayor of the first grand division of Tokio posted up the news that in a few hours Venus would pass across the sun. The ignorant, principally women and children, not understanding anything about this phenomenon, believed, on reading the notice, that the sun was going to burst, and became excessively frightened. Some hid themselves in godowns, others ran about the streets with a terrified air, and sought shelter from the flames of the sun, which were about to fall on them. They wept, and when any one inquired the cause of their lamentations, they would reply that the fire of the sun would to-day set fire to the earth.

A Warning.

A story told about the great French artist, Corot, ought to be a warning to landed proprietors who meditate employing women—pardon us—ladies to collect their rents. Corot, when, in the last ten years of his life, money began to flow in on him, invested his savings in houses in Paris, and employed a female relative to collect his rents. Whenever any of his tenants could not pay up promptly, they, knowing Corot's fine heart, would waylay him on his way to his studio, and beg him to interfere. Whereupon the old painter, not daring to mention the matter to his woman of business, would lend them the amount of the rent out of his own pocket, charging them solemnly not to mention it to his collector.

A Man in a Furnishing Store.

A chatty writer in the *Boeton Globe*, who has been shopping, says: The strangest sight of all is to see a man enter a ladies' furnishing store to execute some little commission for Mary Jane, who has gone into the country. He steps carefully in at the door, treading gingerly as though he expected to find innumerable babies lying around under foot, and really looking more bewildered than he would if he had suddenly been transported to the moon. Standing in the center of the store, he surveys each counter in turn with a puzzled air; then, as if he had discovered the object for which he is searching, he stalks up to the hosiery department, slowly proceeds to pull from some hidden recess in his innermost coat a huge pocket-book, which he opens, takes out a letter, carefully unfolds it, deliberately reads it through, then junks through the pocket-book until he finds a little scrap of blue ribbon, and, scrutinizing the face of each lady clerk, finally selects one and informs her that he wants "10—12—yard and, no consulting the letter, two yards and a half of ribbon (reading from letter) 'or; two shades darker and a breadth wider than the sample." He is directed to the proper counter, and, after paying for his purchase, packs away ribbon, letter, pocket-book and all. Then goes on his way rejoicing; but very likely comes back the next day, for the return mail has brought him word that it was one shade darker and two breadths wider than Mary Jane wanted.

THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

The Space Allotted to Different Governments—The Buildings—Interesting Statistics.

More than twenty-five governments have notified the United States authorities of their intention of taking part in the Centennial exhibition. Europe, Asia, Africa, South America and North America are to be represented, and doubtless Australia also, coming in under the title of British colonies. The space allotted to each nation is in square feet as follows: Siam, 3,496; Persia, 7,776; Egypt, 7,776; Turkey, 7,776; Russia, 10,044; Sweden and Norway, 10,044; Austria, 25,328; German Empire, 27,264; Netherlands and Denmark, 7,766; Switzerland, 6,156; Italy, 11,604; Spain and colonies, 15,552; France, Algeria, and other colonies, 27,264; Great Britain, Canada, India, Australia, and other colonies, 46,748; United States (total), 123,160; Mexico, 11,664; Honduras, 3,888; Guatemala, 5,508; San Salvador, 4,536; Nicaragua, 4,536; Venezuela, 5,508; Ecuador, 3,888; United States of Colombia, 7,776; Peru, 11,604; Chili, 9,744; Brazil, 17,520; Argentine Republic, 15,552; Hayti, 3,888; Sandwich Islands, 3,888; Liberia, 2,268; Japan, 7,290; China, 7,290; reserved space, 21,408; total, 485,000. Work on the buildings has not only commenced, but has been carried forward energetically. Considered merely as exhibiting surface, these buildings will form a central avenue 1,832 feet long, and 120 feet wide, with two side avenues of the same length, and 100 feet wide. These great avenues are separated by covered spaces forty-eight feet wide, and two others twenty-four feet wide surround the whole. The whole length of the main building is 1,880 feet, and the whole width 464 feet, dimensions that from their very strangeness almost fail to give a clear idea of the increase of the exhibiting space, which in the great hall amounts to twenty-one acres. Separate buildings will add to this as follows: The art gallery (a permanent structure) occupies a space of one acre. The main building is constructed of built-up wrought iron columns, placed on masonry foundations. The columns are placed twenty-four feet apart in the longest direction of the structure, and the open space is filled with panels of timber and plank seven feet high. Above this are glazed skylights. It was designed to open the exhibition April 19, 1876, and close it October 19; but in compliance with the request of the foreign commissioners, and in order to take advantage of the best season of the year for fine weather, these dates have been altered to May 10th for the opening and November 10th for the close.

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