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FEARLESSLY THE RIGHT DEFEND—IMPARTIALLY THE WRONG CONDEMN.

CHILD STEWARD

"For Love is Blind."

Fate counseled her, if she were wise,
To get a guard upon her eyes,
And turn her face from love's surprise.

But youth, the hero, came ere long,
Came singing through a headlong throng,
She listened, breathless, to his song,
And felt the life-blood in her veins.

"O fate," she murmured, "if I were
To guard upon my eyes,
I never should have loved thee here,
For love is blind, and fate is true."

IN AN ELEVATOR.

"Mrs. James Alsup, home on the
Thursdays of December from two to five
P. M. Hotel Kenans, West Royston
street."

It was the last Thursday of December,
and quite a little throng of fashionable
people had assembled at the Hotel Kenans
in response to this card.

Estella Blodgett had, always been
called a beauty. Why, was not so easy
to say, for, as she herself once candidly
remarked, "When you come to look at
me, I'm not so very pretty—in fact, no
wonder that other people!" This was
quite true. Beauty often dwells in a
certain nameless charm; brightness, un-
expectedness, tact, and sweetness com-
bined, and these Estella had.

For the rest, there were dark hair and eyes,
a clear, brilliant skin, a dimple, a white
slender hand, but, as I said, she was no
prettier than American girls average to
be, only people persisted in thinking
her so. She wore the American
laurels gracefully enough; success did
not spoil her; her list of friends num-
bered many names, and she was
always a host to the qualified as beauty.
But never, people agreed, had Estella
Blodgett been so much more un-
usually and fascinating, than was Estella
Alsup that afternoon as she gazed about
the pretty new rooms, welcoming,
greeting, making every one feel at
home.

"How happy she looks!" observed
Mrs. Dalrymple.

"Well, who wouldn't be happy with
the loveliest French tongs that ever
were made?" asked Constance Ferris.

Two or three people laughed at the
unconscious warmth of Constance's
tone.

"For my part," put in Alice Orway,
"I never could quite see that James
Alsup was so charming. He shuts me
right up; I don't get on with him at all.
Estella used to feel so too, and I never
understood how she came to like him at
the last."

"Ah, you never tried him in an eleva-
tor," said Mrs. Dalrymple, looking
funny.

"In an elevator? What do you
mean?"

"Oh, thereby hangs a tale; you know,
of course, that James is a professor, and
excessively wise and learned?"

"Yes; I know so much."

"I used to be dreadfully afraid of
him," went on Estella, with a little
laugh, "but I had a booty that I
couldn't know how to get on with
young ladies. He used to talk to me
sometimes at parties, but I was always
so shy and ignorant and light-minded
that he could never get on with me, and
I quite thought that I disliked him, I
fact, I used to say so. Several of the
girls at the party."

"The Bostons lived in these rooms
last winter. They were lovely people,
gay and kind, always giving the pleas-
antest little parties. Well, they were
going to have a little dinner on Mrs.
Peyton's birthday, the 2d of December
—just the Dalrymples and Sargeants;
and Mrs. Peyton was to ask a gentleman
to match me; eight of us there were to
be. Harry Allen was to be the gentle-
man. He was a great ally of mine, and
we all agreed that it would prove quite
a perfect little affair."

"The very day before I had a note
from Mrs. Peyton to say that Harry
Allen's step-mother was dead, and she
was to be married. Who would I
have? I wrote back that it didn't matter
what she did, but she would be nice, if he
were disengaged. But though I said so,
I did not quite know what I was saying,
and she said she would take you
with her. Your eyes
were so stupid according to
whether the person you were
not so I hoped Leslie Clark would be
available."

"Somebody had a feeling that the
evening was going to be important!
I don't know how such impressions
come. I never took more
pleasure with me than for any party, and
my dress was lovely, though I say it
was one of those cream-colored
things that were so much in vogue
at the time. I had a
diamond necklace, and I had
all the small of the summer suit, for
the party. I was so nervous, and
I really looked terrible, and
I was in the highest spirits. So you can
imagine my feelings when, just as I was
getting out of my carriage, another drew
up, and James Alsup stepped out in

dress-coat and gloves, evidently bound
for the dinner. Leslie Clark had proved
engaged, and Mrs. Peyton, casting about
for a substitute, had "lighted" on James.
She hadn't the faintest idea, of course, that
I disliked him.

"I was a week to recollect how
I felt. And he looked equally dis-
satisfied. He confesses now that he
was a good deal put out by my shyness and
awkwardness. He had intended, and he
had made up his mind that I was
"frivolous," and that he would let me
down in future."

"With a vague hope that he might be
bound for the first story or the second,
I finished, at eight o'clock, Mr. Alsup.
As was a route for Mrs. Peyton's."

"Mrs. Peyton's," the regular
with a stiff little bow. When we took
our place in the elevator as gloomily as
though we were going to a funeral in-
stead of a dinner party. "Dear me, how
funny it was! The man below started
us, and up we went. There wasn't any
elevator boy's then. That's an im-
provement, but in since our accident."

"An accident! Did you have one?"

"Oh, dear yes, the most ridiculous
possible. Half-way between the second
and third the elevator stuck.
What was the matter exactly I have
never been able to understand, though James
has explained it several times; but I
think the chain was clogged in some
way, and wouldn't work either up or
down. When it first stopped we thought
it some mistake, and waited patiently,
but after a minute James grew uneasy,
he twisted the rope, but all to no pur-
pose; then he began to call, hoping
somebody below would hear us."

"We were so near the Peyton's floor
that we could see the lights shining
through the glazed door at top. The
elevator had an open-work roof—cross-
cross, you know, with large holes be-
tween the cross-crossings. It was not
dark; we could see each other plainly.
By-and-by we heard bells ringing below
in a distracted way, feet running up
the stairs, and voices from the door at
bottom, and some one called out:

"Miss Blodgett, are you there?"

"Yes, I said; I wish I wasn't."

"What is the matter with the pul-
leys?" called out James.

"Oh, Alsup, you too! It isn't the
pulleys, they say; it's something else.
But it's sure to be all right in a few
minutes; they've sent for a man to come
and fix it."

"Was there ever anything so pro-
voking since the world began?" chimed
in Mrs. Peyton. (I could just dimly see
her profile through the open-work.)
"Don't catch cold, Estella, whatever you
do. Keep your cloak tightly around
you. You'll see that she wrapped up
what you, Mr. Alsup? It's such a com-
fort that you are here to take care of
her."

"Are you warm enough?" asked
James in a formal voice.

"Yes, indeed; and I showed him
that my wrap was lined with fur."

"That is well," he said; "there is
always a draught in a shaft like this."

"Well—of course nobody could help
on being still under such circumstances
—we got to talking. The dinner party
arrived; the Dalrymples and Sargeants.
One by one they came to the glazed door
to look down and pity us, and what be-
tween sympathy and the ludicrous na-
ture of our lot, they laughed and we
laughed, till we were in the merriest of
moods. All this time confused sounds
of scraping and sawing came from below,
but we remained immovable."

"Do go to dinner," I called out, for
I knew Mrs. Peyton's cook must be on
center-look. "We don't care for soup,
do we, Mr. Alsup? We will come in for
the fish."

"No, neither of us eats soup," called
out James. "Pray begin without me,
Mrs. Peyton. We'll make our appear-
ance when you get to something we like."

"There were all sorts of polite de-
murs, of course, but at last they went
away and left us *te-a-tete*.
"This is absurd enough," said
James.

"Yes, I said; but, after all, it
might be worse. Don't make believe, as
the children say, that we are at a party,
and that this is a case like *bonheur*, so
which we have come on purpose, to rest
and entertain each other, and it will be
quite new."

but do you know, Ernest, I do really
and truly think that he fell a little in
love with me then and there, and I with
him!

"Every little while somebody would
leave the table to condescend with us,
and report just how far the dinner had pro-
gressed. Now it was the game, now the
said, then the *blanc glacé*. I began
to grow hungry, and James became
ravenous."

"I say," he called to Mrs. Peyton.
"If some sandwiches were cut very long
and narrow, and judiciously lowered,
I think we could eat them in through
this net-work."

"I suppose we did look like chickens
in a coop. Never was anything so
absurd seen as Mr. Peyton and Mr. Dal-
rymple dangling morsels of bread and
butter and chicken tied to long strings
toward us, and James spearing them
with the hook of his umbrella. They
sent down fried oysters one by one,
wrapped in paper. They sent down
macaroons and lady-biscuits. A good
many things lodged on top of the eleva-
tor, but some came in, and we were very
glad of them. What with the singularity
of the adventure and the fun we had
made, I was quite enjoying myself."

"All this time I was lost in wonder
that he should be so agreeable. I can't
tell you, Ernest, how nice he was that
night. All his ordinary business melted
away; he was easy, merry, friendly, and
oh, so kind! I forgot myself talking to
him about all sorts of trifles, which the
day before I should as soon have thought
of confiding to the observatory. I even
told him what I was going to wear to the
charity ball. Think of that!"

"It was ten o'clock before the eleva-
tor stirred. Then it gave a jerk, and
before we could speak, down it fell
with a dreadful, smashing rapidity.
The stupid people in trying to mend
matters had let the chain slip off the
wheel! Oh!—drawing a long breath—
"It makes me shudder now to think of
it. The sensation was sickening."

"How heaven was such a miraculous
escape. Do you know, in the middle of
our descent I recollected having read
somewhere that to rise on your tiptoes
and come down again on the soles of
your feet at the moment of touching
would break such a fall. And I rose on
mine."

"Wonderful! And were you really
not hurt?"

"Hardly at all. I was jarred and
bruised a little, and James a good deal
more, for I hadn't time to tell him about
the business, and he was intent on holding
me firm. Our heads from above
rained down, and I was finding it in
little pieces, and, beside themselves
with joy when we were drawn out almost
unharmful. We all vowed that we should
never venture again in an elevator, but,
bless you, we have all broken the vow
since. Such a house as this would be
uninhabitable without one."

"I really don't think I shall," said
Ernestine, looking quite pale. "It
takes me some time to remember that only to-day
I came up in this of yours."

"Oh, ours is the safest in the city
now. You know the superstition about
the cannon balls never entering twice at
the same place. We have had our acci-
dent, and it is over. Besides, Mr. Kel-
ler had the apparatus entirely changed,
and they say now that such a thing can't
now happen."

"So then and there your romance be-
gan?" said Mrs. Peyton.

"Then and there. Of course James
came to see me afterward, and kept
coming, and I had quite got over being
afraid of him, and so—so—Ah, there
he is at last," as the door opened.

"James, dear, how late you are! Come
here and be introduced to my Ernest."

Proverbs of Truth.

A man may buy gold too dear.
A light purse is a heavy cure.
Little will will win a big ship.
All lay loads on the willing horse.
A fault confessed is half redressed.
A wise layer-up is a wise layer-down.
All are not friends that speak us fair.
A quarrelsome man is a thunder.
A guilty conscience needs no accuser.
An oak tree is not cut with one blow.
A bad workman quarrels with his tools.
A good name keeps itsuster in the dark.
A god from a loam is a breakfast for a fool.
Always put your saddle on the right horse.
An ungrateful oath is better than a lie.
A brand name is as good as a brand.

A man may hold his tongue at the wrong time.
An hour in the morning is worth two in the afternoon.
An ounce of mother wit is worth a pound of book learning.

CHAPTER ON MULES.

They Die Hard—Their Tricks and Characteristics.

The mule is certainly a hard animal to kill, especially if he makes up his mind that he will not die. On the mountain-side, burdened with a heavy pack, his foothold is as firm and sure as the earth on which it rests; but when the earth gives way, as it sometimes does, pack and mule go rolling over and over down the steep hill or precipice; the animal may be killed, apparently, two or three times before he gets to the bottom, but he has generally lived enough left to secure him a good old age and a natural death. "I have seen," says a correspondent, "a wheat mule fall and become buried under a heavily loaded wagon so completely that not a hint of the animal was visible. Just when the wagon and load were removed, the mule got up and seemed to be the only party there that was not surprised. I did hear of one mule in the West which died from violence. He fell into a quartz mill and was stamped to a jelly; then passed into the furnace, and was roasted to a white heat, which made him perspire freely. On coming out of the furnace, a foolish man declared he was dead. But it is said that when a curious skeptic pounced on some of the furnace quartz with a pick, shortly after, the brain of the mule in the furnace was distinctly heard."

The mule is not the stupid animal he is represented to be. His powers of observation and memory are sometimes wonderful. Old teamsters say that a mule always knows a man who has fed him once. A mule of two hundred and eighty, many wagons all alike, and when it gets into camp let the train be parked, and the mules unharnessed and driven to feeding, a mule or two, away from the train. When it is time to give them their corn the animals are herded back to the train, with a strange in-
stinct every mule will go right to his own wagon. I have heard old teamsters talkable than a horse, more knowing, and more affectionate. But I know of no animal whose moral education is so much neglected. He is a victim of his associates. When thoroughly corrupted, there is no wickedness to which he is not equal. His hypocrisy then greatly helps him to succeed. I have seen him when he looked the perfect picture of meekness and humility; when it seemed that even Moses himself must defer to him in these crowning virtues. Yet if Moses or any other patriarch had ventured to approach him without a tribute of corn, the mule would have licked him into the remotest antiquity. I have seen him deceive a wagonmaster himself, pretending that he could not go a step farther, but the moment he was released from harness, bounding off as fresh and lively as a colt.

The depraved mule rejoices in his heart if he can make some one miserable. It is a trait for which the West has a specific term. They call it "pure cussedness." When a mule devotes his whole life to illustrating this idea, he is a thousand opportunities, and achieves a remarkable success. It is this instinct which prompts him to encourage the attentions of his driver for a year or two, just for the sake of getting good chance to kick his brains out. It is this which leads him to stand still when other people would be better pleased if he would go. It is this which often decides him, when he really does start, to send his rider on ahead of him. Perhaps, too, it is this spirit that gives the mule his strange idea of justice, which seems to be to visit upon others the afflictions which he suffers himself. Thus it is said that if a bad lot of mules is in line, and you kick one of them violently, instead of retaliating on the one who kicked him, he simply kicks the mule behind him. The second mule passes the kick to the third, he to the fourth, and so on till the primary vengeance has gone the whole length of the line, leaving the last mule unjustified. Perhaps it is only an illustration of the principle that misery loves company.

All About Kisses.

New that there is so much talk about kisses, it is worth recalling what a clergyman once said about them. Says Sydney Smith, "We are in favor of a certain amount of alms when a kiss is proposed, but it should not be too large, and when the fair one gives it, let the man be satisfied with warmth and energy, but there be no more. If the close embrace and sighs immediately follow, the effect is greater. She should be careful not to slobber a kiss, but give it as a humming-bird runs his bill into a honey-suckle, deep, but delicate. There is much virtue in a kiss when well delivered. We have the memory of one we received in our youth which lasted us forty years, and we believe it will be one of the last things we shall think of when we die."

The Health of Maine.

The recent report of the Massachusetts State board of health for 1874 presents, in one of its supplementary papers, some facts which are interesting because of their significant bearing upon the important question of the health of towns. The death rate for 1872 in Massachusetts was 27.4-1000 per cent, or one to every forty-four persons. Although Massachusetts possesses a most healthy climate, the death rate is considered as very high. The report gives some interesting figures, which go to show that the death rate in closely populated cities is greater than in those of smaller population is true. For instance, in 1872 the death rate in the city of New York was 32.6 per thousand, while in Newark it was almost the same—31.6—only one in a thousand less. Now, the difference in density of population between New York and Newark is almost as great as it can be between two large towns. The same remark applies to Hoboken, where the death rate was even somewhat greater than it was in New York, 32.9 per thousand. In New Orleans, which is densely populated, and which is subject to yellow fever, the death rate was less than that of New York—29.6 per thousand, while in Memphis which is not densely populated, and where yellow fever is not endemic, the rate reached the exceptionally high figure of 46.6 per thousand.

These facts would seem to show that we are not yet sufficiently advanced in sanitary science to form a well-founded conclusion as to the effect of density—more density—of population upon the health of the human race. But as to one point, all facts, all reasons all probability, point to one conclusion; and that is that sickness and death—and, in particular, typhoid diseases and diseases of the typhoid type—are connected directly with the presence of the gases of decomposition. Pure water favors health, but it has been found that its introduction into cities has not diminished the death rate in any very striking degree. But the removal of masses of decomposing matter from the soil, and the consequent death rate. Dr. Derby, in his report on typhoid fever, says: "The single common thread of probability which we have been able to follow in this inquiry leads uniformly to the decomposition of organic and chiefly vegetable substances as the cause of typhoid fever. This is the one great sanitary point to be kept before householders and the health authorities: the removal of decomposing matter, whether it is such as produces ordinary malaria, that is, such as comes from stagnant water or covered water courses—or such as produces typhoid fever. This attended to, the inhabitants of cities would seem to have as good a chance of health and long life as if they were dwellers in Arcadia."

Half-Witened in a Night.

The Augusta Ga. Chronicle of a recent date says: Father Lockner visited the Hooper, the condemned murderer, early yesterday morning, and informed him of the refusal of Governor Smith to grant a reprieve. Hooper was at first much agitated, and trembled like a leaf shaken by the wind, but soon became more composed, and during the day seemed to have become more reconciled to his fate. A remarkable fact in connection with this case is an exemplification of the oft told story that men's hair sometimes turns gray in a single night. When Hooper was sentenced by Judge Pottle last month his hair was perfectly black. The morning after the sentence was imposed Mr. Bridges, keeper of the jail, noticed on entering the condemned man's cell that a portion of his hair was perfectly white. He immediately asked him where he had obtained flour to put on his head. Hooper was surprised and said he knew nothing about it. Mr. Bridges then went up to him and discovered that a large part of his hair immediately on the crown of his head had actually changed from a deep black to a snowy white during the night. The agony of a few hours had done what years generally accomplish.

Shipwreck.

If some scientific man were to come out and declare it to be necessary for every railroad man to carry two jack-knives in his pocket, the world would look scornfully at him. Nevertheless, Mr. Averill, a Vermont conductor, who had that many there, fell on a railroad track last week, and the wheels of the forward truck of a freight car, weighing 13,500 pounds, ran over his legs, with-
out breaking any of his bones or even tearing his skin badly. The two jack-knives were, however, bent nearly double, the hinges having struck them first and presented the shearing effect which would have been disastrous to the prostrate Averill.

The way they manage it in England is to dismiss any person in the employ of the civil service who may give the newspapers an item.

Items of Interest.

Scotland expended last year fully \$7,000,000 on whisky for her own consumption.

A chimney burning out frightened Mrs. Carter, of Maine, so much that her own vital spark went out.

It will communicate was allowed to corrupt good manners there might be some excuse for an editor.

"I am afraid I might be biased by the evidence," was the objection a gentleman made to serving on a jury.

Oliver Wendell Holmes said: "If the whole world were turned up, so many would be made from the trade in potash."

Dan Bryant, of Massachusetts, Unsworth, and Budworth were once members of the same minstrel organization, and died within sixty days of one another.

A lady the other day meeting a girl who had lately left her service, inquired: "Well, Mary, where do you live now?" "Please, ma'am, I don't live nowhere," replied the girl: "I'm married!"

A writer on dress says: Short and podgy women ought not to wear belts. What's the use of giving advice in that way. There isn't a woman in the world who would admit even to herself, that she was "short and podgy."

At a recent auction sale of menagerie animals, Ohio, three lions were sold for \$2,200, sixty monkeys for \$540, an elephant for \$5,500, two camels for \$800, a zebra for \$1,000, two kangaroos for \$350, and a grizzly bear for \$170.

Adah Tensas Menkes lies buried in Pere-la-Chaise, Paris. Her remains will soon be ejected from that burial ground if the temporary lease, for interment is not extended. The five years' lease has nearly expired, and must be renewed.

Here's a Yale college ditty. And if it is a girl, ah, we'll dress her up in blue, and send her out to fetch the coal, and if it is a boy, we'll put him on the cross, and let him be the Harvard, as his daddy did a half century ago an old gentleman in southern Massachusetts owned every shingle with which he covered his roof to be first dipped in boiling whale oil. The other day his grandchildren replaced the shingles on the old mansion for the first time, and found many of them in a perfect state of preservation.

There is a telegrapher's palsy. The operators kept very busy first that after some years they are unable to signal certain signs distinctly. They change their fingers and get rid of the trouble—for a time; but these fingers fail, and if the labor is persisted in, the whole arm gives out and the brain becomes affected.

At the Brighton (England) Aquarium a remarkable circumstance connected with the breeding of the octopus has taken place in tank twenty-five. A female had deposited a quantity of eggs, but died, as the animals often do, in spawning. The male was then charge of the whole, and may be constantly guarding them.

A carpenter who was splitting a barn in Plymouth county, Mass., away from any timber standing, was so unfortunate as to throw his body to the ground. Being almost insensible, he dared not jump, so he sat on the jagged edge of that barn the rest of the day and all the night, until he was rescued by a tramp, who for once in his life was made useful.

A London paper tells of it in a report of the proceedings at the Hammer-smith police court. One John Welch, an ironer, who lived at Bellinghams, Nottinghamshire (how charmingly how characteristic those old names are! There the old country has a reputation not to be questioned), was found with being drunk and assaulting her father and mother. A policeman testified that he saw her "knock her mother over," and then her father came up, and she "knocked him over." He separated them, and she "knocked her father again."

Finally she kicked her father of glass on the head, and she was taken to the hospital. Her father, who was a stout old man, said that his daughter, "knocked him over and knocked him down. He was when?" Whereat the judge exclaimed: "He was drunk all day!" The mother's hard-working son, said she was going home, when her daughter "knocked her down twice in the street." When she got home the young woman "knocked her like a cat, and kicked her by the hair." The prisoner's defense was that "the sister was married on Sunday, and they—the whole family—had been drunk ever since."

The judge did not admit the validity of the plea, and committed her to prison for fourteen days, with hard labor; when, on being removed, she fell upon her knees and swore to do one of the witnesses an injury.