

THE ANSONIAN.

FEARLESSLY THE RIGHT DEFEND—IMPARTIALLY THE WRONG CONDEMN.

VOLUME II.

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The Singer.

She sits and sings in the room below
A tender ballad of love and woe,
Wedded to music plaintive and slow.
And who would dream that her heart is
Sore?
While she sings so sad a lay—
Seemingly to pour her soul away?
Why not? She doth her heart no wrong,
Lips joy-laden the whole day long,
Will can afford to sorrow in song!
So keep her Heaven! nor let her know
Other sighings than those that flow
Effusively through ballads of love and woe.

THE PLOT OF MME. MORIN.

A Story of Crime in France.

One day in the month of September an individual named Ragoulean, attorney by profession, money-lender and real estate speculator by practice, presented himself at the prefecture of police in the city of Paris, with the statement that he was the destined victim of a plot laid against his life by a widow lady named Morin, and her daughter, Angélique Delaporte. Everything was prepared, he said, for the consummation of the crime; a house had been rented somewhere in the jurisdiction of Paris; he was to be attracted thither on some pretext; once there, he was to be decoyed into a cellar, and forced to sign notes for an enormous amount; after which he would be assassinated, and his body secreted.

Had Ragoulean any proof? Oh! yes, he replied, producing an invitation from Mme. Morin to take breakfast with herself and her daughter on September 24th. This was not much, but the frightened attorney went on to state that a woman named Jourdard had warned him that the widow Morin had for a long time vowed to have his life, and that September 24th had been fixed upon to lure him into a deadly ambush.

Here was something more tangible. Mlle. Jourdard was an old friend of the police, and an officer was dispatched post haste to bring her before the prefect. This woman lived a dual sort of existence, carrying on the professional trade of an engraver in the Rue Dauphine, and at the same time keeping a small tobacco shop in the Rue de Juiverie. She had, however, some other means of obtaining a livelihood, while in order to pursue her various callings without interference, she jotted down and reported whatever she thought might prove of interest to the inspector of the police. Produced before the prefect, she confirmed Ragoulean's story, and gave further details as to the motives which had induced the two women to undertake so strange a crime. Mme. Morin, said the witness, had had certain pecuniary transactions with Ragoulean, in which she believed he had cheated her. Carefully concealing her irritation, she sought eagerly for a way to avenge herself. With this object she called on Jourdard, and begged the latter to procure some accurate rescals who might be of her enemy.

Morin secured the services of a man named Lefebvre and a woman known as Lucie Jacotin, to whom she confided her projects. Mme. Morin next rented a house in the suburbs of Paris, closed up the cellar openings, and with the aid of her two assistants placed there a stake with chains and ropes attached, in order to bind Ragoulean, when once coaxed in. He was then, said Jourdard, to be forced to sign bills of exchange for the amount of 500,000 francs, whereupon he would be strangled and his body thrown into the Seine. Witness also said she had really seen the paper containing the terrible threats which would be used to extort his signature.

Ragoulean was instructed to postpone the projected breakfast till October 2, and the intervening time was employed in outwitting the accused in the net of the police.

Everything being at last satisfactorily arranged, Ragoulean presented himself on the morning of the 2nd of October, and proceeded to the appointed place, declining to accept the invitation to breakfast. Mme. Morin, however, insisted that he should go with her to visit a country house she thought of buying, though she would not close the bargain without consulting her "dear friend." A carriage was sent for and the trio entered.

The grounds of the animosity which Mme. Morin felt toward Ragoulean need not be related in detail. A widow with considerable means, and not the slightest knowledge of business, she was a perfect dupe for plunking, and Ragoulean had plunked her numerously. He was a shrewd man, a leader of the market, and had persuaded her to embark in a speculation, the issue of which she knew must be disastrous. He had taken her, on mortgage, large sums, which he knew she could not repay, and then foreclosing his liens,

became possessed of the property he had induced her to buy, while she lost both land and cash; all this was done under the guise of friendship, and she determined upon revenge.

Angélique Delaporte, daughter of the widow Morin by her first marriage, was now sixteen years old. Her mother, whose education was about on a par with her business capacity, brought up the girl under the same hand as herself had been brought up. Angélique had a passion for the stage, and looked eagerly forward to the time when she should appear as a queen of tragedy. She was a great novel reader, and as that was the heyday of Mrs. Radcliffe's popularity, her brain was filled with visions of the mysterious and the terrible.

While Mme. Morin was outdressing her brains to devise some means of inducing Ragoulean to sign the notes, Angélique was engrossed in the perusal of a book. It was quite to her taste. Col. Wolmer, the hero, having learned the death of an uncle of fabulous wealth, sets out to take possession of his unexpected heritage. On his way, passing through the somber shadows of a Bohemian forest, two menacing phantoms appeared to bar his passage. The intrepid Wolmer drew his sword and chased them through the underbrush. Suddenly a trap-door opened under his feet, and swallowed him up. When he came to his senses he found himself chained to a stake in a vast dungeon, beside a table illumined by the light of flaming torches. Upon the table were writing materials and promissory notes for an enormous amount.

This thrilling episode was a revelation to the romantic Angélique; she had found the means to persuade Ragoulean to sign—means which her mother approved. It was only necessary to procure a dungeon and a pair of muscular phantoms. Jourdard, who was let into the secret, undertook to provide the latter, not forgetting meanwhile to collect the money due her for her various services in the matter. She took good care to flatter their hopes with promises of success.

The widow having grown tired of waiting, she and her daughter resolved to act, and secured the services of Nicholas Lefebvre, a stout rascal of thirty-seven, and Lucie Jacotin. They next discovered at Clignancourt a small house quite hidden in the foliage of a large garden; Mme. Morin hired it, ostensibly for a dairy, and the two women aided by their new assistants set to work. The subterranean architecture of Clignancourt consisted of one large and two small cellars opening into the garden by two large air-holes, flush with the ground. One of these was covered with a grating, the other was open and formed a dangerous trap for any one not familiar with its situation. The widow, on taking possession of the premises, said she would have these walled up, as she considered them dangerous and likely to become a nuisance. This was accordingly done, and thus all connection between the cellar and the outer world, save by a door inside the house, was effectually cut off.

The stage being thus arranged the assistants planted in the cellar floor a stout post, which Mme. Morin, with her own hands, secured with plaster and rubble; a chair was placed with its back resting against this post, to which was also riveted a chain provided with padlocks at each end. A table was placed in front of the chair with writing materials, and in place of the flaming torches of the novel, two candles, eight to the pound, in iron candelabra, shed a dim, quiet light on the scene. Angélique and her mother next purchased two rusty dueling pistols, and Lefebvre instructed Angélique in the use of them—a necessary accomplishment, as she was to play the leading part in the coming drama. She practiced at a mark, and her coadjutors uttered dismal shrieks in the cellar, while her mother, stationed in the garden, discovered with delight that she could not hear a sound.

The actors being now perfect in their parts, a full-dress rehearsal was next on the programme. Lefebvre was seized and placed in the chair by the three women, his hands were imprisoned in the padlocked chain, his feet were fastened in the rungs of the chair; Angélique, with a socked pistol in each hand, approached him, and with a gesture, showed him a paper containing the following lines: "If ever in my life I have a chance to render justice, you will be the first to receive it." Then followed along recital of the many wrongs he had done the Widow Morin, and the whole concluded with these words: "Choose between death and restoring to me my own; 200,000 livres is the amount you must sign for. Write on each note, 'good for 200,000 francs, value received in kind,' and sign them. I give you a quarter of an hour for decision. If you prefer my vengeance, I will at once execute it. You will understand if can only last half

a second; would that I could prolong the pleasure, and thus repay the horrible injuries you have inflicted upon me and mine!"

Mme. Morin, having completed her arrangements, hurried to Jourdard to ask her advice and consult the cards again. "Your plan is all very well," said the latter, "but when Ragoulean has signed the bills, what will you do with him? If you let him go, he will at once inform the police." Here was a serious and, to the conspirators, an unforeseen objection; how did they answer it? That was never known; justice could obtain no certain information, but after Jourdard's remark there was added to the former accessories a new and terrible weapon in the shape of a silk cord with a slip-noose. The 24th of September was fixed upon for the performance, and it was determined to invite the leading actor to breakfast at the villa of Clignancourt. Mlle. Jourdard thereupon suddenly awoke to a pious regard for the interests of society in general, and of M. Ragoulean in particular. To prove her own innocence by a timely revelation and to save a millionaire from a violent death was to follow at once the instincts of humanity and the dictates of prudence. Although ill at the time, she hastened to Ragoulean's house; he was not at home, but enjoying the balmy days of early autumn at his country seat. From this cozy nest he was soon roused by Jourdard, who sent to him a trusty emissary with full details of the plot. Ragoulean, incredulous, hastened to Paris. He no sooner reached his house than the concierge placed in his hand the fatal invitation to breakfast. With a single bound he was at the prefecture in the Rue Jerusalem, and the rest of the story has been already told.

The police were satisfied that the plot in all its details was to be carried out. Upon the trial the mother and daughter were found guilty of the attempt to extort money by force and violence, but innocent of the attempted murder, and received the severe sentence of twenty years' hard labor and exposure in the pillory; the two accessories were sentenced to five years' hard labor. On the day of their exposure in the open square in front of the Palais de Justice, much pity was expressed by the crowd for these poor women, guilty, it is true, but hardly realizing what they were about, egged on by an emissary of the police, and brought to the threshold of crime by terrible provocations. There was a mitigation of their sentence, however, and they suffered the full penalty of the law in the prison of St. Lazare.

Newspaper Advertising.

Newspaper advertising is now recognized, by business men having faith in their own wares, as the most effective means for securing for their goods a wide recognition of their merits.

Newspaper advertising compels inquiry, and when the article offered is of good quality, and at a fair price, the natural result is increased sales.

Newspaper advertising is a permanent addition to the reputation of the goods advertised, because it is a permanent inducement always at work in their interest.

Newspaper advertising is the most energetic and vigilant of salesmen; addressing thousands each day, always in the advertiser's interest, and ceaselessly at work seeking customers from all classes.

Newspaper advertising promotes trade, for even in the darkest times advertisements secure by far the largest share of sales.

While the advertiser and sleeps, printers, steam-engines and printing presses are at work for him, trains bearing his words to thousands of towns, and hundreds of thousands of readers, all glancing with more or less interest at the messages prepared for them in the solitude of his office. No preacher ever spoke to so large an audience, or with so little effort or so eloquently, as you may do with the newspaper man's assistance.

A GOOD PEACH FOR THEM.—By a vote of the majority of the taxpayers of Port Jervis, N. Y., most of the tax appropriations, including those for salaries of different officers, policemen, lighting of streets and gas, printing, and everything necessary for the ordinary village expenses were suspended. The same evening the town was in complete darkness, and the board of trustees discharged all policemen. Almost immediately thereafter from different sections of the country began to visit the village.

Phil E. Buxter was taken to task the other day by a zealous brother, churchman for being absent from a certain religious service. "It rained," said he. "What of that! rain never hurt anybody." "I think you are mistaken." "Mention an instance." "The flood," replied Phil.

To Prevent Disease.

It may be assumed, says the Herald of Health, without hesitation, that, whenever a pronounced case of typhoid breaks out in an isolated country house, or when any form of low fever occurs, though it may fail to assume a distinct typhoid character, there is in that house, or about it, or in connection with its supply of drinking water, some accumulation of neglected filth, some pile of rotten vegetables in the cellar, some overflow from a barnyard, some spot of earth saturated with the slops of the kitchen or some other form of impurity, to which the origin of the disease may be distinctly traced.

This being the case, it lies perfectly within the province of every household to remove any source of infection to which his house may be liable. Vegetables in any considerable amount should not be kept in the house cellar, and at least once a week the floor of the cellar should be swept and every shred of waste vegetables removed. Even when this is done, the cellar should be ventilated by a window or other small opening toward the quarter least exposed to cold winds (and in summer on every side).

The privy, if a privy is used, should be well away from the house, and especially far from the well, unless its contents are received in a tight box and entirely absorbed by dry earth or ashes, and even then frequently removed; the chamber slops of the house should never, under any circumstances, be thrown into the privy vault, nor into a porous cess-pool, from which they can leach into the ground and through the ground for a long distance into the well, or into and around the foundation of the house. The same disposal of the liquid wastes of the kitchen is desirable, but not so absolutely important. It is, however, important that this should be led by an impermeable drain to a point well away from the house and from the well; and all manner of nondescript refuse material, such as is sloughed off by every household in the ordinary course of its living, should be removed at least daily from the near vicinity of the dwelling, and the vessels in which it accumulates should be frequently cleansed and aired; manure heaps should not be left to ferment and send off their exhalations at a point whence frequent winds waft them toward and into the dwelling, nor should the barnyard be allowed to draff (either over the surface or through a porous sod) toward the house or well. If all these precautions are taken, the well will be tolerably safe, and in most cases absolutely safe; but if there is any doubt on the point, then let no water be drunk except after boiling; or the drinking water of the house may be taken entirely from a filtering cistern, of which the filtering bed is sufficient to hold back all organic matter.

The Irish, Morally and Physically.

Interesting statistical reports have recently been published which bring into comparison the different nationalities composing the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. In this the Irish appear to a great advantage on two important points—in respect to morality in the relations between the two sexes, and in respect to physical health and mortality. Scotland is the best educated of the three countries. England occupies the second place in that respect, and Ireland the last. But according to the reports for 1872, Scotland has the greatest proportion of illegitimate births, England less, but least of all Ireland. Only two-fifths per cent. of all the children born in Ireland were illegitimate. The reputation of the Irish as a moral people is therefore well founded.

The Irish, in spite of the poverty of the masses, seem to be the healthiest portion of the people of the United Kingdom. In England the proportion of the deaths of males under five years in 1872 was 41.49 per cent., while in the same year in Ireland it was 36.82 per cent. Of those who died during that year in Ireland three hundred and sixty-eight were returned as persons over ninety-five years of age. The number of deaths of males in England during the same period was more than five times as large as the total number of deaths in Ireland, but only one hundred and ninety-five were returned as being ninety-five years old and upwards. This is a pretty good showing for the Irish people, and a strong testimony in their favor.

THE CHEESE.—Forty-one years ago a fair bride received as a wedding present a large and delicious cheese. Since then the bride and all who attended the wedding except the groom have died, and on the forty-first anniversary of his marriage, the lonely old man, his banquet had deserted, for the first time sat and tasted the lonely old cheese.

Spread of the English Tongue.

Bayard Taylor, upon his recent visit to the city of Alexandria, in Egypt, says he noticed one striking change upon his return there after twenty years, and that is the astonishing spread of the English language in that time, resulting, as he says, both from the numbers of English and American travelers who visit the East, and the use of the language by travelers of other nationalities. French, which until the last few years was indispensable, has been slowly fading into the background, and is already less available than English for Italy and all the Orient. I was not a little surprised in Rome, he says, at being accosted by a native bootblack with "Shine up your boots!" In Naples, every peddler in canes, coral, photographs and shell-fish knows at least enough to make a good bargain; but this is nothing to what one meets in Egypt. The bright-witted boys learn the language with amazing rapidity, and are so apt at guessing what they do not literally understand, that the traveler no longer requires an interpreter. At the base of Pompey's Pillar a ragged and dirty little girl came out of a Fellah hut and followed us, crying: "Give me a ha'penny!" All the coachmen and most of the shopkeepers are familiar with the words necessary for their business, and prefer to use them, even after they see you are acquainted with Italian or Arabic. The simple, natural structure of the English language undoubtedly contributes also to its extensive use. It is ready the leading language of the world, spoken by ninety millions of people, and is so extending its conquest year by year that its practical value is far in advance of that of any other tongue.

A Workman's Story.

"Three years ago," said a stone cutter, telling his story to the New York Sun, "there were 2,300 stone cutters in the city who were getting five dollars a day and plenty of work. There was no need for a single one to be unemployed. They were Scotchmen, Irishmen, Welshmen and Englishmen who had served long apprenticeships of five years in the old country, and there many of them have returned during the past two years, worn out by their troubles here. Today our unions number no more than 1,000 members, and when the last monthly record was made up, only 384 of them were in employment. Outside of the unions there are perhaps seventy-five non-union men. We get but four dollars a day, which is but small pay when you consider that in the most prosperous times we can work but nine months in the year. Three years ago they paid us five dollars a day, but they have knocked it down fifty cents at a time to the present rates. Fifty cents a day does not seem much, but it just pays the rent for my home up there," and he pointed as he spoke to the story of a tall tenement house. "I would go back to the old country," continued he, "if I could, but I have not the money to move my family there, though many a time I have gone down to the docks to bid good-bye to some fellow workman, and have come back sad because I could not go with them. I tried to make more money for my little ones by going to Canada, where wages are good and work plenty, but I had to leave my family here, and the children all got sick, so that I was called back here again."

In midsummer, from all reports, it looks as if the stone cutters, as many as are left, will be nearly all at work.

A Notable Pest.

Cimex (or the bedbug), says the Scientific American, among other peculiar traits, hates horses and wags desperate war on fleas. He will not attack fowls, but will swallow and bite. Gosses has kept him six years without food, and he has withstood a temperature of five degrees below zero, Fahr., without injury. The female deposits two hundred and fifty eggs at a time, which require three weeks to hatch. Against these there is practically no remedy save mercury; heat, cold, moisture and dryness being alike destitute of effect. The insect is possessed of keen sight, and of an exquisite sense of smell, by the latter of which, and not (as popularly supposed) by the sensation of heat, it is guided to its prey.

The arch enemy of the bedbug is a bug which calls itself into a ball, covers itself with dirt, and then lies motionless in wall, poisoning on the unsuspecting cimex the moment the latter comes within reach, and sucking its carcass dry. The objection to training and rearing the hunter of bedbugs is that it bites the human race with much more spite than it does its natural prey.

Finally, the use of the bedbug—if he have any, beneficial to man—is simply to preach cleanliness; for where that is maintained, he finds no resting place.

Home of Interest.

Diligence commands success. But success does not always obey.

The Russian army numbers 2,900,000 men, and includes 200,000 Cossacks.

An actress said of a manager: He penros better than any manager of the time.

We are independent and controlled by nobody; yet there should be a master—ourselves.

An Indiana jury recently returned a written verdict of "Blode to pieces by a biller busting."

A young fellow accused his "girl" of having trifled with his feelings, and she promptly pleaded guilty.

Debt is the worst kind of poverty. Except the poverty which prevents a man from getting into debt.

Said a justice to an obstreperous prisoner on trial: We want nothing but silence, and but a little of that.

A Parthian Shaft—Cook—"Now, I'm leavin' of yer, m'um, I may as well tell yer as the key of the kitchen door fits your store-room!"

Artists have adopted many emblems of charity. We wonder none of them ever thought of a piece of India rubber, which gives more than any other substance.

The New York saloonists, arrested for keeping open Sundays, claim to open now just to feed the canaries. Those canaries are five feet odd inches high, and mostly take whisky.

It must have been a woman who compiled the table of figures to show that the average man who patronizes the barber spends for shaving in forty years the sum of \$4,600.67.

Two Irishmen traveling on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad track came to a mile-post, when one of them said: "Tread aisy, Pat; here lies a man 108 years old—his name was Miles, from Baltimore."

If you ever feel uncertain about any of the details of your private affairs, consult your inquisitive friends. They always stand ready to give you "points" about your own business that you never even dreamed of.

The doctors say that human skeletons were never so cheap as now. A good one can be had for \$50, and a very fair one for \$30. But readers need not be in a hurry to buy their skeletons. There is a prospect that they will be still cheaper a little later in the season.

A burglar who visited the dwelling of a woman in Union City, Ind., a few nights since, armed with a revolver and a set of brass knuckles to use in close conflict, if necessary, was put to flight by the mistress of the house, who confronted him with the leg of a table.

A Western editor appeals to his delinquent subscribers by saying: This week we have taken in potatoes and pickles on subscription. Now, if you will bring in some vinegar for the pickles, and some wood to roast the potatoes, we can live till artichokes get big enough to dig.

Swallowed by a Shark.

A sailor was painting the sides of a bark in the harbor of Matanzas lately, when suddenly the rope sustaining the plank on which he was seated gave way, and the man fell into the water. Being a good swimmer he easily kept himself afloat, shouting to his companions to lower a boat for him. By this time he had pushed his way alongside of the vessel, when his companions flung him a rope. At the moment of catching it, and while they were preparing to haul him up, the unfortunate man was heard to give a terrible cry, while at the same time the sea was assuming a reddish color, and the body of the man disappeared below the waves. A few seconds after the upper half of the body reappeared, the dorsal fin of an immense shark appearing over the water a few feet off. The mate ordered a boat to be lowered so as to get what remained of the poor sailor, but the shark gave a sudden turn on his side and swallowed the other half of poor Jack's a single gulp.

Few Cruel Boys.

The donkey boys of Smyrna are exceedingly tyrannical to the animals under their charge. A child five or six years old will trot up to a great mule, seize its fastening rope roughly, and with a stick beat the animal to its proper place; if a horse is not feeding to suit his infatigable majesty, he arranges it with the aid of a stick. Why does it never occur to these animals to annihilate all the children who torment them? The only reason imaginable is that the poor beasts are so beaten, hauled about any badly treated, that it never enters into their heads to resist any one with a stick. It is almost impossible to find and beat of burden in this country that is not wounded in some way. It is heart sickening to go near them.