

THE ANSONIAN.

FEARLESSLY THE RIGHT DEFEND—IMPARTIALLY THE WRONG CONDEMN.

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The Cross-Roads.
Where the roads crossed we met,
My love and I;
In the near bay the ships
Tossed heavily,
Lamps were gone out on earth,
But those in heaven
Trembled, for two more hearts
That God hath given.
His accents broke the pause—
My tongue was tied;
He found last words to say—
My sobs replied.
Then he drew my white face
Up to the light,
And said: "Farewell, poor love!
Dear love, good night!"
At the cross-roads we kissed—
I stood alone.
His way the seaward road,
Mine led me home.
He called, "I shall return!"
I knew, "not so!"
Not one in ten returns
Of those that go.
Dreary the great world grew,
And the sun cold;
So young, an hour ago,
I had grown old.
Our God made me for him;
We loved each other;
Yet fate gave him one road,
And me another.

THE NICK OF TIME.

THE STORY OF A FLIRT.

Of all the ardent flirts, Alice Truesdell bore the palm; and of all desperate lovers, Dr. Fowle. Of course there were other lovers at the young lady's command, or she could not have flirted; but all her flirtation seemed to be directed solely to the end of vexing this single lover, whose grave, quiet, repressed demeanor never let her exactly know whether he were a lover or not, and drove her first to some action that almost betrayed her own feelings, and then to one that should give the lie to that betrayal, and set every thing at naught again.
You could hardly say why Miss Truesdell had so many suitors. She was not so very good—that is, she was as good as most people, but not a jot better; she was not pretty—at least not till she laughed and showed her white teeth, and a dimple deep as love ever nestled in, or till she lifted her great gray eyes and let you see how lustrous they were under that trick of dropping lids. No, it could not have been her beauty that was the charm; it was voice, smile, face, figure, all together; her personality, gay spirits, teasing moods, sweet ways; her infinite variety that attracted every body coming within its sphere. She sang a little, she danced a little; whatever she did she did well; and so, of course, she flirted to perfection, and played off one lover against another as prettily, the lookers-on might think, as a juggler tosses his golden balls. But what did the lovers think of it!
One of them thought very poorly of it, and was determined to bring Miss Truesdell to close quarters in some time, and in the least aware that all the others were doing the same thing. He was Dr. Fowle, and he was to do so another year.
Dr. Fowle, it is to be supposed, had just disposed of Miss Alice—as, indeed, they each and all fondly hoped, for a match for any one of them. If she were with Gregory, just as Gregory was engaged, and began to whisper the burning words, she dropped her fan with a glance at Mallory, who darted to her side, and was detained with thanks and gay words and copies just long enough to make it impossible for Gregory to take up the thread where she had broken it. If she walked with Dr. Fowle, it was only after she had allowed Mr. Bolles to know that she would be strolling in that direction, where she always so pleased to meet him when he came up breathlessly, and found the doctor muttering anathemas between his teeth—invocations to Esculapian, he called them.
But Dr. Fowle was not a man who could put off forever when he once made up his mind to a thing, and so Miss Alice began to learn. And when, one night as he bade her good-bye, Mallory and the rest being there, he told her, in a grave but authoritative undertone, quite unlike that of the usual lover, that he wished to see her next morning at eleven o'clock, if she had wanted to deny him, she could not. But, to tell the truth, she did not exactly want to. The young man had seemed so incoherent and so stupid that evening; they had, each in turn, come in and interrupted the doctor when he was telling her such fairy-like tales of recent discoveries in science; she had shrugged her shoulders at them till the situation struck her ridiculously, and then she had laughed with the merriest of them, and pouted at the doctor. But now, as he

was going, she slipped her hand in his arm and sauntered down the lawn with him. The night was a night in June, when, if ever, nights are perfect; the air was laden with the breath of honeysuckle and mock orange; the winds that curled round them seemed to come from distant lands of everlasting bloom, so sweet they were; and the stars hung through the clear dark close above the thick tree tops. She fancied that night that life was too delicious a thing to be indulged in freely, and she murmured something of the fancy with half a laugh. "There are times when we all feel that life is more than we deserve," he answered. "To-morrow—may be—shall I feel the same myself—to-morrow, or will fate?"
She laughed uneasily. "You mustn't ask me riddles," she cried.
"At eleven to-morrow, then," he said, lifting his hat.
"At eleven to-morrow." And she went back to the house, wishing it were eleven to-morrow now; and then, in a gay freak, as she heard the hall clock strike, she ran down the hall and set the hands forward an hour. "Bring him the quicker," she whispered—"bring him the quicker," and went back to the others.
They are talking of the flags and burlushes that grew by Lender's lake, a sheet of water in the neighboring woods; and she was eager to hear the details of the direction there, for she shared the popular frenzy raging just then for burlushes, and thought of all things she should like some great bunches of the soft brown velvety things in the vases to-morrow.
"I believe if I rose early," she said, "I could be there and back before eleven."
"Why eleven?" said Mallory, lazily.
"Oh, I have an engagement at that hour," she replied, bending her head a little, that he might not see the color creeping up.
"I am at your service," he said.
"Will you come along, Netty?" she asked.
"At five o'clock in the morning, and on foot? Not a step. That hour in the afternoon, behind a pair of boys, would suit me very well." Young Vary thought it would suit him too.
"Very well, Mr. Mallory. If you will come at eight to-morrow, I shall have my burlushes and be back in good season."
"We'll not fail," said Mallory. "And to that end, I assure this company that it is the witching hour of night, when the sweetest sound the ear can hear is the slamming of the big house door." And with that they all departed.
As eight o'clock in the morning came, Miss Alice, with her shears hanging at her side, and her hat tied on, was looking up and down the road impatiently. She quite forgot her freak with the old clock the night before. "It's a very indecorous way to serve me," she cried. "Ten minutes past eight! I will have my burlushes, Mallory or no Mallory. And if I am a little late, I don't care; it will seem as though a body were not so very anxious; and I don't know—I'm afraid—I'm afraid I was gushing last night, and I do so despise a gusher! And he may only want—may only want to engage me to watch with old Miss Steers the night she takes either for that operation!" And thereat the little body was off for Lender's lake, with precious small ideas of the exact whereabouts of that pretty sheet. "I've a tongue in my head, I suppose," said she.
As Miss Alice continued, her ideas grew still less. She feared she was losing her way, and not being able to find it, she wished she had waited for Mallory; but she plodded on after her best sense of locality, tore her gown with briars, lost her veil, broke her parasol, came near breaking her neck, and at eleven o'clock by her watch lay down and cried—hot, bitten by flies, tired out, and lost.
When she had finished crying, she looked up, and there, glistening double through her tears, lay Lender's blue as a sapphire, in the hollow of the hills. Her courage came back at once. If she could not keep her appointment, she would show by the burlushes that she had the shed to. She forgot fatigue, and was off for the edge of the lake, not so easily reached after all, and with a triumphant handful of the brown velvety wands and of great blue flags, was presently homeward bound, having found the highway, and staying only to ask at the door of a little hut for a cup of water.
Nobody answered her rap; the door was open—she pushed it wider, and peered in, but stepped back at the sound of a groan, and a quick sharp sob, a perfect storm of sobs. A moment Miss Alice hesitated; but she was no coward heart of grace and walked in, and found the brown old berry woman with her little boy, her grandchild, bleeding to

death in her arms. "Oh," she exclaimed, "I never knew you lived here. What is the matter? How did he do it?"
"With the ax! with the ax! just now!" cried the woman. "And I can't stop it, and I'm all alone, and I can't leave him, and he'll die—oh, he'll die!"
"Oh, no, no!" said Alice. "What have you done? Only cold water! Let me see. Lay him down. Get a towel; for she remembered still her school lessons in physiology. And before the woman knew what had happened, Alice had rigged a tourniquet with the handle of a hair-brush, and was checking in some degree the flow of blood with which the boy's vitality was ebbing.
"Now don't let it slip, and I'll run and find the doctor, if I drop. Perhaps some team will overtake me. Don't despair—the child shan't die; and she kissed the brown old woman, and plunged out, eager as though it were her own little brother. "I know just where the doctor is," she called back.
She knew nothing of the kind; she only knew where he had been. "She's gone to Lender's lake with Mr. Mallory," Aunt Huliah had said, looking up and down the road, with a vague idea that her looking would excuse the culprit—"for burlushes, I heard them say."
The doctor's ejaculation would have horrified Aunt Huliah if she had heard it; but bidding her good-morning, he had turned about, determined to have nothing more to do with Miss Alice Truesdell. And then a sort of rage had flashed up and swept over him, and he vowed to himself that he would reduce the little rebel, and sprang into his chaise and urged his horse to a run. And that was the way it chanced that, less than ten minutes after Alice left the hut, she saw something rolling up the highway enveloped in as thick a cloud as ever an ancient god traveled in; and he saw a little object flying down to meet him, curls and ribbons streaming behind, disheveled to the last degree, and his breath enough left to say, as he leaped from the chaise: "Don't stop! He's dying! Back there—the hut!"
Dr. Fowle did stop, long enough to take the little body and lift her into the chaise, and spring up beside her.
"Who's dying?" said he sternly—"Mallory?"
"Mallory!" gasped Miss Alice, in amazement. "And if it was," she said, she could speak again for her scalded lungs and throat, "what would you do?"
"Let him die!" exclaimed the doctor.
"It would be nothing to me if you did," she said, touching the horse with the whip herself. "But you would be indictable at common law."
"Nothing to you! What did you mean, then? Who's dying?"
"Not Mr. Mallory—to my knowledge, that is. I haven't seen him to-day. A child here in the woods."
The doctor urged the horse himself, bending forward, his gaze fixed before him, and not uttering another syllable.
"Aren't you ever going to speak to me again?" said Alice, at last. "I meant to be back at eleven."
He turned and saw the tears just ready to gush, and as he gazed perhaps they extinguished the flame of his wrath. Somehow—he never knew how any more than Alice did—the next moment the reins were under his feet, his arms were about her, and the tears were being crowded back by kisses.
"Aren't you glad I put the clock forward! Aren't you glad I came out here for burlushes?" whispered Alice, as they suddenly drew up at the little hut.
"Oh, God bless you, doctor, and God bless her!" cried the voice of the old woman from within. "He's alive yet, and you've come in the very nick of time!"

Short-horn Cattle.
The London *Pall Mall Gazette* says: Short-horn sales are becoming almost as "sensational" as those of thoroughbred yearlings were a short time since, and it is no uncommon thing for an animal of the Bates or Book blood, each of which strains has its respective admirers and even champions, to be sold for a price equal to that which a Derby winner would have realized a few years ago. From comparative tables of the results of these sales during the past year in Great Britain and America, which are published in the *almanac of the Agricultural Gazette*, it appears that the total amounts realized at these sales were almost the same for both countries. The returns refer only to the sales of "pedigree short-horns"—that is to say, of animals inscribed in the "Hard-Book," which is for cattle what the "Stud Book" is for turf; and from them we learn that, while the sixty-five sales held in Great Britain yielded a total of £228,083 16s. 6d., the fifty-seven sales in America amounted to £204,790 6s. 10d. Each of the American sales amounted, upon an average, to £3,538, as against £3,509 for each of the English sales; but the advantage does not in reality remain with the American breeders, for though eight fewer sales were held there the number of animals disposed of was within ten of those sold at home. The 2,589 short-horns sold in America averaged £79 each, and the 2,599 sold in Great Britain £87 each. The largest total realized at any one sale was £42,919 16s., for which eighty-four animals belonging to the late Mr. Torr, a Lincolnshire farmer, were disposed of in September. The highest price given at this sale was 2,100 guineas, and the average for the whole lot was £510 10s. Still more remarkable was a sale held in Scotland a week previously when thirty-nine animals, the property of Lord Dunmore, fetched £26,223 15s. This gives an average of £672 8s. 7d. for each animal, one of which sold for 4,500 guineas. At a third sale thirty-four animals fetched more than £10,000, and several others took place at which the total was over £7,000 and the average over £200. The most successful sale held in America was that at which eighty-three short-horns fetched £18,584 15s. 5d., with an average of £402 19s. 9d. for the whole number, one of them reaching £3,225. At two other sales in America totals of rather more than £10,000 were obtained for thirty-five and for thirty-three lots, the average in the two cases being slightly over and under £300. These figures may be left to speak for themselves, but it is impossible to avoid the suspicion that purchasers will not in the long run get the best of the bargains.

The Penalty of Murder.
During the five years ending December, 1875, there were two hundred and eighty-one murders committed in the city of New York. Some of them were premeditated, many of them were unprovoked, and a large majority were utterly without palliation. Nevertheless, out of all this appalling number of man-killers, perpetrators who suffered death were only seven. Only twenty-four were sent to prison for life. And, reviewing this dreadful list, we discover that more than one-fourth of the criminals were never brought to trial at all. Some of them escape, and are never followed up and arrested. A few have ended their own lives after they have committed crime, and more evade detection. These are in hiding to this day. Possibly some of them, variously disguised, return to their old haunts and live securely, in the belief that "the thing has blown over." Unhappily, these dark events crowd on each other so rapidly that a year's immunity to a red-handed criminal is like a complete amnesty. If he is not at once caught, he may elude justice forever. Even if he is found and tried, the chances are that he will escape any serious punishment.
The year 1875 saw a frightful increase in the number of violent crimes annually committed in New York. There were fifty-five murders committed. Among the homicides of 1875, that of Fisk will be most memorable. Stokes was sent to prison for four years. The killing of Thomas Donahue by John Scannell, who was finally sent to an insane asylum, was another notorious crime in that year. But, although it is reckoned that more than one hundred and fifty persons were widowed or orphaned by one year's violent deeds, not one offender was brought to suffer the extreme penalty of the law; only twenty were sentenced to fifteen years, or less, in the State prison, five received a life sentence, and seventeen escaped through the meshes of the law, six fled to parts unknown, and the rest died in various ways. There is no need to pursue this unpleasant subject through succeeding years. But it may be noted, in passing, that the records show that of the fifty-three murders committed in 1875, eighteen of the perpetrators escaped utterly and without detention.—*New York Times.*

Facts and Fancies.
There is said to be a "movement" on foot for the revival of the Whig party.
A Montreal medical student helped to dissect his grandmother before he knew who it was.
The four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America will be here in fifteen years.
Grace was said to have fourteen different languages at a recent dinner of London missionaries.
The New York *Star* is sure that James Gordon Bennett, Jr., is going to be married this time.
Candidates for the Presidency have but five months in which to work up their "claims."
The English volunteer force now consists of 236,251 rank and file, of whom 168,700 are efficient.
The new Senator from Iowa first won distinction by wearing a red flannel shirt at a dinner party.
California winters are slowly changing; there have recently been some nipping frosts near San Francisco.
The London *Lancet* says that the habit of secret drunkenness is becoming very common among the boys at the English public schools.
A Tallahassee monkey displaced as a household pet by a baby, savagely attacked the child in its cradle, and injured it dangerously by biting and scratching.
John Childs failed in an attempt to rob the Galveston bank in which he was employed. Then he failed in an attempt to kill himself. His attempt to get into the State prison will end in success.
For a city of over one hundred thousand inhabitants, Milwaukee certainly has a right to congratulate itself that there was not a single case on the criminal calendar of the municipal court for the January term.
The public baths and washhouses, which have for years been established in some of the most populous parishes of London, have proved such a great boon to poor families, especially in winter, that they are being introduced by the vestries in most of the other parishes.
Gen. George W. Cole, who made himself widely known by killing L. H. Hisscock in Albany in 1867, is dead. After his acquittal he enlisted in the army, serving until a year ago, when he began practice as a physician in New Mexico. The insanity which the jury decided was the cause of his crime never showed itself afterward.
Turkey has fifteen immense ships of war, which cost nearly \$2,000,000 apiece. They lie idle in the Bosphorus all summer, their only use being to fire salutes every Friday when the sultan goes to mosque. They never go to sea, and if they did they would be likely to founder in the first gale, for they are very unwieldy, and the Turks are miserable sailors.
The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in alluding to the recent destruction of property by a hurricane in the island of Manila, reminds its readers that London cannot claim immunity from similar disasters, having in November, 1773, been visited by a storm which caused a damage of £2,000,000 to the metropolis, and tore up 17,000 trees by the roots in the county of Kent.
Two little children, a boy and a girl, were playing on a bridge in Danville, Ky. The girl fell into the stream, and the boy, running to the other side of the low bridge, caught her by the hair as she floated along and pulled her out. "God ding yer," she said, after getting the water out of her mouth and catching her breath, "what'd yer pull my hair for? Yer allers a running on me, yer big lubber."
A War Incident.
During the discussion in the United States House of Representatives on the Centennial appropriation bill, Mr. Robbins (Dem., of North Carolina) said that when the war broke out a North Carolina farmer had six sons grown up to manhood, who at the first tap of the drum went to the field to fight in the cause of the South. They had not stayed to reason about it, and they fought from Bull Run to Appomattox, but not all of them. One was sleeping at Anneton, one at Chancellorsville, one at Chickamauga, and one in Kentucky; but two were at Appomattox, battle-scarred. They had seen the flag go down which they had followed with unflinching devotion. One of those survivors was he who now addressed the House, and who now said that he had seen enough of the war and wanted peace—that he wanted reconciliation and brotherhood all over the country. That was why he proposed to vote for the bill, for he thought that the tendency of the celebration was to promote peace.

"Herald!"

Shorthorn Cattle.
The London *Pall Mall Gazette* says: Short-horn sales are becoming almost as "sensational" as those of thoroughbred yearlings were a short time since, and it is no uncommon thing for an animal of the Bates or Book blood, each of which strains has its respective admirers and even champions, to be sold for a price equal to that which a Derby winner would have realized a few years ago. From comparative tables of the results of these sales during the past year in Great Britain and America, which are published in the *almanac of the Agricultural Gazette*, it appears that the total amounts realized at these sales were almost the same for both countries. The returns refer only to the sales of "pedigree short-horns"—that is to say, of animals inscribed in the "Hard-Book," which is for cattle what the "Stud Book" is for turf; and from them we learn that, while the sixty-five sales held in Great Britain yielded a total of £228,083 16s. 6d., the fifty-seven sales in America amounted to £204,790 6s. 10d. Each of the American sales amounted, upon an average, to £3,538, as against £3,509 for each of the English sales; but the advantage does not in reality remain with the American breeders, for though eight fewer sales were held there the number of animals disposed of was within ten of those sold at home. The 2,589 short-horns sold in America averaged £79 each, and the 2,599 sold in Great Britain £87 each. The largest total realized at any one sale was £42,919 16s., for which eighty-four animals belonging to the late Mr. Torr, a Lincolnshire farmer, were disposed of in September. The highest price given at this sale was 2,100 guineas, and the average for the whole lot was £510 10s. Still more remarkable was a sale held in Scotland a week previously when thirty-nine animals, the property of Lord Dunmore, fetched £26,223 15s. This gives an average of £672 8s. 7d. for each animal, one of which sold for 4,500 guineas. At a third sale thirty-four animals fetched more than £10,000, and several others took place at which the total was over £7,000 and the average over £200. The most successful sale held in America was that at which eighty-three short-horns fetched £18,584 15s. 5d., with an average of £402 19s. 9d. for the whole number, one of them reaching £3,225. At two other sales in America totals of rather more than £10,000 were obtained for thirty-five and for thirty-three lots, the average in the two cases being slightly over and under £300. These figures may be left to speak for themselves, but it is impossible to avoid the suspicion that purchasers will not in the long run get the best of the bargains.

Fashion Notes.
Advices from abroad speak of the rapid growth in popular favor of the capote bonnet. For full dress, for the theater and opera, these bonnets are worn almost to the exclusion of other shapes. The capote is simple to the extreme; it resembles the little cap worn by children, around which a ribbon is tied, and which confines the front crown and the ruffle forming the front and back. White plush is used; and all white materials, uncut velvet and satin included, have the preference. Eatin comes next; then the softer tints of colors. As white now must be ivory white or inclining to the yellow tint to be fashionable, cashmere lace is the favorite trimming for these hats; feathers and flowers, which are used sparingly on them, also partake of the ivory-white tint. A humming bird or small bright wing are also allowed. But simplicity is the charm of the new style. Shapes differ, of course, in the capote as in everything else; the shape described above resembles the Marie Antoinette cap, with its deep ruffle of lace falling on the hair and around the head, being a little longer in the back, where it assumes the shape of a cape. The shape most in use for satin and plush has a shirred border, lined with satin or silk, contrasting in color; the lining being most conspicuous should be selected for its becomingness, as the cold shades of white are not adapted to all complexions. When the brim is not shirred it is put on in flat platings; but in all cases the crown is soft and full, and a ribbon encircles it, having its bow tied either on one side, at the top, or at the back, to suit the style or wish of the wearer.
Felt hats are, of course, still very popular for street wear, as the capote is yet in its infancy. The severe winter abroad, which has brought fur cloaks into fashion, has also given to felt and beaver hats trimmings of fur. There is a peculiar shape, resembling the hats worn by the old French army, a three-cornered affair, which allows of fur border, and which has been very popular.

An India Custom.
Young man, go to India! It is the custom there for parents to pay men to marry their daughters. In Calcutta, recently, a rich Hindoo paid a man who came from a family of considerable distinction the sum of \$300,000 to marry his daughter. The fellow married the young girl, a mere child in years, and pocketed the money. Within two years he had gambled away all this money and was in debt besides. In this strait he sent the girl to her parents' home, demanding \$100,000 more as a condition of living with her longer. The proposition was indignantly rejected, and the discarded wife now remains at her parental home. It is a stigma upon a Hindoo family if the daughters are not married before arriving at the age of thirteen.

A Singular School.
The Troy *Press* says: A gentleman who returned from Whitehall, whether he had been on business, tells a strange story of a district school. On the outskirts of the town the building is situated, and the school is presided over by a gentleman as principal. Most of the scholars are ex-convicts and hard cases generally, who have taken the benefit of the free school. A lot of these scholars come each day armed with a bottle of liquor and a pack of cards generally finds its way into the temple of learning. The scholars very coolly proceed to play with each other for possession of the whisky, and by the time the school is dismissed there are not a few drunken men in the room. The teacher is powerless to prevent such actions or to reform them. When the scholars have recess the master does not dare to appear amongst them, but summons them in by ringing the bell out the window. He does not dare put out his head to see what is going on, lest a stick or a stone from the unruly gang greet him.