

THE ANSON TIMES.

R. H. COWAN, Editor and Proprietor.

The Liberty of the Press must be Preserved.—Hancock.

TERMS: \$2.00 per Year.

VOL. II. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1882.

WADESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1882.

NO. 35.

ANSON TIMES.

Succeeds The Pee Dee Herald.

TERMS.—CASH IN ADVANCE.
One Year, \$2.00
Six Months, 1.00
Three Months, .50

ADVERTISING RATES.
One square, first insertion, 10¢
Each subsequent insertion, 5¢
Local advertisements, per line, 10¢
Special rates given on application for longer times.

Advertisements are requested to bring in their advertisements on Monday evening of each week, to insure insertion in next issue.

"THE TIMES" HAS BY FAR THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE PEE DEE SECTION.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

SAM J. PEMBERTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ALBEMARLE, N. C.

Attends the Courts of Anson, Union, Cabarrus, Stanly, Montgomery and Rowan, and the Federal Courts at Charlotte and Greensboro.

H. R. Allen
DENTIST,
Office S. E. corner of Wade and Morgan streets (near the Bank).

A. J. DARGAN, J. D. PEMBERTON,
DARGAN & PEMBERTON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WADESBORO, N. C.

Practice in the State and Federal Courts.

JAS. A. LOCKHART,
Att'y and Counsellor at Law,
WADESBORO, N. C.

Practices in all the Courts of the State.

R. E. LITTLE, W. L. PARSONS,
LITTLE & PARSONS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WADESBORO, N. C.

Collections promptly attended to.

SAMUEL T. ASHE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WADESBORO, N. C.

Special attention given to the collection of claims.

F. D. WALKER, A. BURWELL,
WALKER & BURWELL,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Will attend regularly at Anson Court, and at Waadesboro in vacation when requested.

CYRUS J. KNIGHT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
SWIFT ISLAND, N. C.

Will practice in the courts of Anson and adjoining counties.

HOTELS.

WAVERLY HOUSE,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

This favorite family Hotel is situated on King street, the principle retail business street, and nearly opposite the Academy of Music.

The WAVERLY under its new management has recently been renovated and furnished, and is recommended for its well kept table and home comforts.

Rates \$2 and \$2.50 per day, according to location of room.

The Charleston Hotel Transfer Omnibuses will carry guests to and from the House.

B. T. ALFORD, Manager.

PAVILIAN HOTEL,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

This popular and centrally located HOTEL having been entirely renovated during the past summer is now ready for the reception of the travelling public.

Popular prices \$2 and \$2.50 per day. Special rates for Commercial Travellers.

E. T. GALLIARD, Proprietor.

YARBROUGH HOUSE,
RALEIGH, N. C.

Prices Reduced to Suit the Times. CALL AND SEE US.

PERCELL HOUSE,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

Recently thoroughly overhauled and renovated. First-class in every respect. Location desirable, being situated near all business houses, Post-office, Custom House, City Hall and Court House.

Rates \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day. Our motto is to please.

B. L. PERRY, Proprietor.

Depot Hotel,
D. J. GASHIERE, Proprietor.

Convenient to all the trains.

A full stock of Groceries and Confectioneries always on hand.

VENABLE WILSON,
Manufacturer of

Boots & Shoes.
Fine Goods a Specialty.

Repairing solicited. Work done with neatness and dispatch. Call and see him, in the post office building.

J. C. Brewster & Co.,
RALEIGH, N. C.

Hardware.
Wholesale and Retail.

Orders promptly filled, and at the lowest prices.

John Armstrong,
Book Binder

—AND—
BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURER.

Bagley Building, Raleigh, N. C.

The only practical Binder carrying on business in the city.

SCHEDULES.

Carolina Central R. R. Comp'y.
CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

OFFICE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT, Wilmington, N. C., Dec. 30, 1881.

On and after Jan. 1, 1882, the following schedule will be operated on this Railway:

PASSENGER, MAIL AND EXPRESS TRAIN.

No. 1. Leave Wilmington, 8:20 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte, 5:20 a. m.

No. 2. Leave Charlotte, 9:10 p. m.
Arrive at Wilmington, 7:30 a. m.

Trains Nos. 1 and 2 stop at regular stations only, and do not stop at the Company's Time Table.

PASSENGER AND FREIGHT TRAIN.

No. 3. Leave Wilmington at 5:40 a. m.
Arrive at Charlotte at 7:55 a. m.

No. 4. Leave Charlotte at 4:15 a. m.
Arrive at Wilmington at 5:55 a. m.

Trains Nos. 3 and 4 make connection at Charlotte with A. & C. R. R. for Spartanburg, Greenville, Columbia, Atlanta, and all points beyond.

Train No. 5 makes close connection at Wilmington with W. & W. R. R. for Philadelphia, North.

Through Sleeping Cars between Raleigh and Charlotte.

V. Q. JOHNSON, Gen'l Supt.

Raleigh & Augusta Air-Line Railroad.
CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, Raleigh, N. C., June 5, 1879.

On and after Friday, June 6, 1879, trains on the Raleigh and Augusta Air-Line Railroad will run daily Sundays excepted, as follows:

No. 1. Leave Raleigh, 8:10 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte, 3:14 a. m.

No. 2. Leave Charlotte, 9:30 p. m.
Arrive at Raleigh, 5:54 a. m.

No. 3. Leave Raleigh, 8:10 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte, 3:14 a. m.

No. 4. Leave Charlotte, 9:30 p. m.
Arrive at Raleigh, 5:54 a. m.

No. 5. Leave Raleigh, 8:10 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte, 3:14 a. m.

No. 6. Leave Charlotte, 9:30 p. m.
Arrive at Raleigh, 5:54 a. m.

No. 7. Leave Raleigh, 8:10 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte, 3:14 a. m.

No. 8. Leave Charlotte, 9:30 p. m.
Arrive at Raleigh, 5:54 a. m.

No. 9. Leave Raleigh, 8:10 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte, 3:14 a. m.

No. 10. Leave Charlotte, 9:30 p. m.
Arrive at Raleigh, 5:54 a. m.

No. 11. Leave Raleigh, 8:10 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte, 3:14 a. m.

No. 12. Leave Charlotte, 9:30 p. m.
Arrive at Raleigh, 5:54 a. m.

No. 13. Leave Raleigh, 8:10 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte, 3:14 a. m.

No. 14. Leave Charlotte, 9:30 p. m.
Arrive at Raleigh, 5:54 a. m.

No. 15. Leave Raleigh, 8:10 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte, 3:14 a. m.

No. 16. Leave Charlotte, 9:30 p. m.
Arrive at Raleigh, 5:54 a. m.

No. 17. Leave Raleigh, 8:10 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte, 3:14 a. m.

No. 18. Leave Charlotte, 9:30 p. m.
Arrive at Raleigh, 5:54 a. m.

No. 19. Leave Raleigh, 8:10 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte, 3:14 a. m.

No. 20. Leave Charlotte, 9:30 p. m.
Arrive at Raleigh, 5:54 a. m.

No. 21. Leave Raleigh, 8:10 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte, 3:14 a. m.

No. 22. Leave Charlotte, 9:30 p. m.
Arrive at Raleigh, 5:54 a. m.

No. 23. Leave Raleigh, 8:10 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte, 3:14 a. m.

No. 24. Leave Charlotte, 9:30 p. m.
Arrive at Raleigh, 5:54 a. m.

No. 25. Leave Raleigh, 8:10 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte, 3:14 a. m.

No. 26. Leave Charlotte, 9:30 p. m.
Arrive at Raleigh, 5:54 a. m.

No. 27. Leave Raleigh, 8:10 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte, 3:14 a. m.

No. 28. Leave Charlotte, 9:30 p. m.
Arrive at Raleigh, 5:54 a. m.

No. 29. Leave Raleigh, 8:10 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte, 3:14 a. m.

No. 30. Leave Charlotte, 9:30 p. m.
Arrive at Raleigh, 5:54 a. m.

No. 31. Leave Raleigh, 8:10 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte, 3:14 a. m.

No. 32. Leave Charlotte, 9:30 p. m.
Arrive at Raleigh, 5:54 a. m.

No. 33. Leave Raleigh, 8:10 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte, 3:14 a. m.

No. 34. Leave Charlotte, 9:30 p. m.
Arrive at Raleigh, 5:54 a. m.

No. 35. Leave Raleigh, 8:10 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte, 3:14 a. m.

No. 36. Leave Charlotte, 9:30 p. m.
Arrive at Raleigh, 5:54 a. m.

No. 37. Leave Raleigh, 8:10 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte, 3:14 a. m.

No. 38. Leave Charlotte, 9:30 p. m.
Arrive at Raleigh, 5:54 a. m.

No. 39. Leave Raleigh, 8:10 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte, 3:14 a. m.

No. 40. Leave Charlotte, 9:30 p. m.
Arrive at Raleigh, 5:54 a. m.

No. 41. Leave Raleigh, 8:10 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte, 3:14 a. m.

No. 42. Leave Charlotte, 9:30 p. m.
Arrive at Raleigh, 5:54 a. m.

No. 43. Leave Raleigh, 8:10 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte, 3:14 a. m.

No. 44. Leave Charlotte, 9:30 p. m.
Arrive at Raleigh, 5:54 a. m.

No. 45. Leave Raleigh, 8:10 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte, 3:14 a. m.

No. 46. Leave Charlotte, 9:30 p. m.
Arrive at Raleigh, 5:54 a. m.

No. 47. Leave Raleigh, 8:10 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte, 3:14 a. m.

No. 48. Leave Charlotte, 9:30 p. m.
Arrive at Raleigh, 5:54 a. m.

No. 49. Leave Raleigh, 8:10 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte, 3:14 a. m.

No. 50. Leave Charlotte, 9:30 p. m.
Arrive at Raleigh, 5:54 a. m.

SHE CAME AND WENT.

Light trembles, which a bird
Lights on to sing, then leaves unmet,
So in my memory thrilled and stirred—
I only know she came and went.

As clouds some lake, by gusts driven,
The blue dome's measureless content,
So my soul held that moment's heaven—
I only know she came and went.

As, at one bound, our swift spring breeze,
The orchards full of bloom and scent,
So above her May my winter glaze—
I only know she came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze,
Through the low doorway of my tent:
The tent is struck, the vision stays—
I only know she came and went.

O, when the room grows slowly dim,
And life's last oil is nearly spent,
One gust of light these eyes will bring,
Only to think she came and went.

Lowell.

Her Lost Birthright.

In a corner of Madame Froissart's brilliantly lighted drawing-room, watching the gay scene being therein enacted, sat Gertrude Meyer. For the moment, she was alone—with her, indeed a rare occurrence, since she was both belle and beauty; but a slight sprain to her ankle a few days previous, had prevented her joining in the dance, and the little throng of men who all the evening had gathered about her had for the instant disappeared, many of them at her express command.

The last had lingered, reluctant still to go, when—"I am tired," she said. "I want to be alone."

He bent, then, from his splendid height, and, with a glance from his dark eyes few women could have resisted, he whispered a few words in her ear; but neither glance nor whisper brought even a momentary flush to the lovely cheek or brow. She met both with a languid indifference amounting almost to haughtiness, and a slight shrug of the beautiful bare shoulder.

"Elsa is without a partner," she rejoined. "I like to see you dance together. Ask her for this waltz."

An angry light kindled in Frederic Houghton's eyes, and he turned abruptly away. The next moment, Elsa, with a pensive flush, yielded herself to his guidance in the dance; and, with a half-sigh, though she knew not wherefore, Miss Meyer sank back in her cushioned corner, a breath from Elsa's perfumed ribbons being wafted to her as the dancers floated by.

Was she always to receive love, never to return it? Gertrude asked herself. True, Frederic Houghton had never, in words, declared his passion; but every glance, every accent, had been replete with its intensity. "She felt sure that he loved her. How poor and meagre was the cold friendship she might offer in return! But if she determined to smile at least more kindly, he gave her no opportunity. Other men flocked back to her side. She had sent him to Elsa; by Elsa he remained.

One dance followed another; but he would resign her to no other partner; and only an amused gleam crept into Gertrude's eyes as she watched him, and fancied she read the pique which prompted his action—a pique which in part reflected upon herself, as the next day and the next passed, until the week had gone, and still she neither saw nor heard from him. At the end of that period she again shrugged her shoulders, and told herself that she had forgotten him.

It was from Elsa, a fortnight later, that she learned his regiment had been ordered into active service, and was to depart in three days for the seat of war.

What should she say to him when he came to bid her farewell? She need not have questioned. She waited, but he came not. He left with his goodby to her unspoken. It caused her no real grief, no heart-pang, but a sort of restless surprise, which stirred some depths whose existence hitherto had been unknown.

Three or four days later, Elsa came to her with a shy blush. She had always been the child's friend and confidante. Though in reality but twelve months her senior, she felt herself the elder by long years.

"I have a favor to ask of you, Gertrude," she began. "Frederic asked me to write him. This morning I received his first letter. I am ashamed to send him my poor little scribbling, and at school I remembered how beautiful always were your compositions, and I said to myself, 'I will go to Gertrude—she will tell me what to say.' I love him so much—so very much, Gertrude! I think that he, too, loves me. I want to breathe into my words just enough of my heart's perfume that he may know where to seek to find the flower itself."

Gertrude looked up, amazed.

"Is it this love which makes you so poetic, Elsa?" she asked. "I never heard you talk like this before."

"It is one of your own thoughts I borrowed," Elsa answered, "and whose utterance it seems you had forgotten. But tell me, will you do for me what I ask?"

"You think it will be honorable?"

"Yes, yes! Why not? You can tell him nothing if you do not feel—only you

will paint the picture so that he may love to look at it."

A little longer Gertrude demurred, and then, drawing to her pen, ink and paper, she testified to her consent.

As she wrote, her reluctance vanished. She fancied herself in Elsa's place. She imagined how some rosebud, wooed by the sun, would open its opening petals, quivering 'twixt ecstasy and pain, to meet the passionate kiss of the Day God; and so her imagination found vent in words.

She covered the sheets with closely-filled lines, and as she read them Elsa pressed them to her lips.

"Ah, they will make him love me!" she cried, as she ran with them to her own home, to copy them in her own handwriting.

By the next mail came his answer. Elsa had been right.

The letter had strangely stirred his heart. Pulsed he had thought dormant, he wrote, had leaped into mad, exultant life. He had slept, he told her, with the paper next his heart.

Again Gertrude wrote, and yet again, until she looked for his replies almost as Elsa. She who had never loved in her life found a strange and satisfying delight in pouring upon the sheet the cry of a hungry soul while her own soul knew no hunger, the passion she had never felt, the ecstasy of a love at which she scoffed.

"So might I feel," she whispered to herself, "when, like the sleeping princess in fairy-lore, the magic prince would bend and kiss my lips."

And so to this unknown king she wrote. The replies became more frequent, more ardent, until at last there came a letter when Frederic Houghton asked Elsa to become his wife.

With tears of joy in her bright blue eyes, she brought this, like the others, to Gertrude.

"Answer him," she said, "and tell him yes!"

Slowly Miss Meyer read the letter through. From whence came this dull pain at her heart? A mist swam before her eyes. The written characters were blurred from her sight. By a powerful effort she controlled herself, and spoke with some degree of calmness.

"Not this, Elsa," she said. "This yet more beautiful than the others, Gertrude. The regiment is ordered to embark to embark her in a tangible cloud. She loved, and here before her stood her king—the magic prince had come at last! For this only she had given up the birthright of her soul. One word, one little word, and she might reclaim it; one word, one little word, and her heart and his would know her nevermore. The temptation stifled her. She gasped for breath. Then the mist cleared—she saw clearly.

"Let us return to Elsa, Mr. Houghton," she said, calmly. "She will wonder at our absence, and as for what we have been speaking of, remember the words of my song, 'It is a dream.' You have your letters—they are the realities. One cannot always live in dreamland."

"For the second time," he answered, "you send me from you!"

"Oh, God! that a soul so beautiful in outward form should wear a case of ice!"

Thus, man-like, and in a man's blindness, he judged her.

He went forth, in his weakness, to redeem his pledge. She, in her strength, took up her double burden, but that she bore it, gave to the world no sign.

Leaving a Man in a Lurch.

It was on a street car. A man with a very hoarse voice looked across the aisle at a man with a country satchel between his feet, and said:

"Winty day, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the other, as he put his hand to his ear.

"Seems like winter, doesn't it?" shouted the man with the hoarse voice.

"Hey! hey!" asked the deaf man.

"He says," began a man who was standing up, "he says it seems like winter."

At this moment the hoarse voiced man rose up and slid out of the car. As he did so the deaf man rose up, laid two bundles on the seat, and called out:

"Speak louder—I'm deaf."

"He says it seems like winter," bawled the man standing up.

"Who says so?" demanded the deaf man.

"Well, what of it? Haven't I sense enough to know that it's winter weather? Don't try any of your guys on me or I'll knock the top of your head off!"

Then the deaf man sat down and the "middleman" sneaked out and dropped off the car and said he would spend the rest of his life looking for the hoarse voiced man.

In countries where malaria is prevalent, or where the climate is subject to sudden changes—should be found in every house Brown's Iron Bitters.

a murmur of applause and admiration, a man bent close beside her.

"Come into the conservatory a moment," he said. "I wish to speak to you."

She let him place her hand within his own, and lead her where he would. Among the plants and flowers he turned to her.

"I must speak," he said. "You shall know how I have loved you! In another month, to tell you would be sin."

"Is not your betrothal, then, as sacred as your marriage?" she questioned.

"No," he answered; "for some times, Gertrude, I feel it would be greater sin to redeem than break my pledge. Listen to me! You know the old love I bore you, though I never put it into words. Oh, heart of ice! had you not one throb for the anguish I endured? Coldly you sent me from you to another. She welcomed me with a smile—you had dismissed me with a frown. She warmed me in the sunlight—you chilled me in the shadow. For a little time, I sought diversion and forgetfulness. In the latter I failed sadly. With gladness I hailed the outbreak which brought my regiment into service. Elsa's regret at my leaving her softened and touched me. I begged her to write me. Through her, I thought, I should hear news of you; but, instead, her letters gave me a wondering glimpse into a nature whose depths I had never suspected. How rich, how full, how true they were, I cannot paint to you. I read and reread them. My heart cried out for more and more, until I knew that its longing and its need were satisfied at last. How rich and exhaustless must be the mine which stored such jewels! With man's avaricious greed I longed for its possession. Is it only the fulfillment of the wish which makes me fancy its treasure already is exhausted? It was Elsa's letter, not Elsa, that I loved. She gave me food, but my heart still is hungry. Gertrude, help me! Tell me the right!"

They were alone; the sweet scent of the flowers filled the air; a murmur from a little mimic stream rustled past them. Through the dim light, she saw the white, impassioned pleading of his face. She heard his quick, agitated breathing. Her own heart pressed her hand upon it. Her secret seemed to envelop her in a tangible cloud. She loved, and here before her stood her king—the magic prince had come at last! For this only she had given up the birthright of her soul. One word, one little word, and she might reclaim it; one word, one little word, and her heart and his would know her nevermore. The temptation stifled her. She gasped for breath. Then the mist cleared—she saw clearly.

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