

THE ANSON TIMES.

R. H. COWAN, Editor and Proprietor.
VOL. II.

The Liberty of the Press must be Preserved.—Hancock.
WADESBORO', N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1882.

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NO. 39.

ANSON TIMES.

Succeeds The Pee Dee Herald.

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

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

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Will practice in the courts of Anson and adjoining counties.

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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.

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 traveling public.

YARBROUGH HOUSE,
RALEIGH, N. C.
Prices Reduced to Suit the Times.
CALL AND SEE US.

PURCELL 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.

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D. J. GASHIERE, Proprietor.
Convenient to all the trains.
A full stock of Groceries and Confectioneries always on hand.

CHARLOTTE HOTEL,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Newly Furnished and Entirely Renovated. Sample Room for Commercial Travelers. Terms, \$2.00 per day. Special rates by the week or month.

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.
Wholesale and Retail.
Orders promptly filled, and at the lowest prices.



SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR

IT WILL POSITIVELY CURE BAD BREATH.

Nothing is so unpleasant as breath, generally arising from a disordered stomach, and which is usually corrected by taking Simmons' Liver Regulator.

SICK HEADACHE.
The stomach imperfectly digesting its contents causes severe pain in the head, accompanied by disordered stomach. For the relief of this distressing ailment take Simmons' Liver Regulator.

Biliousness.
One or two tablespoonfuls will relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state, such as nausea, dizziness, drowsiness, diseases after eating, a bitter taste in the mouth.

Alcoholic Poisoning.
Simmons' Liver Regulator will counteract the effects of alcoholic poisoning. By its use the torpid liver becomes active, the secretions of the stomach are corrected, and the interpermeable and disordered system is restored.

Yellow Fever.
The Regulator has proven its great value as a remedial agent during the prevalence of this terrible disease. It restores the action of the liver, and never fails to do that which is claimed for it.

Chills and Fever.
There is no need of suffering any longer with Chills and Fever—Simmons' Liver Regulator soon breaks the Chills and carries the Fever out of the system. It cures which, all other remedies fail.

Dyspepsia.
This medicine will positively cure you of this terrible disease. It is no vain boast, but we assert emphatically what we know to be true, Simmons' Liver Regulator will cure it.

Bladder and Kidneys.
Most of the diseases of the bladder originate from those of the kidneys. Restore the action of the liver fully, and both the kidneys and bladder will be restored.

Take only the Genuine. which always has on the wrapper the "Red Z" trade mark, signature of **J. H. ZEHLIN & CO.**, Sold by All Respectable Druggists. 31-17.

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GOING DOWN.

GOING UP.

JULY.
When the scarlet cardinal calls
Her dream to the dragon-fly,
And the lazy breeze makes a nest in the trees
And murmurs a lullaby,
It is July.

When the tangled cowslip pulls
The corn-flowers blue away,
And the lilacs fall lean over the wall
To bow to you,
It is July.

When the popples flame in the eye,
And the silver net in the streamlet's throat
Has softened almost to a sigh,
It is July.

When the hours are so that Time
Forgets them, and lets them lie
'Neath petals pink till the night stars wink
At the sunset in the sky,
It is July.

When each finger-post by the way
Says that Shumbertown is nigh;
When the grass is tall, and the roses fall,
And nobody wonders why,
It is July.

A Literary Effort.
By C. H. THAYER.

"Are you satisfied, my daughter?"
"More than satisfied, papa."
"Is it all your fancy painted it?"
"Beyond anything I ever dreamed of." "Indeed I never imagined that we should have such a beautiful home."

"Then, my dear, I hope that you will be inclined to favor my wishes, in return for what I have done to please you. I have spared no expense in trying to make your home everything that the most fastidious taste could demand, and I trust that you will not refuse some concession to my whims, perhaps you will call them."

"What is it you desire, papa?"
"Nellie, I have given you every advantage in regard to education—have tried to make you a cultivated and accomplished woman—and now I do not want to see you throw yourself away upon any one who cannot appreciate you. In simple words, I want a clever son-in-law—a man able to write a good essay, or poem, or paint a picture worthy of notice and admiration."

"But, papa, I love Charley, and he loves me."

"Yes, my child, I suppose so; but you are both very young, and have seen little of the world. He did very well when we were plain, simple people, living in the country; but now it is quite a different thing. We live in another world altogether. I do not demand money with your future husband—I have enough for all concerned—but talent I do require."

"Oh, papa, I cannot give up Charley! Where shall I find another like him?—so good, and kind, and devoted!"

"Thousands of them, my dear—thousands of them. He may not prove any better husband for being so devoted now. Matrimony is the thing that tries men's souls—and constancy."

"I do not believe that Charley will deceive me—and he loved me too before we were rich. We never shall know when a new lover comes, whether it is myself or my money he cares for."

"Oh, well, my dear, young men are not all mercenary. There are plenty of fine, young fellows, ready to love you for your own sweet self."

"Perhaps Charley can write?" mused Nellie. "He never has tried, I know, and he may be a great genius without suspecting it. I am sure that he is clever enough to do almost anything."

"Geniuses do not live to be twenty-five years old without suspecting their own powers. The trouble is generally that they are too eager to suspect them. But I promise you this, my daughter: if Charley can paint a good picture, or furnish a successful article for the paper, I will consent to the match."

"Oh, Charley, the young girl said to her lover that night, 'can't you paint a picture?'"

"Paint a picture, Nell! Are you crazy?"

"No, dear—but papa is—or else he has got a new hobby, which comes to nearly the same thing. I suppose he is aesthetic, and I think it is just awful. But now, dear, don't you think that you could paint something?"

"Nellie, why don't you ask me if I can fly—like a bat, or a winged squirrel?"

"But every one paints now." "Indeed! How do they do it?"

"They just buy paints, and brushes, and palette, and take one or two lessons, and then they are ready to exhibit their plates, tiles, and so on. It is just as easy! You can paint anything you choose—birds, fishes, cranes—on one leg or two, just as you please—or little, uncertain landscapes. Everybody does it—children, grown people, and grandmamas. And they all do alike, pretty much—for I can see scarcely any difference in their little, dauby things."

"There is no use talking about it, Nell. I could not paint one of your little, dauby things if I took lessons six years."

"Then you must write something. I know by your forehead that you have latent talent, which only needs development."

"My dear Nell, all the development in the world would never bring out any talent in my case. I hope that I have good, common-sense—but cleverness don't run in the Barrett family."

"But, Charley, you must either paint a picture or write a talented article!"

"My darling, I am afraid that you are touched here—just a little, you know; and he laid his finger on her white forehead with an air of such deep concern that she burst into a fit of laughter, in which he quickly joined. As soon as she could speak, she told him what her father required, and was surprised to see how grave he took it."

"Why, how serious you do look!" she exclaimed.

"It is a pretty serious affair, I should think," he replied. "To lose you—"

"But you are not going to lose me. You will write an article for the paper—a successful one, too."

"Nellie, I tell you again, dear, that I have no literary talent whatever. It has been pretty hard sometimes even to write letters to you, whom I love better than all the world. How then could I write a successful story?"

"Couldn't you write a pretty poem then?"

"Horrible! Ask me something reasonable—do seven thousand miles, or kill half a dozen tigers—but write a poem! Good heavens, Nell, it's enough to make a poor fellow commit suicide! I could not make a rhyme to save my life—or even your life, darling."

"Now it cannot be so very hard! A little poem upon spring, for instance, to begin with. Something about budding leaves, and perfumes of the soil, and young men's hopes, and aching voids, and all that sort of things."

"It gives me an aching void to think of it! And the rhymes! Oh, Nell! the rhymes!"

"Take a dictionary—some poets do that. Find a number of appropriate words to rhyme in pairs, put them down on the paper, and then write up to them."

"But where does the sentiment come in?"

"Oh, that must work in of itself. It is a hopeless case, darling. I am very sorry that I am not a genius—but nature did not make me one, you know. And a poem? Oh, it's fearful!"

"A story then, Charley—you surely could write a story?"

"Stories must have plots, Nell, and plots do require some imagination."

"But can't you tell something that has happened to your friends? Truth is stranger than fiction, you know."

"Farmers' boys are not apt to have many adventures, Nell. My friends in the country did nothing more romantic than digging turnips and potatoes."

"But did you never have any thrilling experiences yourself, Charley?"

"This is the most thrilling experience in my life, and I hope that it will be the last one of that nature."

"Perhaps you had better try an essay?"

"She was called Violetta, because her eyes were like the summer violets." But Charley, dear, aren't we mixings up the seasons a little? Just now you said her eyes were like spring.

"Well, eras it, if you choose—only there'll be another space to fill up."

"Say that they called her Violetta, because her eyes were so blue. That will take up nearly as much room."

"She was gentle, tender, docile and submissive." Now, Charley, you need not imagine that I am going to be so terribly submissive. I have a mind of my own.

"But I was not thinking of you."

"Who were you thinking of then, I should like to know?"

ly grew thin over that article. But he finished it at last. It certainly was a very remarkable story. The plot was not quite equal to the details. The expensive and elaborate toilettes in which Violetta indulged, would have ruined a first-class actress, and the minuteness with which each such, ribbon and button was described might have immortalized some disciple of Worth himself; but, as he said, it helped to fill up the pages, which of course was the main thing.

"You are not going to kill Violetta, are you, Charley?" Nellie inquired, one day, with evident concern.

"Kill her?" he repeated, savagely; "indeed I do intend it! I should like to stab her—poison her—torture her in the most horrible manner—in return for all the misery she has occasioned me."

"Oh, I would not kill her! People always like to have stories end well."

"Nellie, I must have my own way in this—for it will be the only satisfaction that I can have in the whole thing! And it must be no easy death either! I read once of a woman who was walled up to her throat, and then left to perish. If I could think of something equally horrible I should prefer to consider myself quite a genius."

And he did kill Violetta, sure enough; but he compromised with Nellie, and allowed her to die respectably and comfortably in her bed, her disconsolate friends weeping in a circle around her.

When it was all finished, he literally danced for joy.

Then he took it to his loving critic, who copied it very neatly and elegantly, making some discreet alterations, especially in regard to the stuperous toilettes, as she termed them.

"Now, Charley, this is a success, I am sure. Where do you intend to take it?"

"I shall take it to Rob Hunter, who has charge of the story-department of this paper, and he will accept it, I think. If he demurs at all, I shall offer him fifty dollars to publish it."

"But isn't that rather an unusual proceeding, Charley?"

"Well, this is an unusual story, you know, and we cannot expect to make our arrangements in the ordinary way entirely."

However, the desired object was accomplished; and then Nellie went to a friend, in another editorial office, and asked her to copy the sketch, and to try to get it copied by some other paper also.

"But, Nellie," said the lady, "this is not a striking effort. Did one of your friends write it?"

"Yes," she answered, with a blush; and then she told the circumstances, fully and frankly.

"Well, I will copy it," was the good-natured reply; "but, if I were you, I would advise Mr. Barrett not to write anything more of the kind."

"No fear of that," she answered, with a merry laugh.

The story being copied into the two papers, Nellie took them all to her father, who examined them very carefully, but with a somewhat dubious expression upon his face.

"Yes, daughter," he said, "this seems a very successful story; but if I were Charley I would not try another, because he might not be as successful a second time."

He always felt that he had been slightly imposed upon; but when he saw what a good, kind husband Charley was, and how happy he made Nellie, the old gentleman gradually became reconciled.

And when his little grandchild, at the early age of five years, absolutely composed four lines of poetry, he was convinced that a genius had at last been born to him, and his happiness knew no bounds.

The Dutchman's Disappointment.
Three afflictions beget little or no sympathy—a sick, home-sick, and love-sick. An honest Dutchman proved, however, an exception to the rule. His friend Herman being jilted, told his sorrows to the Dutchman:

"Herman, my poy," said Hoffestein, after he had listened attentively, "I know how you feels. I vent gourtung mit a girl for nine years, and ven I dinks she was going to be my wife, she goes and takes a fellow vat vass'n vert de bowder vat blows him to tunder!"

"It was de same vay mit a mule vot I hav, and vot I lances all de dependence in. I rode dat mule from do time he vas a colt untl he vas so old dat his eyes vas vask, and he vas shuts so gentle as a dog."

"Vot you dink, Herman, dat mule worked for fifteen years, to get my confidence, and den he vent back on me. Von day vey I vas riding de mule along de road he stoppned vere dere vas a brier patch mit a vasp-nest in it."

"It hits mit de spurs to make him go away, but he vout. Vat does mit do go? He vinks a colt of times mit his ears, kicks up his heels, and I finds myself in de brier patch mit the vasp all ofer me."—New Orleans Times.

The only iron preparation that does not color the teeth, and will not cause headache or constipation, as other preparations will, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

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Marriage Probabilities.

The Chicago Times has constructed a table of "Marriage Probabilities," for both sexes, from the age of 15 up to 70, based upon figures taken from 8,000 marriage licenses issued by the county clerk during the 12 months ending Oct. 2. It deduces the following facts from the table.

"In 1,000 cases no one was married before the age of 15. The marriage of women at that age is not unknown, but it is rare. Men do not begin to marry, as a rule, until they are 18 years old. At the age of 19, when young men are just beginning to think seriously of the subject, young women are at their most favorable time, more of them marrying at that age than any other. The years of greatest probability with women are from 18 to 22, culminating at 22. At 20 and 21 the chances are even, being better at 19 and 23 than at either of the intervening years. At 23 begins a steady decline, but not until the age of 33 do the chances fall below one in a hundred after that age they do, and in the rest of her life chances are but seventy-six in a thousand. At the age 53 the vanishing point appears in sight no marriages occurring at that age, and at the age of 54. At 55 and 56 occurs one marriage each, at 57 none, at 58 one, and after that a woman has literally 'not one chance in a thousand' of wedding. Her best years are four in number being from 19 to 22 inclusive.

With a man it is different. His best years are 10 in number, from 21 to 30 inclusive. It is at the age 21 that he evidently hits at attention wifeward, and it may be that legislators were entirely right in fixing that as the year when he shall attain his majority. In no year of his life are the chances 1 to 10 that he will marry. His very best years are at 23 and 28, as a girl's were at 19 and 22. From 21 there is a steady increase till he is 25, and then his chances slowly decline, although they do not drop suddenly until he is 30.

It is worthy of note that the sudden drop in the chance of both men and women occurs the year after they become 'old bachelors' or 'old maids.' Men do not begin to marry till about three years later. With men the chances do not fall below 1 in 50, and after that but 1 to 100 until the age of 40 is reached. Then it is 1 in 500, and after that but 1 in 200. Marriages occur, however, every year until 55 is reached, then on alternate years to 62, and after that comes out one, which is at the age of 70.

Wanted to See a Rebel.
Down below Montgomery I ran across a man from Port Huron, Mich., and after we had shaken hands he said:

"Seen any rebels down here?"

"Why, yes, that is, I've seen hundreds who were in the Confederate army."

"But have you come across one who hasn't surrendered yet—a real old untried who wasn't licked and still hates the flag?"

"No."

"Well, I wish I could see one. I've been down here two weeks and I haven't come across him. I thought the South was chock full of such chaps, and I doted on an interview."

I went up to the hotel and told the boys, and they sent over to the cooper-shop for Sam. He was not in the war at all, having lately moved in from Texas, but he was the most 'rebellish' looking man south of the Ohio River. He had long hair, long matted whiskers, a long, sharp nose, eyes like a wolf, long arms, ragged clothes and he looked to be a tough case. The boys told him what was wanted and he walked down the street to a barber shop where the Port Huron man was waiting to get shaved. Standing in the middle of the shop he threw his old hat down, jumped three feet high and cracked his heels, and yelled out:

"Whoop—yah! What's that Yank who's been hanging around this town for the last three days? Whoop—yah! y! durn Uncle Sam fur an old buzzard! I fit with Wheeler, I did, and I never surrendered! There ain't Yanks enough in North America to walk me off—whoop!"

The man from Port Huron had finally got what he was looking for. He rose up, and was edging for the door, when Sam jumped for him and yelled:

"It was de same vay mit a mule vot I hav, and vot I lances all de dependence in. I rode dat mule from do time he vas a colt untl he vas so old dat his eyes vas vask, and he vas shuts so gentle as a dog."

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The Recent