

ANSON TIMES

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

ADVERTISING RATES. One square, first insertion, \$1.00; Each subsequent insertion, .50; Local advertisements, per line, 10

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Carolina Central R. R. Comp'y. CHANGE OF SCHEDULE. OFFICE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT, Wilmington, N. C., Dec. 30, 1881.

Raleigh & Augusta Air-Line Railroad. SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, Raleigh, N. C., June 5, 1879.

Cheraw & Darlington R. R. CHANGE OF SCHEDULE. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, Society Hill, S. C., Feb. 28, 1880.

Cheraw & Salisbury Railroad. CHANGE OF SCHEDULE. Until further notice, the trains on this road will run as follows:

PERSEVERANCE.

One step and then another, And the longest walk is ended; One stick and then another, And the largest nest is mended; One brick upon another, And the highest wall is made; One flake upon another, And the deepest snow is laid.

FAME VERSUS LOVE.

"It cannot be!" As these words fell from Helen Armstrong's lips she arose from her seat, an old overturned boat, and moved slowly toward the water's edge.

For a moment her companion, a man of perhaps twenty-five, hesitated; then he joined her, repeating: "It cannot be, Helen? Surely you are not in earnest. You love me, have you not said it and yet you refuse to become my wife?"

"You did not mean it," quickly interrupted Edwin Bennett, adding: "Come, darling, why should not we be happy?"

For an instant she let it rest there, then slowly but firmly she loosened his clasp, as she said: "For two years you and I have been friends. In that time did you ever know me to change after I had once decided upon anything?"

"You know the one great desire of my life is to win fame as an artist. Could I do this as your wife?"

"Why not, Helen? Would I not do anything in the world to help you?" came the proud answer, as Edwin Bennett bent his eyes fondly upon the fair face beside him.

"No, Edwin; as a wife I could never hope to obtain fame. Marriage brings with it too many cares that there is very little time left over for other work. I should not make you happy. I should be constantly longing for my old, free life."

"If that is all I am not afraid to risk my happiness, Helen," answered her lover, a more hopeful look lighting up his handsome face.

"Think how for five years," continued Helen, "I have worked with the one end in view. My home, you are aware, has not been particularly agreeable. Uncle and aunt are kind in their way, and have always let me have my own will about painting; providing it did not cost them anything. As for love or sympathy, they have seen how much they have yielded to me."

"Seen and felt for you, Helen, God knows. And now that I will make your life, if love can do it, one happy dream, you will not, and yet you do not deny your love for me."

For a second Helen's eyes rested longingly upon the face of the man who loved her so dearly; then into their dusky depths crept an intense, passionate longing, as they swept the horizon and noted the glorious splendor of the setting sun, while she exclaimed: "Oh, Edwin! If I could only reproduce that sunset just as it is! I only could!"

"With an impatient sigh he turned away. "Always her art, never me; perhaps she is right after all. It would always stand between us."

"If it would only stay long enough for me to catch those colors, but no, it is fading now."

Turning, Helen found that her companion had left her side, and stood a few yards away.

"Edwin," she called. In an instant he was beside her, everything forgotten except that she was the woman he loved.

"I wanted to tell you how good Mr. Hovey is. It seems he was acquainted with poor papa years ago, when I was a baby, and therefore feels quite interested in me. You have heard how he praises my work, and last night he proposed—"

"Proposed!" exclaimed Edwin Bennett, hotly. "Why, you don't mean to say that old man actually had the audacity to ask you to marry him?"

"How ridiculous! How could you think of such a thing?" answered Helen, a ripple of laughter escaping from between her pretty teeth, as she continued: "No; he proposed, if I were willing, to send me to Italy for two years, he of course, defraying the greater part

of the expenses. He said when I became famous I could refund him the little amount I wished. Was it not generous of him? Just think, two years at work among the old masters. What could I not do then? It would be such a help to me. My little income would do, with care, I think."

"And you would go?" As Edwin Bennett asked this question a look of pain crossed his face.

"Why not?" came the reply, as Helen raised her eyes questioning to her companion.

"You say you love me; and yet you would put the sea between us. Helen, wait; I will work hard and earn money enough to take us both abroad. Do you think I could deny you anything? You should pout to your heart's content, from the old masters, or anything else you pleased. So long as you were happy, I should be. Perhaps I might turn painter, too, some day, with you to inspire me," he added, smiling slightly.

"I do not doubt your love for me, Edwin; but I shall never marry. I intend to devote my life to my art. As a wife it would be impossible for me to do so. I should be hindered and trampled in a thousand ways. Believe me, I have thought very earnestly of all this, and I—"

"Helen, when I came to spend my vacation here at Little Rock, so as to be near you, I said to myself, Now you can ask the woman you love to be your wife, and know that you have a home to offer her. For your sake I wish I were rich; but I am still young, and with the good prospects I have, I do not see why I should not be able before many years to give my wife all she can wish."

"It is not that, Edwin, I should not love you one bit the more if you were a millionaire," interrupted Helen, glancing reproachfully at him.

"Helen, my holiday is over to-morrow. I must have my answer to-night." The words came somewhat sternly from between Edwin Bennett's lips.

Mechanically, with the end of her parasol, Helen Armstrong traced on glittering yellow sands, "Fame versus Love." Then, as she became aware of what she had done, she sought to efface them. Too late. Edwin Bennett's hand stayed hers, as pointing to the letters stood out, he said, hoarsely: "Choose!"

For a second she hesitated, then slowly came the answer: "I accepted Mr. Hovey's offer this morning. I am to sail in a week."

Spurning her hand from him, Edwin Bennett cried out, passionately: "God forgive you! I cannot!" Then, without another word, he turned and left her.

A faint cry of "Edwin" escaped her lips, as her arms were held out imploringly toward him. Then they fell to her side, and she, too, turned and went slowly across the sands in the opposite direction. If he had looked back and seen those outstretched arms, how different their life might have been; but no, he plodded angrily along the shore, glancing neither to the right nor the left. Little by little the waves crept up and Love was drowned, while Fame stood out bold and clear upon the yellow sands.

Ten years have come and gone since Helen Armstrong and Edwin Bennett parted on the shore, and during that time they have never met. Helen had won that which she had striven for. She had become an artist of renown. Even royalty had been pleased to compliment her upon her art.

For the last month one of Helen Armstrong's paintings had been on exhibition at the Academy of Design, and crowds had been drawn thither to see this last work of the celebrated artist. The subject was simple, nothing new, yet visitors returned again and again to gaze at it.

It was the last day of its exhibition, when a lady and gentleman, the gentleman leading a little girl of perhaps three years by the hand, passed into the room where the painting hung. "Oh! isn't it too bad there is such a crowd; I wanted to see it!" exclaimed the lady, to which the gentleman replied: "We will look at the other pictures first and come back again; perhaps there will not be such a crowd then."

An hour or so later the gentleman and lady returned; then the room was almost deserted, except for a few stragglers here and there. It was just about time to close the gallery.

For a few moments they stood in silence before the painting; then a little voice said: "Baby wants to see, too, papa."

Stooping under the gentleman raised the pretty, daintily-dressed child in his arms. After gravely regarding the picture for a second, the little one asked: "Is zay mad, papa?"

"I am afraid one was, pet," came the low answer, as Edwin Bennett softly kissed the fair cheek of his little girl. Then his gaze returned to the painting.

A stretch of yellow sands, dotted here and there by huge boulders and piles of snow, against which the overhanging cliffs looked almost bleak. Gentle little baby waves rippling in toward the shore, while majestic purple-hued, silver-edged clouds seemed floating on masses toward the golden, crimson-bared sun that flooded the sky and water with its warm light.

In the center of the picture, where the beach formed a curve resembling a horseshoe, was an old boat, turned bottom upward; some few feet off the figure of a young man, apparently walking hurriedly away. Although the face was not visible, the eager face that the man suffered; that the glorious sunset was this day as naught to him. Perhaps it was in the tightly-clasped hand, the veins of which stood out like great cords; or, maybe the man's apparent total disregard of his surroundings.

To the right of the picture the figure of a young girl, trailing a parasol in the sand, as she appeared to move slowly in the opposite direction from her companion. Only a little bit of a delicately shaped ear and a mass of glossy braids showed from beneath the shade hat, but one could readily believe that the pretty girl figure belonged to an equally attractive face.

About half way between them, traced upon the sands, were the words, "Fame versus Love."

"Is it not lovely, Edwin?" and Mrs. Bennett laid her hand upon her husband's arm as she added: "Yet how sad it somehow seems. I may feel sorry for them. I wish I could see their faces. I feel as if I wanted to turn them round."

Clasping the little hand that rested so confidently upon his arm, Edwin Bennett inwardly thanked God for the gift of his fair young wife, as he said: "Come, dear, they are commencing to close up. Baby's tired, too."

A Word to the Strikers.

What is it that drives so many thousands of industrious men to leave off the work on which they depend for subsistence? They do this because their wages are insufficient to support them, and because they hope by striking to compel their employers to pay them more.

Why are their wages insufficient? Because the enormous taxes which are imposed upon all the people of this country, and which, at last, fall with the most crushing weight upon those who labor with their hands, so increase the cost of the absolute necessities of life that workmen are no longer able to procure them.

Why are such enormous taxes imposed? Originally they were imposed to meet the necessities of the civil war which was fought to maintain the unity of the country. In that war a million lives and many thousands of millions of dollars were sacrificed, and the sacrifice was cheerfully borne. In order to bear this enormous expense, taxes never before known in the history of the country were levied upon the people; and, in addition to the money raised by taxes, an immense public debt was contracted, the interest of which and the payment of which also had to be provided for by taxation.

But has not a large part of this debt been paid? Yes, a very large part of it. The taxation has proved to be far more productive than was ever expected. So much money has been poured into the Treasury that in the short period of seventeen years a greater proportion of the debt has been extinguished than any one supposed would be extinguished in fifty years. The Republican administrators of the Government have made a great account of this premature payment of the public debt. They have been vain, proud of it, gloried in it, and have never had a thought about the terrible burdens they were laying upon the shoulders of the people.

But is all the money which is raised by these awful taxes applied to paying off the public debt? No; it is not. Notwithstanding the enormous sums paid on that account, there is now in the Treasury a surplus of more than a hundred and forty millions of dollars; and this vast surplus the Republicans are eagerly perverting to every kind of job, to every sort of useless and unjustifiable scheme, and to various dishonest purposes, such as a hundred millions to unnecessary pensions, mostly fraudulent. Moreover, millions upon millions have been stolen outright and divided in various ways among thieves connected with the Navy Department, thieves connected with the Whiskey Ring, in the Washington City Ring, and thieves high and low, limited and unlimited.

But now when the pressure comes, and when the people in their distresses are crying out in agony, and even refusing to work because their work does not bring them a livelihood, do not the Republicans who control all branches of the Government, legislative, executive, and judicial, propose to lessen these burdens and leave the people a little of the substance which they have saved, notwithstanding their terrible extortions? No; they do not propose to do any such thing. They look with indifference on the suffering mass of laborers, those who are striking and those who continue to work in the hope that they may be allowed to earn a livelihood. From their burdens they will not remove a hair's weight; from their taxes they will not take off a penny.

The only safety for the people is in turning the Republican party out of power.—N. Y. Sun.

Four Very Rich Men.

UNCLE RUFUS HATCH GIVES SOME VERY BIG FIGURES THAT MAY BE TRUE.

"Well, there are just four of them in the first class. First, Vanderbilt and his sons; second, Russell Sage; third, Jay Gould, and fourth, James Keene. I suppose you refer to men who have been directly connected with stock operations. Vanderbilt and his sons, who are all together, have got \$300,000,000. I am sure that this is not overated, for the \$60,000,000 or \$70,000,000 they have in the government loans represent their interest as it has accumulated. The next man is Russell Sage, who is richer than Gould. He is worth from \$60,000,000 to \$75,000,000. Gould is worth some \$40,000,000, and Keene from \$25,000,000 to \$30,000,000. These are prodigious figures. See what they represent of other men's losses, when you look at the present state of the stock market, and what it is tumbling to. There is about \$450,000,000 to \$500,000,000 in the hands of four men, who have made it all around this Stock Exchange, out of the gambling propensities and the credulity of the people."

"You surprise me in rating Russell Sage so high. "Well, it is a fact. He has been a cool, steady, strong man, playing no tricks, but scooping in all the time. I may say for him that if you get his name to a piece of paper it is just as good as any obligation in the world. Gould has been the most dexterous of this lot. Keene represents his name. In character he is certainly a wonderfully keen man. The history of his operations in Lake Shore and Northwestern would be a great subject for one of your lectures. He took Lake Shore at 60 and got rid of most of it at a profit of 100 per cent, and in the same way he took Northwestern when it was about 40 and sold most of it at about 300 per cent profit, for it went up to 125 last year, and stands now at about 130. Vanderbilt now owns the railroad," Cincinnati Enquirer.

Some Things I Have Noticed.

I have noticed that when a horse gets up he gets up forward first and jerks his hind parts after him, while a cow will get her rear half up all right and draw her forward half up in place also, when drinking, a horse will draw in water rapidly with every breath; the cow, on the contrary, will suck in one continuous draught as long as she can hold her breath.

I have noticed that sheep and goats are both butters, yet a sheep has to run a few steps backward before he can but, while the goat has to raise himself on his hind legs to execute the same movement. One is called a buck sheep, the other a battering ram. They are the only two animals I know of whose but ends are in front.

A squirrel can run down a tree head first. The cat and the bear must get down tail first (if left to themselves).

If your dog finds his way into your cellar and sees a nice steak he will steal it and run out, but if your cat gets in and finds a steak, she will sit right down by it and eat what she wants (if not surprised before).

I have noticed that a leather strap buckled about the height of yourself around a young tree in a few years will be away beyond your reach, but if nailed at the same distance will never get any higher (only the outer shell runs up).

Although turkeys are much more swift of foot than geese, yet in a week's drive a flock of geese will come in ahead; for geese you can drive at night, especially moonlight, but when evening approaches turkeys will roost.

A man can stand on one foot in the middle of a room and pull on his shoe, while a woman must lean up against something to accomplish the same thing.

A man holds the needle in his left hand to thread it, but a woman holds it in her right.

In one thing I think every one will agree with me: Dress a man as a woman dresses and you will freeze him to death.—Ez.

A Crank who Wishes to Avenge Guiteau.

A telegram from Corry, Pa., July 1st, says: "A strange crank passed through here to-day on the down express and proposed to be on a divine mission to Washington to execute the command of God by avenging Guiteau's murder, as he termed it."

He resembles Guiteau in personal appearance, and professes to be a distant relative. He said he had never taken any stock in Guiteau, until the night before he was hanged, when God appeared to him in a vision and commanded him to go to Washington and avenge Guiteau's murder. As to the manner in which this is to be effected he is in doubt, as God promised to reveal it to him upon his arrival in Washington.

He refused to tell his name or where he was from, but he had a ticket from Chicago to New York. He uttered terrible threats against Arthur and others. He is supposed to be crazy on the subject.

When he learned that he was talking to a newspaper correspondent he refused to talk further, and said that it would all come out in time."—Washington Star.

No Grounds for Divorce.

A woman who seemed to be full of confidence in her cause Thursday halted a pedestrian with whom she had a slight acquaintance, on Congress street, and asked him if he knew anything about the law of divorce, and added that her husband had threatened to file a bill to procure one for her.

"Are you mild-tempered?" asked the gentleman. "Mild as grass," she replied. "Have you ever clubbed him—thrown tea-pots—waged the butcher-knife—lugged the ax around or made threats?"

"Never." "Have you cold feet?" "No." "Do you drink or swear?" "Neither one."

"Do you try to make home happy?" "I do." "Do you seek to boss him?" "Not at all."

"Are you choice of your company and economical with his money?" "I am."

"Did you ever maliciously annoy him?" "I never did."

"Did you ever talk against him to the neighbors?" "Never."

"While I am not a lawyer and therefore not posted, I don't see how he is to secure a divorce from you."

"That's just what I say! He can't do it! He may scold and threaten and tell what he's going to do, but he can't do nothing! I'm glad I met you, for you've lifted a great load off my mind, and if William comes storming around again to-night as he did last night, I'll give him another choking! If I hadn't been able to handle him, he'd have made my life miserable for a whole ten years past!"—Detroit Free Press.

Literal answers are sometimes quite witty. "Will you kindly put my fork into a potato?" asked a young lady of her table neighbor.

"With pleasure," he responded; and piercing the potato, coolly let the fork extend from it.

Again, we hear of a very polite and impressive gentleman who said to a youth in the street: "Boy, may I inquire where Robinson's drug store is?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the boy, very respectfully. "Well, sir," said the gentleman, after waiting awhile, "where is it?"

"I have not the least idea," said theurchin.

There was another boy who was stopped by a middle-aged lady with: "Boy, I want to go to D—-street."

"Well, madam," said the boy, "why don't you go, then?"

Sometimes this wit degenerates into punning, as when Flora pointed pensively to the heavy masses of clouds in the sky, saying: "I wonder where those clouds are going?"

"I think they're going to thunder," her brother replied.

Also the following dialogue: "Holloa, there! how do you sell your wood?"

"By the cord." "How long has it been cut?" "Four feet."

"I mean how long has it been since you cut it?" "No longer than it is now."

A Simple Remedy.

Dr. Hall says that it ought to be extensively known that ordinarily boiled rice, eaten with boiled milk, is one of the best remedies known for any form of loose bowels. Its efficiency is increased if it is browned like coffee and eaten at intervals of four hours, taking no other food or liquid whatever; its curative virtue is intensified if no milk is taken with it, and the patient will keep quiet in a warm bed, then it becomes an almost infallible remedy.—Greensboro Bugle.

Some years ago a farmer living in the hamlet of K. found that some one was stealing corn from his crib. He suspected a neighbor named Sam, and decided to arm himself and watch, in order to catch the thief. So he concealed himself near the crib, and in due time some one came and climbed up by the side of the crib to help himself to its contents. Now the time had come. The farmer fired; something fell. It was Sam; not shot, but terribly frightened. So soon as he could get breath, he exclaimed: "It ain't me, Jake! it ain't me!"—Chicago Weekly News.

Maj. L. W. R. Blair was shot and instantly killed at Camden, S. C., on the 4th inst., by Capt. J. L. Haile, in a personal difficulty. Haile surrendered himself and was released on a bond of \$5,000.—Charlotte Democrat.

Physicians say it combines all the desiderata of every ferruginous tonic prescribed by every school of medicine. Brown's Iron Bitters.

Why is a beautiful and fascinating girl like a butcher? Because she is a "killing" creature. It takes three scruples for a drachm, but many a man will take three drams without a scruple.