

THE ANSON TIMES.

R. H. COWAN, Editor and Proprietor.

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

TERMS: \$2.00 per Year

VOL. III.

WADESBORO', N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1882.

NO. 1.

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,.....\$1.00
Each subsequent insertion,.....50
Local advertisements, per line,.....10
Special rates given on application for longer time.

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

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JAS. A. LOCKHART,
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Practice in the State and Federal Courts.

WALKER & BURWELL,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
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Will attend regularly at Anson Court, and at Waadesboro in vacation when requested.

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For Dyspepsia, Constipation, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhea, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fever and Ague, Malaria, and all Diseases caused by Derangement of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.
Bad Breath; Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder-blade, mistaken for Rheumatism; general loss of appetite; Several generally colic, sometimes alternating with lax; the face is troubled with pimples, and heavy; with considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a patient sensation of leaving undone something which ought to have been done; a slight, dry cough and flushed face is sometimes an attendant, often mistaken for consumption; the patient complains of weariness and debility; nervous, easily startled; feet cold or burning; sometimes a prickly sensation of the skin exists; spirits are low and despondent; and, although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to try it. Such diseases every remedy will not cure, but the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred when but few of them existed, yet examination after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above symptoms appear.

Persons Traveling or Living in Unhealthy Localities, by taking a dose occasionally to keep the Liver in health, will avoid all Malaria, Bilious attacks, Dizziness, Nausea, Headaches, Depression of Spirits, and all the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred when but few of them existed, yet examination after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved by always keeping the Regulator in the House!

For, whatever the ailment may be, a thoroughly safe, purgative, alternative and tonic can never be out of place. The remedy is harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasure.

IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE.
And has all the power and efficacy of Calomel or Quinine, without any of the injurious after effects.

A Governor's Testimony.
Simmons' Liver Regulator has been in use in my family for a long time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical science.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ga., says: "I have derived some benefit from the use of Simmons' Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial."

"The only thing that never fails to relieve," I have used many remedies for Dyspepsia, Liver Affection and Debility, but never found anything to benefit me so the Simmons' Liver Regulator has. I sent from Minnesota to Georgia for it, and was glad to find such a medicine, and would advise all who are similarly affected to give it a trial. It is the only thing that never fails to relieve."

Dr. T. W. Mason says: "From actual experience in the use of Simmons' Liver Regulator in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine."

Take only the Genuine, which always has on the wrapper the Z Trade-Mark and Signature of J. H. ZEILIN & CO. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

FIRE TRIED.
The following lines were picked up in one of the streets of Fayetteville after the adjournment of the late Coalition Republican Convention. It appears to have given expression to the feelings of some veteran who felt aggrieved by the action of the Convention.

Ye "fire tried" Please stand aside, Let the new converts in: 'Tis true their date Is somewhat late, Their reasons somewhat thin.

These converts new, Of numbers few, And modest aspirations, Have set their eggs, And fixed their pegs, To take the nominations.

So stand aside, Ye "fire tried," Don't thwart their calculations; And let their eggs, And fixed their pegs, To take the nominations.

But well, the cream had soured, and the butter would not come to day, and so her temper had not borne the test.

Pardon thus sought might readily enough be won for harsher sin, but Sydney Richards imposed his penalty for all that, and so it happened that the next Sabbath morning witnessed the reading of his and Nannie Williams' nuptials.

Poor little Nannie! She and her pride were waging a hard fight just when it had been a lucky moment Sydney Richards had chosen to ask her to become his wife.

That very day she and Dick had their first and only falling out. It had been such a foolish matter, and she had known herself quite wrong, but she had determined Dick should yield, and instead he quietly walked away, saying:

"Nannie, when you acknowledge I am right, send for me. It is only your pride that now refuses to acknowledge me so; and it is with your heart, not your pride, I wish to deal. Besides I have something more I wish to say to you then."

Something more! Ah, how well she knew what this something more was! As if it needed to be put into her life that Dick, earnest and tender and true as he was strong, loved her, and one day would make her his wife, though he little liked and illy brooded her coquettish ways.

Indeed, on this account had been their falling out, but she had determined this time not to yield; and so when, a few hours after Dick had left her it chanced that Sydney Richards had come to woo her, his tender love phrases sounded very sweetly in her ear, and she gave him her promise, scarce conscious of all its import, but glad to inflict on Dick some of the pain from which her heart was suffering.

"I'm going to try the new colt, father, this morning," she said, when it wanted but two weeks of her wedding day.

"Better not, said the farmer. 'I doubt if he's ever had a woman on his back.'"

"He would not be the first horse I had broken to that privilege," was the laughing retort.

The farmer said no more. He had implicit faith in Nannie's horsemanship; but when, a little later, she came down the stairs dressed in her habit, she started to find Dick Armstrong holding the colt by the rein.

"I had business with your father, Nannie," he said, quietly, "and the man brought the colt round while we were talking together, so I stayed to tell you you must not ride him. He has a dangerous eye."

The girl smiled proudly. "Many thanks for your interest in my life, Mr. Armstrong; but since you have acquired yourself of any responsibility in the matter, I feel doubly tempted to try the experiment."

She stepped down beside the horse to pat him with one little gauntleted hand, a courtesy he acknowledged by impatiently pawing the ground with his fore feet.

Dick Armstrong's cheek paled. Involuntarily he laid his hand on the girl's arm.

"You must not, Nannie. It is absolute madness."

"And if it is," she retorted, hotly, "to forbid it is Sydney Richard's province, not yours."

She could have used no better argument to silence him. He had pledged before, but now cheek and lips alike were colorless, save for one drop of blood upon the latter where his teeth had met.

One instant the small foot rested in his palm, in answer to her imperious gesture for assistance, the next, girl and horse had vanished from his sight—the colt, with bit fairly between his teeth and running like mad—running as only a vicious horse can run, determined to rid himself of his human being he bears.

Dick Armstrong forgot his anger, just though it was, forgot all save the great, sickening dread at his heart—the dread which was so soon to prove his, when she thus spoke. He had uttered no reproach. Dared she to her own soul say he could have found no cause for doing so!

Sydney Richards found something amiss with his pretty betrothed that night. She shrank from his somewhat too demonstrative caress, and

turned upon him almost angrily when he asked her to name the day for their wedding—in fact to let the bans be read at once.

"You see, it'll soon be harvesting-time, Nannie, my lass," he pleaded, by way of argument, "and there's no denying that the farm needs a woman's care. It's all ready for its mistress, and why shouldn't its mistress be ready for it?"

"Simply because she isn't your maid-of-all-work, Sydney Richards, to be hired when the season is most convenient and the demand for her most pressing?" was the girl's hot reply.

But her lover bore it good-naturedly, and just as he was leaving she panted to tip-toe to whisper in his ear that he must forgive her.

But—well, the cream had soured, and the butter would not come to day, and so her temper had not borne the test.

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dead body; but as he bent over the face, so deathly white but for the crimson stain upon the forehead, a faint murmur of agony escaped her lips.

Gently these rough men bore her home. Almost as soon, Dick was there with the physician he had summoned, but the latter, who had left him a full hour without the sick room, could minister but little comfort on his return to where he waited.

The girl might live, he said, though only her wonderful health and youth would accomplish that; but she would be a cripple always.

Nannie Williams a cripple! No one could realize it as the news spread; but as the slow weeks passed, and life as slowly asserted itself, the doubt became certainty.

Ah, well, the gods declared again, it was sad enough; but better it had happened then than later, when Sydney Richards would have been burdened with a crippled wife his life long.

But Sydney himself, what did he say? The accident was five weeks old, and the time fixed for her wedding had long gone by, when Nannie sent for him.

The lovely face was white as the pillows on which it rested, and the great eyes looked larger than ever as they met his.

"The farm has had to wait for its mistress, after all, Sydney," she said, with a smile; "but it won't have the mistress we had planned for. You said it needed a woman's hand, and mine are very useless hands now," and she held them up, grown so white and thin. "It isn't necessary to give you your release from my pledge, perhaps; for of course you understand I couldn't burden you this way. But I thought you'd feel better, maybe, if you let me tell you so myself."

The man looked down embarrassed. He had wanted to say something like this himself, for he wished a helpmeet, not a drawback, in his wife; but, somehow, the words sounded differently from Nannie's lips, and made him feel small and mean.

Yet they were just enough; and when with a few murmured regrets, he left her, the bond between them was forever severed.

Alone—henceforth alone and helpless! she whispered to herself, while the great tears rolled silently down her cheeks. But she was glad, too, that it was not Sydney Richards' wife that spoke.

That evening Dick came in. "You can forgive me everything now, Dick," she said. "How good you have been to me all this time! Sydney was here this morning, Dick, and—and all is over between us."

"You mean he gave you up because—because—The coward!" "Hush, dear!" she interrupted. "It was I who released him. Why, Dick, any man would be mad to take such a burden as I am on his hands."

"Then I am mad, Oh Nannie, give yourself to me, and I will be happier with my cross than any king that wears a crown."

"You are a king, Dick," she answered. "Oh, my love! would that I had proved worthy of you before it was too late; but now—now it can never be!"

And, plead as he might, he could not change her purpose.

"I love you—yes," she said, "too well to accept now what once I threw away."

For weeks he pleaded, but Nannie was firm, until one day he brought to see her a young surgeon from the city—a man who had gained wonderful reputation, and who told her that by submitting to a dangerous operation she might again walk.

"Is it death or entire recovery?" she asked.

He answered: "Yes."

"Then let me be your wife, Dick!" she whispered in her lover's ear, "I shall have that to give strength to recover, or I shall sleep better with your name on the slab above my head."

But, the operation over, Nannie woke to life, not death, and, strong and beautiful as in the old days, wears only a tiny scar upon her brow to mark how near she missed her life's happiness.

Once upon a time, as the story runs, a man owned a parrot which, try as he would, he could never teach to say anything except "There is no doubt about it."

The gentleman took the parrot to the fair one day to see if he could sell it. "Who'll buy my parrot? Only ten dollars."

A gentleman passing, stopped and looked at the bird and then asked, "Poll, are you worth it?" "There is no doubt about it," answered Poll.

He was very much pleased with the bird and bought it, and one day, after he found out his mistake, he was standing near the cage, and he said aloud to himself,—"What a fool I was to give ten dollars for that bird."

"There is no doubt about it," sung out the bird. And this time she was right.

How the Government is Run.

The patronage and the power of the Government are openly used to keep the Republican party in office. This is the primary object of the present Administration, and it has been the main object of all its predecessors since the second election of Mr. Lincoln. The worst methods, however, came in with Grant in 1869, and laid the foundation of the detestable and destructive system which has been in operation since that time.

The appointments to office, the assessments upon the employees, the distribution of contracts, the favors of the Treasury, the honorable distinctions of the civil service, the promotions in the army and navy, and everything else within the control of the executive department are all appropriated for the party, and in the interest of the dispensing power. In other words, the Government is converted into a great machine for continuing the supremacy of the Republican party as against all comers. When ordinary methods fail to secure a majority, fraud is unhesitatingly employed, as it was in 1876 to steal the Presidency.

The Republican leaders knew well that if Mr. Tilden entered the White House the robberies and the rascalities by which many of them had been enriched would be exposed. They determined on revolution if necessary, and devised the Great Fraud, with force behind it, and threats of civil war in case of resistance. The Navy Department was set on fire three times within a few weeks. It has been proved before the Senate investigating committee that whole pages of the great ledgers of the Treasury were cut out, that enormous balances were forged, and that there were chasures and alterations on the books, involving millions of dollars.

These acts, and others of a like character, are so many confessions of criminality. They bear witness to the corruption and the crimes of the party which has debauched the whole public service, plundered the Treasury of untold millions, and established an oligarchy of officeholders, who, with a standing army of more than a hundred thousand drilled subordinates, enter States, bulldoze primaries, purchase delegates to State and local conventions, forge proxies, and dictate the nomination of candidates wearing the Administration collar.

The departments at Washington are the headquarters of State associations of politicians appointed to clerkships by Senators and Representatives. These are nine or ten thousand strong, and their chief business is to keep up a constant correspondence with the home managers, to act as secretaries for members of Congress, and to become proficient in the art of running the machine. They instruct the Custom House officers, the postmasters and their deputies, the internal revenue collectors, inspectors, and detectives, the land officers, the United States marshals and their deputies, and the host of agents all over the Union as to the "views and policy of the Administration," so that upon a given signal the whole force moves with precision upon any chosen point of attack.

These Republican mercenaries are allowed thirty days' leave of absence every year, with full pay, and without any authority of law. They draw a year's salary for eleven months' attendance, and the so-called working time is about six hours daily, while the actual working time is less than three hours by general average. At election time ten days' leave, with pay, is allowed to all the officials at Washington; they are required to go home at their own expense and to vote the machine ticket. Any default, except for sufficient reason, which is to be made known to the chiefs of the State associations, whose active vigilance is always a recommendation for favor, is regarded as a good cause for removal, and is so reported. Deducting Sundays and holidays and including this permitted absenteeism, the loss of time in the so-called working hours of each of these mercenary soldiers is about two-thirds of a year, though each receives pay for three hundred and sixty-five days. They know that members of Congress receive \$10,000 for about ten months' work, and they think the example is worthy of imitation. The President, the Cabinet, the heads of bureaus and the chiefs of divisions all desert their posts for months every year, and demand full pay for every hour as if present on duty.

At the present time, the First Comptroller of the Treasury, the final authority on all disputed claims and accounts, is stamping Ohio for the machine ticket. His assistant is sick, and an outsider has been appointed from the President's fishing camp on the Canadian frontier to do the neglected business as best he may.

This is the way the Government machine is run. Suppose millions are stolen; is not the Treasury full to overflowing?—N. Y. Sun.

An Arkansas Boy.

"Pa," said the Rev. Mr. Mulkittle's son, "Samson was a strong man, wasn't he?"

"Yes, Samson was the strongest man that ever lived."

"Tell me about him."

"It was intended that Samson should be the strongest man, and before he was born—"

"Before he was born?" asked the boy.

"Yes; before—that is before he was found in a hollow stump—"

"Just like little sister."

"Yes; just before he was found an angel appeared and foretold his strength, saying that no razor must touch his head."

"Was the angel afraid that the razor would cut him?"

"No; the angel meant that his strength lay in his hair, and that his hair must not be cut off."

"If I let my hair grow long, can I lift more than I can now?"

"I don't know about that."

"Are women stronger than men?"

"No."

"But they've got long hair."

"Yes; they have longer hair."

"A woman couldn't whip you, could she?"

"No; not easily."

"Was Samson a Democrat?"

"I don't know."

"But why don't you know. I'd know if I was as old as you. How many men was it that Samson killed?"

"One thousand."

"He was bad, wasn't he?"

"No."

"But when a man kills anybody he's bad."

"The Lord was with Samson."

"But the Lord says you mustn't kill anybody. Did Samson go to heaven?"

"I suppose so."

Why He Didn't Explain.

Some eight or ten years ago a silvery-tongued chap who claimed to be a fruit tree agent swindled the farmers of this county in a shameful manner, and one resident of Nankin was so mad about it that he came to Detroit, searched the rascal out, and gave him a pouncing on the street.

After he got through his work he told the fellow that he would lick his eyes out as bad as he ever put his eyes on him again, and it was a threat to be remembered and nursed. About three weeks ago the Nankin man was traveling in Washtenaw county, and as he journeyed along the highway he met a traveler who so closely resembled the fruit tree swindler he halted and called out:

"Here you are again, you bold-faced rascal!"

"Yes, I'm here," was the calm reply.

"Well, so'm I, and I'm going to lick you until you can't holler! I said I'd do it, and I always keep my word. Climb down here!"

The stranger "climb" without a protest, shedding his coat as he struck the ground, and a fight began. In about two minutes he had used up the farmer and was coolly replacing his coat.

"See here," said the man from Nankin, as he wiped his nose with a burdock, "you fight better than you did eight years ago."

"Well, I dunno. This is my first affair with you."

"Didn't I wallopp you in front of the Detroit postoffice eight years ago?"

"No, sir! I was in Australia up to a year ago."

"And you never saw me before?"

"Never!"

"And was never in Nank