

THE ANSON TIMES.

R. H. COWAN, Editor and Proprietor. The Liberty of the Press must be Preserved.—Hancock. TERMS: \$2.00 per Year. VOL. IV. WADESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1884. NO. 14.

ANSON TIMES.

Succeeds The Pee Dee Herald.

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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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WADESBORO, N. C.
Practice in the State and Federal Courts.

JAS. A. LOCKHART,
Att'y and Counsellor at Law,
WADESBORO, N. C.
Practice in all the Courts of the State.

W. L. FARNSON,
Little & Parsons,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
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WADESBORO, N. C.
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CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Will attend regularly at Anson Court, and at Waidesboro in vacation when requested.

YARBROUGH HOUSE,

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

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.

J. J. Thompson, Prop'r.

Depot Hotel,
JAMES F. DRAKE, Prop.
Convenient to all the trains!

A full stock of Groceries and Confectioneries always on hand.

I. H. HORTON,
JEWELLER,
WADESBORO, N. C.
Dialer in Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Musical Instruments, Barrels and Mezzale Loading Shot Guns, Pistols, &c.

M. J. Ramsey,
WITH
PAPE & CO.
WHOLESALE
Druggists and Chemists
328 Market St., Philadelphia.

All Persons
Wanting Anything in the
DRUG LINE
Will do Well to
Call on us Before Purchasing.
T. Covington & Son.

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SCROFULA

and all scrofulous diseases, Sore, Erysipelas, Eczema, Itch, Ringworm, Tumors, Carbuncles, Boils, and Eruptions of the Skin, are the direct result of an impure state of the blood.

To cure these diseases the blood must be purified, and restored to a healthy and natural condition. AYER'S SASSAPARILLA has for over forty years been recognized by eminent medical authorities as the most powerful blood purifier in existence. It frees the system from all foul humors, enriches and strengthens the blood, removes all traces of mercurial treatment, and proves itself a complete master of all scrofulous diseases.

A Recent Cure of Scrofulous Sores.

"Some months ago I was troubled with scrofulous sores (ulcers) on my legs. The limbs were badly swollen and inflamed, and the sores discharged large quantities of offensive matter. Every remedy I tried failed, until I used AYER'S SASSAPARILLA, of which I have now taken three bottles, with the result that the sores are healed, and my general health greatly improved. I feel very grateful for the good your medicine has done me."

Yours respectfully, MISS ANN O'BRIAN,
15 Sullivan St., New York, June 21, 1882.

For all persons interested are invited to call on Mrs. O'Brian, also upon the Rev. Z. P. Wilds of 78 East 54th Street, New York City, who will take pleasure in testifying to the wonderful efficacy of AYER'S SASSAPARILLA, not only in the cure of this lady, but in his own case and many others within his knowledge.

The well-known writer on the Boston Herald, B. W. BALL, of Rochester, N.H., writes, June 7, 1882:

"Having suffered severely for some years with Eczema, and having failed to find relief from other remedies, I have made use, during the past three months, of AYER'S SASSAPARILLA, which has effected a complete cure. I consider it a magnificent remedy for all blood diseases."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

stimulates and regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, renews and strengthens the vital forces, and speedily cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatoid Gout, Catarrh, General Debility, and all diseases arising from an impure and impoverished condition of the blood, and a weakened vitality.

It is incomparably the cheapest blood medicine, and of concentrated strength, and of great power over disease.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists, price \$1, six bottles for \$5.

Ludolf & Hartsfield,

IMPORTERS and JOBBERS OF
CROCKERY, CHINA,
Fancy Goods,
Glassware, Lamps, Cutlery, &c.
A LARGE STOCK OF
TINWARE.

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Correspondence Solicited.
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PRINTERS and BINDERS,
Charlotte, N. C.
With facilities unequalled in this State, and unsurpassed in the South, we solicit patronage for any class of

BOOK OR JOB PRINTING
and
Book Binding

We keep the only complete stock of Legal Blanks to be found in North Carolina—prepared according to law.

Let us if you want anything in our line, address us at

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DEALER IN
Stoves and Tinware,
Wholesale and Retail.
ALL GOODS WARRANTED
As Represented.

TRADE STREET, UNDER CENTRAL HOTEL,
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The Largest and Most Complete
Establishment South.

GEO. S. HACKER & SON,

Charleston, S. C.
MANUFACTURER OF
Doors,
Sash,
Blinds,
MOULDINGS,
AND
Building
MATERIAL.

ESTABLISHED 1842,
36 cy.

Wadesboro Coach Shop.

H. D. PINKSTON, Proprietor.
Manufacturer of
Wagons and Buggies.

Repairing done at short notice, and cheaper than ever known.
Call and see me, and save 25 cents on the dollar.

Until 1882 you can get your horse shoe for 75 cents, all round.
Shoes, nails and all sorts of iron for sale at my shop. Call and see.
15-17.

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Call and see me, and save 25 cents on the dollar.

Until 1882 you can get your horse shoe for 75 cents, all round.
Shoes, nails and all sorts of iron for sale at my shop. Call and see.
15-17.

"WEARY."

Weary of living, so weary,
Trying to lie down and die,
To find for the sad hour and dreary
The end of the pilgrim's night,
Weary, so weary of wishing,
For a form that has gone from my sight,
For a voice that is hushed to me forever—
For eyes that to me were so bright.

Weary, so weary of waiting,
Waiting for sympathy sweet,
For something to love, and to love me
And pleasure that is not so fleet,
For a hand to be held on my forehead
A glimpse of the golden brown hair,
For a step that to me was sweet and fair,
And a brow that was noble and fair.

Tired, so tired of drifting
Adown the dark stream of life,
Tired of breathing the billow,
The billows of toil and strife,
Wishing and waiting so sadly,
For the love that was sweetest and best,
Willing to die, Oh! so gladly
If that would bring quiet and rest.

THYRA.

BY MALY S. LADD.

It was at the Springs that this transpired, not Saratoga, but a little quiet watering place which people visited, mostly to build up their systems, instead of reducing them. And yet, there were those who came to kill time, or because certain of their set were to be here, and so it usually turned out that there was a fair display of beauty, and fashion, and folly, enough to attract the attention of the observant villagers, the feminine portion of which took bird's eye views of it all from the front windows of the milliner's shop, while the rustic swains lounged about the stores and street corners, in as close proximity as possible to the world gone mad.

For me, I was attending an invalid aunt, who was in need of companionship and care, and in this way it fell out that I was spectator at the show. But this is not my story; and it hardly matters how I was there, provided I loan you my lenses while the play goes on.

It was an out-of-the-way town on the lake, where these healing waters had happened to break forth. A pleasant country, dotted around by brown old homesteads, and orchards of delicious fruit. There was little opportunity for amusement, except the pleasant walks that nature had furnished. There was, of course, the inevitable croquet-ground, containing the solitary Indian tent at one end, where manufactured baskets, and other trinkets, which were real work of art.

The place could boast but two public houses; one built years ago, when the town was less accessible than now, and another which had followed, as a natural consequence, the advent of a railroad. This latter had a Mansard roof, and looked rather pretentious when contrasted with the old-fashioned architecture of its rival. My tastes being somewhat primocaval, I loomed toward the latter structure; but my aunt expressed her decision by saying, "If we want real comforts, Amanda, we must go where they are to be found, and not let our medicinal tastes get the better of our judgment."

There were, at this time, here, about six hundred visitors, two thirds of whom were at this house. We met in the upper saloon and lower saloon, on the galleries, at the springs, in the pleasant walks, and on the shore; and a very motley group we made, in one place and another. There were young and old; pale faces and bright ones; quiet people, and people who came for their penny's worth of pleasure, and who meant to have it. I did not expect pleasure at all in such a crowded place; but soon I, too, found enjoyment, for Thyra was there. She came with an invalid relative, a brother's wife, who called her Thyra, and that was all the name I then knew for her.

It was refreshing of an evening to see her enter the rooms among overdressed females, with her quiet part and unassuming ways. There were fair faces among the groups gathered together there, and Thyra's you could not call a fair one. Sooner or later a thinking face is apt to get on a few shallow tints, and an excellent little thinking cap was Thyra's finely shaped head.

The ladies, at first, hardly deemed her worthy of notice, she assumed so little, and dressed so plainly; but, within a week, they found that they had in her a dangerous rival. There seemed to be some spell in her beautiful brown eyes, something subtle in her speech, and magnetic in her presence, that the best men there paid homage to. And so, the fairest woman at the Springs, Miss Desmond, a very brilliant girl, used to admiration in all places. I felt sure, seemed to think her territory was disputed, and was proportionally malicious.

By far the most distinguished man here, was George Thurston, Esq., who had taken respite at this place, perhaps, because he liked the green hills, the shore, and the fishing grounds. But, strange to say, George Thurston, Esq., did not trouble himself about Thyra, while she seemed entirely unconscious of his existence. But he allowed himself to be angled for by Miss Desmond; and I was disappointed, for I had selected him

Abolishing Chicken Stealing.

HOW A SHARP COLORED MAN SECURED CHRISTMAS POULTRY.

One evening last week an attentive eye might have seen a number of dark forms wending their silent way down a street in Hoboken. They moved with an air of grim determination that could only have been born of a high purpose. Onward in silence they steadily advanced, until the dim light of the stars revealed to their eager eyes a signboard bearing the mystic legend: "Shinbones Smith, artistic whitewasher."

"Dis yer's de shanty, hain't it?" remarked Pete Maguff.

"Yas, dis yer's de place," answered Jefferson Gilderoy.

Pete then advanced and delivered two distinct raps upon the door. They were answered by one from the inside, and then the glistening eyes of Mr. Shinbones Smith appeared.

"Come in yer, all yo' clumps," said he. The company having assembled around a small red-hot cylinder stove, Mr. Smith took the chair and said:

"Broddern, we hab met hyer for a sacred and solemn purpose. De glad Christmas time an gittin' close by an de yards ob de white folks will be stocked wid prime turkeys."

Mr. Smith paused and looked about to observe the effect of this insidious remark. A general rolling of white eyes and smacking of dusty lips assured him that his words had not been in vain. He continued thus:

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"Mistah Petah Maguff, yo' is too fresh. Yo' is so blamed green dat ef yo' was out'n a field de cattle'd take yo' fur grass and chaw 'yup. Listen hyar, now, ter de rest: 'It bein' understood dat dis yer agreement does not include turkey or geese.'

"Ah! h-h-h-h!" was the unanimous response from the assembly.

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"Hoi!" remarked the Chairman; "dar hain't no motion befoah de house yet!"

And Jefferson sat down, impressed with the parliamentary learning of Shinbones Smith. Another brother made the necessary motion, which was carried, and the meeting closed with the utmost harmony. But when Pete Maguff had retired to the embrace of his silent couch, he was sore troubled.

"Whar'd de use," he reflected, "ob furhidin' de stealin' ob chicken? Soppusin' yo' is goin' ter hab com'pny ter dinner, yo' want moah on de table den turkey. Dem dar od der fellers kin do jis what dey like, but dis hyar coon is goin' ter hab chicken wid his turkey and geese, an' don't yo' disremember dat Cully?"

On the following night the form of the triangular Peter might have been discerned moving softly through the nether gloom of Mr. Aristidee Bucephalus' back yard. There was a fowl-house in that back yard, and in it were proud and pompous turkeys, broad and waddlesome geese, and plump and pugnacious roosters.—Peter moved with an air of settled purpose toward the window in the side of the house. Producing a glazier's glass cutter, he carefully removed the large pane of glass, and thrust his arm in. The lock was easily found, and in another moment Peter was surrounded by the feathered tempters. He selected, with artistic judgment, a fat turkey, a fine goose and a splendid rooster. Hastily stifling their noise he carried them outside and deposited them in his bag. In another moment he was out of the yard. But before he had advanced a hundred feet, three ghostly forms arose from the earth and confronted him. Peter dropped his bag and turned pale—as pale as he could. The three specters pointed their bony fingers at him and advanced. Peter's knees shook, his teeth chattered and he made a gibbering attempt to prayer. The three ghosts were now immediately in front of him, and they stretched out their arms as if to embrace him. Peter uttered an unearthly shriek and tried to run away, but a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and he heard a voice, which he ought to have recognized, saying: "Look hyar, yo' clump; we am a committee ob three 'pinted by de

from the crowd as a truly manly man; and of all the ladies there, Thyra was the one whom I had set apart as properly belonging to him. Thyra, so broad minded and so generous, incapable of any meanness, and, without beauty, succeeding to be a very charming woman! After awhile, though, I settled myself to accept the position, with the comforting conclusion that these things usually went wrong in this world, but that we only had to be patient to see them righted in the next.

One evening, when about to enter one of the drawing-rooms, I found Thyra, standing alone, and looking the proudest of women; I was always finding some new thing about Thyra. The seats were all occupied, so many had been wheeled out on the veranda during the afternoon. There were no gentlemen in yet, but one of the lesser beaux, whom Miss Desmond had accepted in absence of other admirers. He occupied a chair at her side, near which Thyra was standing. Miss Desmond, who was really too well bred to have countenanced such a thing under ordinary circumstances, had yielded to her ungovernable nature, and, taking the advantage of her rival's uncomfortable position, made caustic little speeches, which caused the gentlemen to titter and Thyra to raise her proud little head like a princess. Just then, Mr. Thurston appeared at my side. He looked in at the door, and, comprehending the position almost instantly, came forward and placed his hand on the gentleman's chair. "You do not observe," he said, "a lady is standing here; and half raising him from it, he placed it with a low bow at Thyra's side. She raised her eyes to his face, but scarcely bent in acknowledgment.

Being spectator at the show, as I have before intimated, I was suited with the play this evening, and, in a satisfied mood, slipped out and followed the path down to the water. It was in one nook and another of this pleasant shore that we, Thyra and I had at first and often met. She was something of an artist, and I often sat near, book in hand, while she made her sketch. To night I took my seat on the gnarled root of an elm, and looked out beyond its shadow on the silvery waters of the lake. I had brought with me, and I do not doubt it helped to enhance the beauty of the spot; but I thought I had never looked upon so lovely a scene as this bit of water, tree, and rock shadows in the moonlight.

I had not sat long when Thyra passed me and stood down on the glistening sand; and soon I saw Mr. Thurston nearing where she stood. She made a movement, at first, as though she would have turned away, and I saw that her eyes were luminous as lamps, and her lips pressed tightly together. Her smile seemed greatly moved when he spoke.

"Thyra," he said, "I saw that in your eyes to-night, that gave denial to the charge that has weighed me down for so many months; and I can scarcely believe that you discarded me for such a man as John Lytle."

"John Lytle?" he eyes flash scorn; "who dared slander me!"

"In a moment he had taken her hand.

"Then I did see a gleam of the old love in your eyes to night, Thyra?"

"Love?" she repeated, "I have learned to scoff at it. Don't come to me, pray, with the set phrases coined for Ida Desmond's ear."

I had been moving softly away, and further the deponent knoweth not.

We were to leave the next day, and I met Thyra but once. It was on the stairs that I gave her a hurried farewell. There was a story in her face, and I searched for its revelation; but the tale was caught up quickly to herself, and she passed on; and I do not know that I should have ever been made the wiser, as our paths lay so wide apart—she going back to the rush and turmoil of city life; and I keeping quietly to the old homestead—for my aunt did not receive benefit from the healing waters, but, a few weeks after our return, passed quietly away, leaving me, Amanda, her favorite niece, all her worldly possessions.

But yesterday, at breakfast the morning paper was brought in, and, running my eyes along its columns, they halted at the following notice:

"In New York, November 20th, by Rev. C. D. Field, George Thurston, Esq., to Miss Thyra Hoston, both of New York."

And I finished coffee and muffins with unusual relish, and immediately set about revising my former theory, that suitability and fitness were celestial endowments, only to be found in the abode of the gods.

Ayer's Hair Vigor improves the beauty of the hair and promotes its growth. It imparts an attractive appearance, a delightful and lasting perfume. While it stimulates the roots, cleanses the scalp and adds elegance to luxuriance, its effects are enduring; and thus it proves itself to be the best and cheapest article in toilet use.

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On the following night the form of the triangular Peter might have been discerned moving softly through the nether gloom of Mr. Aristidee Bucephalus' back yard. There was a fowl-house in that back yard, and in it were proud and pompous turkeys, broad and waddlesome geese, and plump and pugnacious roosters.—Peter moved with an air of settled purpose toward the window in the side of the house. Producing a glazier's glass cutter, he carefully removed the large pane of glass, and thrust his arm in. The lock was easily found, and in another moment Peter was surrounded by the feathered tempters. He selected, with artistic judgment, a fat turkey, a fine goose and a splendid rooster. Hastily stifling their noise he carried them outside and deposited them in his bag. In another moment he was out of the yard. But before he had advanced a hundred feet, three ghostly forms arose from the earth and confronted him. Peter dropped his bag and turned pale—as pale as he could. The three specters pointed their bony fingers at him and advanced. Peter's knees shook, his teeth chattered and he made a gibbering attempt to prayer. The three ghosts were now immediately in front of him, and they stretched out their arms as if to embrace him. Peter uttered an unearthly shriek and tried to run away, but a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and he heard a voice, which he ought to have recognized, saying: "Look hyar, yo' clump; we am a committee ob three 'pinted by de

Abolishing Chicken Stealing.

HOW A SHARP COLORED MAN SECURED CHRISTMAS POULTRY.

One evening last week an attentive eye might have seen a number of dark forms wending their silent way down a street in Hoboken. They moved with an air of grim determination that could only have been born of a high purpose. Onward in silence they steadily advanced, until the dim light of the stars revealed to their eager eyes a signboard bearing the mystic legend: "Shinbones Smith, artistic whitewasher."

"Dis yer's de shanty, hain't it?" remarked Pete Maguff.

"Yas, dis yer's de place," answered Jefferson Gilderoy.

Pete then advanced and delivered two distinct raps upon the door. They were answered by one from the inside, and then the glistening eyes of Mr. Shinbones Smith appeared.

"Come in yer, all yo' clumps," said he. The company having assembled around a small red-hot cylinder stove, Mr. Smith took the chair and said:

"Broddern, we hab met hyer for a sacred and solemn purpose. De glad Christmas time an gittin' close by an de yards ob de white folks will be stocked wid prime turkeys."

Mr. Smith paused and looked about to observe the effect of this insidious remark. A general rolling of white eyes and smacking of dusty lips assured him that his words had not been in vain. He continued thus:

"We hab, darfur, dissembled ter form a society for de prevention of stealin' chickens. De constitution will be in one verse, as follows: 'We de undersigned do hyarby, each an ebery mudder's son ob us, swar by Aunt Chloe's gum shoes dat on an after disdate ontill de second day ob January, eighty-four, we will not steal chickens.'

Again Mr. Smith paused and looked around for approbation. He was greeted by a dubious shaking of heads and Pete Maguff, having unfolded his knotted limbs, arose and said:

"Look hyar, Brudder Shinbones, hain't dis yer pussedin' kinder on regular?"

Mr. Smith gazed upon the speaker with the air of a king unanswerd in sarcasmic tone:

"Mistah Petah Maguff, yo' is too fresh. Yo' is so blamed green dat ef yo' was out'n a field de cattle'd take yo' fur grass and chaw 'yup. Listen hyar, now, ter de rest: 'It bein' understood dat dis yer agreement does not include turkey or geese.'

"Ah! h-h-h-h!" was the unanimous response from the assembly.

"I reckon," remarked Jefferson Gilderoy, "dat we mout as well consider dat motion carried."

"Hoi!" remarked the Chairman; "dar hain't no motion befoah de house yet!"

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