

THE ANSON TIMES.

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WADESBORO', N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1884.

TERMS: \$2.00 per Year.

NO. 15.

H. COWAN, Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. IV.

ANSON TIMES.

Successors The Pee Dee Herald.

TERMS.—CASH IN ADVANCE.

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Six Months.....1.50
Three Months......50

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North Front and East—Renovated.

Single Room for Commercial Travellers.

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Convenient to all the trains.

A full stock of Groceries and Confectioneries always on hand.

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WITH

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All Persons

Wanting Anything in the

DRUG LINE

Will do Well to

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WADESBORO, N. C.

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JAS. W. KILGO, A. B.,

MISS BESSIE W. MARTIN, ASSISTANTS.

MRS. D. M. HARGRAVE.

The Spring Term begins Monday, January 7th, 1884.

Tuition per month, \$2.00 \$3.00 and \$4.00

Music, extra, \$3.00 per month.

Board \$12 per month.

Contingent fee \$1 per year.

For further particulars, address the Principal.

Carolina College.

M.A. LE and FEMALE.

Ansonville, Anson County, N. C.

W. D. Redfern, Principal.

Spring Term begins January 8, 1884.

Tuition \$1.25 to \$4.00 per month.

Board in College Building \$8.50 per month.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs; none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough of cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal disease. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured.

"I had a severe cold, which affected my lungs, I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL, a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved me."

HORACE FAIRBROTHER,
Rockingham, Va., July 15, 1883.

Group.—A Mother's Tribute.

"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup. It seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was given in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easy. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at my praise?"

Mrs. EMMA GRENEY,
183 West 12th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effective remedy for coughs and colds I have ever tried."

J. C. CRANE,
Dyball, Miss., April 5, 1882.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success, was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. JOSEPH WALDEN."

Dyball, Miss., April 5, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung troubles."

FALCON, TEXAS, April 22, 1882.

No case of an affection of the throat or lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and it will always cure when the disease is not already beyond the control of medicine.

Prepared by
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

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SUCCESSORS TO J. BEGGFIELD & CO.,

IMPORTERS and JOBBERS OF

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Correspondence Solicited.

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PRINTERS and BINDERS,

With facilities unequalled in this State, and unsurpassed in the South, we solicit patronage for any class of

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We keep the only complete stock of Legal Blanks to be found in North Carolina—no parcel according to law.

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The Largest and Most Complete

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Doors, Sash,

Blinds,

MOULDINGS,

AND

Building

MATERIAL.

ESTABLISHED 1842,

86 cy.

ALONE.

I miss you, my darling, my darling;
The embers burn low on the hearth;
And stilled is the air of the household,
And hushed is the voice of its mirth;
The rain plashes fast on the terrace,
The winds pass the lattice moon;
The midnight chimes out from the minister,
And I am alone.

I want you, my darling, my darling;
I am tired with care and with fret;
I would nestle in silence behind you,
And all but your presence forget,
In the hush of the happiness given
To those who thro' trusting have grown
To the fulness of love in contentment;
But I am alone.

I call you, my darling, my darling,
My voice echoes back on my heart,
I stretch my arms to you in longing,
And let you fall empty, apart.
I whisper the sweet words you taught me,
The words that we only have known,
Till the blank of the dumb air is latter,
For I am alone.

I need you, my darling, my darling,
With its yearning my very heart aches;
The load that divides us weighs harder;
I shrink from the jar that it makes.
Old sorrows rise up to beset me;
Old doubts make my spirit their own.
Oh, come thro' the darkness, and save me,
For I am alone. —All the Year Round.

Dolly's Destiny.

"I shouldn't be surprised any day,
Dolly, to see David Wiggin tying his
horse at your gate," said Mr. Blount,
roughly, gathering up the reins.

"Nonsense, brother! Anything the
matter with his own hitching post?"
retorted Miss Dolly turning in the
doorway.

Mr. Blount laughed. Everybody
felt bound to laugh at Miss Dolly's
crip saying that he had kept her
friend in good humor these forty
years.

"And when David does call on you,"
pursued Mr. Blount more seriously,
"I do hope, Dolly, you'll give him a
chance to do his errand. That'll be
no more than fair, and the man won't
be easy until he has freed his mind."

"What mischief are you the fore-
runner of now, James Blount?" cried
Miss Dolly, about like a soldier on
duty. "What facing on earth have I
to do with David's errands?"

"Well, his wife has been dead a
year or more," said Mr. Blount, sug-
gestively shutting one eye, and
sneering with the other down the
length of his whiskers, "and lately
he has been asking about you. You
can put that and that together to suit
yourself."

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Miss Dolly,
energetically.

"I sha'n't say have him or don't
have him—though there isn't a liker
man living than David—but I do
say, Dolly, you ought to give him
a hearing, and having convinced
himself beyond a reasonable doubt
that the whip was all right, Mr.
Blount tickled his horse with it and
drove away.

"Oh, my sorrow!" ejaculated Miss
Dolly, closing the door with an afflic-
ted countenance, and sitting down so
quietly for once, that a photographer
might have copied her then and
there.

Not that he could have done her
justice, for her expression was too
quick and varied to be caught by a
trick of chemicals, and without it
Miss Dolly's physiognomy would have
been rather characterless but for her
prominent Roman nose. This organ
gave tone to her face. By which I
would not be understood literally, as
a metaphorical sense, this bold fea-
ture spoke loudly of energy. And Miss
Dolly had abundant need of energy—
else why the nose! Every two years
during her childhood she had been
tipped into the east bedroom to see a
new baby, till at her mother's death,
five little brothers fell to her charge
to be coaxed and scolded into man-
hood.

"You can't bring up those boys,"
groaned a dolorous aunt. "The'll run
square over you, Dorothy Almenda."

"I get them run over me so long as it
does not hurt 'em!" laughed Miss
Dolly, skewing her flaxen hair with a
goose-quill and tying a calico apron
over her calico long-sleeved, preparatory
to "bringing up" said youths.

From that day forward she went
cheerily on, making the best of every-
thing, though it must be confessed
that she had odds and ends to work
with, as people usually do have who
are born with a faculty. Somehow
she found time for all her duties ex-
cept matrimony. If that were a
duty, it was one she wouldn't at-
tend to while her father and
children needed her.

"Don't be silly, David!" said Dolly,
when he hinted as much to her
whereupon David went off and mar-
ried Olive Searle, the plainest looking
girl in the parish.

This happened thirty years ago,
and David was again wifeless and the
current of his thoughts turned to-
ward Dolly, who still lived at the old
homestead at the foot of Bryant's
Furnace. Her father had died some
months before. Of the boys, James
and Ezekiel had settled on neighbor-
ing farms and the remaining three
had gone west. David's benevolent
heart warmed with compassion as
he remembered Dolly's lonely condi-
tion, and he felt that it would be ex-
ceedingly kind in him to offer her a

home especially as he owned as good
a place as you can find on the river,
while the Blount cottage was falling
into decay.

He wouldn't let her former refusal
tell against her, for as he looked back
he couldn't really see how she could
have married anyone at that period.
She ought to be rewarded for the
devotion she had shown to the fam-
ily, and, for his part, he felt magni-
mous enough to give her a second
chance to accept him. Such was the
worthy widower's state of mind when
he asked James Blount with mock
humility whether it would be of any
use for him to try and make a bargain
with Dolly.

"That's more than I can tell," Mr.
Blount had answered. "Dolly's a
puzzle; you'll have to find out your-
self."

Mr. Wiggin smiled in complacent
anticipation of acceptance; indeed if
it might not seem like reproach to
hear him so, he felt by no means
heartened. He should say the kind
lost Olive. In this opportunity
typical of mental location to its
owner. Benevolence was in his face,
benevolence was in his spirit, as he
sallied forth at an early day to ac-
quaint her with her good fortune.

The broken harrow which he had
strapped into the wagon to give the
neighbors a plausible reason for his
trip to the Falls was by no means
typical of mental location to its
owner. His feeling as he approached
Miss Dolly's moss-grown cottage was
purely one of thankfulness that it
was in his power to provide her a
better home. Not that he was grate-
ful to his wife for leaving a vacancy
there. Mr. Wiggin had mourned
faithfully for Olive a year and a day.
Miss Dolly was out in the garden
gathering catnip. She had built a
chip fire under the tea kettle and
then whisked off to pick an apronful
of the pungent leaves while the water
was boiling. There she was stooping
beneath the eaves of a log cabin sun-
bonnet, humming a lively tune when
Mr. Wiggin drove up.

"Come, my beloved, haste away,
piped Miss Dolly, cheerily, snapping
away briskly at the stalks.

"Cut short the hours of your delay,
Fly like a youth!" struck in a
whisper.

"The sun bonnet tipped back like a
cart-boy."

"Sakes alive!" cried Miss Dolly, not
in the words of the hymn, as Mr.
Wiggin strode toward her on his
slightly rheumatic legs.

"I didn't mean to put you out, he
laughed; but it seemed kind o'
natural to take part with you in
'invitation.'"

"You always had a way of falling
in at the most unobedient of time, I
remember," retorted Miss Dolly,
saucily, recovering herself and going
on gathering catnip.

"You used to say I kept good time,
only too much of it," pursued Mr.
Wiggin, with a sudden inspiration;
"but I tell you what Dolly time never
did drag with me more than it does
these days."

"It is a dull season," said Miss Dolly
with exasperating simplicity. "I
suppose the grasshoppers have eaten
most of your wheat—haven't they?
so it'll hardly pay for reaping?"

"Just so," assented Mr. Wiggin dis-
comfited.

He had not travelled five miles in
the heat to discuss the state of the
crops.

"Walk in and sit down, won't you?"
said Dolly, with reluctant hospitality.

Her apron was crammed to its ut-
most capacity. She devoutly wished
it had been larger.

"Well, yes, I don't care if I do," an-
swered Mr. Wiggin after a hypocriti-
cal show of hesitancy. "I had a little
business further on at the black
smith's. No hurry, though, as I
know, and he turned to let down the
bars for Miss Dolly who meanwhile
slipped through the fence, catnip and
all. "Bless my heart! I don't see but
you are as smart as you ever was,"
said he, as he puffed along in her
wake. "Still you must be getting into
years, Dolly, as well as I—no offence,
I hope—and I was wondering wheth-
er or no it wasn't luncheon for you
living here a woman so!"

"Oh, I never was one of the lone-
some kind," responded Miss Dolly,
briskly, coating her guest in the
patchwork-cushioned rocking-chair,
and for that matter hardly a day
passed without some of the James
folks running in."

"Yes, I know; but if you was to
change your situation, wouldn't you
enjoy life better, think?"

Miss Dolly fidgeted at the green
paper curtains and intimated that her
happiness would be complete if the
grasshoppers would stop feeding on
her garden sassafras.

"That's just it," continued Mr. Wig-
gin, eagerly; you do seem to need a
man to look out for your farming
interests now, don't you, Dolly? I
mean that will be ready and will do
for you, and make you comfortable?"

"I don't know," said Miss Dolly,
dryly. The year father died I did
have Silas Potter, and he is the most
faithful creature living; but what
with the extra cooking and washing
I had to do for him, my work was
about double, but when mid time
came, I was glad to send him off, and
hire by the day. I made up my mind

that men folks around the house cost
more than they come to."

"I guess we don't understand one
another," said Mr. Wiggin slightly
disconcerted at this unflattering view
of his sex. "I wasn't speaking of hir-
ing help, Dolly. Naturally you
would get tired of that. It's a wor-
rying to a woman. But if you was
to have a companion, now—one that
could give you a good home, with
wood and water under cover—"

"Shoo! shoo!" cried Miss Dolly, fly-
ing out after an inquiring chicken on
the door step.

Mr. Wiggin drew his red handker-
chief from his hat to wipe his glowing
face. Certainly he had not felt the
heat so bad through having, in the
thimble, now a days' asked Miss
Dolly, frisking back with a
look of resolute unconcern.

"Very good; remarkably good! I
don't know where you will find a
man with a tougher constitution
than I have got."

"Ah!" and Dolly blushed like a
yea in October.

"Yes, I'm well," pursued Mr. Wig-
gin, perseveringly, "and I'm tolerably
well to do, with nothing to hinder
my marrying again, providing I can
see a woman to my mind."

"There's the deacon's widow," sug-
gested Dolly, officiously; "she's pious,
economical—"

"She's left with means enough to
carry her through handsomely," in-
terrupted Mr. Wiggin, quickly—
"Now I'd rather have a wife to pro-
vide for—one that needed a home. In
fact, Dolly, I have my eye on a little
woman that I want this very minute."

He had both eyes on her for that
matter, and Miss Dolly was forced to
recognize the situation, whether she
accepted it or not.

"I've managed to sweaten my tea
so far, David, without calling on my
neighbors," chirruped she, stooping
to lay straight the braided mat, and
I might as well keep on. I don't feel
it a tax as some folks would. But
there's Martha Dunning she's having
a hard time to get along. Why
don't you take her, David? She'd
appreciate such a nice home as yours."

"It would seem as if most any woman
might," said Mr. Wiggin in an in-
jured tone; "I finished off complete,
pointed outside and in—"

"She'd be delighted with it—I'm
sure of it," broke in Miss Dolly, with
an air of conviction, as she darted
into the kitchen to lift the boiling
kettle from the crane.

"But you don't mean that you
won't marry me, Dolly?" pleaded Mr.
Wiggin, anxiously following her to
the door. "I have been doing on see-
ing you at the head of things at my
house."

"Martha is a good manager," said
Miss Dolly, coolly. "David needn't
think he can buy me with a new suit
of buildings," added she, mentally,
snapping down the lid of the pug-
nosed teapot. "I never did have the
name of being corpulent."

"I tell you, Dolly, I won't have
Martha. I don't like her turn!" cried
Mr. Wiggin, testily balancing himself
on the threshold yet