THE ANSON TIMES.

R. H. COWAN, Editor and Proprietor. The Liberty of the Press must be Preserved.--Hancock. TERMS: $2.00 per Year.

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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

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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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Att'y and Counsellor at Law,
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☞ Practice in the State and Federal Courts.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
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Will attend regularly at Anson Court, and at Wadesboro in vacation when required.

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

CHARLOTTE HOTEL,
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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.
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☞ Convenient to all the trains!

A full stock of Groceries and Confectioneries always on hand. 46 tf

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WITH
PAPE & CO.
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Druggists AND **Chemists**
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All Persons
Wanting Anything in The
DRUG LINE
Will do Well to
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Carolina College.
MALE and FEMALE.
Ansonville, Anson County, N. C.
W. D. Redfern, Principal.
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Incidental fee $1.00 per Term.
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Large and comfortable rooms at very low rates to Students wishing to board themselves.
For further information address the principal. 11-tf.

Rev. Father Wilds' EXPERIENCE.

The Rev. Z. P. Wilds, well-known city missionary in New York, and brother of the late eminent Judge Wilds, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows:

"78 *E. 54th St., New York, May* 16, 1882. MESSRS. J. C. AYER & Co., Gentlemen: Last winter I was troubled with a most uncomfortable itching humor affecting more especially my limbs, which itched so intolerably at night, and burned so intensely, that I could scarcely bear any clothing over them. I was also a sufferer from a severe catarrh and catarrhal cough; my appetite was poor, and my system a good deal run down. Knowing the value of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by observation of many other cases, and from personal use in former years, I began taking it for the above-named disorders. My appetite improved almost from the first dose. After a short time the fever and itching were allayed, and all signs of irritation of the skin disappeared. My catarrh and cough were also cured by the same means, and my general health greatly improved, until it is now excellent. I feel a hundred per cent stronger, and I attribute these results to the use of the SARSAPARILLA, which I recommend with all confidence as the best blood medicine ever devised. I took it in small doses three times a day, and used, in all, less than two bottles. I place these facts at your service, hoping their publication may do good.

Yours respectfully, Z. P. WILDS."

The above instance is but one of the many constantly coming to our notice, which prove the perfect adaptability of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to the cure of all diseases arising from impure or impoverished blood, and a weakened vitality.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

cleanses, enriches, and strengthens the blood, stimulates the action of the stomach and bowels, and thereby enables the system to resist and overcome the attacks of all *Scrofulous Diseases, Eruptions of the Skin, Rheumatism, Catarrh, General Debility,* and all disorders resulting from poor or corrupted blood and a low state of the system.

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

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS.
Best Purgative Medicine
cure Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, and all Bilious Disorders.
Sold everywhere. Always reliable.

Ludolf & Hartsfield.
SUCCESSORS TO J. BROOKFIELD & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
CROCKERY, CHINA,
Fancy Goods,
Glassware, Lamps, Cutlery, Etc.
A LARGE STOCK OF
TINWARE.
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Correspondence Solicited.
40-em.

EDWARDS, BROUGHTON & CO.,
PRINTERS and BINDERS,
With facilities unequalled in this State, and unsurpassed in the South, we solicit patronage for any class of
BOOK OR JOB PRINTING
and
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We keep the only complete stock of Legal Blanks to be found in North Carolina—prepared according to law.
☞ If you want anything in our line, address as,
EDWARDS, BROUGHTON & CO.,
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A. A. GASTON.
DEALER IN
Stoves AND **Tinware,**
Wholesale and Retail.
ALL GOODS WARRANTED
As Represented.
TRADE STREET, UNDER CENTRAL HOTEL,
Charlotte, N. C.
10-em.

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 ey.

A LEAP YEAR DILEMMA.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

Miss Jennie is a winsome girl—
The fairest lass of many;
And I would be a heartless churl
Did I not love Miss Jennie.
But when into my list'ning ear
Her tide of passion gushes,
I scream and run away, for fear
She'll see my tell-tale blushes.

Miss Annie is so sweet and mild,
And loves me, oh so dearly,
I can't reject the little child—
'Twould drive her crazy, nearly.
But as she hangs upon the gate
And sings her hopeless sorrow,
I murmur: "It is getting late;
Please come around to morrow."

And there is rosy, romping Bell—
And there is proud Ophelia—
And pensy, lofty-minded Nell,
And prattling little Delia;
And I am wooded by Eloise,
And courted, too, by Jessie,
While Maggie tally upon her knees,
And ditto charming Bessie.

There's still another—homely she—
The gaunt, uncouth Eliza—
When first she came a wooing me
Oh, how I did despise her!
But as she fondly lingered near,
There fell, like dripping honey,
This sweet assurance on my ear—
She had a heap of money!

So, though I sigh for Jennie's curls
And Della so impassioned,
And hanker for the other girls
And sweetly, grandly fashioned,
It seems decreed that I should part
From all these charming witches,
And sacrifice my manly heart
To gaunt Eliza's riches!

A SPECTRE IN CAMP.

In the month of April 187—, a group of officers were assembled at choto hazri, under the pleasant shade of a couple of luxuriant bango trees. On the white cloth that covered the tables were eatables of various kinds, the most inviting being some melons—water as well as musk—which smelled deliciously. Overhead, deftly slung from a wooden framework, with lazy even beat, oscillated a light, deep-fringed punkha. It was pulled by a semi-somnolent Hindoo coolie, attired in little less save his own bronze colored skin; yet such was the force of habit, he did not give any one the impression of being at all too scantily clad. A short distance off—ten yards or so—stood a large, handsome bungalo; this was the mess house of the officers who belonged to the—— Regiment of Lancers, quartered just now at Mirabad, one of the pleasantest stations in the Northwestern provinces of India.

The group referred to were in their white summer Uniform, which, in the glare of the fierce sunlight, rather, dazzled and distressed the eye, but in the shadow of the dark green overhanging foliage the effect was both cool and picturesque.

The leave season had just commenced, and the young fellows while refreshing the inner man, were gaily reckoning up their chances of visiting the various hill stations—Simla, Mussoorie, Nynetal, or even going as far as that paradise of sportsmen, Cashmere; exception, however, must be made in respect to two of their number, who, comparatively silent, were seated a little apart, and on whose countenaces there was no sign of merriment visible.

Suddenly a horse's hoofs pattered along the drive leading to the bungalow, and a second later the rider came in view. He dismounted a short distance from the party, and handing his horse to a servant approached the chota-hazri table.

'Well, doctor,' interrogatively said one of the quieter men, addressing the new-comer.

'Not well: indeed, just the contrary, I am sorry to say,' replied Dr. Anderson, gravely, 'poor Mrs. Morgan is dead.'

There was a slight pause.

'Terrible business for Morgan,' presently remarked the first speaker, in a thoughtful voice; 'she's was all in all to him. I'm afraid he'll go to the bad.'

Some years ago, when Thomas Morgan first joined the——Lancers, as the veterinary surgeon, the verdict of the officers, not given hastily, but after due deliberation, was that he was by no means an acquisition to the corps; in truth the more severely critical, if asked their private opinion, would have had but little hesitation in pronouncing him coarse, self sufficient and unsteady.

As time passed the general impression regarding the vet's character became confirmed; moreover it seemed as if he were deteriorating to even a lower level. Then Morgan unexpectedly did that which raised him a hundred per cent. in the estimation of every one. He married a woman whom most any man would be proud to call his wife.

Handsome, lady like and accomplished, Mrs. Morgan also posessed tact and discrimination, and in a little while shs became quite a favorite in the regiment. That a man of Morgan's calabre should have persuaded a woman of this stamp to marry him was something in his favor; soon, too, it became abundantly clear that the lady thoroughly understood her husbant's weak points, for she managed him with so much judgement that the improvement in him became marked; indeed, after a few months of married life, the vet surgeon was voted quite altered, and rather 'a good fellow.'

And now, as the doctor had stated a bitter affliction had befallen the husband; the wife whom he had so loved and looked up to had died, after giving birth to a still born child, and he, unstabled and weak principled was left alone, a prey to intense grief. Under the circumstances, therefore, it was not surprising that the men at the breakfast table who heard the observation, 'Poor Morgan will certainly go to the bad,' should feel that the dismal prediction was only too likely to be verefied.

An interval of two or three years has elapsed since the sad event chronicled above, and I now come to the incident on which the interest of this narrative chiefly depends. At this time the——Lancers were quartered at Aldershot, having returned from foreign service in India. The mess house of the regiment was situated on the front row of the block of buildings known as the West Calvary Barracks. These face the avenue road and are only a few hundred yards to the Fast of All Saints', the garrison church. The mess room was large, lofty apartment, rectangular in shape, with one of its lesser sides almost occupied by a great arch window, which was heavily curtained.—In the center of the room was a long dining table; it stood in such a position that an individual sitting at the top end would be facing the window, and, of course, one sitting at the bottom would have his back towards it.

One evening rather late in October, a number of officers were seated in the mess room at dinner. At the top of the table, filling the post of President, was Lieutenant Robert Norr's, the orderly officer of the day. He was a pleasant, fair-haired young fellow, and on this occasion seemed particularly cheerful, for early next day he was to start for Ireland on a month's leaf. To his right sat a guest of his, captain Wilson; the latter had come to Aldershot on a visit to his friend and intened accompanying him across the Channel on the ensuing morning. There was no one at the foot of the table, but the chairs on either side of the Vice-President were occupied, one by Dr. Anderson the senior surgeon of the regiment, the other by a young officer of the same corps, called Beamish. In the intermediate seats were a few other men, whose name it is unnecessary to specify. It ought also to be mentioned that the evening twilight outside was only partially excluded, the curtains being but half drawn.

The conversation had been brisk and lively, the most prominet Aldershot topics had been discussed, and there had occurred one of those momentary intervals of silence which are not uncommon during dinner, when the company was startled by the exclamation of one of its members.

'Good God, man, are you ill? What on earth is the matter?'

The speaker was young Beamish. He was addressing his vis-a vis, Dr. Anderson, towards whom all eyes were at once turned,

There was a white, scared look on the surgeon's face, and he was staring at the window with eyes half out of the sockets, it was evident that he had received a shock of some kind.

'No—nothing,' he answered with an effort; but—ah! did you see that woman?'

'See a woman—where? asked the others wonderingly,

'I saw her all right, Anderson, exclaimed Norris, from the top of the tabls, 'rather palid-looking and dressed in a sort of bridal dress that seemed slightly stained; she certainly looked in upon us as she walked past the window.'

'What unmitigated nonsense!' cried Beamish energetically. 'You are both mad—the window is at least thirty feet from the ground and there is no balcony outside, but merely a narrow ledge, along which it would be impossible for any one but a ghost to walk.'

By Jove! I never thought of that,' said Norris, starting up impulsively. He ran to the window and began pushing aside the curtains. 'But you saw her too, Anderson,' he continued in an amazed tone, 'and some how the features seemed familiar.'

'Yes,' replied the surgeon, 'I certainly saw a woman dressed in white pass close by the window and glance in for an instant. But it was a strange, woeful expression in the eyes as they met mine that started and disturbed me. I fancy I recognized in her some one I knew; yet for the life of me I can't tell who she is.'

The doctor who, had quite recovered her composure, spoke in a clear collected voice. He, too, now rose from his seat and approac'ed tne window. Then there ensued a scene of considerable excitement, in which surprise and curiosity were largely blended. The dinner table was quickly deserted, the window thrown open, and the servants summoned. The premises were examined, and all kinds of nooks and corners invaded and ransacked for the discovery of the intruder, the more especially as Beamish suggested somebody might be attempting to play off a practical joke on on them. The search, however, proved fruitless. There was no trace of the mysterious female who had so rude a shock to one of the party and ruffled the serenity of all.

Of course, almost with one accord, they scouted the notion that the appiration could have an immaterial personality. Who ever heard of a spectre in a mess room? The idea was prepostrous—absurd; and then, how idle and objectless seemed a visitation whose purpose no one could recognize! They were either the victims of a hoax, or, as was more likely, or a spectral or optical illusion.—So far the officers. The question, however might fairly be asked, which of the following contingences was the more improbable—the appearance of a disembodied spirit, given that disembodied spirits exist; or that two individuals, of totaliy different types, in the possession of their senses, sitting far apart, should amid the distraction of dinner, brilliant lights and gay conversation, conjure up, exactly at the same moment, a speetral illusion, which, in face, figure and dress should be absolutely identical? Moreover, as will be shown a little later, the vision was not so entirely without purpcfe as at first sight they judged It to be.

To resume. The commotion gradually subsided and the officers again took their seats, but the cheerfulness seemed to have vanished and the talk flagged, if a stray remark was passed, it led to nothing.

'I wonder if the apparition portends misfortune to either of you two?' said Beamish, derisively glancing toward Norris and Anderson.

Neither of them replied.

Presently Wilson addressed his host.

'You have to visit the guards to-night; when do you start?'

'After midnight,' answered Norris, briefly.

But the others wouldn't hear of it.—However, nothing untoward happened, and early next morning the two friends left for Ireland

'A month later, his leaf having expired. Norris rejoined his regiment.

On arriving, one of the first persons he encountered was the surgeon, with whom, of course, he entered into conversation.

After a little pause he said rather abruptly:

'Ah Anderson, how about the appiration? Did you unravel the mystery of its appearance?'

'I thought you knew surely you have heard all about it?' replied his companion, with an air of surprise.

'Not a word, not a syllable.' said the other. To tell the truth the matter has troubled me but little; stlll, I'm glad it admits of a rational explanation.'

'A rational explanation!' echoed the doctor with a qucer smile. He drew from his pocket a large gold locket, and having opened it, handed it to his friend. Look at that.' he continued.

'Good heavens!' cried Norris gazing at the minature, 'its the spectre! Why, it is the portrait of Mrs. Morgan, who died in India! I'm more puzzled than ever.'

'I suppose I had better begin at the beginning and explain,' said the surgeon. 'As you are aware, Morgan—who had been steadily going down hill since his wife's death—was induced, about two months ago, to leave Aldershot on sick leave for a change of air and scene. Well, after that extraordinary experience at dinner I passed a restless, uncomfortable night, sleeping very badly; I therefore got up earlier than usual intending to take a brisk walk before going to the hospital. Soon after I left the barracks I met Burke, Morgans servant, and casually asked him if he had any news from his master. To my astonishment he informed me that Morgan had returned to Aldershot four days ago, and at the present moment was lying at his quarters seriously unwell. Of course I went to him immediately, and then the true state of affairs at once became clear. Morgan, perhaps hardly responsible for his actions, had concealed his arrival that he might, unchecked, give free reign to his intense craving for stimulants, and now he was so ill that I had little hope of his recovery.

After doing all I could for him I was turning to leave the room, when my eyes fell on the large colored photograph of his wife that stood on the table. Then, in an instant, like a flash, came the conviction that Mrs. Morgan and the appiration were identical, and that it was her features, seen distinctly as she walked past the window, that I had been striving in vain to recall; in the likeness she was dressed as a bride in white. You know I was with the poor lady in her last illness, and I take it the meaning of the vision was to call my attention to the fact that ner husband was dying uncared for and alone, within a few yards of where we were dining so merrily.'

'It is a strange occurrence, the very strangest in my experience,' said Norris thoughtfully. I remember the photo you mention quite well; this one in the locket is the same one reduced in size. I believe I knew more of Morgan than most of the others, as our rooms opened into the same corridor, and I was, in a way, his next neigbbor; perhaps that may be one reason why I also saw the apparition. How long is it since Morgan died?'

'He expired a fortnight ago,' replied the surgeon—'quietly, I am thankful to say, and with his faculties clear.'

Inferior Postal Facilities.

'Mornin', stranger,' saluted a grizzly-bearded Arkansaw man dressed in a red shirt, pantaloons held a place by a trunk strap, and leaning on a double barreled shot gun. The party addressed was a land hunter, his particular mission locating black walnut timber, and his office, headquarters, and business agency were in the saddle.

'Good morning to you,' answered the timber speculator. 'Game plenty?'

'Wall, not so very; som'at scattered. What's the news?'

'O, I don't know of anything fresh. France, you know, has declared war against China.'

'France?'

'Yes.'

'That's in Dorsey Kaounty, ain't hit?'

'Which, France?'

'Yessum.'

'No, my friend, France is on the other side of the Atlantic.'

'Sho! I heard a rummer about Bill Givens and Sandy Patchin agoin ter war about Givenses sister, Lize, up in Dorsey Kaounty, and hit 'pear-ed likely when yo' fust spoke about hit as iffen sum of their friends mout hev jined in an' clinched. What else, stranger?'

'Well, they have hung O'Donnell.'

'Good! Lynched the critter, mebbe.'

'O, no, he was legally executed.'

'Did enny of um git thar hams back?'

'Hama?'

'Yessum, an' side meat? He also tuk two gollons of Hi Stebbinses fo' year ole whiskey.'

'But I am speaking of the O'Donnell who shot Cary.'

'Who's Cary?'

'Cary the informer.'

'When'd he git 'lected?'

'Elected to what?'

'Lected coroner.'

'Informer, man! Don't you people ever see the newspapers?'

'Onct in a while we does. But you see, stranger, our postuffus facil'ties air limited, might onsartin and crude like. Yo' hev no idee what a monky an' parrot time we has on hit, gittin' our mail. Hit doan't cum in a darn sight offenner than hit does.'

'What is the difficulty?'

'An' when she does cum, ole Pulvis, the postmoster, has the chills so he shakes all ther stamps offen ther letters, an' we has ter russel an' sell a coon skin or a hunk of venison fur small change ter pay the pustage.'

'Is that the only reason you don't get your mail regularly?'

'No, stranger, hit's this way,' explained the Arkansaw Nimrod, spitting a red shaft of tobacco juice into the good eye of a mangy hound, which immediately rolled in agony at his feet. 'Ole man Trabb's son got the government contract, an' he sub-let it to Tommy McGlory, an' Tommy, he sub let her to Wyncoop's father-in-law, an' Wyncoop's father-in law sub-let her to Powell's uncle, an' Powell's uncle sub-let her to Braxton's mother, an' she couldn't ride, an' so she sub let her to Job Preesler, an' Job Preesler lost her in a game of seven-up to Lishe Potter's cousin, an' Lishe's cousin sub let her to Rat Hackett, an' Rat—'

'Yes, but what is the trouble now with the mails?'

'Well, to cum to ther pint, Skinny Wilkins is purtendin' to carry her, but he's ole, an' his hoss is lame an' sweenied, an' has ther glanders, an ther folks in Pikeville whar he gits ther mail won't let him drive inter town, nor ther folks at Pulvises won't let him cum anigh them with his glandered crow-bait, an' so Skinny has ter walk about two mile at Pikeville an' about two mile at Pulvises, an' when ther branch is up an' ther roads boggy Skinny won't do hit, an' that's ther gist of it, sost yer see we air done up mos' ot ther time.'—*Texas Siftings.*

To be Pitied.

'I see that an Ohio postmistress has resigned her position in order to get married,' remarked old Penedict to his wife.

'Poor thing! I pity her,' said helpmeet.

'Why so?'

'Because after the honeymoon is over, she'll have to sit up nearly every night and wait till the train comes in.'—*N. Y. Jornal.*

Why suffer longer from dyspepsia, indigestion, want of appetite, loss of strength, lack of energy, malaria, intermittent fevers, etc? Brown's Iron Bitters never fail to cure these diseases. They act like a charm on the digestive organs, removing all dyspeptic symptoms, such as belching, heartburn, billiousness, etc. Remember it is the only iron preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache. Ask your druggists concerning its merits.

Concealed Weapons.

At the session of 1879 the Legislature of North Carolina passed an Act (amended by an Act of 1883) making the act of carrying, except when on his own premises, concealed about his person, any pistol, bowie knife, dirk, dagger, slung shot, loaded cane, iron or brass knuckles, or razor or other deadly weapon, a misdemeanor punishable by fine or imprisonment at the discretion of the court.

The necessity of this act is too apparent to need any argument. The innumerable cases of violence growing out of the possession of concealed deadly weapons threatened to turn a people accustomed to the restraints of law, or, if breaking it by sudden outbursts of passion, doing so in an open, manly way, into a people of cut throats or murderers, taking life or shedding blood for light or frivolous causes; or if graver causes existed, anticipating the protection or vindication of the law. The time had come when the law should take its usurped powers back into its own hands and restore to the State that primitive condition of a peaceful, law-abjding Commonwealth.

The law has been in operation four years, and we fail to see that the practice of carrying concealed weapons has been subdued or even diminished. Better public opinion sustains the act; Grand Jurors are not remiss in forming indictments; Solicitors are zealous in pushing prosecutions. But it must be said Judges are not consistently rigid in meeting out punishment. Mitigating circumstances come on to palliate offences, and the accused under a verdict of guilty, is discharged with a nominal fine, or with penalties so insignificant as not only save him from real punishment, but encourage others to violate the law with impunity.

If there were reason in the law there is reason for its enforcement; and if enforced, then it must be enforced rigidly and impartially. And the punishment should be fixed and steapy, not capricious or fluctuating, and then the law will command more respect and infuse terror. Men can neither respect nor fear that which may be evaded, or that which brings no penalty for a violation.

But it is idle to talk of the suppression of the carrying of concealed weapons even by punishing offenders to the extent of the law, if the facilities for obtaining an equipment of secret deadly weapons remain unrestricted. The first sight that presents itself to a visitor of a hardware store, or a store with a general stock, is a case filled with pistols of every size, calibre and price. Nothing is so tempting to the eye of the ordinary young man, just stepping upon the threshold of life, his imagination fired with pictures of heroic conflict, or with his sence of honor inflamed with exquisite sensibility to the infliction of any wound upon it, and with the belief that he must always be ready to wipe out the stain with the blood of the insulter, as the possession of a pistol; nothing so fascinating to the negro as the ownership of the weapon, denied inexorably to the enslaved race, now assumed as one of the most cherished rights and badges of freedom. Now, the purchase of a pistol is prima facie evidence of intent to violate the Statute. It can be used in no other way than as a concealed weapon. It cannot be thrown over the shoulder like a gun. No one would have the bravido in this country to wear it exposed swinging from a belt around his middle. He must conceal it and then he must violate the law.

But if pistols are permitted to be sold like jack knives; if every one can make choice of a weapon according to the length of his purse; if every man, cooly, or in a passion, can step into almost any store in any town in the State, and arm himself, why, it is clear, the temptation is irresistible. The law is at fault, that while it attempts to prevent the use of a prohibited article, it makes no provision to control the supply of that prohibited article. It punishes the use of the article while it gives every possible facility for the distribution of that article. An inconsistency so glaring deliberately and knowingly defeating the object of legislation, cannot stand the test of examination. Either the law prohibiting the carrying of them ought to be repealed, or there should be such a tax laid on the sale of that weapon as would make their possession a costly luxury. Legislation attempts to control the sale by druggists of deadly drugs and poisons. With equal wisdom should it regulate the traffic in deadly weapons, which every day in the year carry lamentation into some household, and do so from the facility and cheapness at which such instruments of death are obtained.—*Asheville Citizen.*

Gone Never to Return.

GARDIFER, ME.—Mr. Daniel Gray, a prominent lumber merchant writes that his wife had severe rheumatic pains; so severe as to render her unable to sleep. From the first application of the famous German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, she experinced unspeakable relief, and in two hours the pain had entirely gone.

What to do with our Girls.

Mrs. Mary Livermore asks, plaintively: 'What shall we do with our girls?' This does not seem to be difficult question to answer, and we reply: Train them so that they may become good wives and mothers, and there will be little difficulty in providing for them. Even if they do not all of them find husbands they will, if our advice is followed, acquire a stock of useful information that will be invaluable. A really good housekeeper need never want for a situation in which to obtain her daily bread in a perfectly respectable and honorable manner.

That the majority of girls expect to be married sooner a later is an undeniable fact, but how poorly are they, as a general thing, fitted at the present day to make a home for a man of moderate means? They have a smattering of a host of useless accomplishments. They go to school until they are budding into womanhood. They know a little French, a little German, a little music and, perhaps a little Latin. They can paint a little, and they can embroider after a fashion; but they cannot bake a loaf of bread, iron a shirt or even superintend the preparation of the simplest meal. They are apt to look upon a husband as a kind of money-getting machine, and they make his home comfortless by their wastefulness, their shiftlessness and their supercilious incompetency. If the means are not readily forthcoming to foster their extravagance they consider themselves the most abused being in the world, and if disaster comes to them the man is alone to blame because he has not the resources of a Vanderbilt.

Hence it is that so many young men remain single. They have not the heart to marry when they see miserable lives that so many of their acquaintances are doomed to in the wedded state. On every side we hear the masculine cry, 'I cannot afford to get married,' and it is not a false one. They cannot support a wife in the fashion, that many women demand to-day. If they could marry as their fathers did, if they could really find a helpmeet, they would not hesitate about quitting the constantly increasing ranks of batcherlorhood. They remain single from necessity, not from choice.

There is only one remedy for this state of things. Mothers must train their daughters as they were trained themselves. A lady is not less a lady because she has all the attainments of a good housewife. If she is rich enough to have numerous servants at her command she can direct them more intelligently because she has been taught practically the duties of house keeping, and if pecuniary misfortune come to her she is prepared to keep the sacred fire of home alight by her own unaided exertions. A false idea prevails among many women who have had to work hard themselves in their younger days. They believe their daughters should be ornamental rather than useful, and that to obtain a sure passport to refined society they must be do nothings. So the mother becomes an unpaid house-keeper or one merely working for her board and clothes, and her daughter sits in the parlor and finds fault if her comfort is interfered with while she lazily takes a few stiches in a tidy, paints a plaque indifferently, or drums a hackneyed air upon the piano.

We do not decry what are called accomplishments. They are very well in their way, and we believe that if a girl has a particular gift for music or art it should be cultivated, but we are opposed to the wasting of time over any pursuit for which a person has no natural aptitude. We would not have a woman a domestic slave, and nothing more, as they sometimes are in England and Germany. We would have her debonair, and practical at the same time—not too good, indeed, for the preparation of human nature's daily food. *Boston Cultivator.*

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