

# 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, MARCH 6, 1884.

NO. 20.

## ANSON TIMES.

Succeeds The Pee Dee Herald.

TERMS.—CASH IN ADVANCE.  
One Year, \$3.00  
Six Months, 1.90  
Three Months, .90

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.

Advertisers are requested to bring in their advertisements on Monday evening of each week, so as to insure insertion in next issue.

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

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**JOHN D. PEMBERTON,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
WADESBORO, N. C.

Practise in the State and Federal Courts.

**JAS. A. LOCKHART,**  
Att'y and Counsellor at Law,  
WADESBORO, N. C.

Practise in all the Courts of the State.

**LITTLE & PARSONS,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
WADESBORO, N. C.

Collections promptly attended to.

**H. Montague,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Wadesboro, N. C.

Will sell land on commission, negotiate loans, collect claims and remit promptly.

**B. B. BREEDEN, D. D. S.,**  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
Wadesboro, N. C.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.  
Office corner Wade and Morgan Streets, near the Bank.

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Special attention given to the collection of claims.

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**Walker & Burwell,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Will attend regularly at Anson Court, and at Wadesboro in vacation when requested.

### HOTELS.

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

**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.

Dealer in WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS, BRUSH AND MISCELLANEOUS GOODS.

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

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

**Anson Institute,**  
WADESBORO, N. C.

**D. A. McGregor, A. B.,** Principal.

JAS. W. KILPATRICK, A. B., ASSISTANT.  
MISS BESSIE W. MALPIN, ASSISTANT.  
MISS D. M. HARGRAVE.  
The Spring Term begins Monday, January 14, 1884.

tuition per month, \$2.00 \$3.00 and \$4.00.  
Board, \$3.00 per month.  
Contingent fee \$1.00 per year.  
For further particulars, address the Principal.

**P. HEINSBERGER,**  
Wilmington, N. C.

BLANK BOOKS, SCHOOL BOOKS,  
and a full stock of Stationery.

**PLANOS and ORGANS,**  
GUITARS, VIOLINS,  
ACCORDEONS,  
And all kinds of Musical Instruments.  
11-cy.

**Richard Reid,**  
Tonsorial Artist and Perfumer, offers his services to the citizens of Wadesboro. Ladies and children attended at their residences, and satisfaction guaranteed. Sharp razors and clean towels is my motto. Shop over Bruner's Bakery.

## SCROFULA

and all scrofulous diseases, Sores, 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 SERRAPARILLA has for over forty years been recognized by eminent medical authorities as the most powerful blood purifier in existence. It traces the system from all foul humors, entices and strengthens the blood, removes all traces of mercurial treatment, and procures it a complete master of all scrofulous diseases.

"Some months ago I was troubled with scrofulous sores (ulcers) on my legs. The humors were badly mixed and induced, and the sores discharged large quantities of offensive matter. Every remedy I tried failed, until I used AYER'S SERRAPARILLA, 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, Mrs. ANS O'BRIAN,  
14 Sullivan St., New York, June 21, 1882.

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 be pleased in testifying to the wonderful efficacy of Ayer's Serraparilla, 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, Dr. W. BALL, of Rochester, N.Y., 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 SERRAPARILLA, which has effected a complete cure. I consider it a magnificent remedy for all blood diseases."

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

PREPARED BY  
**Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.**  
Sold at all Druggists; price 25¢, six bottles for \$1.50.

**EDWARDS, BROUGHTON & CO.,**  
PRINTERS AND BINDERS,  
WADESBORO, 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 Leary Bibles to be found in North Carolina—preparing according to law.

"If you want anything in our line, send us a card."  
EDWARDS, BROUGHTON & CO.,  
Tobacco, N. C.

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.  
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**Peabody Hotel,**  
Philadelphia, Penn.

One square south of the new post-office, one half square of Walnut Street Theatre, and in the very business center of the city. On the second and third floors, 100 rooms, good rooms from 50 cents to \$3.00 per day. Best model and newly furnished.

W. LAINE, M. D.,  
Owner and Proprietor.

**KAINIT.**

Orders for Genuine German Kainit—directly imported—will be filled at lowest prices by

**Kerchner & Calder Bros.,**  
Importers,  
Wilmington, N. C.

**W. R. FRENCH,** Agent,  
Lilesville, N. C.

**William H. Green,**  
Wholesale and Retail  
Druggists,  
Wilmington, N. C.

Dealer in Patent Medicine, Medicines, Acids, Morphine, Kerosene Oil, Quinine, Opium, Spices, Castor Oil, Cigars, Tobacco, Mineral Waters, Garden Seed, &c., &c.

"Orders solicited and promptly executed."  
11-cy.

### BOTH PERFECTLY WILLING.

If I should steal a little kiss,  
Oh, would she weep, I wonder!  
I tremble at the thought of bliss—  
If I should steal a little kiss!

Such parting lips would never miss  
The dainty bit of plunder;  
If I should steal a little kiss  
Oh, would she weep, I wonder!

He longs to steal a kiss of mine—  
He may if he'll return it;  
If I can read the tender sign,  
He longs to steal a kiss of mine;

"In love and war"—you know the line,  
Why cannot he discern it?  
He longs to steal a kiss of mine—  
He may if he'll return it.

A little kiss when no one sees—  
Where is the impropriety?  
How sweet among the birds and bees,  
A little kiss when no one sees;

Nor is it wrong, the world agrees,  
A little kiss when no one sees,  
Where is the impropriety?  
—N. Y. Star.

### Janet's Mistake.

Janet Elwood stood in her low, vine-wreathed doorway of her home, a comfortable Maine farm-house, at the close of a sunny July day. Her glance was directed toward a manly, sunburned young fellow, tall and broad-shouldered, who was making his way toward her through the wide, sweet clover meadow.

Nearer he came, until a smile broke the naturally grave expression of his handsome mouth, and he stretched out his arm and drew her to his breast.

Janet, instead of nestling close against the manly heart which she knew beat always warmly and truly with love for her, drew petulantly away.

A deep red flush mounted suddenly to the young man's forehead. He looked at her averted face, her indifferent attitude, with amazement. Was this the girl who had put her hands in his over six months ago, and pledged herself to be his "own little wife"?

"Janet," he said, "what is it?"

"What do you mean, John?" Janet kept her eyes fastened on the toe of her little shoe, that, notwithstanding her appearance of coolness, beat a lively tattoo against the painted boards. Glancing up she saw an expression on that face bending sternly over her that forced her to add, "I'm tired. I have been helping mother in getting ready for the boarder who has engaged the front chamber for the summer."

"I did not know you expected to take boarders, Janet."

"He is the only one. He came last week, while mother was at the sewing circle, and I showed him the room, and he engaged it for two months, and—and—that's how it is."

Janet's cheeks grew pink as she thought of the dashing stranger's look of admiration, as, in her pink print dress, she had stood at the gate when he went to the city for his baggage. Her tongue seemed unloosed now, and she gave an animated description of her new boarder, informed John that he was an artist from Boston, wealthy and of good family; his name was Raycliffe—Eugene Raycliffe. She pronounced it lingeringly twice over.

John was far from being elated at the prospect. He could not see the delights of the Boston artist's high-toned society as plainly as Janet. He said so in so many words, a little more energetically than the occasion warranted, perhaps, but Janet was very pretty and the honest young farmer was very much in love.

"Anybody would think he was an ogre," pouted the young woman, seeing with her quick bright eyes the state of mind her lover was in.

"There he comes now," she cried. Mr. Eugene Raycliffe smiled under his drooping jet mustache as he noticed Janet's lover.

"Some country bumpkin boring her half to death, I've no doubt; but I'll soon settle him."

These remarks, made mentally, were accompanied by such an air of self-satisfied complacency, as he threw his satchel on the steps and sat down beside it at Janet's feet, that John Wentworth scarcely bowed in answer to the languid "glad to know you" which followed Janet's introduction.

John seemed suddenly overgrown and awkward. Mr. Eugene Raycliffe's hands were so exquisitely white and delicate that his own seemed by contrast red and of more gigantic proportions than ever. His attire seemed rough and ill-fitting compared with the natty "store clothes" of the artist from Boston, and altogether John felt awkward and uncomfortable standing with his broad back against the lattice of the porch, and observing with scant approval the upward glances from Mr. Raycliffe's dark eyes to Janet's brown eyes.

"Your friend seems slightly displeased at something," said he, as John, with a brief farewell and never a second glance at Janet, walked away with a firm step and head well up.

John had no fancy for standing about unnoticed, especially while the girl to whom he was engaged coolly allowed a comparative stranger to monopolize her smiles and society.

"Don't go off angry, John," said

Janet trying the witchery of her eyes on her former lover. "He is so deeply in love with me that I can wind him around my finger," she thought.

And it would be very fine to have two swains sighing at her feet, especially two like John Wentworth; by the best catch in the country round, and the stylish, dashing Raycliffe, the new arrival, is sure to create a furor among the maids and matrons of Sunnyside.

John would not soften spite of the insidious glances of Janet's eyes, as she looked under the fair curly lashes.

"I will come back when you can treat a fellow decently, Janet. I am not going to be fooled to the top of my bent to please you any longer."

Good evening.

This was the last Janet saw of John. But she had little time to think of him, while Mr. Raycliffe devoted himself so entirely to her amusement. He painted her portrait, and while she sat for him, beguiled the time reciting, in tender tones, yards of tender, sentimental poetry; they went on sketching tours; they sat on the piazza in the twilight, and sang together; Janet had a sweet alto voice, which the boarder was not long in finding admirably suited his own.

Things went on until Janet's mother, with many a nod and beck and wreathed smile, intimated that there was an "understanding" between the two young people. John Wentworth was well enough in his way, honest, sober and industrious, and shrewd as need be, but she looked higher for Janet, Janet had been to boarding schools, she had the education of a lady, and Mr. Raycliffe praised her drawing more than a little. And, by the way he hung around this time to go back to the city was up, but he had engaged the room for another month, she was sure something would come of it. She could sniff weddings in the air, and went so far as to ask Mrs. Brown's opinion as to the most fashionable way of making dresses, a very nice one, suitable, and then Janet's mother hesitated, smiled and looked very wise—suitable for a wedding dress. Of course Mrs. Brown knew at once that the dress was for Janet, and through Mrs. Brown, who was sometimes called the "Sunnyside daily tailor," the rest of them were informed without the loss of precious time.

The report came to the ears of John Wentworth. Like a sensible fellow he concluded whatever feeling of disappointment and chagrin the announcement aroused from the prying busybodies. He did not stay away from church or from any of the social village gatherings of young people because he met Janet and her devoted adorer there. Not he; he danced and laughed the more, al though the pain in his heart, which he determined hid from view, was in reality long in dying out.

Janet had been his first love, and however lightly she had loved him, he, at least, had been sincere, and could not forget her in a day, try as he might.

Time, however, is a great healer, and when one lazy October day Janet rode over in her little phaeton to ask John and his sisters to go berrying, he looked her straight in the eye and wished her a "happy future" without a tremor in his hearty voice or a quiver of his eyelids.

"Eugene has gone to Boston," said Janet flicking the flies off her gray pony, and leaning forward. "We should have heard from him yesterday. I feel a little worried. He had a good deal of money with him. We sent to the city by him for things we could not get here, and several of the neighbors—Judge Jordan, Squire Ellis and others—paid him in advance for portraits. I dreamed last night of his being robbed and killed. Ugh! it makes me shiver. I know I'm foolish, but I can't feel easy."

Bills began to fall due, and Mr. Eugene Raycliffe was still like the unknown quantity represented by X. People began to talk. Janet's mother took to bed with an illness sudden, and of a nature unexplained and obscure.

Janet grew pale waiting for a letter. Finally, one bright Sunday morning Sunnyside, individually and collectively, was agape over a startling headline in a Boston paper.

"Arrest last night of Joseph Raymond, otherwise known as 'Dashing Joe,' and having for his latest alias Eugene Raycliffe. Several well-to-do residents of Sunnyside victimized by the accomplished and gentlemanly scoundrel."

The affair was a nine day's wonder. But after a month or two had passed away and the excitement had quieted, people began to wonder if John Wentworth would "take up with his pretty early love."

Encouragement for him to do so was not lacking (so the matrons of Sunnyside will tell you) from Janet's mother. Janet herself wrote a little note on perfumed paper to John, and this was the closing part of his reply:

"I don't want to reproach you for your throwing me over as you did. You have been punished quite enough. But for a man like me it's no use trying to go on with things as they are

now. Better each go our own way. And, although I cannot feel toward you as I did once, believe me that I bear no ill-will toward you, and regard me if you will as a friend still."

When, a year after, on another still October day, John told Janet of his approaching wedding to a young lady of Boston, Janet cried a little, and offered faint, lachrymose congratulations, with a fury of regret and jealousy in her heart that the young lady of Boston fortunately knew nothing about. And Janet's eyes fringed with summer and winter because Janet is an old maid; but, nevertheless, she frowned severely on any luckless man who offers a "summer boarder's" remuneration for her spare front room. It is not to let.

**Our Ancestors' Nerve.**

THE SECRET OF THEIR UNUSUAL VIGOR EXPLAINED AND HOW IT CAN BE ACQUIRED.

There was something about the sturdy vigor of former generations that challenges the admiration of every man, woman and child. They were no epicures—those ancient fathers. They lived simply, and successfully met and overcame difficulties that would have discouraged this age and generation. The rigors of the frontier were supplemented by the savages; wild beasts threatened their enterprise and poverty was a common companion. Yet they bravely encountered and resisted all those things and laid the foundations of a land whose blessings we now enjoy. Their constitutions were strong; their health unsurpassed and yet they were forced to expose themselves continually. There certainly must have been some good and adequate cause for all this and for the physical superiority of that age over the present.

It is well known to every one conversant with the history of that time that certain home compounds of strengthening qualities were used almost universally by those pioneers. The malarial evils and exposures to which they were subjected necessitated this. When their bodies became chilled by cold or debilitated by the damp mists of a new country they were forced to counteract it by the use of antiseptics. Medicines were few in those days, and doctors almost unknown. Hence the preparations above referred to. From among the number, all of which were compound, one was found to be more efficient and hence far more popular than all the rest. It was well known through the middle and western states and was acknowledged as the best preparation for malarial disorders and general debility then known. The recipe for compounding this valuable article was handed down from one family and generation to another, was known to the Harrison family and is used as the basis and general formula for the present "Tippecanoe."

The manufacturers have thoroughly investigated this subject in its minutest details, and ascertain that for mal assimilation of food, dyspepsia, tired feelings, general debility, prostrations, malarial disorders and humors in the blood, nothing can exceed in value "Tippecanoe," which was the medicine of our forefathers and seems destined to be the most popular preparation of the day.

"Tippecanoe" is prepared and given to the public by Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co., of Rochester, N. Y., proprietors of the famous Warner's Safe Cure, which is now the most extensively used of any American medicine. The well known standing of this house is a sufficient guarantee of the purity and power of this preparation which seeks to banish one of the greatest banes of the nineteenth century—mal assimilation of food. Any one who experiences trouble of digestion; who feels less vigor than formerly; whose system has unquestionably "run down" and who realizes the necessity of some strengthening tonic cannot afford to permit such symptoms to continue. If the farmer finds that his threshing machine does not separate the grain from the straw he realizes that something is wrong and tries to repair the machine. When the food does not sustain the life; when it fails to make blood; when it causes the energy to depart and ambition to die, it is a certain sign that something is wrong and that the human machine needs repairing. It is not a question of choice; it is a matter of duty. You must attend to your health or your sickness and nothing will sooner overcome these evils than "Tippecanoe," the medicine of the past a safe guard for the present and a guarantee of health for the future.

**The Correct Reports.**

An amateur poet who is wasting his sweetness on the desert air of Minnesota, sends to a paper a poem beginning:

"I met her at our trying place,  
At edge of field beside the bars,  
And gazing in her pure, sweet face,  
I kissed her 'neath the cold, pale stars."

The fellow must be an idiot, or else he don't know good goods when he sees them. If the seraph who moulds the poetic course of this paper had done that job, his reports to headquarters would have read:

"I met her at our trying place,  
At edge of field where the daisy grows,  
And gazing in her pure, sweet face,  
I kissed her 'neath the cold, pale stars."

—Bismarck Tribune.

the flag and so proportioned as to leave the length of the field on the side of the union twice the width below it; the union to have a ground of red, with blue bars crossed diagonally thereon; in these bars five-pointed stars corresponding in number to the Confederate States. The field of the flag to be white except the outer half from the union, which shall be a red bar, extending the width of the flag."

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When the Confederate Provisional Congress met at Montgomery, Alabama, early in 1862, the necessity for the use of a flag for the new confederation was made evident. Several designs were submitted, from which were chosen the following, which was the first flag: A field of three horizontal bars, or stripes, the upper, the centre white, the lower red; in the left upper corner a blue union, with a star for each of the seceded States. Within two hours after the adoption of the flag it was flying over the Capitol at Montgomery. It was never displaced by Congress until the spring of 1863, though owing to its resemblance to the United States flag, many suggestions for a change were made.

This resemblance of the two flags was found at the battle of Bull Run, July 18th, 1861, to be so great that many persons in both armies believed that each side had used as a stratagem the colors of its opponent. It was immediately determined to adopt a battle flag for the Confederate forces, and in September 1861, Gen. Joe Johnston and Beauregard chose the well known "battle flag" of the army of the Potomac (as it was at first called), which became so dear to Southern hearts. The field of this flag was crimson, the bars were blue, and running diagonally across from one corner to the other, formed a Greek cross. The stars on the bars were white, equal in number to the States of the Confederacy the blue bars were separated from the red field by a narrow white line. The size of this famous flag was, for infantry, 4x4 feet. It had the merits of being small and light, and very distinct at great distances. It was not, however, though in use constantly, adopted by the government until it became the union of the second and third flags, and the "stars and bars" continued to be flown by vessels and forts.

In May, 1863, the Confederate Congress, in session at Richmond, adopted the second flag, which was of the following design: The field of white; in left upper corner a union of red, across this diagonal stripes of blue, with white stars. Five pointed thereon, equal in number to the Confederate States. It will be seen that the banner thus chosen was a battle flag used as a union, on a white ground.

An attempt was made by the State to place a blue stripe in the centre of the white field, horizontally, but this failed, and the beautiful banner described was prescribed as the Confederate flag. The size of this ensign was made 4x6 feet, but was afterwards modified, and reduced to the dimensions of the battle flag, 4x4 feet. It was the intention of Congress by the adoption of this flag to establish as the national ensign of the Confederacy a pure white flag having for its union the Southern Cross as the Battle flag of the army.

This, the second national flag of the South, at a distance bore a close resemblance to the English white ensign, and also was objected to as resembling a flag of truce. These objections proved so valid that the Confederate Congress in February 1865, added a broad strip of red to the end of the flag. This was the third and last of the flags. The official description of this the last banner of the Confederacy, is as follows:

"The width two thirds of its length, with the union, now used as the battle flag, to be in width three fifths of

now. Better each go our own way. And, although I cannot feel toward you as I did once, believe me that I bear no ill-will toward you, and regard me if you will as a friend still."

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"The width two thirds of its length, with the union, now used as the battle flag, to be in width three fifths of

the Old Elm Tree.

As I sat beneath and old elm tree, the wind went whistling by. It bent its boughs and softly breathed the following with a sigh: "I have lived here for many a year and seen the summer come and go. The spring time with its flowers and rain, the autumn with its fruit and grain, the winter with its chilling blast, when with snow and ice the skies are overcast. In summer time beneath my shade have children often played, and oh, how oft beneath my boughs have lovers renewed their pledged vows, and many a time the old and feeble have sought my shade to smoke their pipes or ply the needle; and thus it has been with it smiles a nod tears I have seen on them come and go for three score years and many a tale I could tell of what in that time befell. But age is creeping o'er my head and I fear my roots are getting dead; and soon I'll wither and decay like those who sought my shade each day."  
—Chicago Sun.

**Avoid of Kukulix.**

Why the Mississippi Investigation Committee had to get a new messenger.

A good deal of fun has been created among the Senate officials, and even the grave Senators have been tickled at the expense of one of the messengers. He hails from New England and was selected as messenger to accompany the Hoar sub-committee on its Mississippi investigating tour. The messenger had conceived the idea that he might not be entirely safe in going south on a mission of investigation. In a confidential way he went to several republicans from Mississippi who hold public positions here and asked whether he would be in danger at the hands of the kukulix. This manifestation of fear gave one or two of the persons to whom he applied a hint upon which they proceeded to act. They painted the horrible torture that kukulix inflict, and with the appearance of great friendship, advised the messenger not to think of running such risk. Other southern republicans were let into the fun, and numbers of them sought the messenger and advised him of the danger he would risk in going south with