

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 27, 1884.

NO. 23.

ANSON TIMES.

Succeeds The Pee Dee Herald.

TERMS—CASH IN ADVANCE.
One Year, \$2.00
Six Months, \$1.00
Three Months, .50

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

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

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

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JOHN D. PEMBERTON,
Attorney-at-Law,
WADESBORO, N. C.
Practice in the State and Federal Courts.

JAS. A. LOCKHART,
Att'y and Conceptor at Law,
WADESBORO, N. C.
Practices 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 read property.

B. B. BREEDEN, D. D. S.,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Wadesboro, N. C.
Satisfactory GUARANTEED.
Office corner Wade and Morgan Streets, near 15th Bank.

SAUEL T. ASHE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WADESBORO, N. C.
Special attention given to the collection of claims.

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!
46 ft.

I. H. HORTON
JEWELLER,
WADESBORO, N. C.
Glasses, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, and all kinds of Gold and Silver Work.
Ladies' Dressing Gowns, Perfumery, &c.

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

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

Anson Institute,
WADESBORO, N. C.
D. A. McGregor, A. B., Principal.

JAS. W. KILGO, A. B.,
MISS BESSIE W. MARTIN, ASSISTANTS.
MISS D. M. HARRIS, MISS D. M. HARRIS.
The Spring Term begins Monday, January 7th, 1884.
Tuition per month, \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$4.00.
Music, extra, \$2.00 per month.
Board, \$12 per month.
Constantly on hand \$1 per year.
For further particulars, address the Principal, Dec 17.

P. HEINSBERGER,
Wilmington, N. C.
BLANK BOOKS,
SCHOOL BOOKS,
and a full stock of Stationery.

PIANOS and ORGANS,
GUITARS, VIOLINS,
ACCORDIONS,
And all kinds of Musical Instruments.
H. C.

Richard Reid,
Tonsorial Artist and Perfumer, offers his services to the citizens of Wadesboro. Ladies and children attended at their residences. Sharp razors and clean towels in my motto. Shop over Bruner's Bakery. 16 ft.

OPIMUM
Whisky habits cured in some without pain. Book sent on application. W. L. WOODLEY, N. D., Chemist.

SCROFULA

and all scrofulous diseases, Sores, Erysipelas, Eczema, Itchings, 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 SARSAPARILLA 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 (bores) 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 SARSAPARILLA, 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. ANNE O'BRIEN,
148 Sullivan St., New York, June 29, 1883.

All persons interested are invited to call on Mrs. O'Brien, also upon the Rev. Z. P. White of 28 East 24th Street, New York City, who will take pleasure in testifying to the wonderful efficacy of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, 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, H. 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 SARSAPARILLA, which has effected a complete cure. I consider it a magnificent remedy for all kinds of skin 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, Rheumatic Gout, Catarrh, General Debility, and all diseases arising from an impoverished or corrupted condition of the blood, and a weakened vitality.

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 by all Druggists; price \$1, six bottles \$5.

EDWARDS, BROUGHTON & CO.,
PRINTERS AND BINDERS,
—O—
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 Legu Blanks to be found in North Carolina—printed according to the latest styles.

"If you want anything in our line, address us."
EDWARDS, BROUGHTON & CO.,
Raleigh, N. C.

The Largest and Most Complete
Establishment South.

GEO. S. HACK R & SON,
Charleston, S. C.
MANUFACTURERS OF

Doors, Sash,

Blinds,

MOULDINGS,

AND

Building

MATERIAL.

ESTABLISHED 1842.

Peabody Hotel,
Ninth Street, South of Chestnut
Philadelphia, Penn.

One square south of the new postoffice, one half square of Walnut Street, The Peabody, and the very business center of the city. On the AMERICAN and EUROPEAN PLANS. Good rooms, from 50 cents to \$2.00 per day. Re-commended and newly furnished.

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

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

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. 15c.

The Holidays are Coming.

And now is the time to prepare for them. Finest variety of tropical Fruits in Market.

Fresh Cargoes Every Week.
BANANAS, COCOANUTS,
ORANGES, MALAGA GRAPES.

Northern Fruit
APPLES, FIGS, PEANUTS, RAISINS, NUTS, CITRONS, CURRANTS.

Orders filled with dispatch.
C. BART & CO.,
Charleston, S. C.

THE SHIP OF TEMPERANCE.

Take courage, Temperance workers! You shall not suffer wreck. While up to God the people's prayers Are rising from your deck.

Wait cheerily, Temperance workers, For daylight and for land; The breath of God is in your call, Your rudder in His hand!

Sail on! sail on! deep freighted With blessings and with hopes; The good of old, with shadowy hands, Are pulling at your ropes.

Behold you, holy martyrs! Uplift the palm and crown; Before you, unborn ages send Their benedictions down.

Courage! your work is holy, God's errand never fail! Sweep on through storm and darkness, The banner and the sail!

Work on! sail on! the morning comes, The port you yet shall win; And all the bells of God shall ring The ship of Temperance.

—John G. Whittier.

Brother Brown's Dream.

"A DREAM WHICH WAS NOT ALL A DREAM."

It was on that day of "hard, pitiful begging" they call it "Missionary Day." Brother Brown was there.

Brother Brown had spoken of his conversion in the class-meeting in the early morning. The tears, great crystal drops, coursed down his furrowed cheeks as he recounted his experience for "nigh on to forty years," how the Lord had dealt with him graciously, and given him very many blessings, "for which," said he, "I am truly thankful."

And then, wiping away the tears with his red silk handkerchief, he remarked that all he had in the world he owed to religion, and he was trying, "in his poor, weak way," to serve the Lord, and he hoped that he would finally meet his dear brothers and sisters in heaven.

"God bless your Brother Brown," said the old leader.

"He's an old skin-flint," said crazy Bill, who sat in a back seat, in a hoarse whisper, as he shook his fist behind a broad shouldered sinner in the direction of Brother Brown.

Most of the congregation heard him but happily Brother Brown was a little deaf on that side, and so was spared the annoyance of knowing that anything unusual had occurred.

Bro. Brown had prayed loudly that the Lord would send salvation to a church, which he told the Lord was in a dead condition; that he would break the sinner's heart and revive his brethren who were growing so cold that he hadn't heard them speak in meeting for six months—and then, said he, in great earnestness, shaking the whole church with his knees, pounding upon the floor and frightening the children, who were just coming in, with his thunderous tones, "O Lord, give our ministers more religion—real, old-fashioned religion!"

Now the public service had begun, and Bro. Brown was in his own pew. He never missed the preaching, though "it wasn't what it used to be," he often said with a sigh.

The preacher had gotten to his "secondly," and Bro. B., who had been nodding, was now fast asleep.

He dreamed, and the shadows that came and went on his wrinkled face told plainly that no ordinary visions were flitting through his brain.

He was suddenly in the vestibule of heaven as he thought—he could hear the music distinctly—and when he first appeared, the door being slightly ajar, he obtained a glimpse of its glories.

He was going right in, but he heard a stern voice near by, which said, "Stop, mortal! only the just can enter there."

At first he was indignant, but his tongue seemed tied, and a strange spell came over him; his heart and pulse were almost still.

"On what is your hope based?" said the apparition before him.

"I was a Christian down in the world for forty years," said Bro. Brown.

"That avails you nothing," was the solemn answer; "have you no other plea?"

Bro. B. began to tremble.

"I always tried to do my duty," he said, with hesitation, stammering with emotion.

"We shall see," said his questioner as he took down a great book from a shelf containing millions of a like appearance; "a strict account is kept here with every mortal."

By this time Bro. B. was shaking like an aspen leaf.

The book opened readily to the page having his name in bold letters at the top. And the account ran thus:

ABRAHAM BROWN,
TO ALMIGHTY GOD, DR.
To the breath of life.
To sixty years of health.
To eight sons and daughters.
To one farm.
To one lot of bonds.
To money at interest.
To Christian privileges during life.
To all the sufferings of the Lord Jesus.

Item after item, many thousands of them, aggregating the value of many worlds.

Bro. B. was sinking in anguish.—At length he could speak: "It is

all unpaid," he moaned, as he fell insensible to the floor.

"Stand up!" said a voice with a firmness and a sternness that were awful. "Behold thy payments!"

Cr.
By cash to a friendless orphan 10 cents.
By 1 peck of meal to a poor widow, 20 years ago.

By cash for Foreign Missions, 25 cts. a year, for 20 years.

By cash for Home Missions, 25 cents a year.

By cash for widows and orphans and worn out preachers 25 cents a year.

By cash for Pastor from 50 cts. to \$1 a year for 39 years, &c., &c.

And he saw what he had done in all the years—so little, so mocking to heaven's beneficence in its insignificance—the pittance for God's poor and for a perishing world; the plenty, the case, the luxury, the hoarded store of treasure, of talent and of property for self, that he cried out in sorrow: "What shall I do! I have no hope! Lost! lost! lost!"

A hand rested on his shoulder. He saw no form, but a voice was heard:

"Thou mayest return to earth, and again, on in thy years, thou shalt knock at yon gate of pearl, and perhaps shalt find admission."

Brother B. awoke as the people were singing:

"I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou mightest ransom me
And be quickened from the dead,
I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given me?"

Another score of years lived Abraham Brown. He could never give enough; in every cause his name was first, and in secret benevolence his bounty was without a limit. He never thought of self, but his heavenly Master's wish. The neighbors never knew the hinge on which life turned, but when he died, many saw heaven's transformation scene as the glory hung over his dying bed, and they heard him whisper, oh, so earnestly:

"The gate is open wide, now; I see, I see beyond the veil! It is well with my soul!"

Tenderly they laid him in the grave; all the people wept as if a common father and friend had gone from among them, and since the flowers never fade on the little mound where his body sleeps, and his memory is as fragrant as the flowers with the generations that have followed.

Scaring a Master.

Talk about pretty girls—but she was a wild flower and no mistake! She got on the train to go over to Meridian from Vicksburg, and she was all alone. There was a sort of sideling movement among five or six men, but a drummer for a Philadelphia saddlery house got there first. He grabbed up his grip and walked square up to her seat and took possession of it without asking a question, and in ten minutes he seemed to be perfectly at home. She answered his questions briefly, and he had the hardest kind of work to keep up conversation, and as the train approached Jackson, she suddenly said:

"I want to telegraph papa from here. Will you help me?"

"Oh, certainly. I have a blank in my pocket. Write your telegram and I will run into the office with it."

We missed him when the train started, but by and by he was found in another car, his hat crushed down and his nerves all on edge. When asked what had happened he drew forth the telegram which the girl had requested him to hand in. It read:

"Bring your shotgun with you to pop over a drummer who has dreadfully annoyed me. Shoot to kill."

"To think," he gasped, "that one so fair could be so murderous. Why, I'm all in a sweat. I want some of you to stand by me."

We got his grip from the seal, traded hats and coats with him, and the way he slid from the depot when the train reached Meridian caused a hotel porter to observe:

"Well, now, but that white face belongs to an invalid and their legs to a deer. What sort of a coon can he be?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Funerals in Japan.

Japan funerals are always conducted at sundown, in accordance with a superstition that is rather beautiful than otherwise. The procession is headed by priests and a company of musicians, who play upon samisuns and beat tom-tom. The coffin is a wooden tub, in which the deceased is squatting as he has lived, with feet tucked under him. There is no difference, however; the face of the dead man is looking towards the north, whereas this position is religiously avoided by the living Japanese.

Indeed, the points of the compass are frequently marked on the ceiling of sleeping rooms that the sleeper may arrange his limbs so as to avoid this unfavorable position.

The wealthy class is buried in earthen jars inside a wooden tube, but the mode of arrangement is the same.

Why Apprentices are Scarce.

A contemporary writer says it is principally because of the conceit of weak and foolish parents, who could not think of allowing their boys to soil their hands with manual labor, or tarnish their pedigree by assoiating with common workmen.

Many and many a young man have I known whose aptitudes called to him with all the imperious demands of instinct to learn a trade, but he was prevented from doing so by his parents, who preferred to see him filling the more important and dignified position of clerk, often working fifteen hours a day for \$15 per month, and sometimes yielding to the small temptation to leave unpaid his tailor's and washwoman's bills. Or if he escaped the clerkship, he was almost sure to be found among the luckless ninety and nine professional men who stand off and eye with green envy the one in the round hundred who has made a success. It is not lack of attention to the new workmen that is lowering the standard in mechanical trades, but the folly of parents in closing the doors of the trades in the face of their sons, and in the absence of good material we get bad. It is very often the case that we get hold of a boy who has but few or no qualifications, natural or acquired, for a trade, but he can probably make more money at that than at common labor, and as we can get no better, we have to do the best we can. There is no doubt but we are getting poorer subjects every year for apprentices for this very reason. But we can reach a point so low that it is impossible to go any lower, and I believe we have about reached that point in some lines of business. Some parents, and boys too, are at last getting their eyes opened. They are learning that they cannot plant duds and raise men. Many bubbles have been pricked, and much gilding has won through.—Labor is becoming more dignified, because more than ever before it is wedded to thought. The manual training schools which are springing up in nearly all of our large cities are giving instruction to many boys whose parents, perhaps, would not at the start consent to them entering the shops. These schools are doing a good work in teaching the principles of trades, in fostering a genuine love for mechanics, and in pointing out the way to the special field where the young man can labor with the assurance of receiving his highest reward. With such brightening prospects as the work of the manual training school warrants, we see no reason for fearing that the race of good workmen in any trade will soon die out. On the contrary, we believe we will see mechanics increasing in numbers and skill from year to year.—Scientific American.

Who's So Sweet?

It was a bridal couple on the train. She, a petite figure with a very pretty face; he, a dapper young man overflowing with love and gush.

Just in the rear of this interesting couple was seated an old man who had "been through the mill."

The silence was broken by the young husband, who in the tenderest tones cooed out:

"Who's so sweet, can't be no sweeter?"

The bride answered back in faltering accent: "Me."

In a few moments the question was propounded again:

"Who's so sweet, can't be no sweeter?"

Again the reply from the bride, "Me."

The old gentleman was observed to become very uneasy by this time; to eye the young people closely for several moments; and then to quietly resume his paper.

In a few moments more the young man a third time reiterated his question, in a voice that spoke volumes of love, pleasure, &c.:

"Who's so sweet, can't be no sweeter?"

And a third time the answer was given by the blushing bride: "Me."

It was then that their feeling received a cold bath; for the old gentleman, whose indignation and disgust had been growing larger during all this time, suddenly leaned forward and in a voice loud enough to be heard all over the car, lunched this forth upon the heads of his unsuspecting victims:

"Who's so fool, can't be no fooler! You!"

The above is an actual occurrence. We refrain from names for various reasons.

Self-Help.

Self-help, be it ever so wisely and thoroughly carried out, can never abrogate the duty and privilege of friendly and benevolent assistance. It will not even limit the necessity of it; for human nature is essentially dependent upon others as well as independent, and life furnishes abundant opportunities for the exercise of all generous impulses without injury, provided the rightful conditions are obeyed. In infancy our dependence upon others is complete as we advance in life it gradually declines; in healthful maturity it reaches its lowest point. Yet even here it by no means vanishes. We are still dependent upon one another for happiness in a thousand ways, and continually need the helping hand as well as the sympathizing heart.

Gubernatorial salaries are not particularly attractive or tempting to successful business or professional men. New York and Pennsylvania pay their Governors the largest salaries—\$10,000—and the amount in other ranges from that figure down to \$1,500. Illinois and California \$6,000; Colorado, Kentucky, Nevada and New Jersey, \$5,000; Louisiana, Massachusetts, Mississippi, Tennessee and Texas, \$4,000; North Carolina, Kansas, Iowa, Georgia and Arkansas, \$3,000; Connecticut, Delaware and Maine, \$2,000; New Hampshire, Michigan and Vermont, \$1,000; Oregon, \$1,500.

Receipt for Scandal.

Take a grain of falsehood, a hand full of rumbust, the same amount of nimble tongue, a sprig of the herb back-bite, a teaspoonful of don't you tell it, six drops of malice and few drachms of envy. Add a little discontent and jealousy, and strain through a bag of misconception, cork it up in a bottle of malevolence and hang it up on a skein of street yarn; in a hot atmosphere; shake it occasionally for a few days, and it will be fit for use. Let a few drops be taken before walking out, and the desired result will follow.

Cremation really appears to be entering upon a boom. New Orleans now has a cremation society, which is going actively to work, and intends to build a crematory in a short time. Its members urge that the public health demands cremation in New Orleans above all other cities, because of the low wet land in and surrounding the city. The society is composed of the most prominent and public spirited of the citizens. One thing that it wants to get is an ordinance authorizing the cremation of all who die in small-pox hospitals, and of all who are to be buried at the public expense. Public opinion seems to be moving more rapidly than hitherto towards cremation.

The volcano dust which the islands of the Indian Archipelago were so thickly covered by the recent terrible eruptions has proved highly fertilizing to the crops.

The Third House.

ITS GOOD AND BAD MEMBERS—THEIR MARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF A CLOSE OBSERVER OF ITS WORKINGS DURING A LONG RESIDENCE AT WASHINGTON.

Correspondence Rochester Democrat.

No city upon the American continent has a larger floating population than Washington. It is estimated that during the sessions of Congress twenty-five thousand people, whose homes are in various parts of this and other countries, make this city their place of residence. Some come here, attracted by the advantages the city offers for making the acquaintance of public men; others have various claims which they wish to present, while the great majority gather here, as the crows flock to the carrion, for the sole purpose of getting a morsel at the public crib. The latter class, as a general thing, originate the many schemes which terminate in vicious bills, all of which are neither directed at the public treasury, or toward that revenue which the black mauling of corporations or private enterprises may bring.

While walking down Pennsylvania avenue the other day I met Mr. William M. Ashley, formerly of your city, whose long residence here has made him unusually well acquainted with the operations of the lobby.

Having made my wants in this particular direction known, in answer to an interrogative, Mr. Ashley said:

"Yes, during my residence here I have become well acquainted with the workings of the 'Third House,' as it is termed, and could tell you of numerous jobs, which, like the 'Heathen Chimes,' are peculiar."

"You do not regard the lobby, as a body, vicious, do you?"

"Not necessarily so, there are good and bad men comprising that body; yet there have been times when it must be admitted that the combined power of the 'Third House' has over-riden the will of the people. The bad influence of the lobby can be seen in the numerous blood-bills that are introduced at these sessions."

"But how can these be discovered?"

"Easily enough, to the person who has made the thing a study. I can detect them at a glance."

"Tell me, to what bills do you refer?"

"Well, take the annual gas bills, for instance. They are introduced for the purpose of bleeding the Washington Gas Light company. They usually result in an investigating committee which never amounts to anything more than a draft upon the public treasury for the expenses of the investigation. Another squeeze is the *chattel* bills, as they are called. These, of course, are fought by the butchers and market-men. The first attempt to force a bill of this description was in 1877, when a prominent Washington politician offered a fabulous sum for the franchise."

"Anything else in this line that you think of, Mr. Ashley?"

"Yes, there's the job to reclaim the Potomac flats, which had it become a law, would have resulted in an enormous steal. The work is now being done by the Government itself, and will rid the place of that malarial atmosphere of which we hear so much outside the city."

"During your residence here have you experienced the bad results of living in this climate?"

"Well, while I have not at all times enjoyed good health, I am certain that the difficulty which had me up so long was not malarial. It was something that had troubled me for years. A shooting, stinging pain that at times attacked different parts of my body. One day my right arm and leg would torture me with pain, there would be great redness, heat and swelling of the parts; and perhaps the next day the left arm and leg would be similarly affected. Then again it would locate in some particular part of my body and produce a tenderness which would weigh me down at a time that I would be afflicted with an intermitting kind of pain that would come on every afternoon and leave me comparatively free from suffering during the balance of the twenty-four hours. Then I would have terribly paroxysms of pain coming on at any time during the day or night when I would be obliged to lie upon my back for hours and keep as motionless as possible. Every time I attempted to move a chilly sensation would pass over my body, or I would faint from hot flashes. I suffered from a spasmodic contraction of the muscles and a soreness of the back had bowels, and even my eyeballs became sore and distressed me greatly whenever I wiped my face. I became ill tempered, peevish, fretful, irritable and desperately despondent."

"Of course you consulted the doctors regarding your difficulty?"

"Consulted them well I should say I did. Some told me I had neuralgia; others that I had inflammatory rheumatism, for which there was no cure, that I would be afflicted all my life, and that time alone would mitigate my suffer