THE ANSONIAN.

A Weekly Newspaper, To Enlighten, To Elevate, and To Amuse.

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State Library

Seasonable Goods

This is the season of the year when New Goods for Fall begin to come in, and the first we call attention is

EVERYTHING IN DRY GOODS

And then in addition to the Dry Goods, we have just received a line of

NOTIONS OF EVERY KIND

We have also just received and always carry in stock, at prices that cannot be duplicated, a complete line of

MEN'S FURNISHINGS

We have not forgotten the head, and therefore call your attention to our Fall line of

MEN'S and BOYS' HATS

We are receiving our Fall Shoes for Men, Women and Children, and they stand without a peer in Quality and Price. When in need of any of the above goods, be sure and see us, for we can and will save you money.

GRAY GROCERY COMPANY

PHONE 124

EVERYTHING IN GROCERIES.

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.

By Sam Walter Foss

He was a friend to man, and lived in a house by the side of the road. Homer.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the peace of their self-content;
There are souls like stars, that dwell apart
In a frowzeless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran;
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road
Where the races of men go by
The men who are good—and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban;
Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife,
But I turn not away from their smiles and their tears,
Both parts of an infinite plan;
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,
And mountains of weariness beyond;
But the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.
Still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like the man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the races of men go by
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

It flows like electricity through your veins—it does the work. If you are wasting away, take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents. Tea or Tablets. Martin Drug Company.

A Brand New Snake Storry.

(Monroe Enquirer.)

Esq. J. D. A. Secrest of north Monroe township has caught three black snakes recently in a steel trap. The snakes were stealing eggs from Esq. Secrest and he baited a steel trap with an egg and caught a snake on three different nights. The combined length of the three snakes caught by Esq. Secrest is seventeen feet.

Hundreds of people yearly go through painful operations needlessly, because they never tried Man Zan Pile Remedy. It is put up in such a form that it can be applied right where the trouble lies. It relieves the pain and inflammation. It is for any form of piles. Price 50c. Sold by Martin Drug Co.

THE NEWSPAPER MAN.

His Work and His Rewards Accomplishes Much But Receives Little Remuneration.

(Wilmington Messenger).

An editor of a reputable paper may start out with a proposition and if he believes he is right and has confidence in his cause he will, nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand, carry his point if he just keeps hammering away at it. His readers may ridicule him and perhaps denounce him at first, but if that editor will continue his labors in the cause he will be sure to win in the end. He may get no credit for what he is done. The public will in the end feel that it has always been of that opinion. The newspaper man will have the self-satisfaction of knowing that he has on that one occasion at least shaped public sentiment in the right course. He gets no praise and no thanks for what he has done, but he has the approval of his conscience and he knows he has done a good work for his people and that is reward enough for him. Newspaper men are not the sordid characters they are supposed by many to be. It may come with ill grace from us to say it, but they do a great deal for the public for which they neither receive or expect remuneration or even empty words of commendation from the public.

Shame on the Party.

(Statesville Landmark.)

The ex-sheriff of Davidson county is not only short in his accounts, leaving a pretty big deficit for his bondsmen to make good, but according to the published reports, not denied, he is guilty of gross immorality, this probably causing his financial downfall. He was nominated and elected to office by Democrats for several terms. Last year he was again the nominee of his party for sheriff but it seems that some of the Democrats would not stand longer for his record, for he was defeated while all his associates on the ticket were elected. If the Democrats kept him in office despite his known record, as seems to be the case, they deserve all the odium coming to them on account of the exposure and failure. No party has any business to set up for office men whose moral characters are not correct; and as the man was a Democratic official it is perfectly natural for the Republican papers to gloat over this incident, seeing that Democratic papers have so often used similar cases for partisan purposes.

Headache and constipation disappear when Rings Little Liver Pills are used. They keep the system clean, the stomach sweet. Taken occasionally they keep you well. They are for the entire family. Sold by Martin Drug Co.

GET IT AT MARTIN DRUG CO.

ABSOLULELY FREE

$75 Worth of genuine Hand Painted Japanese China.

With each purchase from our store we will give a ticket from our cash register, showing amount of purchase and when you have tickets to the amount of $10 we will give the holder of this amount of tickets one piece of this handsome Japanese China. The only condition of the contest is that the ticket must be for cash purchases. Think of it! we give you value received for your money, sell you goods as cheap as any store. We offer you as extra inducement polite and courteous treatment with prizes for cash.

THE MARTIN DRUG COMPANY

PHONE 81.

FATE, The Old Monkey

And The Man Who Won't Stay Down In Spite Of Him.

(New York American.)

We are all groping, striving, struggling, for success. The gambler in Wall Street, the actor with his mind centered on his own face, the farmer patiently, painfully cultivating the soil for a small return, the clerk hoping to be a boss, the boss wishing he had better clerks—all kinds of human beings from the top to the bottom want to be successful. It is the want, the cry of the day. And every big financial bandit tells how to succeed without, however, mentioning the real causes and methods of his own particular success.

A citizen had an intelligent, fairly well educated monkey. This monkey investigated all things, and it was his especial pleasure to knock things down. He was as mischievous as fate, which is forever breaking up our fondest hopes—he was constantly breaking up his master's possessions.

One day his owner put before him one of those little figures fastened upon a round, heavy base. No matter in what position you might put the figure, it would always resume its upright attitude. You could knock it down a hundred times, or a thousand times, it would come up again, shaking slightly, but friendly, standing straight and firm.

The intelligent monkey practised on this for hours, and it almost ruined his intelligence.

He knocked it over with a hand at the end of his arm—it wouldn't stay down. He knocked it down with a hand at the end of his leg—it would not stay down. He held it down with both hands; as soon as he let go it stood up again. He held it down with all four of his hands; he took them away one at a time slowly; again the little man stood up straight, not at all discouraged.

The monkey, fond of knocking things over, fond of throwing them down and seeing them stay down, took a violent dislike to this little man that got up as fast as he was knocked over. He tried and tried to make the little thing stay flat on his back, until he was almost a monkey maniac. After that he kept away from it. When it was put near him he ran off showing his teeth and chattering.

The monkey didn't like the little man that wouldn't stay down, and he gave up trying to make it stay down.

And so it is with that mythical big monkey, Fate, that is supposed to play with all of us. He knocks us over, sometimes holds us down for awhile, but if we can fight against him and rise as often as we are knocked over, even the old monkey Fate will get tired, as the live monkey did, and give up in disgust.

No man can tell what he really is, or how far he will travel on the rocky road to success, until he has been knocked down a few times and now he has learned how that affects him.

A regular life, without difficulties, tells us nothing. Look at a big ship crossing the ocean. All the men on deck are very polite; all are ready to get rugs, or tea, or move steamer chairs.

It is when a storm comes up and the ship gets ready to sink that you find out what kind of men they were that walked up and down so politely.

It is the same thing in life. You know only in stormy times what a man is; the man knows himself only in a stormy day.

When a man shows cowardice, the spirit of "the quitter" under trying circumstances, no man is more surprised than he is.

All of the men now living probably believe that they would be ready to lead a forlorn hope to save the country. Many would be surprised to learn how they might feel about it if they had been out in the wet in a tent for a few days with plenty of mosquitoes and not enough food.

A few knockings over would teach them a great deal.

The world is made of a great many men that have been knocked down, and a great many others that are going to be knocked down sooner or later, and a very few—they hardly count—that are standing up and are going to keep standing up until the end.

If you haven't had your knockdown blow, you may be quite sure that it is coming. And you needn't regret it when you get it, if it brings out the right quality in you and gives you confidence in yourself.

Jockyes that ride in steeplechases are all very brave at the start. After they fall you know more about them. The wrong kind of jockey gets a fall, and when he comes to his senses his nerve is gone and his riding days are over.

The right kind, when he wakes up from unconsciousness, says: "How did it happen? Did I break anything? Is that all the fall amounts to? Well, it's nothing."

That kind of rider is the right kind.

A wonderful chapter in the history of men is the success of the Jews, of their survival throughout the ages in spite of the persistent persecution of the great majority, urged on by avarice or of bigotry, or both.

It was possible to starve the Jews, it was possible to force them to dress in the Middle Ages in shameful, outlandish costumes. It was possible to drive them into one wretched quarter of the city. It was possible to forbid them to own land or to engage in occupations of their choice.

It was possible to kill them, it was possible to knock them down and they were killed and they were knocked down in thousands and millions

But unless they were killed, it wasn't possible to make them stay down when they were knocked down.

If you want to see a sample of a human being that has been knocked down thoroughly, look at the Russian Jew landing on this shore.

And if you want to see how a man who has been knocked down can get up again and prove his manhood, look at that same Jew a few years afterward, and look at his son in the public school.

Study one single Jewish immigrant from Russia, one single survivor of the brutal knocking down of combined bigotry, brutality, ignorance and avarice, and you will know the whole story of success—it is the power to get up to refuse to stay down.

Can a man cultivate in himself the power to resist, the power to rise after he has been floored, to rise the second time, the third time, the tenth time, and the hundredth time?

Yes, he can. Everything is what he really imagines it to be. A famous, notorious citizen of the hard fighting world was one Jere Dunne, who died a short time ago.

He was the man of whom all fighting men were afraid. Men infinitely stronger than he and just as ferocious kept away from him. He had killed one or two and thrashed many in the hard days when the ability to fight settled many questions.

Later he became peaceful and could be seen sitting about New York City apparently quite and amiable behind his stiff gray beard. He explained the fact that he had always been victorious with other men by saying: "When two men are trying to get the best of each other both of them want to quit. When the average man has been knocked down he is only to glad to stay down if you give him any excuse. I don't care how big a man is or how little a man is, if he goes into a fight determined that he will not quit he will win it. The world is so full of men that want to quit that the other man is bound to be a winner."

That is plain and not very elevated philosophy, but it applies to things more important than brutal physical combat.

If you go into the world and stay in the world and work in the world determined that you won't stay down, no matter how often you are knocked down, then you won't stay down.

What makes things terrible is thinking that they are terrible. Take a plank a foot wide, put it in the middle of the principal street of the city. Every child from three years up, every centenarian will walk along that plank with perfect ease and not fall off.

Put the same plank one hundred feet in the air and how many men will walk it? It is what they think that makes it impossible for them to walk across that same plank.

If you can get firmly into your head the fact that nothing matters as long as your spirit is not broken, and if you can absolutely make up your mind that you won't let anything break your spirit, the world can't keep you down.

If you can make up your mind not to stay down you won't stay down.

Nothing is really of any importance in this world except failure and disgrace. We are all going to be dead in a short time—only a second in the eyes of history. Where you stand and live many others have stood and lived and vanished.

The wonderful thing is that we have even for a moment the chance to do something. It is inconceivable that any man should neglect it.

The main thing is to be working at some thing that you really like, something that really arouses your enthusiasm.

That mysterious thing we call the soul is a billion times stronger than the body. And when the soul is interested and directs the body's work it pays no attention to the body's complaining.

The old Christians, simple-minded and ignorant people many of them, could go into the ring and be torn by the wild beasts absolutely happy. They had forgotten their bodies.

The man who realize that failure is disgrace, unless he has tried to the last ounce of his power, will care little for the knockingdown blows of man, monkey or Fate.

One of the greatest names in the history of unconquerable spirits is that of George Washington. We Americans are apt to think of him vaguely as a man victorious, defeating the British, marching along triumphantly from the beginning of the Revolution to his own installation as President.

But, as a matter of fact, George Washington was always being beaten and knocked down, always retreating. The one thing that made him great was the fact that he wouldn't stay down. He went from one defeat to another; his soldiers left him, and it seemed almost impossible to get more. He was disappointed in the morning and disappointed at night, but never discouraged.

His greatness is shown in his ability to keep on and try and struggle, and that ability to get up after endless knockdown blows was the only thing that made him and made his government.

When you read of Washington, think of him from this point of view and you will find useful lessons in his life.

This article is written especially for those that are down now. There are many of them, many triumphant man of the near future is in all probability disappointed, upon whom fate has pressed heavily, and without their having deserved it. The great thing is that they should not lose their courage For one chance missed there are a thousand better, if you can see them and have the energy to seize them.

Every hard blow is part of an education, and if you can get up after it you are a better man.

Every man that has really succeeded can tell you of the day in his life that seemed black, when it seemed hardly worth while to get up again. The successful, tri-discouraged man today.

Lincoln had failed in his efforts; he was thoroughly discouraged, overwhelmed by debt that his sense of honor magnified. He had tried for a small public office under the President and had been refused.

His chance came after that, because he kept himself ready.

Henry George, as you know, was reduced to begging on the streets, and he confessed that he had even made up his mind to take money by force from the next man he met if it was refused him; he had desperate need at home. After that came his long honorable career and useful service of criticism and suggestion to human beings.

Dozens of the biggest men have at one time or another contemplated suicide. They had, however, the quality that Gets Up Again. May You have it, if you are down now.

Should Enforce the Law.

(Wilmington Messenger.)

As was announced in the Sunday papers, the prohibitionists gained a victory in Anson county last Saturday. This was a peculiar case. Wadesboro had previously voted on the liquor question under the Watt's bill and the advocates of saloons had won the victory. The last legislature had before it a bill providing for prohibition in that town notwithstanding the voters had, exercising the privileges granted to them under the law of the state which law had also been made a part of the democratic state platform, declared against prohibition. The matter was compromised in the legislature by leaving to the voters of the whole county the question as to whether there should be saloons or prohibition in the town. This was clearly a repudiation of the Watt's plank in the platform which, as it is still the platform of the party, is supposed to govern its actions. The anti-prohibitionists in the town preferred this to a direct imposition of prohibition by act of the legislature. The prohibitionists thought their cause stronger in the whole county than if left to the votes of the town only. The election was on Saturday and the prohibitionists won.

The significant fact and the one to which we wish to call special attention is that the prohibitionists not only carried every precinct, but both precincts in the town also, the total majority being 615 votes. This means that leaving out the rural districts, the voters of the town of Wadesboro have by a majority vote, declared in favor of the closing of all saloons and the shutting down of the distilleries which have heretofore been operated in the town. If the anti-prohibitionists of that town are the law-abiding people they claim to be they should make up their minds, not only to obey the law, but also to see that all persons inclined to disobey it are prevented from doing so. The rule of a majority is the law of this land. The law should be enforced in Wadesboro, in fact as well as theory. Both parties should determine to see the law enforced. That is the only way to work for the good of the town. Let the minority yield to the will of the majority.

The first bale of new cotton sold in Monroe was ginned free of charge by the Monroe Oil Mill Co. and was sold to Mr. J. E. Stack at 14 cents per pound.

The secret of fashionable beauty. I asked the question of a beauty specialist. In order to be round, rosy and very stylish, take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. Martin Drug Company.

The Conservatism of Reform.

(Atlanta Georgian.)

In periods of popular reassertion and of powerful reforms such as those which agitate and concern the citizen of today, the cultivation of sanity and commen sense becomes no less a duty to the individual than an obligation to society.

Thoughtful men who study the trend and the temper of the times in which we live have sometimes been tempted to a pessimistic view of the difference between conservative wealth and the individual citizen. To our mind the sound and triumphant status of today carries the refutation to pessimism and the rebuke to the prophet of evil.

It may be said, with history as the referee, that whenever abuses become large and unbearble, the people always rise to protest, and always find an effective way to put protest into expression for remedy and relief.

Between the two extremes of conservatism and radicalism there is a golden mean which Providence and the people always expect some men to occupy.

A newspaper carrying the responsibility and the duty of its power of great publicity should always keep a sound mind in a sound body and hold its head level amid the storms of faction that rage about it.

To our mind the ideal publicist is one who knows that there is a time to be radical and just as surely a time to be conservative. When the people are apathetic and apparently asleep under conditions which threaten their liberty and prosperity, then radicalism becomes a duty and a mission and the strong man and the wise publicist should use in that hour the influence under his control to arouse public sentiment, to awaken public indifference and to quicken among the people the comprehension of unfavorable conditions and to inspire the high resolve to change them.

But when a people, awaken by these appeals, arise in the majesty of their might and number, take hold of the government and to sit in the saddle for a season of riding there comes again the high duty to the publicist to exercise that restraining judgement in counsel and in action which prevents the excesses born of success and the temptation to iniquity growing out of triumph and of power.

Passions are easily quickened between classes and faction in a popular uprising. It is necessary for the publicist himself to arouse feelings of protest and of indignation among the people and these feelings when aroused too often inspire in human nature, which is about the same the world over, a disposition to punish opposing classes as well as to establish their own right. It is too often true that out of great reform movements there develops a spirit of retaliation which is sometimes prejudical to justice.

Here, if anywhere, the man of conscience in public affairs should not be tempted to ride too joyously with the triumphant tide of reformers, but should stand without hesitation with a restraining hand and a warning voice against action or legislation that even smacks of punishment or persecution.

He Was Ready to Fight.

(New York American.)

At the height of the recent warfare between the Southern Railway and the State of North Carolina, Governor R. B. Glenn one day had a caller, who edged into the Executive Chamber at Raleigh and tossed a weather beaten felt hat on a chair. He was a mountaineer, long, bony, muscular, with a black beard covering his face. He was perhaps sixty years old.

"Well, what can I do for you?" asked Governor Glenn.

"Governor," was the reply, straight from the shoulder, "we all hearn up in the mountain that you had dug o' out Union agin, ris up the old flag and was going to fight her out, and I'm here to list for the fracas."

The report of the struggle between the Federal judiciary and the State courts, that new species of State rights, had reached the mountain fastnesses of the State in the shape of a report that North Carolina had seceded under Glenn, and was at war with the Union. The mountaineer had walked twenty miles down from the hills to get into the fray.

"My friend," explained the Governor, "you have been misinformed. There is no war. In fact, we were never more in the Union than we are right now, and we are going to stay. That is all over. Our fight is now in the courts. Go home and don't be alarmed. North Carolina will take care of herself without leaving the Union."

"Just as you say, Gov'nor," said the mountaineer. "But I'm here to say that I fit in '61, and I'm ready again as soon as the ole North State calls."

No More Deadlocks.

(Chicago News.)

Old Lawyer—Yes, sir I'm in favor of woman jurors. If we had women to fix up the verdicts there would be no more disagreements or deadlocks.

Young Attorney—How do you figure that out?

Old Lawyer—All that would be neessary to get a quick verdict would be send a newspaper to the jury room containing a bargan advertisement good for that day only.

CHINAWARE FOR EVERYBODY

Beyond a doubt, I have the largest and most complete line of Chinaware ever seen here at this time of year. A great variety of designs to select from, and the prices are as low as you could wish. Come and see what we have. No trouble to show you.

OUR ENAMEL WARE

Is beautiful in appearance, enduring in quality and sanitary because so easily cleaned and always free from rust. It costs you less in the long run than that tinware you have been buying.

Just received such a big lot of pans, pots, dippers, kettles and boilers that we can sell it to you cheaper than ever.

Blue Flame Oil Stoves

Are in demand for this hot weather and if you expect to buy a stove, it will pay you to investigate what we have.

W. N. JEANS

Captured after 20 Years.

(Winston Special 4th to Charlotte Observer.)

After enjoying his freedom for twenty years, ten of which were spent in Winston, Calvin Westmoreland, a white man who escaped from the State convict force at work on the old C. F. & Y. V. Railroad in 1887, was rearrested here this afternoon by Jailer O. W. Hanner upon information received a few days ago from Mr. T. M. Arrington, the State penitentiary clerk. Jailer Hanner will carry Westmoreland to Raleigh Friday and turn him over to the penitentiary authorities.

Westmoreland is about 50 years old. He was tried at Danbury, Stokes county, February 2, 1885, on the charge of larceny. He was convicted and sentenced to three years in the penitentiary. He was put out with a force of hands in the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad where he worked one year, eleven months and fifteen days. On January 17, 1887, he made his escape. He came to Winston-Salem eight or ten years ago and has resided here continuously ever since. He has a wife and several children.

Westmoreland has been working at the carpenter's trade since coming to Winston-Salem, and has paid for his own home and made a useful citizen. Westmoreland thinks that he will be able to escape by pleading the statute of limitation. He asked Jailer Hanner to wait until Friday to carry him to Raleigh in order that he might have time to confer with counsel. Mr. Hanner will comply with the request.

Well, That's All Right.

(Everything)

Some of the papers are throwing conniption fits because it is announced that Stanford White's widow is about to marry the former partner of the late husband. We fail to see why there should be any wails over this. Mrs. White, as we understand the case, walked alone for many years. She never had her husband's love, although she was an earth angel. Now that he is under the ground, and now that a gentleman wants to marry her, why not let the ceremony proceed without any brass band interjection or objection.

Surely she has a right to love—and if White was the kind of a man it seemed he was when the roof garden was ablaze with his splendid glories, why not let the widow of the fiend have something out of life that her heart craves. To be sure.

Man Zan Pile Remedy comes put up in a collapsible tube with a nozzle. Easy to apply right where soreness and inflammation exists. It relieves at once blind bleeding, itching or protruding piles. Guaranteed. Price 50c. Get it today. Sold by Martin Drug Co.

A Way to Get Good Roads.

(Washington Post.)

The conservative old State of Pennsylvania has taken a stand on the subject of road improvement that is likely to cause a shaking of dry bones in other States. Under the instruction of one of the ablest judges in the state, the grand jury of Venango County has indicted twenty-four township road supervisors, charged with criminal neglect of duty in failing to keep their roads in repair. The indicted men are being apprehended and will soon be placed on trial. The action of the grand jury is understood to be based largely upon a decision of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court, which holds that "road supervisors are punishable by indictment for neglecting or refusing to open or repair a public highway."

While this prosecution of road officers is novel, and, perhaps, unprecedented, a little consideration shows that it is entirely reasonable. These men are public officers, charged with certain important duties. They have taken an oath to perform their duties properly, and in many States they are paid a salary as well as their actual traveling expenses. Often they are permitted to control the disbursement of large sums of money. If this money disappears without any evidence of road improvement or if the road supervisors are notorious neglectful of their duties it is the duty of the grand jury to indict them. The mere fact that this course has never been followed before is no reason why, with the awakened public feeling against official misconduct, it should not be followed now.

The public highways of the United States in the rural districts rank with the worst roads in the explored world. They are worse than those of of any other civilized nation. During recent years efforts have been made to improve them, but the indifference and parsimony of the backwoods communities are appalling obstacles to progress. Nevertheless, progress must be made, if the county is to develop its resources to the best advantage. The roads must be improved in spite of sloth and ignorance. The Pennsylvania method of getting after road supervisors with the sharp stick of the law will be watched with keen interest in other States where the the leaven of discontent is working. If the Pennsylvania road supervisors go jail for neglecting roads, it will be well for road supervisors in other States to take warning. The action of the Pennsylvania grand jury, in any event, cannot fail to be of benefit in reminding the public that it has the remedy for neglected roads in its own hands. If there is no law provid- for the punishment of road supervisors who swindle the public that employs them, such a law can be enacted.

HOW ABOUT THAT PIECE OF

NICE PRINTING?

THE ANSONIAN Job Printing Department has added a number of new and fashionable type faces, and we guarantee the Neatest Job of Work you can find anywhere for the price. We know whereof we speak and know that a trial order will convince you that what we say is true.

May we number you among our growing list of satisfied customers. A trial order will do it.

THE ANSONIAN JOB PRINTING DEPARTMENT

Phone 185 and we will come and talk it over with you