

# THE ANSONIAN.

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

VOLUME 2.—NUMBER 17.

WADESBORO, N. C., SEPTEMBER 24, 1907.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

## Seasonable Goods

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

#### A Real Farmer.

Falling in with a gentleman who owns a farm within two miles of Hickory, we asked him a few questions about his business. His farm consists of 150 acres, and he has had no need to sell at one hundred dollars an acre. His main money crop is sweet potatoes. He has this year eleven acres in potatoes, and hopes to net \$1,000 on the crop. From two to three hundred dollars is a fair price, and the price averages fifty cents a bushel. The potatoes are not carted off to town and thrown on the local market, but are kept until February, carefully stored and shipped to points North and South. Including the shrinkage and the loss by rotting, this farmer loses about 25 per cent. The potatoes are not put in hills but in a house suitably ventilated, where they can be kept without trouble. In addition to potatoes, this farmer raises a little cotton, some corn (not for the market but for use), peas and hay. A crop of broom corn is raised, and a small broom factory is run. Men hands in Hickory gladly take the output of the factory, which is not so large as to interfere with the other work on the farm. Considerable attention is paid to watermelons and watermelons, and a neat sum is realized from them. Last spring on 100 hills of tomatoes, \$120 was realized. This patch of tomatoes barely occupied an eighth of an acre. The secret of successful farming, this gentleman told us, lies not in making big money on one crop, but in making little money on many little ones. At this particular time, while the weather is dry, he is busy making furels, which he will sell at a good profit when he feels like it. He says that everybody is busy all the time on his farm. There are no vacations, no "lay-by" time on that place. He works long hours, as long as a merchant or manufacturer. He makes every moment count and every edge cut. His head is bothered precious little about who is going to be governor; there is no money in that question to him. He is a farmer, right, and if you want to know more about the matter, write to J. L. Ingold, Hickory, N. C., and when it rains he will answer you.

#### A Fine Piece of Handiwork.

Mr. D. L. Saylor, a Pennsylvania Dutchman, who came to this State before the civil war, settled at Waidesboro and established a blacksmith shop, has three beautiful hand-made tables, planned and built by himself. The tables are small center tables. One is 30x30 inches and is made of holly, walnut, apple and oak, glued together in strips. In the center of the table a checkboard is made. This table is not for sale. Colonel Saylor has refused \$175 for it. There are 1098 pieces of wood in its construction. The second table is 20x30 inches, made of oak, inlaid with walnut and mahogany, plugged with walnut, and glued together throughout. It has a lower table made of holly and walnut. The top table contains 900 pieces in its body and is beautiful. For this Mr. Saylor has refused \$250. The two are for his daughters. The third is the most beautiful in appearance and wonderful in construction. It is a round center table, 30 inches across. It is made of 2,113 pieces of wood and \$300 has been offered for it. The body of the table is made of ash and oak, while the inlaying is done in mahogany, apple and walnut. The ash and mahogany are in small blocks and the plugs of apple and walnut. Were it not for the different colors of the wood it would be impossible to find the joints in the structure. Beneath the table board is a hexagonal-shaped rim containing 248 pieces of wood. The work is that of a skilled hand. Mr. Saylor has furnished his house in beautiful and attractive old-style hand-made furniture. He made all of his wardrobes, sideboards, tables and bedsteads. Many prominent North Carolinians and foreigners have called to see the tables described. The state should be proud of such a skilled workman. [Mr. Saylor, who died about one year ago at Salisbury, where the family now lives, is very pleasantly remembered here. His son, Mr. H. Clay Saylor, who has a shop here, is himself an unusually fine workman and probably helped his father in the construction of the tables mentioned above. ANSONIAN.]

## Buy A Home In Progressive Waidesboro

FROM THE  
**Anson Real Estate & Insurance Co.**

- |  |               |
|--|---------------|
| BARGAIN NO. 1.—One 2-room dwelling on Lee Ave. large lot, fine location.   | Price \$2,250 |
| BARGAIN NO. 2.—One vacant lot on Morgan St., near Mr. H. D. Pinkston's, nearly one half acre, 90 feet front.                               | Price \$1,500 |
| BARGAIN NO. 3.—One lot with 9-room new dwelling on Orchard St.   | Price \$3,500 |
| BARGAIN NO. 4.—One-half acre lot on Orchard St., with 4-room new dwelling.   | Price \$1,100 |
| BARGAIN NO. 5.—One 3-room house and lot with small barn, near Mr. James Plunkett's residence.  | Price \$675   |
| BARGAIN NO. 6.—One acre building lot on Morven road just outside of town, very desirable location.   | Price \$625   |
| BARGAIN NO. 7.—One 7-room modern dwelling on West Wade St., near business section, electric lights, water works.                           | Price \$3,500 |
| BARGAIN NO. 8.—One farm, containing 190 acres 3 miles north of Waidesboro, fine cotton land; good tenant houses, about 50 acres in timber. | Price \$1,000 |

### MAJ. ANDERSON'S REMINISCENCES

An Old-Timer of the Roads Tells of a Visit to Waidesboro "Maay" Years Ago.

Previous to my first appearance in Monroe—thirty-four years ago today, September 12, 1873—I had been working on the Fayetteville Eagle, a semi-weekly paper published by Murdoch J. McSweeney, a native of Richmond county. McSweeney was a war correspondent to the old Fayetteville Observer—a book, needless to say, a patriot of the old school, and besides being a lover of his state and country in general he was exceedingly fond of corn extract. He got mad with me one night because I stole two jugs of corn whiskey and swore by the setting sun that he would reduce my wages, weaken my liquor with ditch water and compel me to sleep in the county jail every Saturday night for six years. He said he had no objection to my taking the liquor if I had paroled it some other time than Saturday night because the day following was the time set apart to do his pen-lashing against Senator Mat Ransom and Warren Carver. On the night of August 25th, 1873, I left Fayetteville and made my departure for Lumberton, Robeson county, N. C. I had just recovered from a periodical spree, and something seemed to whisper in my ear that I was going to the funeral of all my hopes and in a short space of time my joyous anticipations would be smothered in an unknown grave. I was on the old stage road and the distance between Fayetteville and Lumberton on that line is thirty-three miles. After traveling some six or seven miles I came up to a fence, and in a few seconds I saw a little log cabin, and in the yard I discovered a cart. After halting at the gate two or three times the man of the house answered my call and told me to come in. I told him that printing newspapers, Bibles and hymn books was my profession, and that I was on my way to Lumberton, where I expected to get a good position, and for the services rendered from my immaculate brain I would receive a very high salary—so high, perhaps, that I could hardly reach it. After a brief conversation concerning my affairs our deep thoughts drifted into the subject of turpentine and gin. In a short while the moon was seen to peep through the towering pines, and the landlord of the humble home gave me a quilt, after which I jumped into the cart and soon I dropped into a quiet slumber, "dreaming dreams that I never dreamed before."

#### A Newspaper's Burden.

A newspaper has a great many requests to "cuss out" somebody. There's this man who feels that a certain officer ought to be rapped, and he tells the newspaper to do it. Here's another man who has a grievance, and he thinks the newspaper ought to fight it out for him. This is quite natural, and so far as purely public matters are concerned, there is some justice in the request of a private citizen that the newspaper say something about what he considers wrong. The citizen himself has no way of making his feelings known and he naturally feels that the newspaper ought to champion his cause. A newspaper doesn't object to any suggestions of this kind on public matters when they are made in good faith, but even then the paper that is worth anything must follow its own judgment and not be swayed into saying something that will perhaps do more harm than good just because somebody thinks it ought to be said. But there are a class of requests that come to newspapers that disgust the reporters. Here is a fellow that poses as the champion of some great public interest, and wants the paper to jump on some set of officers, and he doesn't open his mouth before the reporter knows that he is merely seeking to get the paper to hit somebody through revenge or in the hope that it will be a benefit to himself. Of course, the reporter pays due respect to his conversation and at once forgets it.

#### Not Sister, Now His Wife.

New York.—Romance in real life has just been revealed by a remarkable narrative of Harry Morris Gordon, a chauffeur, who, wandering about the country for years with a woman believed by him from infancy to have been his sister, found that they were not related and recently married her. Gordon was a boy of 10 on a Garrettville (Ohio) farm, where there was born to those whom he believed to be his parents, a daughter, christened Beatrice. Mrs. Gordon died when the boy was 15 years old, and later his supposed father went to Australia, where he died. Gordon finally made his way to the Klondike, whence he returned seven years ago with gold and found his sister. From that time the two lived under the same roof, Gordon working as a chauffeur. In the San Francisco earthquake they lost practically all they owned and came to New York, where they both found employment. The couple were surprised one day to receive a visit from an uncle from Minnesota, whom neither had seen for 15 years. "Why don't you two get married?" the visitor exclaimed suddenly. Then, with little more preamble, he told them an unknown chapter in their lives. The boy, he said, had been left an infant on the doorstep of his supposed parents and had been adopted. Other relatives were sought, and confirmed the story, and at the uncle's suggestion the young people decided to marry, and are now happily united in a flat in West Thirty-eighth street.

#### Something to Eat.

When a town fellow visits a country home and they set him down to a table laden with hickorywood smoked-ham as sweet as nectar, fried eggs fresh from the chicken factory, home-made bread, butter churned before breakfast, milk and cream that never saw chalk or water, with a score of sweetmeats and pastries and fruits, and then apologize to him for not having something to eat, he cannot help but wonder what they do have when they are expecting company. Pineapples for the kidneys strengthen these organs and assist in drawing poison from the blood. Try them for rheumatism, kidney, bladder trouble, for lumbago and tired, worn-out feeling. They bring quick relief. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sold by Martin Drug Co.

#### North State's Shining Past.

Northern historians grow eloquent when they write about the blood shed at Lexington and Bunker Hill, but they have little to say about the blood shed at Alamance, Camden, Cowpens, Guilford Court House, Eutaw Springs, Charleston and King's Mountain, in which many of the pioneers of Tennessee gained imperishable renown. The first organized resistance to British tyranny in America was by the people of North Carolina in 1770. The first battle of the revolution, which gave independence to the colonies and the first blood shed in that cause was on the 16th of May, 1771, when the forces of Governor Tryon, numbering 1,100 men, met about 200 of the "Regulars" at Alamance, in Orange county, North Carolina. In the battle that ensued there was stubborn fighting until the ammunition of the Regulators was exhausted and they were driven from the field. Twenty of these brave men were killed and several prisoners were taken, one of which was hung without trial, and twelve others were convicted of high treason and executed. The loss of the British in killed, wounded and missing were sixty-one men. North Carolina, the mother of Tennessee, was the first of the colonies to throw the gauntlet of defiance in the face of the British. The battle of Lexington was fought on April 19, 1775, and one month and a day later, on May 20th, the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence was signed at Charlotte, 27 brave men affixing their names thereto. A number of the descendants of these signers found their way to Tennessee, among them the Brevards and the Alexanders, ancestors of the families of those names now residents of Sumner and other counties in Tennessee. Edmund Burke said: "Wherever slavery exists, in any part of the world, those who are free are by far the most proud and jealous of their freedom, and these people of the Southern colonies are much more strongly and with a higher and more stubborn spirit attached to liberty than those to the northward."

#### Death Under Train.

The body of William H. Desmond, Jr., aged 17 years, a promising lad of the city, was literally cut to pieces last night about 10:30 o'clock by train No. 35 shortly after it left the Southern station. The young man's head was severed entirely from his body; both legs were cut off and every other part of his body was badly bruised and mangled. Fragments of flesh were scattered along the track for several yards. Those who made the grim discovery believe that the young man leaped from the train at the Second street crossing and as his body came in contact with the huge pile of cinders, it was hurled back and thrown across the tracks. A number of boys had gone to the station to see a visiting young lady off and they all agreed to go to Gastonia, returning on a later train. Mr. Desmond was one of the party, and is believed to have changed his mind and jumped from the train as it reached the crossing. This is the most plausible theory that can be formed by the unfortunate young man's friends.

#### Need Praying For.

Choirs need praying for sometimes. More than once a church has been set by the ears because of a quarrel in the choir. Last month in a North Carolina church of prominence differences growing out of choir controversies caused a serious split. As a rule members of our church choirs, who are not paid, render loving and faithful service, and the whole congregation owes them a debt of gratitude. But if the demon of envy and jealousy gets in the choir, may the Lord have mercy on that church. The Cleveland Star tells of an old-fashioned Methodist bishop in St. Louis who recently made this prayer: "And Lord, bless the choir, bless every member, and bless what they sing today. Bless the words of the song, for thou, Lord, knowest what they sung, though we did not understand a single word." If we just could understand the words of the songs they render, all the rest would be forgiven to the choir.

#### Hope For the Country.

A publishing house in Connecticut is publishing thousands of that old song book, the "Sacred Harp," a book which has been out of print for years. One million copies of "Webster's Blue Back Spelling Book" are being printed. As long as these two books are used there is hope for the country. The bites and stings of insects, tan, sunburn, cuts, burns and bruises are relieved at once with Pineapple Carbolized. Acts like a poultice and draws out inflammation. Try it. Price 25c. Sold by Martin Drug Co.

#### Kilnager of Young Beasley Blows Out His Brains in Norfolk Hotel.

Norfolk, Va., Sept. 18.—Rather than serve 30 years in the penitentiary for kidnaping Kenneth Beasley, the 9-year-old son of State Senator S. M. Beasley of Currituck county, N. C., Joshua Harrison placed a pistol to his temple and blew out his brains this afternoon in his room at the Gladstone Hotel, while officers were waiting in the lobby to arrest him for the North Carolina authorities, for being a fugitive from justice. The Supreme Court of North Carolina yesterday denied Harrison a new trial. He was out on a \$3,000 bail. The crime for which Harrison was convicted was the kidnaping of the 9-year-old son of State Senator S. M. Beasley of Popular Branch, Currituck county. On the afternoon of March 13th, 1905, during recess of the school he was attending near his home, the boy mysteriously disappeared. The woods and swamps near by were searched systematically many weeks after the boy disappeared, but not the least trace of the boy was ever found. Skilled detectives were employed by Mr. Beasley, but they met with no more success than the faithful friends and neighbors of the Currituck Senator. Streams were even dragged with the hope of finding in them the body of the dead boy, but the efforts were fruitless. To this day not the least trace of Kenneth has been found. Mrs. Beasley was prostrated by the tragedy and has been in a critical state of health ever since. Suspicion was at once centered on Joshua Harrison, he having been seen in a buggy that afternoon driving rapidly with a child covered up with blankets, which was recognized by its voice as the missing Kenneth. The mule and buggy were also recognized as Harrison's. The child was crying and Harrison was talking to him in a soothing manner. Harrison was seen in Norfolk at 2 o'clock the following Tuesday morning. [Later dispatches say that Harrison left a letter denying his guilt, while Mr. Beasley claims that Harrison has carried to the grave the secret of the whereabouts of his little son.]

#### Observation on Young Men.

Young man, let us give you the benefit of our observation. We have noticed that at least nine-tenths of the young men who have been before the courts for misdemeanors are those who take no interest whatever in education, seldom read a newspaper, and are always ready to make fun of other young men who use correct language and try to be somebody. It comes natural to them to discourage the studious and ambitious young men of their acquaintance. Their minds run toward dirty stories, midnight sprees and bad company. This in a short time means trouble, a sheriff's invitation to attend court, and a fine or a term in jail.

#### The Congregation Smiled.

Two country clergymen had agreed to exchange pulpits on a certain date. One of them made the following solemn announcement to his congregation on the Sabbath previous to the event. "My dear brethren and sisters, I have the pleasure of stating that on next Sunday morning the Rev. Zachariah B. Day will preach for you. Let us now sing two verses of hymn No. 489, 'That Awful Day Will Surely Come.'" And it took him sometime to discover why the congregation smiled.—Ex.

#### Not All of Them Castaways By Any Means.

It seems that Editor Beasley of the Monroe Journal has been snarling under the proverb that the sons of preachers usually turn out bad. He, himself the son of one of the best and most honored of Baptist ministers, resents the saying and offers the following proof to the contrary: "Oliver Wendell Holmes, author, whose grandfather was also a clergyman; Edward Everett, statesman and author; John Hancock, first signer of the Declaration of Independence, whose grandfather also was a minister; Jonathan Edwards, theologian; Increase Mather, president of Harvard College (1693-1729); Cotton Mather, author and scholar, also grandson of clergyman; George Bancroft, statesman and historian; Louis Agassiz, naturalist; Henry Clay, statesman and orator; Ralph Waldo Emerson, essayist and poet; David Dudley Field, jurist; Stephen J. Field, justice of the United States supreme court; Cyrus W. Field, founder of the Atlantic cable company; John B. Gordon, soldier and statesman; Henry Ward Beecher, preacher and reformer; Samuel F. B. Morse, artist and inventor; James Russell Lowell, author and diplomat; Chester A. Arthur, 21st president of the United States; Joseph R. Hawley, soldier and statesman; Robert G. Ingersoll, orator and politician; Francis Parkman, historian; Edward H. Harriman, railroad king; Henry C. Potter, Episcopal bishop of New York; Grover Cleveland, twice president of the United States; David J. Brewer, justice of United States supreme court; Jonathan P. Dolliver, United States senator, from Iowa; Levi P. Morton, formerly vice president of the United States; Richard Watson Gilder, editor and poet, also grandson of clergyman; Lyman Abbott, preacher and editor; Henry James, novelist."

#### Dream Averted Big Railway Wreck.

Confidence in a dream probably averted a big wreck on the Northern Central road near Harrisburg, Pa., last week. Previous to reporting for duty at the roundhouse, Engineer James B. Burt, who pulls the Buffalo Flyer, leaving Harrisburg at 11:10 p. m., dreamed that his train had run into a landslide at a point between Dauphin and Halifax, 15 miles from there. He told his dream to several roundhouse attaches but they laughed at him. Engineer Burt, to ease his mind, determined to run slowly after passing Dauphin. So speedily his train up to the limit till Dauphin was passed, Burt slowed up. And it was well he did, for at the point some distance north of Dauphin, near the place he had seen in his dream, the engine plunged into a landslide. Going slow, the engineer was able to bring his train to a stop with little or no damage. A Beast of a Husband. A dispatch from Madison, Wis., says: After serving 16 years in the state's prison, Mrs. Wilhelmina Baehr is at liberty today by pardon of the Governor. At the age of sixteen she married a widower named Baehr because her parents told her. Baehr is thirty years her senior, and the girl became a household drudge. One night a traveler, Michael Sells, stopped at the Baehr home for the night. Baehr resolved to put Sells out of the way, and told Wilhelmina (his wife) to poison the food, and she did so, Sells dying the next day. Confronted with arrest, Baehr blamed his wife, and she was accused of the crime and pleaded guilty on the husband's advice and received a life sentence. Soon after she entered the penitentiary her husband killed himself, driven to it by remorse for the act. "I'm troubled greatly with insomnia," said the man at his gate. "I wish you'd come to my church," said the pastor who was passing; "I need a few fellows like you."—Ex. Oh! my stomach's a very uncertain thing. I suffer the torment that costiveness brings. But now I am happy, normal and free. A miracle by Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. Martin Drug Company.

#### Are You Tired?

Of having cheap and worthless pocket and table cutlery, knives to sell and for show only? Well, come and see my line of Pocket and Table Cutlery, Scissors, Tea and Table Spoons, Carving Sets, Butter Knives, Sugar Shells, Soup Spoons and Everything for the table.

#### I have the H. Boker & Co.'s line of Pocket Knives and Razors and also the famous George Wostenholme & Sons' goods.

These are made in England and were used before you were born. Have you ever heard of better pocket knives or razors? My hardware department is just as complete in all other lines and my prices make the goods go. You always find my place crowded but its something new each time and the crowd shows you which way to go.

#### W. N. JEANS

PREACHERS' SONS

#### Not All of Them Castaways By Any Means.

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#### While this list was in the making, there were probably some preachers' boys here and there who were not doing as well as they might, but we pass that by. This is o. k.

#### 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.

#### It's A Happy Home

If you come here and buy your House Furnishings

I have just received a large shipment of the best FELT MATTRESSES on the market. When you spend a night on one of these comfort-giving articles, you get up feeling like work. The prices are unusually low for the class of goods. That lot of TRUNKS is here and you will lose money if you don't get my prices before buying. A complete line of DRUGGETS, RUGS, CARPETS and ARK SQUARES of all grades and patterns. I sell Furniture because I am the "Man With The Goods" and I don't try to make all my profit on one article. My prices are guaranteed. Is that fair enough?

PHONE H. H. COX 145

MOTTO: Small Profits Make Quick Sales.