

# THE ANSONIAN.

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

VOLUME 2.—NUMBER 27.

WADESBORO, N. C., DECEMBER 3, 1907.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

## Majestic Week

Was quite a success with us, but we had not only a big stock on hand from which to supply our sales, but have quite a number of Majestic Ranges left. Let us urge upon you to make a visit to our store and select one for a Christmas gift for your wife or daughter. However, if you do not care to buy anything quite so expensive, we are sure we can fit you up in a stove, and can give you better value than any other dealer in the town. We have the goods, the quality and the price. We do not fear competition on stoves and ranges.

Blalock Hdw. Co.

## Closing Out Sale

I AM closing out my entire stock of FURNITURE at Out Prices, and in the stock will be found \$10,000 worth of goods usually found in a furniture store. These goods were bought at panic prices, in Carolinian lots at Carolinian prices.

### A Few Special Bargains:

Six Good Pianos at Unheard of Prices. Now is your chance if you ever expect to buy a Piano. A Solid Card of Beds here and arriving. A beautiful line of Pearl Pictures and Dining Room Pictures to go at rare bargains.

Now is the time to furnish your home, when you can do it for less money than at any time since. Everything in this mammoth stock is as represented and is a new and fashionable stock. Don't wait, be on time and get what you want.

**A. B. CAUDLE**  
Opposite Court House  
Phone 72

### Prospectors From Pennsylvania Pleased With Anson County.

Waadesboro, N. C., Nov. 29, 1907.  
Mr. J. T. Patrick,

Dear Sir: Before going out of town we want to thank you for kindness extended as while here and to tell you that your climate and your fine soil for making all kinds of crops will surely attract many good farmers to come down here from Pennsylvania when we go home and tell them what we have seen.

Yours truly,  
James Zeigle,  
Knowl, Pa.  
S. M. Chambers,  
East Sandy, Pa., R. F. D. 1.

A Westerner visiting New York was held up by a highwayman with the demand, "Give me your money or I'll blow your brains out." "Blow away," said the Westerner. "You can live in New York without brains but you can't live without money."—EX.

Need not fear coughs and colds this year as you can obtain Bees Laxative Cough Syrup now from your dealer. This is good news to mothers who fear cough and whooping cough. It is a gentle laxative that expels the poison from the system in the natural way. Cuts the phlegm and clears the head. Guaranteed. Sold by Martin Drug Co.

"What would you like for Christmas?" "A match and an ash tray." "But you don't smoke." "No, but think of the bills that will be coming in."

This is the season of decay and weakened vitality; good health is hard to retain. If you'd retain yours, fortify your system with Hollister's Rocky Tea, the surest way. 25c. Tea or tablets. Martin Drug Co.

## MOUNT VERNON

Situate in Fairfax county, Va., on the west bank of the Potomac, located on a high hill fronted with a beautiful lawn, commanding a fine and extensive view of the glittering waters of the Potomac, reflecting the sunlight from its wind-stirred waves in its onward course to the Chesapeake Bay.

To sit on the porch of the mansion, peace enters the soul—tranquility of mind, calm recollections of the dead, but nothing of gloom. Its beauty stamped upon my heart, to remain, changeless and indelible, until its pulsation ceases forever.

George Washington, in his 68th year on 14th day of December, knowing his last hour had come, desired everyone to leave the room—like Moses he was left alone with his God. "This said he closed his eyes for the last time with his own hands, folded his arms on his breast and said, 'Father of Mercies take me to thyself.' He fell asleep and thus passed away a wise, a good and a great man. Gen. Richard Henry Lee in his eulogy pronounced him 'First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.'"

The west front of the mansion was the point of approach by visitors a large spacious court, flanked by the kitchen, superintendent's house and other outbuildings, connected with the ends of the mansion by colonnades. I entered by the door leading into the large central hall, bearing now the original brass knocker. A mile away to the west can be seen the Porters' lodge by the entrance gate on the public. The driveway is beautifully kept, leading through the lawn amid the trees, many of them still standing, and some of them planted by Washington's own hands and by his guests. I was shown a large magnolia planted by him the year he died and so entered in his diary. This indicates the lover of his race planting for posterity. Beyond the houses forming a court is a large vegetable garden on one side and flower garden on the other.

The mansion was erected on a foundation of stone. The frame is oak, sheathed with North Carolina pine—cut, painted and sawed to resemble stone. It is covered with cypress shingles from South Carolina. The central hallway which I entered heads through the house to the veranda on the River Front. Extends the whole length of the house near or quite 100 feet. Eight large square fluted posts, rising two stories high, supporting the roof, and on or near the edge of the roof is an ornamental balustrade which adds greatly to the outlines of the mansion as viewed from the river, enhancing its height and commanding appearance.

Washington when 15 years old was offered the position as midshipman in the British navy; his trunk was on board a ship of war. When he came back to take leave of his mother she wept and told him her heart would break if he left her. He instantly gave up the longings of his soul—the ambition of his life; could not bare the idea of inflicting a wound in his dear mother's heart; had his trunk brought back on shore. What a contrast to the willful youth of today.

A large cellar underlies the whole house and the ladies' association found the mansion in need of repair from cellar to garret. The story of the labor of the Association cannot be adequately told in this short sketch. Suffice it to say by dividing the work to each State vice-regent, to whom was allotted certain work of restoration, of a room, or hall, kitchen or other outhouse. There began under these vice-regents of the various states the gathering up, collecting and replacing the furniture of the various parts of the mansion and outbuildings as near as possible just as it was in the days of General Washington. And now are to be seen the very chairs, tables, lounges and other furniture and bric-a-brac in the rooms occupying the exact space as in his lifetime. When impossible to procure the original pieces, others have been made to represent them, but a card on these pieces prevents misapprehension on the part of visitors. You can well imagine the energy displayed by the States under the leadership of these vice-regents and oftentimes at very great expense and sometimes, as is perfectly right and legitimate, by great rivalry and emulation in procuring the various articles of original furniture. The work of recovery still progresses and in time it is hoped to completely restore each room and hallway, kitchen and other outbuildings to their original condition and home-like appearance as of the time of the great Washington.

To the vice-regent of North Carolina was assigned a room on the third floor—a bedroom for guests of this hospitable old mansion. The third story is lighted and aired by dormer windows, which gives a quaint old appearance; and all the rooms on this floor were fitted up as chambers for guests. In one of these rooms Martha Washington died. While examining the room I heard a lady remark, "No wonder she died there; she could not help it for lack of fresh air." She did

not know that the widow of George Washington—who, in reply to a letter of a relative censuring the folly of her husband in taking sides with the colonists, wrote as follows: "I foresee consequences—dark days, domestic happiness suspended, and eternal separation on earth possible. But my mind is made up, my heart is in the cause GEORGE IS RIGHT; HE IS ALWAYS RIGHT." (The capitals are mine). She was not aware of the fact that Martha (Dandridge Custis) Washington chose this very room because it was directly over the room in which her consort died and which she never afterwards occupied or permitted another to occupy—holding it sacred to him she so loved that she shared with him the hardships and sufferings at Valley Forge, and because from this room she could behold the spot that held his sacred ashes.

The North Carolina room contained a bedroom garniture, impressive in its simplicity. Washington was a masterful austere man—inspired in others devotion; hero-worship rather than affection. The room in which he died (Dec. 14, 1799), on the second floor is handsomely furnished and is in charge of the vice-regent of Virginia. Interesting because of its association as "Washington's room" and because of the many original pieces of furniture therein. Here is a chair he brought from his birth place home, his military trunk, large handsome mahogany shaving stand (present from the 1st French Ambassador). The large four-poster bed on which he died attracts much notice. The steps by which he ascended are exactly the counterpart of those to be seen at the Hermitage. The older folks remember these old time colonial bedssteads. They were cut down by sawing off a foot or more in the times of our grandfathers and I can remember when they were again cut down by my mother's order—this time cutting off 8 to 12 inches. Washington's bed with tester on broad canopy overhead, curtains suspended on the sides and ends and far down the posts in graceful curves nearly to the bedspread, a large, very large, Marsalles quilt falling down to the edge of the floor, occupying the exact spot in the room as in his lifetime, as do the many other articles too numerous to mention. Attached to and opening into this room are a dressing room and linen closet. On the same floor are to be found the "Green Room," the "River Room," "Nellie Custis Room," "Lafayette room" which he occupied when he visited Mount Vernon in 1824, and other guest chambers.

On the first or ground floor are the halls, parlors, family dining-room, banquet hall, Martha Washington's sitting room, library and Nellie Custis's music room. This last room was of special interest to the writer because he so dearly loves music—not simply likes—but loves music. In it is the harpsichord given Nellie Custis by her stepfather George Washington. On top of it lies Washington's flute made of rose wood and silver mounted—the quaintest, sweetest music in all the world, especially by moonlight on the water. I wonder if Washington made on the flute music as exquisite as did Frederic the Great, his great admirer, who pronounced the Delaware "the most brilliant achievements recorded in military annals." In the music room is also Washington's cittern, an instrument resembling a guitar; a cabinet containing many articles of interest. But the harpsichord was the chief attraction—a quaint old musical instrument, the shape of a piano, with keyboard. The vice-regent of Ohio has the care of this room.

Nellie Custis married Maj. Lawrence Lewis in 1798. "When the hour came" (so the legend runs) "the tall majestic figure of Washington, dressed in his bed-room uniform, clad in the old worn Continental buff and blue uniform with his grand military plume waving as he strode into the room, and at the appointed moment gave the pretty blushing creature with her wildrose cheeks and liquid eyes, into the keeping of his trusted nephew Lawrence."

Time and space forbids telling of West Parlor, with a large handsome rug. The gift of Louis XVI, woven to order, dark green ground with orange stars, the center being the seal of the United States and the border a floriated design with swans. The grand hall, the library, the sitting room, the dining room, where it is to be seen Washington's sideboard and there on his cutglass decanters, china-table and rugs, portraits of Revolutionary generals. Here is a portrait of Miss Cunningham, who originated the Mount Vernon Association. Deemed worthy to be placed beside these old heroes.

Then, there is the large banquet hall which Washington added to the mansion, being the whole breadth of the house in length and wide in proportion, the tall ceiling (2 stories high) richly ornamented by brass or mullioned windows. Among the notable articles in this room, I cannot refrain from mentioning an old silk British standard captured by Washington. On this standard a portrait is woven which required a

process so intricate and elaborate it cost \$15,000.

I must not tarry longer in the mansion, tho' there are many things of interest and beauty that I would like to mention. Let's walk out on the east or River Front porch, paved with flags brought from England and look down 124 feet and 10 inches to the water level measured exactly by Washington himself, and across a beautiful grass lawn through the trees and see the wharf house, conveniently arranged with seats, at the end of a short pier; and beyond the broad river miles wide sparkling and leaping in the sunlight. Born on the banks of the Great Pee Dee, water has an attraction, and across a fascination, irresistibly charming. Here would I linger, but other views must be seen. Passing through one of the halls back to the West Front, under the colonnades to the kitchen, with its huge fire place where is the buck oven and ponderous crane. It looks entirely familiar because of two 10-foot-wide fire places with the crane holding the large pot of steaming and appetizing food of my youth. Alas! their usefulness has departed forever, but memory likes to linger around them.

The smoke house near by the kitchen as it should be. The spinning room, the superintendent's house, the servant's quarters in the distance. To the north west side of the court a large and nicely kept flower garden with its rose buds, shrubby-narcissus, cockscomb, holly hawks etc., in beds bordered by the box grown to immense size, but kept trimmed. In the garden are shrubs and trees planted by the hands of Lafayette and other distinguished men as memorials of their visit to the great Helms, a young white man who had given her some attention. Her younger sister went first to the door on hearing someone call, and was followed by her sister who was killed almost instantly. Helms was arrested next day and after being placed in jail made the following confession:

"I went to the house of Mrs. Pryor about dark Monday evening and noticed a gun standing against the wall and picked it up. I thought that it was a single barrel and I unbreeched it and put the shell in my pocket. I knocked at the door and someone came towards it and went back and then another person came. I snatched the gun believing that it was unloaded and it went off. As soon as I fired I took the shell out and leaned the gun against the house and then ran. I was terribly frightened and ran as hard as I could go out through the cotton patch by the spring and on across the fields. I stayed out all night and went to Mr. Hilton's about 10 o'clock the next morning."

On returning to the boat landing about 100 yards from the mansion, we passed by the old coach house, where you can still see the famous Sea spring trading "ship," known as the "White Chariot," the upper portion being painted white—its tall dickey seat swaying over the horse's tail as it rolled up and down on the rough muddy roads of that time, on which sat Washington's famous carriage driver. So many of whom have died in the years not long passed as announced in the news papers of our day. Near the carriage house is the barn and stables made of brick brought from England, laid in mortar made strong with oyster shell lime. Here were kept coach and pleasure horses only belonging to the mansion proper. On down the driveway, bordered also by a nicely kept walk, we come to the tomb of Washington. Over the gate or entrance thereof is written, "Within this enclosure rest the remains of Gen. George Washington, extending back into the hillsides many feet."

In the rear of this vault in a separate apartment are said to rest the remains of about 40 members of the Washington family. They are not visible from the front; looking through the doorway with its double iron portals, are to be seen two marble sarcophagi cut out of a single block of marble with chiseled ornaments. The one on the right contains the body of Washington and the one on the left the body of his loved and lovely consort Martha Washington, both in mahogany coffins. These sarcophagi are sealed and intended never to be opened.

Four times a year these iron gates are unlocked and swung open by the authorities when wreathes and other offerings of flowers are placed within. On either side of the mausoleum within iron inclosures are the tombs of Judge Bushrod Washington, John Augustine Washington and other members of the family who have died since May 22nd 1802, the date of the death of Martha Washington.

To this hallowed most sacred spot in all America comes visitors from every land and clime. "I was glad when they said unto me let us go into the house of the Lord."—I was glad when they said unto me "Let us go to Mt. Vernon." After the Federal Constitution had been adopted and a President was to be elected, all eyes turned to Mount Vernon where resided the chief of men in peace and war.

The preparation of these notes and memoranda has been a work of love at the request of others. If they have afforded pleasure and entertainment with information I am amply repaid. W. A. SMITH, Ansonville, N. C.

## Change in Board of County Commissioners.

Last week Mr. J. A. Hardison, chairman of the board of county commissioners offered his resignation as a member of the board, the same to take place at once. His successor, Mr. T. F. Jones, was appointed by Clerk of Court T. C. Robinson.

Mr. Hardison has served the county for a number of years and his unselfish devotion to the best interest of the county has marked with peculiar interest the service he has rendered. His keen business judgment has been exercised on all occasions and he has always used the same care and business sagacity in administering the county affairs as he would have used had it been a private transaction. Few men go to the trouble to inform themselves of any measure, not directly concerning themselves, as did Mr. Hardison in looking after the interest of the county.

In the new commissioner, the county will have a conscientious young business man who has proven his ability to correctly deal with financial responsibilities. Mr. Jones is a son of Mr. Peter Jones of Gulleddge township. He came to Waadesboro about twelve years ago and began work as a clerk. Since that time he has steadily risen and as steadily gained the confidence of his associates in business and acquaintances in the town. He is now a member of the firm of Hardison Company.

## Strange Shooting of Young White Girl.

On Monday night of the 25th ult. Ella Pryor, an eighteen-year old girl who lived with her parents in Mecklenburg county, was called out of her home and shot by Amos Helms, a young white man who had given her some attention. Her younger sister went first to the door on hearing someone call, and was followed by her sister who was killed almost instantly. Helms was arrested next day and after being placed in jail made the following confession:

"I went to the house of Mrs. Pryor about dark Monday evening and noticed a gun standing against the wall and picked it up. I thought that it was a single barrel and I unbreeched it and put the shell in my pocket. I knocked at the door and someone came towards it and went back and then another person came. I snatched the gun believing that it was unloaded and it went off. As soon as I fired I took the shell out and leaned the gun against the house and then ran. I was terribly frightened and ran as hard as I could go out through the cotton patch by the spring and on across the fields. I stayed out all night and went to Mr. Hilton's about 10 o'clock the next morning."

## To Arnold Lindsey, Colored.

Out of no malice to Col. Bennett, I would subscribe a few lines to the memory of Arnold Lindsey, the negro who was mystified by earthly things but who could meet all the hosts of heaven undaunted. I think it could be said of Arnold that he was one far removed from the common herd. In company or alone, he talked with himself; he thought aloud. His introduction on meeting you was, "Honowell Mr. J. B. Lindsey of North Carolina, State aforesaid, county of Anson."

For many years his round of life consisted in coming to market at Lileville in company with his grandson, their simple conveyance being a rickety wagon drawn by an ox. By leaving home at an early hour he could get back the same day. He lived about 10 miles north of Lileville in a one-room cabin near the banks of the river.

With Arnold the time of the year to which all other events led was fall. Annually at this season of the year he made his pilgrimage to Maj. Smith's at Ansonville to pay his rent. Many times I have picked him up along the road and for several miles I would be compelled to listen to his numerous calculations of how he had arrived at Maj. Smith's part of the rent. Arnold in the course of his life did more than many have done, viz: Indelibly impress on the mind of one heart a sermon; "Christ on the sea of Galilee." He was sleeping, said Arnold when the frightened boatman aroused him with vehement admonition, "Wake up, sleeper, lest we all perish." Arnold's soul viewed the most distant vision when his Master said "peace be still."

May the waters of the Jordan sing Arnold's requiem forever. Lileville, N. C.

You know as well as any one when you need something to regulate your system. If your bowels are sluggish, your food distresses you, your kidneys pain, take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. It always relieves. 25c. Tea or Tablets. Martin Drug Co.

Molly—Do you expect to have much fun at the Christmas masquerade? Dolly—How can I help having it? My hat will be trimmed with mistletoe.

It will be unnecessary for you to go through a painful, expensive operation for Piles if you use Manzan. Put up in collapsible tube with nozzle, ready to apply to the soreness and inflammation. For any form of piles, 50c. guaranteed. Sold by Martin Drug Co.

## .. Forced to Move Out ..

ABOUT January next I shall move my entire stock of furniture into the storerooms recently vacated by the Blalock Hardware Co. To my many friends and customer who have lavished their extensive patronage on me during the past year and thus making it so necessary for me to seek larger quarters, I am exceedingly grateful. My business has much more than doubled during the year and if small profits on a good grade of furniture has been the cause, why I mean to make yet a greater increase during the year 1908.

Now I want to go into my new place with an entirely new stock, and to do this, I shall be compelled to sell a great stock of furniture and it during the next month. You'll never find a better opportunity to furnish your home or to buy a few pieces of fine furniture and thus set yourself up a little for the holidays. Come on and see me and be assured that I am truly grateful for the business you have given me. I feel like everybody has been trading with me during the past year.

PHONE H. H. COX 145

MOTTO: Small Profits Make Quick Sales.

## Jennie Sheffield's Secret.

(Original.)

When Jennie Sheffield returned from the normal school, she was observed to be very despondent. Something was preying on her mind, but the closest cross examination of her father failed to bring out what was troubling her. She went about as one in a dream. Nothing interested her. She might have been courted by young people of her own set, for she was pretty, intelligent and generally attractive, but she declined to have anything to do with any of them.

Under advice of a physician Mr. Sheffield made preparations to give Jennie a change of scene. He determined to take his family abroad, to be gone two years. From the moment the trip was announced Jennie's despondency increased. She declared that she would not go. A family council, the doctor included, was held, and it was decided to treat her as an invalid, even as a demented person, and to force her to the proposed sojourn in foreign lands, with the expectation that change of scene would soon do away with her aversion to being away from home and result in her ultimate recovery.

Passage had been secured and all was ready for the departure when suddenly Jennie disappeared. It was supposed that in order to escape a tour which for some mysterious reason she dreaded she had gone away to some relative or friend. All possible refugees were looked into, but the girl was not to be found. Then it was feared that her trouble was insanity and that she had committed suicide.

At this point a clew to her strange depression was unearthed by correspondence with her former schoolmates. Her roommate revealed the fact that she had been in correspondence with Henry Emerson, who during Jennie's last year at school had been a member of the senior class at a neighboring college. But, if there was a case of unrequited love, why she would not give it as a reason for her despondency no one could understand. That she was a very sensitive girl and extremely conscientious her parents were aware, but sensitiveness would not account for her morbid condition, especially for her disappearance.

Emerson was investigated. He admitted his acquaintance with and love for Jennie Sheffield, but nothing more. Nevertheless he seemed very much troubled. While he was being pressed for information he, too, suddenly disappeared. Then Jennie's parents assumed, with good reason, that he was the cause of her trouble, her strange acts and especially her disappearance. The very day Emerson was missed a man fishing in a lake not far from where the Sheffield family lived caught his hook in a cloth garment and pulled

up a woman's body. Mr. Sheffield soon heard of the find and went immediately to see it, dreading lest it might be his daughter. When he arrived he found the features swollen beyond recognition. The height, color of hair and the teeth corresponded with those of Jennie. He took a piece of the dress home, and Mrs. Sheffield identified it as one Jennie had worn, though not for a long time. This was conclusive. Jennie was dead. Had she committed suicide or had Emerson murdered her?

The search for Emerson was pushed vigorously, but he had continued to hide himself where he could not be found. Now that the evidence was so strong against him there was no trouble in accumulating proof that his character was very bad. People who only shook their heads before the discovery of the body now volunteered to come forward in case the criminal was arrested and tried to testify against him. Nevertheless the police failed to elicit any information bearing on the case directly, except the evidence of a love affair given by Jennie's roommate. The funeral was announced for 3 o'clock in the afternoon. At 10 the postman's whistle sounded, and Mr. Sheffield went to the door himself to receive the mail. Letters of condolence were coming in, and his wife insisted on reading them, only to make her more frantic with grief. There was but one letter handed in, and as Mr. Sheffield received it he started. It was addressed to him in his daughter's handwriting. For a moment he looked at it, then tore off the envelope and read, "Dearest father and mother, in an instant his eyes went down to the signature, 'Your loving daughter, Jennie.'"

Not daring to take the letter to his wife till he had read it, he did so hurriedly. I have been very silly and may have worried you some by going away. I will now confess. While at the normal school I met Henry Emerson. He made love to me, and I refused him. Then when I went home I was sorry and acted like a ninny. You proposed to take me abroad, and I admitted to him in his daughter's handwriting that I was sorry. Of course I couldn't tell you this for I didn't know that he would, and if he didn't it would have been very mortifying, you know. So I went to M. and boarded with a farmer's family. I wrote Henry that I'd run away from you to escape going abroad. He came right up and told me all the terrible things for which you were responsible. The most important thing I have to tell you is that he has asked me to marry him. If he hadn't been so silly, all this wouldn't have happened. We're married and will be home tomorrow evening not long after you get this. Can't you have a little wedding supper for us?

The couple when they arrived were much surprised at the situation. There was a wedding supper instead of a funeral, though the neighbors declared that the bride should have been whipped instead of feasted. Jennie explained that she had given the dress in which the body was found to a poor girl. This was later instrumental in identifying the body.

HARRIET B. LEE.

**The First National Bank**  
Capital Stock \$50,000. Surplus Fund \$60,000

**PLACE YOUR MONEY IN SAFE HANDS**

WHERE you know that it is absolutely safe from burglars, fire, or financial disasters. Here you can feel that your money is with a permanent institution and that it is being taken excellent care of all the time. There is no better way to keep money than on deposit in a safe bank.

**IN JUDGING A BANK**

Always remember that it is Capital Stock and Surplus Funds that give security to the depositor. They form a fund which stands between him and all possible shrinkage in the securities held by the bank.

Call in and talk it over with us. Small accounts cordially welcomed.

**THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK**  
WADESBORO, NORTH CAROLINA