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of Lewis Harding, fading the gentlemanly.

"What do you think?" he exclaimed, excitedly.

"I don't know. What has happened?" returned Harding.

"Why, they are getting ready to have a confab in the wood."

"Ah! How did you find it out?"

"I was there."

"Harding turned pale."

"What do you don't mean?"

"Without their knowledge," explained Mr. Morton. "I stood behind a large tree and heard them—will you believe it?—plan a deliberate elopement. Oh, the audacity of—"

"An elopement! When?"

"This very evening!"

"What! And did you—"

"I felt like rushing forth and striking him; but a better plan occurred to me. Let the elopement go on, but you be the party instead of Jordan. (Here Mr. Morton minutely detailed the plan of the lovers as he overheard it.) Now you go to the appointed place in the edge of the wood, and there conceal yourself. Go a little ahead of time. Then he will come at the proper time, and give the signal. It will take her about two minutes to reach the place, for she will move slowly, in order to make no noise. Meantime, there shall be another person in the lawn—whom I shall bribe for the purpose—who will step out just before Clara, and have time to get out of the house; and he, thinking it is my daughter, will hasten away with her. Soon after, Clara will come down and join you, thinking that you are Jordan. Then take her to where you have a buggy waiting, and drive to the church, which you can do to-day arrange to have open and lighted up. She will not discover her mistake till she is standing before the altar at your side. I will be there, and I believe she will marry you without a word."

"Capital! capital! my dear father-in-law—for I think I may now safely call you so. What a rare, shrewd father-in-law it is!" said Harding, approvingly.

Mr. Morton placed his index finger by the side his nose and looked very knowing, after which he bade the intended son-in-law a splendid afternoon and left. On reaching home he asked where Clara was.

"Out riding yet?" replied the servant, Mary Malone.

"Well, Mary," said he, "I want you to do me a great favor, and if you succeed I will make you a present of a twenty-dollar bill."

He then confided to her that he had overheard Clara and Will planning an elopement, and gave the details, revealing his plan for check-mating them, and informing her of the part he wished her to play.

"Very well, sir, I'll do it," said Mary.

"Thank you, and you shall have your money to-morrow."

Mary went about her work, muttering to herself:

"Twenty dollars! Pooh! I wouldn't betray Clara for twenty hundred. I'll tell her every word you hard-hearted old sinner if I lose my place for it!"

Ten minutes later, Clara returned, and Mary promptly told her the whole story.

"Oh, dear! that will defeat us for the present," said Clara.

"No; it will only assist you," responded Mary.

"How?"

"I will tell you."

And Mary lowered her voice, lest the very walls should hear, and told her what her plan was.

"Oh, Mary, you dear girl!" Clara exclaimed. "You'll lose your place here by it, but you shall have a better one."

Mary's plan—whatever it was—seemed to please Clara, and as the afternoon wore away, five persons waited anxiously for eight o'clock.

The shadows of night were gathering when a male figure crept along the edge of the wood

and crept among some bushes opposite the rear of Mr. Morton's house, muttering:

"She's getting ready. She has just been married to Mr. Jordan."

The recently sly old man had taken a step toward Clara, as though he would have dragged her to the altar; but he soon paused, secretly knowing what to do or say next. He undoubtedly felt like hurling forth imprecations; but remembering where he was, he summoned his reason, and better nature to his aid, and said:

"Sold!"

"Sold!" repeated Harding, with an accent of despair.

"Sold!" echoed Mary Malone, indignantly.

"Sold!" reiterated Will Jordan and his bride.

"Sold!" sang through the holy edifice, accompanied by a loud and merry laugh; and even the minister, before he knew it, found himself smiling, and muttering the word "sold!"

Old Jacob Morton, though obstinate and self-willed, was not a vindictive man, and realizing that what was done could not be undone, and that it could do no good to rave and howl, he walked over to Will and Clara, and shook hands with them, saying:

"Yes—sold! Now I'll freely forgive both of you, and all concerned—here he glanced at Mary Malone—"if you will tell me how it was done."

"I'll tell you, then," said Clara, "for I know you will keep your word. Mary divulged to me what you and Mr. Harding had put up on Will and me, and suggested a plan to baffles you. Instead of going out into the lawn to personate me and deceive Will, she remained in my room, while I went forth and personated her to deceive you. I therefore joined Will as soon as I heard the whip-poor-will, and we left. Mary then came down and stopped with Mr. Harding."

"Such perjury! I—well, I promised to forgive all, and I'll do it!"

"Well, I wouldn't, if I were you!" said Lewis Harding; and pale with anger and disappointment he strode from the church. "It's an outrage!"

"See him for breach of promise!" were the words that followed him as he went out into the dreary night.

It was Mary Malone who spoke them.

MATRIMONY FROM TWO POINTS.

"Marriage is, in this age of progression, the greatest institution of skillful diplomacy and intrigue in existence. It is a chain of circumstantial cases, and its first link is forged in the cradle. Girls are born, reared and educated to be married. They are trained like racers; they are posted, either verbally or by example, in all the cunning intricacies of manner and speech; they are rouged and frizzed, and bejeweled, and they early strike a war-path, clad in an armor more impenetrable than steel, and provided with weapons more terrific than sword or musketry."

"What's a fellow to do?" "Marry!" say you. By Jove! where's the courage? To marry a lady in comfortable circumstances, a man has got to have little short of a fortune. No; there's nothing to do but marry your washwoman's daughter, or remain single. I'll remain single, and I advise you, Leonard, to do the same. I accept your invitation, and will drop in and see you in the course of a month."

Ross Ellsley.

Lillian Parke was not in the habit of reading her brother's letters, but this last one upon his desisting single, and was altogether such an odd-looking affair that she could not resist the temptation of reading that portion above repeated.

When she had done so, she threw it back with a contemptuous laugh, and rattled her feather-duster among the cologues bottles with great vigor.

"He is a fool, whatever else he may be. I hope Leonard will not be influenced by Kittie's account. The ideal of a husband to marry. Well, in my estimation, such a man is not worth having. I'll tell Kittie, and will fix him."

Lillian Parke was a very pretty girl—not strictly handsome, might you—but healthful, and bright, and sensible, which are the best possessions a girl can call her own.

On this particular morning she had a white towel pinned over her curly head, and wore a big brown Holland wrapper which enveloped her from neck to foot. She had the feather duster before mentioned in her hand, and she had a 'set' look about her face, which any housekeeper would readily understand to mean that she was 'putting things to rights.'

"Yes, well! fix him, the horrible old fogey! I don't imagine he knows a half dozen girls," she went on. "Such men need a downright good lesson. Chaff of circumstances, indeed! He knows all about it, of course."

Under these auspices, Ross Ellsley came to visit his friend, Leonard Parke, and found him the possessor of a beautiful home, where elegance, order and happiness were delightfully blended.

The family consisted of Leonard, his invalid mother and sister Lillian, and Ellsley promised his fastidious self a visit of no ordinary worth and pleasure.

It so happened—and it usually does so happen, for the especial benefit of story-tellers—that Ross Ellsley was an unusually handsome man, and a smart, decided, positive man, who was like that class of individuals, bound to make his way in the world, and make himself understood.

So Lillian, in spite of her common sense, was just the least bit 'put about,' and conquered.

Nat'wolly conquered, mind you—oh, no! It takes a great deal to conquer such women, and she was only embarrassed, and once in awhile off her guard; and when Kittie Keveney, who was Leonard's fiancée, came over for a chat, she forgot all about the proposed 'fixing' that she had stored for her brother's guest, and instead merely said that Mr. Ellsley was a very agreeable man, and advised Kittie to like him for Leonard's sake.

"You are going to marry Miss Keveney, are you?" Ross asked Leonard, one night, in Lillian's hearing.

"Yes. Don't you think me wise?"

"She is very pretty; but, Leonard, these girls frighten me. They are such anglers. One half the girls of my acquaintance are marrying for money or position, and the other half are on the look-out for chances to do the same."

"Girls are not all alike. Ross. No one could accuse Kittie of mercenary motives. She has more money than I have."

Ross made no reply to this; but when Lillian made her appearance, he was very gallant, and partially redeemed himself before they parted for the night.

But Lillian was to all appearances unmoved. She flitted the feather duster, she gave audible directions about the dinner, and talked with Leonard concerning the state of his socks and buttons with the most perfect indifference. She even served a tation on Ross' coat, and when he thanked her, simply said, "You are very welcome," without any pretense of yielding her eyes, or trying to look charming, and at the end of a fortnight Ross

nestled lovingly on his shoulder. The feather duster had fallen from her hands, and lay quite uselessly on the hall mat.

A year ago, Leonard received a letter, a portion of which read:

"Marriage my dear boy, is the perfection of existence. A single man I don't live. He merely breathes and moves. He is a plan without a principle—something without a system."

"When I meet you, I say, 'May God let a little widow shine upon his darkened mind, that he may go and get married at once.' Lillian and I are as happy as mortals can expect to be this side of Paradise."

A Squirrel's Leap

Recently a little red squirrel, having been posted considerably by the late, above the saw-mill of Eben Wehner & Co., on Marsh Point, Orange, took refuge for life by running on the large brick chimney near the mill. By clinging to the cornice he kept foothold so well that he succeeded in reaching the very top. Here he found himself upon the iron cap 105 feet from the ground. As more and more of the waste stuff from the mill was added to the furnace the chimney became hotter and hotter and his situation became more and more disagreeable. He tried to descend upon the side of the chimney, but after getting down a few feet gave it up, turned about, and went back. By this time the chimney top had become so hot that he must leave it, so after looking about carefully he evidently made up his mind that he must leap to save his life, and this he did spreading out his legs and balancing himself so that he struck the ground fifty feet from the base uninjured, and immediately snatched up a pile of boards a little distance away.

Milo Byington, of Elgin, Ill., dreamed a few nights ago the barn of his brother-in-law, George S. Bowen, was in flames, and so impressed was he by the vision, that, having partially dressed himself, he seized his trousers and repaired to the barn. Hearing persons inside, he accosted himself to watch operations when shortly two men came out and passed around to the South end of the building. Mr. B. followed, and heard one remark, "Now, you go in and get the horse, and I'll fire the thing." No, I guess you will not," said Mr. B. when he was immediately fired upon. The fire was instantly returned with interest when the fellows took to their heels, one of them saying, "that he was hit. Both escaped, and afterwards a ball of rags, saturated with kerosene, was found at the end of the barn, together with matches. On the night previous several buildings were burned, resulting in damages of several thousand dollars worth of property, and doubtless the work of incendiaries.

Recent accounts from Turkey represent that severe punishments continue to be inflicted on those who renounce the Mohammedan faith and embrace Christianity. Formerly such converts were chiefly put to death; but the combined protests of Christian powers effected an amelioration in this respect. But imprisonment and stripes are still inflicted, and the victims are subjected to scoffs and revellings.

Glorious tales in the religious liberty of our own free country, and how strikingly it contrasts with this condition of things in Turkey.

A man in Southwest Missouri has discovered a new kind of wood, which he has named "iron wood." It is a species of gum, and is very hard, and is said to be the best material for making machinery.