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Youth of bright eye and smooth white brow So happy and exultant now, Viewing the brilliant sky above, Thy bosom full of fath and love— Love on, hope on, but still reflect, The stanchest ship is sometimes wreck'd. The stanchest ship is sometimes wreck'd. Clouds will obscure the brightest sky, Francies most priz'd, take wing and fly—Weep not the past, for that is dead—And for the future have no dread, But look ahead

Man of mature years, full of care, With threads of silver in thy hair, Fretting thyself o'er chances lost, Thy life-bark sadly tempest-tost— Deem not that you have liv'd in vain, The chances lost may come again. Up! up! and work! be not east down nber clouds that on thee frown May, ere another day has fled, Disperse, and sunshine banish dread-So look ahead!

Decrepit pilgrim, nearly home, Fear not the change that soon must come All living walk toward the grave— God only takes the life He gave. Let thy thoughts dwell on things above And rest content, for 'God is Love;' Then youth, strong man, or pilgrim gray Remember, while ye toil to-day, The earth at last must be thy bed, Strive not fordross—'tis best instead To look ahead.

Written expressly for the HERALD.

### CRIMSON HEART

WHICH SHALL TRIUMPH,

INNOCENCE OR GUILT.

BY SITE J. JESSAMINE DICKSON. OF NORTH CAROLINA,

AUTHOR OF "THE DIAMOND BRACELET," SECRET CAVES," ETC.

### CHAPTER I

RICHARD MELVILLE'S DEATH

"Leaves have their time to fall, And flowers to wither at the north winds breath, And stars to fade; but all— Thou bast all seasons for thine own

"Oh papa! papa! you can not, you shall not, you must not die, and leave your poor, little Inez all, all alone in this great unfeeling world, for papa, I can not live without your protecting love, and if you die and leave me, my heart will surely break!" And Inez Melville, the speaker, a fair younggirl, numbering perhaps fifteen summers, burst into a stormy flood of tears, and sank upon her knees, by the side of a couch, on which was extended the form of an elderly man, over whose once handsome features, the ghastly shadow of death, was fast beginning to creep. The dying man moved uneasily, and lifting his white emaciated hand, he laid it tenderly on the bowed head of the weeping girl, and in a voice tremulous with suppressed

emotion, he whispered: "Inez, my poor child look up! God alone knows how deeply it grieves me to leave you, but I may not, can not linger much longer for the Divine Summons has come and I must obey—yes, I must go out into the mighty land of mysteries, and there Inez I will meet your mother--my beautiful Spanish bride, my first and only love !" As the dying man spoke, a beau-tiful light beamed from his sunken eyes, and rested like a heavenly halo of light upon his pallid features. The girl hushed her sobs, and raising her bowed nead, she gazed long, and earnestly into the tender, loving eyes of the only parent whom she had ever

known. As she kneels there, in the hushed room of death, let us pause for a moment, and gaze around us. The room is a large airy apartment, filled up with the costliest furniture, and every thing in it, betokens taste, and upon whose inanimate body lay refinement. A large bay win-dow is open, through which comes like trance. It was only a mo-by any possibility have dropped it, but to the gentle Spring breeze, playing ment she stood there gazing up- no purpose.

change and shade that passes the snowy sheets before her.

"Yes Inez, my darling, I go to meet your mother, and together, we will watch over our pure child. and our emancipated spirits will

think my heart is breaking," replied the girl now weeping afresh. 'And what will I do without you, for I will be homeless, friendless other person had entered the and penniless, since uncle Edward claims all we have?"

"My sweet child, my own Inez, God knows I would stay with you, in his haughty black eyes. It but it is impossible, for mortals can | was but a moment he gazed, then not resist the relentless hand of turning aside, he touched the old death; but darling you will not be woman's arm, saying in a cold homeless, for I have written to unfeeling tone: your uncle Edward to come for you when I am gone. I know not think it is in him to refuse swift glance into the face before his brother's child a home."

"And even if he does not re- tone: fuse it papa, I can never go to haughty cousins, and be depenrather will I work for my daily bread from house, to house," cried the girl with something like a gleam of hre flashing in her eyes; and lighting up her proud,

"That cannot be, my child, but remember though your unflinchingly for one moment, earthly parents are gone there is and then without even so much trust Him aright, but now daughter sing my favorite song, for I would hear your sweet voice once more, ere the sense of hearing is stilled in death."

The girl again bowed her head upon the couch of death, and by a mighty effort controlled the contending emotions of her bleeding heart, and sang in a quivering voice:

Afar beyond the vaulted sky,
There is a world of rest, and love;
And when shall close my mortal eye,
I'll seek that joyful clime above.

And there I'll live forever blest, And meet the loy'd ones who hav

gone,
I'll lean me on my Saviour's breast;
And joyful raise my endless song.

There, where the cooling waters flow. And there, where comes no veil of There where the bright flowers glow,
I'll live for 'aye in sweet delight.

Oh now my weary longing soul
Pants to reach her radiant home;
And pass within those gates of gold,
Oh Jesus, Saviour, quickly come!

Like a wail of death, the song died away, the girl raised her head, and gazed into the still. white face before her, just as a radiant light broke over his features, and stretching out his arms, he exclaimed;

"Have you come for me Inez. my bride? Then let us go, let us haste away." And sinking back amid his pillows, the pallor of death overspread his face—his eves closed, and Richard Melville slept the sleep that knows no waking. As he sank back upon the couch, the girl gave a piercing shrick, and springing toward him, she sank upon his lifeless body a senseless heap. Scarce had she sank there like a broken lilly, when the sound of footsteps were heard, and the next moment the heavy door swung softly open, giving admittance to the form of an elderly woman, whose time frosted locks were pushed neatly back beneath the border of a door-way, and gazed for a mo-ment on the scene before her, the pale white face of the dead man

athwart the pallid brow of the on that deathly scene, then claspdying man, and stirring the dark ing her withered hands, she extresses of the girl, who kneels by claimed, while tears ran down the couch, watching each varying her wrinkled cheeks:

"Oh God in Heaven help us, over his face, her lithe form now, for poor master Richard has died and then quivering with inward all alone here, with no one by emotions, while her sweet young him but his child! Oh why face, which is only a refined, didn't Miss Inez tell me, for I and delicate reflection of his own, never thought he was so badever, and anon blanches white as never dreamed it. Ah Miss Inez, poor innocent lamb, what will you do now without master Richard?" And advancing to the couch, she lifted the inanimate form of the girl, from the hover around you by day and by night."

"Oh papa, dear papa, don't, what will you do?" And laying don't speak of death again, for I her upon the sofa, she bent over her, and began bathing her temples, and sprinkling water over her face, all unconscious that anroom, and stood regarding the in-animate form on the couch with a hard cruel expression beaming

"My brother I see is dead. With an exclamation of surprise his heart is hardened, yet I do she started up, and casting one her she answered in a hard dry

"Yes Edward Melville, your uncle Edward's home, among my brother is dead-died a few moments ago, with no being by him, dant upon their generosity. No save his child, and she poor, innocent baby, I think her heart is broken."

"Bah! nothing of the kind, she will get over it in less than a week I'll wager, half of it assum-ed no doubt." He went on in cold young face. "But oh papa, if I ed no doubt." He went on in cold could only go with you through measured tones: "for these Spanthe 'dark yalley, and shadow of lards know well how to play their tricks, to enlist sympathy.'

The old woman gazed at him One mightier than all-One, who as deigning him an answer, she will never forsake you if you stooped, and lifting the girl in her arms passed out of the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### THE MISSING LET-TER.

Here, Barney, take this letter to Miss Laura Carter. Mind and give it yourself into her own hand.' It was Fred Harlowe who said this, s

fine young fellow, with curly brown hair, and soft, dark eyes, that had the same chestnut glint in them. Barney took the dainty missive, thrust-

ing it into the pocket of his jacket.
That I will, Mr. Fred. Will I wait for an answer, sir?'

'I will go for the answer myself,' thought Fred, as he watched Barney's retreating form; a pleased smile playing around his mouth, followed by an anxious look in the eye, for hope and fear were pretty equally balanced in his breast. Barney was passing out of the gate, when

a sudden thought struck him.

Pretty Katy Moony was seamstress at Mr. Carter's, whose good graces he was anxious to obtain. So, turning back, he went to his snug little room, over the stables, and taking off his soiled and torn jackets, put on his 'Surday best,' casting a complacent glance, as he buttoned it over the brawny chest, at the cracked glass that hung over the mantel, and which revealed a frank, honest face, whose prevailing expression was that of careless, rollicking good-nature.

Barney had nearly mached his destina tion, his thoughts more on Katy's bright eyes than his errand, when suddenly putting his hand in his pocket, he found the letter

It had been left behind in his every-day

nothing to be done but to turn back. Barney had gone only about half the distance, when he met Mr. Fred, on his way to town, who hailed him with:

'Hello! Barney, you've been quick. Did you give the letter into Miss Laura's own

'Yes, sir; av coorse, sir,' said Barney not daring to confess the truth, and quietsnowy cap. She paused in the ing his conscience with the thought that he would do so, with the least possible delay. He was not long in reaching his room. But, to his surprise and consternation, on searching his jacket, no letter was to be

What was to be done now?

Nothing but to make a full confession of his carelessness, which the falsehood he had told made still harder for him to do. But there was no other alternative; he well knew that it would be found out in time, and that Mr. Fred would be much less angry with him if he had the story

from his own lips. But he had no opportunity that day, Mr. Fred came home, but in a great hurry, and apparent flustration, going away almost lumediately.

It was not until the next day that Barney or any of the other servants, knew that their young master had set sail for Europe. Sure, Miss Katy, and it's a nate hand ye

are with a needle. Take pity on a poor, lone man, and mend this old jacket?" 'Old, indeed! sniffed Katy, with a disdainful toss of the head; 'It would be a

dale easier making ye a new one.' 'But what is this betwixt the linin'? The saints preserve us, but it's a letter!" Barney to his feet, as he caught a glimpse of the soiled and wrinkled envelope that

Katty pulled out from a rent in the lining of his jacket. By the powers! if it ain't the one that Mr. Fred give me for Miss Laura, and which disappeared all of a suddent. It was just before he went away to furrin parts. I was in a terrible takin when I missed it,

to this.' 'An' ye don't mane to say that ye never let on ye lost it?"

but I've never thought of it from that day

'How could I, Katy, dear? Sure, an didn't Mr. Fred lave the very nixt morn-'Ob, hear 'the stupid, careless, good-fornothing fellow talk! And wasn't that what

made him go? An' isn't poor Miss Laura a-grievin' of herself as white and thin as a ghost? an' all for the want o' the letter that you've been carryin' about inside your ture. jacket, six weeks or more? I've no pa-What are ye goln' to do, Katy?' inquired

Barney, in alarm, as the indignant girl, seizing the letter, turned towards the 'I'm goin' to try to undo what you're

done, Mr. Barney. Miss Laura shall have her letter, though no thanks to you for the Katy found her young lady in her room.

and in her haste and eagerness, scarcely waited to give the usual tap before enter Young Mr. Harlowe's abrupt departure had been a sad mystery to poor Laura Carter until she read the letter that Katy

laid on her knee, and listened to the story of its long delay, and how it came into her In spite of the angry tone she had taken with Barney, Katy had a soft place in her heart for the thoughtless, good-hearted fellow, who was overwhelmed with sorrow at

tured a few words of excuse for him. But Laura scarcely heard or heeded her so fast did her heart beat with joy at this happy solution of the mystery that had caused her so many sorrowful days and

the result of his carelessness. So she ven-

sleepless nights. And so a letter went across the Atlantic, in answer to the one that was so long in reaching its destination, bearing to the sad exile the words that he had so often yearn-

ed, but never hoped to hear, It is hardly necessary to state that Fred's return was as sudden and abrupt as his departure, or to speak of the merry wed-

ding that followed. The young couple were too happy to cherish hard feelings towards poor Barney whose contrition was so sincere. In spit of the sorrow he had caused them, whe he married Katy, a few months later, Mr. Fred gave him the position of head gardener on his estate, installing the two in a neat pretty cottage. Which was, as Katy often had occasion to tell him: 'Much better than he deserved.'

# Reading for Little Folks

ROLLO AND SILAS:

THE TWO CARTS.

'Father,' said Rollo Wharton, 'I wish had a dollar."

'What for, my son?' said Mr. Wharton, looking good humoredly up from his work. For he was a harness-maker, and was working on strips of glossy-brown leather, with sharp little awls, and long, curiously-

Rollo had been sitting on the door-ste for a long time perfectly quiet and silent, with his chin in his hands, and Mr Wharton was beginning to wonder what kept the little fellow still so long.

Td buy a cart with it,' said Rol-'A cart? What sort of a cart?' asked his

Silas Wyman has just got one, Rollo, eagerly. 'A real beauty, father, painted blue, with a great, yellow apread eagle on the front. And the wheels are

But what is this wonderful cart for?" | can't take the road with you, that is asked Mr. Wharton, with an awl between plain.

There's to be a school picule on Thurs day in the Big Hollow, you know, fath-

'Well, I ought to know,' said Mr. Wharton, laughing, for you have told me of it

often enough, my boy.' 'Yes,' went on Rollo, 'and we're each to bring something to eat. And Silas' mamma has given him a pound-cake, all covered with white frosting, and tout and come one of the wheels of his fine new cart, apain,' in red sugar letters on the top, and a bowl of apple jelly, and a pine-apple, and a currant tart, and he's going to pack 'em all in the cart, and draw 'em there. And I shall have to carry mine in a no-handled

'What are you to take?" asked Mr. Wharton, still busily stitching away at the strips of leather.

'A dozen fried crullers, and half a dozen lemons, and a jug of coffee, said Do you think it will hurt you to carry

those few articles, my boy?"

'N-no, sir,' admitted Rollo. 'But Silas has got a cart and I haven't. 'Yes,' said Mr. Wharton, 'and Silas' father is a very rich man, with more money to spend than he knows what to do with, and yours has to work hard to put bread in his children's mouths and clothes on their

backs! Rollo was silent for a little while, but at length he said: For all that, I can't help wishing I had a

Then you have got less common sense than I gave you credit for having,' said his father. 'And now it is time for you to go and drive home the cows from pas-

Rollo obeyed his father's commands, one foot dragging after another, and bis ayes fixed moodily on the ground. Evidently his heart was not in his work.

school, his father called him out into the barn. Look there, my son ! said he pointing to

one corner. 'Oh?' cried Rollo, with a little exclamat of surprise, 'it's a cart!'

A cart it was, manufactured starch box set on four wheels, with a neatly turned handle-a real cart, strong and servicible, and capable of holding a good solib

burden. 'Oh, father!' cried Rollo, breathless with delight, where did you get

I made it myself,' said Mr. Wharton, smiling, after you had gone to bed last night. It is not particularly ornamental but I think it will serve your purpose. And you can paint it after you have used it for the picnic, whatever color you please. I will get some paint, and borrow a couple of brushes, and we'll do it together, some

Saturday afternoon.

Show your gratitude, then, by being good, obedient bey,' said Mr. Wharton, and then he went back to his work. leaving Rollo to admire the homemade cart

at his leasure. How rich Rollo Wharton felt on the morning of the picnic, as he trudged along the road, with a newly ironed linen suit, the work of his mother's hands, a peat straw hat, with a new brown ribbon bliding, and the cart well packed with his contributions to the picnic! And when he came to Silas Wyman's big iron gate, he stopped.

'Are you ready Silas?' said he. 'Yes,' cried out a voice. Wall'a minute Rollo! Here I come! Out of the way! Who-o-o-p !"

And down the carriage drive he galloped, his cart load rattling behind T've got a cart, too l' said Rollo, whith

much pride. 'Ho!' cried Silas, stopping short and stairing ip an insulting manner, at Rollo's equipage. What do you call that thing? 'Best family starch! Ha! ha!

'It's a cart,' said Rollo, sturdily. And its a nice one, too. Father made

I should think the village blacksmith had knocked it together out of a lot of damaged barrels, said Silas. You're never going to take that thing to the pic-

'Yes I am, though I' said Rollo 'And you are a rude disagreeable

'Then I want go with you,' said Silas

'Just as you please,' said Rollo, who was too proud to show how much he was mor-tified by Silas Woman's unkind and lilbred remarks. You can either go first, or you can follow behind. Any how,

'I'll go first,' said Slias.

'Very well said Rollo. So Silas went loftly ahead, and Rolle walked behind in allence, until they co to the spot where they left the road, and passed through a pair of bars into a meadow, and down a steep side-hill path to the pretty grove by the river side, which was

called the Big Hollow. This was quite a different thin from the smooth and even road-and as Silas strutted along with his nose in the air, bowl of apple jelly flew all over the gr and the current tart turned up-ade on a sandy ant-hill, much to the aste ment of the colony of little black ants, who all awarmed out to see what the strange cu-

riosity was, 'Oh, dear I' cried Silas, busting tears. 'My cart is broken and my picnic dinner is spoiled!'
Rollo hurried up to the acens of the dis

aster. He was too generous to exalt over the downfall of the gay, painted cart, which was evidently made to sell and not to 'It's too bad, Silas!' said he. 'I

guess it couldn't have been very sto though. It's a regular bumbug! lamen ted Silas. 'And now, what am I going to

'Look here, I'll tell you,' said Rollo, couragingly. 'The tart and the apple jelly are gone, but the cake isn't spoiled, only little flattenened, and the pine-apple is all right. I'll just pack 'em in with my things -there's lots of room-and we'll draw it

together.' But suppose your wagon breaks?

Bollo laughed outlond. 'My wagon isn't that sort of merchandise,' said he. 'Pil risk it's breaking." The next morning, before he went to

He was right. The cart that Stat Wy-

man had so despised was proof against all the jolts and bumps between the high road and Big Hollow, and they reached the picnic ground in perfect safety. 'I declare, Rollo,' said Silas, 'your Family Starch' is a regular trump, and I'll come

me. And, maybe, your father'll show me how to make one like it. How proud Rollo felt that evening when he came home and told his father the story of Silas Wyman's downfall.

Rollo, I might have done, but I thought it wouldn't be manly. 'That was right, my boy,' said Mr. Wharton. Neverexault over a vaneuished

'But I didn't laugh at him, father,' said

Some of the company at tea with a Danbury family spoke of the excellence of the honey, whereupon the head of the house who stands in reputed dread of his wife, 'Ob, father, how good you are,' said Rollo. feelingly said, 'Honey is the most delicion 'Oh, I'm so much obliged to you, you can't of all delicacies. It is the nectar of beautiful flowers, sipped from brilliant petals by the never-tiring tee, and moulded into a glory that would tempt the god of—' Epist raim!' enunciated his wife with stern as lemnity, have you been drinking again



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