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[FOR THE HERALD.]  
**FORGET THE PAST.**

Forget the past! Let memory die;  
No vestige leave to bring a thought  
Of pleasures dead, of hopes, of joys,  
Of aught, in vain, the heart hath sought.

Forget the past! The voice of love,  
"Eyes of deep gentleness" and fair,  
Soft looks that thrill the inmost soul,  
A sharp and rankling thorn they bear.

Forget the past! The friends, the foes,  
The loved ones—many such there be,  
Who, loved and sought in days of yore,  
Live now in "better memory."

Forget the past! Pause not again  
To count the records of delight;  
The restless day-dreams now we are o'er,  
The haggard phantoms take their flight.

Forget the past! Pour from the fount  
A deep draught of forgetfulness,  
Fill with oblivion the bowl,  
And memory's vain lore efface.

[Written expressly for the Herald.]  
**A GRIMSON HEART;**

WHICH SHALL TRIUMPH,  
**INNOCENCE OR GUILT.**

BY SUE J. JESSAMINE DICKSON,  
OF NORTH CAROLINA.

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

**CHAPTER III.**  
INEZ FINDS A HOME.

"Alas! the breast that inly bleeds  
Hath naught to dread from outward blow;  
Who falls from all he knows of bliss,  
Cares little into what abyss."

It was a lovely Spring morning,  
and all was gay with life at  
Clifford Hall, Mrs. Clifford's vil-  
lage residence. A merry com-  
pany of young people were as-  
sembled on the broad green lawn,  
laughing, chatting, and playing  
croquet. Very pleasant and very  
happy they looked, or so thought  
a sad-faced young girl, who came  
through the gate, and passed up  
to the house with a firm, proud  
step. All paused, and gazed after  
the girl as she passed them,  
with her heavy black robe trail-  
ing the ground at her feet, and  
falling about her lithe form like  
a mantle of gloom.

"Who is that young lady Miss  
Clifford?" asked a handsome,  
dark-eyed, golden-haired young  
man turning to a tall, haughty  
looking girl who stood at his  
side.

"Dear me, Sir Arthur, how  
should I know?" replied the  
young lady with a slight contrac-  
tion of the eye-brows.

"Oh! I thought perhaps you  
knew her."  
"Yes, but I do not."  
"It is not to be expected that  
you are acquainted with every  
beggard that comes to come to  
your mother's house, is it Clan-  
delia?" asked a tall black-eyed  
girl, whose every feature be-  
tokened a haughty, imperious  
disposition.

not wear boots with rips in them,  
but there are few who can com-  
pare with that girl let her be a  
beggard, or a child of wealth, for  
beauty of form, or loveliness of  
face, for she carries herself with  
the grace of an imperial princess.

"I believe Sir Arthur you have  
fallen in love with that imperial  
princess; on first sight," she re-  
torted, in a mocking tone.

"No Miss Melville, I am not  
as yet in love, but it does seem  
strange to me that one woman  
should endeavor to put down  
another, in order to raise herself  
in a man's estimation, a thing  
which she generally fails to do,"  
he retorted, with a disdainful  
curl of the haughty  
lip. The girl bit her lip, and for  
a moment an angry light glow-  
ed in her black eyes; but it soon  
passed away, and Clandelia Clif-  
ford exclaimed:

"Look here, Sir Arthur, if you  
and Helen are going to stand  
here all day, and quarrel about  
that girl, I shall take myself into  
the house, and let you have it out  
by yourselves!"

"No, no, Miss Clifford, pray do  
not leave us, we are through now,  
and will quarrel no more for to-  
day," he replied, as a bright smile  
circled his lips. "Come let us  
finish our game!" and again their  
merry voices rang out on the  
clear morning air.

"Oh! once was happy like  
they are," whispered the girl, as  
she passed up the marble steps;  
and rang the door-bell. Some-  
time passed before her ring was  
answered, and then the door was  
opened by a portly footman,  
who thinking she was some morn-  
ing visitor, ushered her into the  
sumptuous parlor. Sinking down  
upon one of the soft, velvet chairs  
she asked:

"Is your lady in?"  
"I think she is, Miss."  
"Then tell her I would like to  
see her."

"Any card—what is your name  
Miss?" stammered the footman.  
"Miss Carlos," replied the girl.  
"Yes'm, I'll tell her," and with  
a low bow he disappeared.

When left alone, she untied and  
took off her hat, and brushed  
back the jetty mass of ringlets  
that clustered about her rounded  
brow; then brushing the dust  
from her black robe, she settled  
down in her chair to wait.

"I wonder if I did wrong in  
not giving my right name," she  
murmured, "for I could not bear  
to give it as it is; and no one  
will ever dream that Inez Carlos  
and Inez Melville are one. Oh  
papa, papa, is your emancipated  
spirit hovering around your  
lonely child, do you know how  
miserable she is, and how utter-  
ly friendless she feels?" and as  
she spoke, the quick tears sprang  
to her eyes, and trembled like  
drops of dew in her long silken  
lashes.

Oh ye who have never expe-  
rienced the woes of an orphan  
ye who have never felt the chill  
of penury—ye who have known  
naught but luxury, love, and  
protection, ye who have been  
cradled in wealth, and reared in  
affluence, can form but the faint-  
est comprehension of what that  
lonely one's feelings were, as she  
sat there in that sumptuous par-  
lor, surrounded by all that was  
grand and beautiful, both in  
nature and art. A half an hour  
passed, and still the lady of the  
house did not appear.

"I am so weary of waiting, I  
do wish she would come," mur-  
mured the girl passing her wee,  
white hand over her pale, pure  
brow. Even as she spoke the  
rustle of silk, and sound of voices  
was heard approaching the par-  
lor, and as they came nearer she  
distinguished the following  
words:

"I hope I will get a glimpse of  
your princess sometime to-day  
Sir Arthur with the black dress,  
and the ripped boots," and a dis-  
dainful laugh rang out:

"Your words have very little  
effect upon me, Miss Melville," re-  
plied the musical voice of her

companion. With flashing eyes  
and burning cheeks the girl  
sprang to her feet, as she heard  
these words, but as the name  
Miss Melville fell upon her ears,  
a deathly pallor overspread her  
face, and pale and trembling  
she sank back in her seat just as  
a crowd of ladies and gentlemen  
approached the door, and the  
next instant poured into the  
room. Scarcely knowing or car-  
ing what she did, Inez arose to  
her feet, and remained standing  
as the merry group came in. At  
first, no one seemed to notice  
the black-robed figure standing there  
so pale and white; until Sir  
Arthur Clarendon, Miss Clifford,  
and Miss Melville appeared, and  
it was then that she became an  
object for every eye, for entering  
the door, the latter started back,  
with an exclamation of surprise,  
as her bold black eyes fell upon  
the form of Inez:

"What ails you, Miss Melville?"  
cried Sir Arthur, and Clandelia  
in the same breath, for they had  
failed to notice the silent figure.

"Oh nothing Sir Arthur, only  
your princess has appropriated  
the parlor all to herself," she  
replied in a malicious whisper,  
and with a haughty bend of the  
head, she swept past the girl,  
whose beautiful cheeks were burn-  
ing with a confusion, which in-  
stantly passed off, as Sir Arthur's  
deep, musical voice fell upon her  
ear, and she saw him bend his  
proud head before her, even as  
he would have bowed before an  
object of royal birth. It was  
then, that herself possession re-  
turned, and with an easy, grace-  
ful bow, she sank back in her  
seat, just as the footman appear-  
ed, and putting his head in at  
the door said:

"Miss Carlos, my lady bids me  
say, that she will see you in her  
own room. Come this way  
please." She arose and followed  
him with an easy, firm step, her  
heavy black robe falling in deep  
folds about her graceful form,  
and sweeping the floor behind  
her. The footman led her up  
the richly carpeted stairs, then  
through a corridor, and pausing  
before a door he threw it open,  
and bade her enter, and then with  
a low bow he turned and left  
her. It was an exquisite  
furnished room, with soft velvet  
carpeting, and pink silk hang-  
ings. Near a window sat a  
handsome middle aged lady,  
with a white morning gown fold-  
ed about her, and a book in her  
hand, which she seemed to have  
been reading, but as Inez came  
to the door, she laid it aside, and  
bade her enter and be seated.

"I sent for you to come to my  
room," she said as Inez accepted  
the offered chair, "because I am  
rather an invalid, and having a  
very bad headache this morning  
I did not feel able to go below."  
"It is just as well that you sent  
for me," she replied with some  
dignity, "for my call is merely of  
a business nature."

"Of a business nature? What  
can I do for you, Miss Carlos?"

"A great deal, Mrs. Clifford,  
for I am an orphan, homeless,  
and penniless; and if you are in  
need of a family seamstress, and  
will give me employment you will  
win my eternal gratitude." Tears  
were in the girl's eyes as she  
spoke, and her words evidently  
touched the heart of Mrs. Clifford,  
for she replied:

"Certainly child, for I am in  
need of a seamstress, and will give  
you the situation; but how long  
have you been in this desolate  
condition?"

"One month," in a husky  
voice.

"You seem to be very young  
Miss Carlos, have you no rela-  
tives?"

"No madam I have none to  
whom I would go," Mrs. Clifford  
looked surprised, but she only  
answered:

"Well Miss Carlos, I am will-  
ing to give you the place of seam-  
stress in my family, and all that  
I shall require of you will be to  
do up your work with neatness

and dispatch."  
"Oh madam I thank you for  
your kindness to one, who be-  
lieved will never forget you."  
"No thanks are necessary Miss  
Carlos. But now perhaps you  
would like to rest for an hour or  
so."

"Thank you madam, I would,  
for I am very weary." Mrs. Clif-  
ford touched a bell at her side,  
and scarce had its silver tones  
ceased to vibrate, when the door  
opened and a servant girl made  
her appearance.

"Here Jane, show Miss Carlos  
to the chamber above mine." The  
girl turned and led the way, and  
Inez arose and followed her. The  
room to which she was shown was  
a neatly furnished apartment,  
and when Inez was left alone,  
she sank upon her knees, and  
clasping her hands, she exclaim-  
ed:

"Oh my God, I thank thee for  
the blessing thou hast this day  
conferred upon me, for thou hast  
not forsaken me, or left me to  
grope in the blackness of despair,  
but thou hast regarded my lonely  
condition, and raised me up a  
friend in an hour when I thought  
myself utterly friendless and for-  
saken. Now oh God, I would  
most humbly beseech thee, to  
continue thy blessing, keep me  
under the shadow of thine al-  
mighty wing, and let the radiant  
smile of thy Divine countenance  
shine upon me!"

Rising she shook the dust from  
her skirts, and going to the mir-  
or she brushed back the curls  
from her pale classic brow, and  
then seating herself by the win-  
dow in a large easy chair, she  
bowed her head upon her pink  
palm, and sat for some time as  
though in a deep study. At last  
raising her head she exclaimed:

"Ah! I have it now, this Helen  
Melville is none other than un-  
cle Edward's daughter, for I have  
heard dear papa speak of her. I  
thought I had seen those haughty  
black eyes somewhere, how very  
fortunate I gave my name as  
Carlos, for I should have been  
discovered if I had not. I won-  
der who that handsome young  
man is, with the brown eyes and  
wavy, golden hair; but why  
should I wish to know, what can  
he ever be to me? For Inez  
Melville, the child of wealth has  
passed away, and Inez Carlos, the  
humble seamstress has taken her  
place." Again her head fell wearily  
on her hand, and the sad blue  
eyes closed, as if they fain would  
have shut out an unpleasant  
sight.

When Jane, the maid had  
shown Inez to her room, she went  
back to Mrs. Clifford's apartment  
in answer to a call from that  
lady.

"Did you ring?" she asked,  
putting her head in at the door.  
"Yes Jane, go below and send  
Clandelia to me."

"Miss Clandelia is in the par-  
lor with the ladies and gentle-  
men," replied the girl.

"No difference if she is, do as I  
bid you," replied the lady in a  
voice of command. The girl said  
no more, but turned and went  
below, and in a short time the  
patter of footsteps was heard,  
and the next moment Clandelia  
Clifford entered her mother's  
apartment. There was a frown  
on her brow as she asked:

"What do you wish mamma?  
Why did you send for me?"

"Was you not saying some-  
thing about wanting a seamstress  
last week Clandelia?" returned  
the lady.

"Why yes, I believe I was; but  
what of it?"

"I have just employed one."  
"Who is it?"

"A young girl—an orphan,  
Miss Carlos I believe is her  
name."  
"What, that girl with the  
mourning dress and black ring-  
lets?" she cried with a dark frown  
upon her face.

"The same, but what objection  
can you possibly have to her?"  
she asked, noticing the frown  
upon her daughter's brow.

"Oh, nothing very particular,  
only—only—"  
"Only what?"

"Why, if I must say it, she is  
by far too handsome, why Sir  
Arthur Clarendon has only had  
a slight glimpse at her, and he  
has been raving about her beauty  
ever since."

"Well, what if he has, how  
much does that concern you?"

"Tis not I will tell you how  
much it concerns me," and bend-  
ing her dark face close to her  
parents, she slowly answered,  
emphasizing each word, "I have  
sworn that Sir Arthur Clarendon  
shall become my husband, he has  
only seen this girl twice, in two half  
ways in love with her, if she comes  
between us I will not hesitate to take  
her life."

"Clandelia Clandelia!" cried  
the lady starting back, with a  
wild startled expression upon her  
face. "Has it come to this? Is  
the child whom I have borne  
possessed with a demon spirit, or  
is it frenzy of the brain inherited  
from your dead father?" The  
girl's dark cheeks glowed, and her  
eyes flashed with an unnatural  
fire, as she replied:

"My lady mother it is not  
frenzy of the brain, and if I am  
possessed of a demon, it is the  
demon love, so be careful of your  
pretty seamstress, else I may be  
possessed of a demon hate." The  
lady paled to her lips, as she lis-  
tened to those fiery words, and  
rising to her feet she came to her  
daughter, and placing her arm  
about her slender waist she asked  
in gentle tones:

"Clandelia, what ails you? for  
never before have you spoken to  
me in this wild, unnatural man-  
ner." The girl's heart was touch-  
ed, her manner instantly chang-  
ed, the fire died out of her eyes,  
and laying her head upon her  
parent's bosom, she murmured:

"Forgive me mamma, I spoke  
wildly; but mamma, no human  
power can measure the depth of  
my love for Sir Arthur, and  
whenever anything seems to come  
between us, it almost drives me  
mad."

"Clandelia," replied the lady,  
"you should battle against this  
blind unreasonable passion, for if  
you do not it will surely be the  
destruction of you."

"I cannot help it mamma, it is  
too late now to talk about bat-  
tling against a flame that is al-  
ready kindled. Now kiss me,  
and let me go." The next in-  
stant she had disappeared, and a  
short time afterward a grand  
crash of music drifted to the ears  
of Mrs. Clifford; and as she bent  
her head to listen she caught the  
mellow sound of her daughter's  
voice singing the following words,  
as she played:

My love, my love, oh come with me,  
Like two winged spirits, glad, and free;  
Oh let us rise on wings of light,  
And seek some realm of sweet delight!  
Come, come my love, while stars are bright,  
And earth is bathed in silvery light.

Oh come my love, come let us fly,  
And mingle with the clouds on high,  
Come, come my love, my all on earth,  
Come, let us seek some realm of mirth,  
My love, my love, oh come I pray,  
Oh let us haste, and fly away!

Come, come my love the day is dead,  
The glory of it's light has fled;  
Come let us rise on wings sublime,  
And seek some fairer, sweeter clime,  
Come, come my love oh come with me,  
And let us fly o'er land and sea!

As the last notes died away  
Mrs. Clifford leaned back in her  
chair murmuring:

"Oh how I wish that Sir  
Arthur Clarendon had never be-  
come acquainted with Clandelia,  
for already that dreadful malady,  
insanity, with which her father  
was afflicted is at times appar-  
ent in her manners, and I am  
fearful lest this wild passion will  
prove a destruction to her reason." The  
lady sighed, and leaning her  
head on her hand, closed her eyes  
as if to shut out unpleasant vis-  
ions.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The seventeen year potato bugs are just  
beginning to come up out West. They  
come up regularly every year, but this  
year's appear to have had the rigors of this  
past winter, and seem in a hurry for the  
coming crop, because their own are so  
empty.

The whipping-post for the worst thing  
there is in Delaware, and after the papers  
have succeeded in wiping that out, they  
should for that other nuisance and dis-  
graceful thing—Tombstones—a game where-  
in John Bull's mouth a rocky horse and  
at a hundred, Knight, Dala Stobsky, and  
pounce at a body with a beam-pole.

Snitches are reckless lot, as a genera-  
tion. A student in Macon, Ga, hung himself  
not long since with his suspenders. After  
being suspended by his suspenders in this  
way for a week, he was discovered. He  
was not only dead, but his suspenders were  
entirely ruined—and they cost fifty cents  
too.

How cunning some of these young ladies  
are to be sure, and how artful—wicked. A  
young couple in Omege City, Mo., eloped  
the other day. The bride, before leaving  
the parental roof, overhauled her father's  
money-drawer, and voted herself and cum-  
mulated an increase of bank pay to the extent  
of one thousand dollars, and then they eloped.

I fell went to serenade his lady love  
in Trenton, the other night, and after play-  
ing and singing under her window for some-  
times, a colored servant put her head out of  
the window and said:

Soy, honey, hush! Miss Carrie's gover-  
ness New York. Now won't you please  
sing 'Carry de news for Mary' for me?  
I'll carry himself away.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps suggests that  
American women, by one subtle, strong  
coup d'état, make it fashionable to dress  
like rational beings. She puts forth the  
following conundrum: Does either the  
essential modesty of feminine nature, or  
the safety of society, require drapery below  
the knees? We give it up. This is an af-  
fair entirely their own, and with which we  
have nothing to do; but if they allow  
that there is no reason, why we shall main-  
tain with all the grace we can.

Some studious chap has discovered the  
real object for which the mosquito was created.  
His appropriate destiny is to furnish  
food for young trout. This is really good  
news, and we trust that there is a large  
number of young trout this year, and that  
they will pay strict attention to business.  
We had always supposed that they were a  
collector, seeing that they are around  
much with their little bills. What great  
benefits science and education are confer-  
ring upon the world. If this thing had not  
been found out, the mosquitoes would prob-  
ably have bitten us dreadfully this year.

You must be careful about placing too  
much reliance on the words of these report-  
ers. Just hear how one of them goes on  
from Memphis. Speaking of a bull, he says:  
Her words issue from her lips each instant  
with a separate life and expression of their  
own, and might almost be likened to bees  
leaving the calyx of a flower, each charged  
with its burden of pollen and honey—sense  
and sweetness. Now, the probabilities are  
that this bull wears fifty dollars worth of  
false hair, chews spruce gum, talks slang,  
and the reporter only gets six dollars a  
week.

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