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### FOR THE HERALD. YOUNG SLEEPER.

BY HAL.

"Sleep on now, and take your rest,"  
All the ties of earth are severed:  
Silent slumbers fill your breast,  
Thou of Heaven highly favored,  
Twas a Father's hand that gave  
Your sweet spirit to our earth,  
Tis a Father's hand that now  
Gives thee an immortal birth.  
Twas in love, eye, love divine,  
That the Sable Angel came;  
Tis His will—"Thy will be done,"  
"Blessed be his holy name!"  
Sad and mournfully we stand,  
Gazing on thy narrow couch—  
Yet his gloom has been dispelled,  
Sanctified by Jesus' touch.  
Here we lay thee—dust to dust,  
Ashes to its kind again,  
Earth to earth—Oh, happy lot!  
Safe from toil and mortal pain.  
"Sleep on now and take your rest"—  
Hushed thy voice, thy heart be still'd,  
Soon 'twill soar, enraptured, high,  
With His glorious presence filled.

### A CRIMSON HEART;

OR,  
WHICH SHALL TRIUMPH,

### INNOCENCE OR GUILT.

BY SUE J. JESSAMINE DICSON,  
OF NORTH CAROLINA,

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

Back numbers of the "Herald," con-  
taining the preceding chapters  
of this story can be had by  
subscribers if desired.

### CHAPTER VI. THE MARRIAGE.

Thy haughty glance, and with'ring wrath,  
I now can well withstand,  
For o'er my dark, gloomy path,  
Love throws her magic wand.

When Clandelina so unexpect-  
edly entered the parlor where the  
two happy lovers sat in a paradise  
of bliss, Inez sprang to her feet,  
but strength forsook her, and the  
next moment she would have  
fallen, had not Sir Arthur thrown  
his arm around her, and support-  
ed her trembling limbs. With a  
pallid face, and eyes which  
gleamed with an insane fire Clan-  
delina stood for a moment, and  
gazed upon the scene before her,  
and then advancing to Sir Ar-  
thur, she exclaimed in a hoarse,  
unnatural voice:

"A pretty tableau indeed, to  
meet the eyes of a wife! I will  
have a divorce sir."—It would be  
impossible to describe the look of  
blank astonishment that swept  
over his face as she spoke, for he  
knew nothing about the insane  
spells that now and then took  
possession of her.

"What do you mean Miss Clif-  
ford? I do not understand you."  
"I mean sir," she replied in  
the same hoarse voice, "that you  
are my husband, and that you  
are playing me false, in thus  
making love to another during  
my absence." Inez disengaged  
herself from Sir Arthur's encir-  
cling arm, and sinking upon a  
chair, she gazed wonderingly  
from one to the other, asking in  
a faint tremulous voice:

"What does it all mean? I can-  
not understand it, and it is all so  
strange, so strange!" Sir Ar-  
thur gave her one hasty glance,  
then going to Clandelina, he laid  
his hand upon her arm saying:  
"I am surprised Miss Clifford,  
deeply surprised that you should  
claim to be Lady Clarendon, for  
there is but one of that name,  
and that is Lady Ida Clarendon,  
my only brother's wife, who is at  
this time residing in London." Then  
turning to Inez he continued,  
"Miss Melville here, is my  
promised bride."

"Your promised bride! Good  
heavens Arthur, what do you  
mean?" And starting back, she  
cast his hand from her arm, and

stood gazing wildly at them.  
Then suddenly, "She is not your  
bride, for I am your wife—no  
power on earth shall separate  
us." And throwing her arms  
around him, she buried her face  
on his bosom, and burst into a  
wild maniacal laugh, that rang  
dismally through the silent room.  
His brow grew dark with passion,  
and hastily disengaging himself  
from her clinging arms, he forced  
her into a seat, and turning to  
Inez, whose troubled face wore a  
strange, perplexed expression,  
he said:

"Inez, my darling I believe  
Miss Clifford is insane, she im-  
agines she is married to me,  
though heaven knows, no word  
of love has ever passed between  
us."

"So you would have it that I  
am insane, would you Sir Ar-  
thur? You are mistaken sir, if  
my father did die a lunatic, the  
malady has not yet found its way  
into my brain; but I intend to  
murder your promised bride to-  
night; this blade," and she held  
up a small ivory handled dagger,  
"shall find its way into her heart.  
I will teach her how to steal  
away my husband's love!" And  
another laugh, wilder if possible,  
burst from her pale lips, and her  
large black eyes glowed like  
coals of fire. With a shriek of  
terror, Inez sprang to Sir Arthur's  
side, as she saw the gleaming  
blade, and heard those terrible  
words.

"Her brain is not right," she  
whispered, "she is crazed."

"It is not safe for you to stay  
with her my darling, for you are  
liable to be murdered at any mo-  
ment, go with me to-night dear-  
est, and let us be united at once,  
for I cannot leave you here in  
such dangerous company. "Will  
you go?"

"Yes, I will go," she whisper-  
ed in a strange, awed tone. "But  
oh Arthur, you are perfectly sure  
you are not deceiving me in any  
respect?"

"Inez," and he clasped her to  
his bosom, "do you from the depth  
of your heart believe me to be  
guilty of deceiving you in any  
respect?" She raised her eyes  
to his face for one moment, and  
then, as if satisfied she answered:

"No Arthur, I do not." Just  
at that moment, their attention  
was drawn to Clandelina, who  
wrote even so much as a moan,  
sank from her seat to the floor.  
Instantly, Inez was kneeling be-  
side her, chafing her cold hands,  
and calling to her, but it was to  
no effect, for her senses were  
locked in a death-like trance.  
Sir Arthur lifted her from the  
floor, and laid upon the sofa,  
then turning to Inez, he asked:

"Where is Mrs. Clifford?"  
"She went into the country  
this morning, had we not better  
send for her?"

"Yes, I think we had, I will go  
out and dispatch a servant for  
her." And taking up his hat, he  
passed from the room. He had  
not been gone long, when Lois  
entered the parlor, and found  
Inez kneeling by Clandelina, try-  
ing in vain to restore her to con-  
sciousness.

"Heaven help us Miss Carlos,  
what ails Miss Clandelina?" ex-  
claimed the girl, looking at the  
almost livid face of her young  
mistress.  
"Oh I do not know Lois, she  
has fainted I think, but I can't  
restore her to consciousness. Do  
help me do something, bring some  
water please." The girl went out  
with hasty steps, but soon return-  
ed with a glass of water, which  
Inez sprinkled over the pale,  
white face. Soon she began to  
show signs of consciousness, and  
presently the black eyes flew  
open, and she raised up on her  
elbow asking:

"What is the matter, what ails  
me?"

"You fainted a short time ago,"  
Inez replied.

"I feel very strangely, as if  
something had happened, my  
head aches too. Lois, I wish you  
would help me up stairs to my

room, for I do not believe I can  
walk unaided," she said, rising  
to her feet. Inez watched her  
with a mystified expression  
in her eyes, as Lois led  
her from the room; and she  
asked herself:

"What kind of a being is Miss  
Clifford, and has she no remem-  
berance of her strange be-  
haviour?" Here, her soliloquy  
was cut short, for just at that  
moment Sir Arthur returned,  
and glancing hastily around the  
room, he asked:

"Where is she?"

"Gone to her room, but oh  
Arthur, what kind of a being is  
Miss Clifford, for when she re-  
covered her consciousness, she had  
no remembrance whatever of her  
strange behaviour?"

"The only conclusion that I  
can arrive at, is that she has in-  
sane spells, but now darling, I  
must leave you for a short time,  
but be ready by seven o'clock, for  
at that time I will call for you in  
a hack, and we will go imme-  
diately to the next village, which  
is some ten miles from here, and  
there we will have our marriage  
solemnized, and stay there for a  
while before we go to London,  
for I wish to have my residence  
refurnished, for it is not a fitting  
place to carry my sweet bride;  
and darling if not against your  
wishes we will keep our marriage  
a secret until I carry you there.  
Have you any objections?"

"No," she replied with a smile,  
"Ah had she but said yes, instead  
of no, how much sorrow and  
misery would have been avoided  
in after years; but by that one  
little word, she unconsciously  
shrouded her future in a pall of  
darkness which took many sad  
years to remove."

"Then darling adieu; remem-  
ber and be ready by the time I  
call." And bending his proud  
head, he imprinted a kiss upon  
her lips, and passed hastily from  
the room. As he passed down  
the lawn, gaily whistling a lively  
air, she stood at the open window  
watching his tall form, and grace-  
ful carriage, while her heart beat  
tumultuously, between hope,  
and pleasure; and when he had  
disappeared from view, she turned  
away murmuring:

"I am not alone, and friendless  
now, for somebody loves and  
cares for me. Oh! Arthur, dear  
Arthur, how could I ever suspect  
you of anything bad? but now I  
must get ready, and not keep  
him waiting when he comes." And  
running up to her room, she  
closed the door, and divesting  
herself of the faded black robe  
that she wore, she took out the  
heavy black dress which she wore  
when she first came to Clifford  
Hall, and arraying herself in it,  
she banded back the thick clus-  
tering curls from her white brow;  
and then began gathering up  
what few other articles she pos-  
sessed. When she had finished,  
she sat down and penned a brief  
note to Mrs. Clifford; telling her  
that she had found another situa-  
tion which suited her better, and  
thanking her for the kindness,  
which she had manifested toward  
her since she had been an inmate  
of her house. Having finished  
her note, she folded it up, ad-  
dressed it, and left it upon the  
table, then she went to the win-  
dow and sat down to await Sir  
Arthur's coming. Slowly the  
long hours rolled by, and to  
Inez, they seemed like days, but  
just as the little clock on the  
mantelpiece struck seven, the  
sound of carriage wheels coming  
rapidly up the street, fell upon  
her ears. She bent her head out  
at the window, and listened, and  
her heart throbbed painfully as  
the vehicle came in sight; and  
when it drew up and paused be-  
fore the gate, she sprang to her  
feet, and hastily tying on her  
hat, she gathered up her satchel,  
and stole softly down the long,  
winding stairs. The next mo-  
ment she found herself out in the  
cool night air, felt some one clasp  
her hand, and a voice whisper in  
her ear:

"Come my darling, let us hasten,  
for the driver is impatient." The  
next moment she was handed in-  
to the hack, and Sir Arthur  
sprang in beside her, then she  
heard the driver crack his whip,  
and they were borne rapidly  
through the streets, and soon the  
quiet, little village of D— was  
left miles behind.

About one o'clock in the night  
they entered the village of G—  
Here the driver paused, and de-  
scending from his seat, he put  
his head into the door, saying:

"We are now in the place you  
mentioned sir, where shall I drive  
you to?"

"Here at last?" replied Sir  
Arthur from the inside of the  
vehicle. "Is there a minister in  
this place, and do you know  
where he resides?"

"Yes to both questions," re-  
plied the driver.

"Then drive us there immedi-  
ately." The driver sprang back  
on his seat, cracked his whip, and  
the next instant they were off  
again; but they soon stopped, and  
this time the hackman opened  
the door saying:

"Well sir, we are here, and  
the parson's up, for I see a light  
through his window."

"That is fortunate," cried Sir  
Arthur, springing from the back,  
and lifting the almost fainting  
Inez therefrom.

"I feel so strange," she mur-  
mured, and her teeth chattered,  
as if from cold.

"Are you ill darling?" he  
anxiously inquired, clasping the  
cold little hand in his own warm  
palm.

"No Arthur, not ill, only I feel  
so strangely," she replied, as a  
cold shiver shook her fragile  
form.

"You are nervous my darling.  
Come let us go in." Then turn-  
ing to the driver he said, "Re-  
main here until we return." And  
drawing the girl's hand  
through his arm he opened the  
gate, and stepping upon the  
piazza, and rapped on the cottage  
door. It was some moments  
before any stir was heard inside,  
then the door was opened by a  
tall, handsome man, of perhaps  
thirty-five, who on seeing the in-  
truders gave a start of surprise,  
but the next moment he regain-  
ed his self possession, and with  
a graceful bow he invited them  
in. The room was dimly lighted  
with a single candle, and contain-  
ed no furniture save a bed, a few  
chairs, a table, and a heavy ebony  
desk. Near the table sat a child  
of perhaps nine summers, evi-  
dently the minister's daughter,  
judging from the great resem-  
blance which she bore to him.

As Sir Arthur and Inez entered,  
she fixed her eyes on the latter,  
and never removed them during  
their stay.  
"You are a minister are you  
not?" asked Sir Arthur, turning  
to the gentleman as he entered.  
"I am," he replied, "what can  
I do for you?"

"I wish you to perform a mar-  
riage ceremony, between myself  
and this lady immediately." The  
minister smiled, and after a few  
careless remarks took down his  
prayer book, and motioned to  
the couple to stand up. Sir Ar-  
thur arose to his feet, and clasped  
the girl's hand in his own,  
and there and then, they were  
united for life. But a strange  
thing occurred during the cere-  
mony, for just as the words, "I  
pronounce you man and wife,"  
rang out from the minister's lips  
in a clear, deep voice the light  
which shed its dim uncertain  
glow through the room, flicker-  
ed, quivered, went out, and left  
them in utter darkness.

"A bad omen!" burst from  
the pale lips of Inez; and she  
clung convulsively to Sir Arthur's  
arm.  
"My love, you are morbid, no  
doubt it was a breath of air that  
extinguished the light; and what  
evil could it possibly portend?"  
She did not reply, but she shiver-  
ed, as if from cold. By this time  
the minister had relighted the

candle, and turning to him, Sir  
Arthur placed a gold coin in his  
hand, and turned to go; but lay-  
ing his hand on his arm, the min-  
ister stopped him saying:

"Your license sir, you have not  
yet given them to me, and I have  
no proof to show that I have per-  
formed this ceremony."

"True, true, what a piece of  
carelessness on my part," and he  
drew a slip of paper from his  
breast pocket, and placed it in  
his hand saying as he did so, "I  
would ask you not to mention  
anything about to-night's occur-  
rence." The minister looked sur-  
prised, but promised compliance,  
and bidding him adieu the two  
passed out, and again entered the  
vehicle.

"Where shall I drive you this  
time?" inquired the hackman,  
as he closed the door.

"To the village inn."

"All right." He took his seat,  
and they were off once more.

"I wonder if you are as happy  
I am, my darling?" cried Sir  
Arthur, throwing his arm about  
his child bride, and drawing her  
head down upon his bosom.

"I think I am, Arthur," she  
whispered, "for I am happier  
than I ever was in my life."

"So am I darling, but what a  
sensation will my pretty bride—  
my sweet wild flower create in  
London?"

"I do not want to go to London  
just yet dear Arthur," she whis-  
pered, as she nestled her curly  
head upon his bosom.

"We will not go yet awhile  
dearest," he answered, "but I  
cannot keep you away long, for I  
am too anxious to introduce you  
to my brother and his wife; and  
I have no doubt you will love  
Lady Clarendon, for she is one  
of those merry little creatures,  
who never fails to win all hearts.  
I am anxious to see them myself,  
for I have not seen either one in  
six months. I left London with  
the intention of going on a Con-  
tinental tour; and they are now  
under the impression that, that  
is where I am; but I shall not en-  
lighten them as to my where-  
abouts, until I return to London  
to have the future home of my  
little bride fitted up." Just then,  
the hack stopped, and the driver  
flung open the door, and Sir Ar-  
thur sprang out, and lifted Inez  
to the ground. After a consid-  
erable amount of trouble he suc-  
ceeded in awaking Mr. Ives, the  
landlord. The moment he was  
informed a room was wanted, he  
hurried down to the little parlor  
below, and after striking a light,  
he bade our weary travelers be  
seated, until a chamber could be  
made ready for their reception.

"I suppose," said he, turning  
to Sir Arthur, and speaking in a  
cool quiet tone, "that this lady  
is your wife?"

"You are right in your suppo-  
sition," he replied.

"If you don't mind telling me,  
what might your name be?"  
continued in the same cool tone.  
Sir Arthur smiled in spite of him-  
self, but merely replied, omitting  
his title:

"Clarendon is my name."

"Well, that's all I want to  
know. Now Mr. Clarendon, your  
room is ready if you wish to go  
to it, though you won't have long  
to sleep, for it's a high one to four  
o'clock now. Well, there comes  
somebody else!" he exclaimed,  
as a tall, dark complexioned man  
entered the room and took his  
seat.

"Want a room stranger?" he  
continued.

"No," replied the man, "I only  
wish to sit here until the four  
o'clock train arrives."

"If you will furnish us with a  
light Mr. Ives, we will retire,"  
said Sir Arthur arising.

"Certainly Mr. Clarendon, but  
allow me to show you to your  
room." Taking up a light, he  
turned and led the way; as they  
passed the stranger who had  
taken a seat near the door, he  
gave a violent start, as he looked  
into the faces of the two travel-  
ers; and when they had passed

out, he muttered under his breath:  
"Ah my pretty bird, discovered  
at last—taken up with Sir Arthur  
Clarendon I guess; you think  
to escape me, but you shall not,  
for I will reek vengeance upon  
you, if it takes me a life time.  
You have not aroused the fierce,  
wild blood of the Indian for noth-  
ing; but I must find out some-  
thing more about you, then you  
shall feel my vengeance—and a  
terrible vengeance it shall be!"  
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### A Kentucky Bridal Tour.

There came one day to a little inland  
town in Kentucky a young rural couple  
who had just been bound by the solemn  
bonds.

Their destination was the depot, and the  
bridgroom was evidently quite impatient  
for fear the train should arrive before he  
could reach the office. Buying one ticket,  
they stood on the platform until the train  
had stopped.

When they entered the car the bride-  
groom found his bride a seat, kissed her  
most affectionately, bade her "good-bye,"  
and going out seated himself on a box  
and commenced whistling most vigorously.

He watched the train out of sight, regret  
depicted on his face, when, a bystander,  
thinking the whole proceeding rather  
strange, resolved to interview him—  
Approaching him carefully, and chew-  
ing a straw to keep up his courage, he  
said:

"Been getting married lately?"  
Yes, said he, and Sallie got spliced this  
mornin'.

"Was that her you have just put on the  
train?"  
Yes, with a sigh.

"A likely lookin' gal, said our question-  
er. Anybody sick, that she had to go  
away?"  
No; but here he grew confidential.

You see me and Sallie had heard that ev-  
erybody when they got married took a  
bridal tour. So I told Sallie I hadn't money  
enough for both of us to go, but she aban-  
doned her idea, and I bought her ticket  
and sent her on a visit to some of her folks,  
and thought I might get some work  
bawstin' till she got back.

"That afternoon found him busily at work  
and when in a day or two after Sallie came  
back, he welcomed her cordially and affec-  
tionately, and hand in hand they started  
down the dusty road to their new home  
and duties."

A Presbyterian minister, while marrying  
a couple of his rustic parishioners, felt ex-  
ceedingly disconcerted on his asking the  
bridgroom if he were willing to take the  
woman for his wedded wife, by his scratch-  
ing his head and saying, "Ay, I'm willin',  
but I'd rather hae her sister."

Two sons of the Emerald Isle paid a visit  
to Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, recently.  
They visited the water works. Looking  
on with amazement at the great turbine  
wheels while in motion, one exclaimed to  
the other: "Faith, Pa, the Americans  
must be quare people; they must have  
their water ground before they can drink  
it."

"How we done it!" is the heading of a  
Duluth newspaper editorial. Send up some  
grammars there quick.

"Two more lines," the "devil" cried,  
"Here we are," the "boss" replied.

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