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LINES TO

By EARL.

A willing captive, fettered low
In chains of love, is kneeling
Before the shrine of all his hopes—
Ah! hast thou, then, no feeling?

The homage of a loving heart
Is thine—I will never falter,
But ever will his tribute bring
To grace affection's altar.

And wilt thou not a look bestow
On him thy smile implores?
Ob! look in pity—look in love,
'Tis a true heart adoring.

Spirit of the offering, but take
My heart and do not sever
The chord divine that binds my life,
And seals me thine forever.

A CRIMSON HEART;

INNOCECE OR GUILT.

BY SUE J. JESSAMINE DICKSON,
OF NORTH CAROLINA.

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

CHAPTER VIII.

AN UNKNOWN ENEMY.

Could we but cast one look ahead
Into the future dark and dim;
And see what lies in wait for us,
Our pulsing hearts would cease to beat.

One year had rolled on into the silent past, since the events recorded in our two last chapters, but Sir Arthur Clarendon and his youthful bride still lingered at the village inn. Several times he had avowed his intention of returning to London, and repairing his residence, but each time Inez had said:

"Do not go just yet Arthur, but let us remain where we are for a time longer, for I am happier here than I will be in London." So each time he had given up going, in order to gratify her wishes, and summer was again bathing the earth in the golden glory of her mellow sunlight, and they were still in the quiet village of G. where they were known only as Mr. and Mrs. Clarendon, for a few days after their marriage the minister who performed the ceremony, moved away to parts unknown, hence there was no one left to reveal the secret of their identity, and so they lived on, too happy in each other's society, to care, or pay any attention to what was being enacted in the outside world. Inez was in a perfect paradise of delight, for never before, since her loved parent's death had she lived so happily, or been cared for so tenderly. She had now laid aside her sable garments, substituting white in their stead, and Sir Arthur would often fondly declare, as she flitted about him, with her white robes falling around her form, like a mist of snowy clouds, that all England did not contain another as fair as she. One evening as they sat together in the dusky twilight, he drew her head down upon his bosom saying:

"I have been studying to-day little wife, and have made up my mind to start for London to-night. I cannot keep you here longer my darling, for it is not right to keep our marriage concealed; it is wronging you, for you know it will not be long, before our child is born, and the truth of our union should be established before that time. What say you little one?"

"Oh, Arthur," she murmured, "I will be so lonely; don't leave me to-night."

"You shall not remain here long, darling, for I will return in less than a month to bear you to your city home, and then we will never again be separated, until disunited by death," he replied as he stroked the dark tresses from her fair brow.

"But Arthur, a month is so long, it will seem like an age without you."

"I will write to you twice a week, until I return, and it will keep you employed answering my letters, so the time will not seem half as long, and during your leisure hours, you can sit with Mrs. Ives, and I will wager you will not miss me," he added in a gay mirthful tone. She raised her eyes to his face with a look of childish wonder, as she replied:

"Not miss you? Oh Arthur how could you say such a thing, when you know that you are all the one in the wide, wide world whom I have to love; and all the one who loves or cares for me." And the quick tears sprang to her eyes.

"Did I wound you little one? Forgive me darling. And folding her closer to his bosom, he bent his head and kissed the quivering lips that were raised to meet his own. She did not reply, but lay quiet for some moments, and then lifting her eyes to his face she asked:

"What if you should never come back Arthur?"

"What if I should never come back? Why little one, do you think I am going to forsake you?"

"Oh no," she replied, "I was not thinking about that, but then you know something might happen."

"Nothing can happen that will keep me away from my darling longer than the time I have mentioned; so cheer up, and brush those tears away, for dearest I will go away very heavy hearted if I am forced to leave you this way. Look up love, and let me see the glad sunshine of your happy smile." She raised her tear-wet eyes to his tender, though rather grave face, and replied with a faint smile:

"It is hard to appear happy dear Arthur when my heart is so sore; for it seems to me that this parting forbodes new evil. Oh Arthur we have been so happy together, the past year has been the one bright spot in my before gloomy life, but now, we part—shall we ever be happy again, or shall we ever meet again?"

"Why should we not my love, only a hundred miles will lie between us. One month at the farthest, and I will be with you again, and together we will laugh at these foolish fears." Still she did not cease to weep until he whispered:

"My dearest, let me have the satisfaction of seeing you look happy before I go, and hearing you promise to be as happy as you can until I return."

"I am very foolish Arthur to distress you, but I will do so no more." And resolutely dashing away the tears, she raised her eyes to his face, while a sweet smile rippled about her delicate mouth.

"My own brave little darling," And he gathered her close to his warm, true heart, and continued, "You will try, and be happy while I am gone?"

"Yes Arthur."

"God bless you dearest! but now I must make ready, and be off, for a few minutes more, and the evening train will be in." And rising, he began preparations for his journey, while Inez packed his portmanteau. Just as she had finished packing, the train was heard coming in, and it was only by a mighty effort that she restrained her tears, when he came to her, and threw his arm about her to bid her farewell.

"Try and be happy darling," he whispered, "and let me see you looking bright, and joyous on my return." And Mrs. Ives, sat stroking back the girl's dark tresses, and chatting, and laugh-

ing until Inez for a time forgot her trouble, and lay like a child listening to her, now, and then smiling, as the good lady recounted some pleasing anecdote, or told some pleasing story connected with her youthful days.

Now reader, with your permission we will follow Sir Arthur, who reached the train just before it started, and hastily procuring a ticket, he entered the car, and took a seat in front of a tall, dark complected man, who occupied a back seat. As he seated himself, the man gave him a close, scrutinizing glance; and when with a puff, and a shrill whistle, the locomotive started off, he bent over, and touched Sir Arthur's arm asking:

"Where are you bound for stranger?" Sir Arthur gave him a quick, sharp glance, and merely replied:

"London."

"Ah indeed, that is also my destination, we can be company for each other." Sir Arthur did not reply for somehow he felt a kind of repulsion for the man, and wishing to avoid a conversation with him he turned his back, and drawing out a book began to read. The man watched him for a while with a serpent-like smile creeping about his thin lips, and then arising, he passed into another coach and approached a low, burly fellow, who occupied a back seat, they carried on a short conversation in whispers, and when the dark complected man arose to leave, he said aloud:

"Now remember Bill, and get the conveyance ready quick as possible after we reach London. If you do as I tell you, you shall be rewarded handsomely."

"All right, old friend, you may depend on me," replied the other, with a shrug of the burly shoulders. With a nod of the head the man passed out, and re-entered the coach, where Sir Arthur sat still perusing his book. About day-break, they changed cars; the man still keeping in the same coach with Sir Arthur.

"I wonder who you are?" softly inquired that gentleman.

You look very much like some one I have seen. Ah! it is Helen Melville, you must be her father; but let me be who you may, you are a strange looking customer, and I have a decided aversion to you. I wonder what you are watching me so close for? And I wonder why you persist in keeping in the same coach with me. Your eyes look very much like Helen Melville's, but I don't like them, for they have an evil expression. It does not look possible that Helen Melville should be a cousin to my gentle wife. Ah! Inez is but a beautiful innocent child, while she is a cold, haughty woman of the world." Thus he sat, soliloquizing to himself, quite unconscious that the bold, black eyes of the man behind him, were fastened upon him with a meaningful look that boded no good. At length night came down, casting her gloomy mantle over all living, and breathing creation, and just at midnight, the locomotive came thundering into the city.

"Reached at last," exclaimed Sir Arthur, as he sprang to his feet, and gathering up his foot-mantle made for the door, closely followed by the man, who had occupied a seat behind him. Without, the night was pitch dark, heavy clouds loomed up, and not a star shed it's feeble light over the slumbering city.

"How very dark," mused Sir Arthur, as he walked away from the station. "I will go to a hotel to-night, but had I thought of it, I would have hailed a cab. Ah there comes one now—Hail driver!" he said no more for the next moment he was hurled to the ground, then some one sprang upon him, and in less than a minute he was gagged, and securely bound hand and foot, so he could make no resistance whatever. As the cab which he had tried to hail, drew up, and

paused, a man bent over him, and hissed in his ear:

"Ah! Sir Arthur Clarendon, I have you in my power at last; and now your pretty bride may weep, and mourn, but she will weep in vain, for I swore long ago to be avenged on her, but my vengeance is not yet complete! Here Bill, lend a helping hand." And the next instant he was lifted into the cab, then he heard the driver crack his whip, and he was driven off, he knew not whither.

Ah! a mantle of gloom is settling around you, and it will require many sad years to sever the letters which bind him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

How Truffles Did It.

I returned to Asheville after an absence of three years, and found my friend Truffles grown fat and jovial, with a face the very mirror of peace and self-satisfaction. Truffles was the village baker, and he was not like this when I went away.

Truffles, said I, how is it? You have improved.

Why, in every way. What have you been doing?

Just then a little girl came in with a tattered shawl and barefooted, to whom Truffles gave a loaf of bread. Oh, dear, Mr. Truffles, the child said with brimming eyes, as she took the loaf of bread, mamma is getting better, and she says she owes so much to you. She blames you, indeed she does.

"That's one of the things I've been doing," he said, after the child had gone.

You are giving the suffering family bread? I queried.

Yes.

Have you any more cases like that?

Yes, three or four of them. I give them a loaf a day, enough to feed them.

And you take no pay?

Not from them.

Ah! from the town?

No; here, said Truffles, laying his hand on his breast. I'll tell you he added, smiling. One day, over a year ago, a poor woman came to me and asked for a loaf of bread for which she could not pay—she wanted it for her poor suffering children. At first I hesitated, but finally I gave it to her, and her blessings rang in my ears after she had gone, I felt my heart grow warm. Times were hard, and there was a good deal of suffering, and I found myself wishing, by and by, that I could afford to give away more bread. At length a idea struck me. I'd stop drinking, and give that amount away in bread, giving one or two loaves on my own account. I'll thank it's been a blessing to me. My heart has grown bigger, and I've grown better every way. My sleep is sound and sweet, and my dreams are pleasant. And that's what you see I suppose.

A Cruel Joke.

Old man Esterby had a mare that he set great store by, said Josh Peterson, so he took his pipe from his mouth, and puffed out volumes of feathery smoke, and he used to go out in the yard and look at her, and tell about the colts he had raised from her, and the colts he intended to raise.

He had two boys, and if I do say it, they was the quietest youngsters in fourteen counties. Jack and Jim, their names was, and they was allurs hain't to get a look on somebody, and they didn't care a darn who it was.

One day Jack was out in the woods, and he found a big horned nest—black hornets, you know, that build these round nests, and hang 'em on trees.

"Jack went down next evening," when he knew they was in the nest, and eat a plug and stopped up the hole. Then he took the nest under his arm, and carried it up to the barn and hid it till next day, when he got Jim, and they went and caught that mare and hid the nest to her tail, pulled out the plug, give the nest a rap with a stick, and hid what they could see the fun.

It was cruel funny, boys to see that old mare cawing round, snort, kick and run, with them hornets piling in their bee hives.

Old man Esterby heard the row, and came run'n' down; and you orter see him grance round and swear. It was cruel, just to see him. He was n'rally proud, old man Esterby was, but it was more than human nature could bear to see the way that old mare got lectured herself.

The old man cornered her arter awhile, and rube I up to take of the nest. 'T was hornets was his bill' now, and the way they went for old man Esterby would he 'neds you laugh if they killed him, and the old man got out for all that, with a cloud of them little devils buzzin' about him, and givin' him a dig at every jump.

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