-much whill add well vaws had-

Pee Dee Herald

EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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In light of profession, sufficiently clear, And celluloid virtues require your reflec Surgeon Dentist H. M. & U. Ingram Shoe Manufacturers

While pulps in exposure elicit a tear. Yet many lose patience, and long for plate J. F. Morton. filling, Prepared in the dining hall over the CONFECTIONERIES Thos. M. Brown,

Agreeing with promptness in handling full Boarding House & Lager Beer Saloon Covington & McLendon, wholesals & serail develors That filling with gold is the surest to J. C. Marshall & Co.,

But have you no thought for the poo GENERAL MERCHANDISE cringing victim, Who pleads for your mercy Does not your guilty con GENERAL MERCHANDISE

[Selected for Hanald by Dr. S]

FILLING TEETH.

[Miss Julia Clark, of Neceho, Wis., read the programme for the State Dental Conven-tion, and then set right down and wrote

You gather again to discuss the profes

And bring up the cases that trouble you

For one shows his teeth where he can't

show his knowledge, Objecting to mallets except in croquet: Another on plaster absorbs some atten

tion, Another sticks to his o'ject with plen

treatment of absects revealeth the

ty to say.

most, In bleaching and drilling, extracting

lowing appeal :

e'er upbraid you, In dreams of amalgam, or heart-rending DRY GOODS.

novice at dentistry comes with assurance, And calculy she treads on your velvety GENERAL MERCHANDISE floor; But quickly recoils at the swift li'tle driller W. H. Patrick & Son, GROCERIES & CONFECTIONERIES

s through her incisors she growl she, writhing in agony, craves nitrou oxide, (The use of the stuff you've long tho't a

So you say very blandly, 'I'm sure you're but gasing'—

BEWING MACRINE AGENT Those vapory jokes are a trifle 'too thin.' Tis harder for patients to bear odontalgia

Than you cruel dentists have grace to suppose; You real ze not that this curious dentine Is ever severest of physical foes.

Oh! nightmares of terror are naught to That racks the poor nerve of the quiv-

ering frame ; d orthodox Hades, in torture excelling, To dental infliction is pleasantly tame, dreamed one night I was fastened forever, In a huge dental chair in the midst of a

heath, And all my life 'twas a ceaseless endeavor, To keep the rash dentist from filling my

las! 'twas no dream! the knife of the dentist

Has entered the gates of enamel ajar,

nd Arm of Æsthetic, his readlest servant, Unlocked with the magic her golden

in sorrow my dearest companion Pve And sadly have witnessed hopes fade away, But never on earth have I suffered such As when from my molars was cut the

Oh! then hear the cry of your suffering Scorn not my petition, their pitiful prayer; With gentle persuasion soothe fears so depressing, And they will remember your merciful

MAHRATTA. THE INDIAN BRIDE.

The word "Sepoy" is derived from the Persian "Sipahe," which s applied to servants of a military character, and has found its way into the Urdee, or camp language of India.

The two religions of India are the Mahommedan and the Hindoo, and from the latter are the native soldiers chiefly taken.

The peculiar instances in which the Sepoy foregoes the most cherished prejudices, and infringes rules of his religion, can be understood only by those who are acquainted with their peculiarities. There is scarcely a portion ties. There is scarcely a portion of his uniform or equipment which does not outrage a law of caste or religion. The Brahmin, for example, who carries a mustical structure of the structure of t which does not outrage a law of caste or religion. The Brahmin, for example, who carries a muster in the ranks, may be brought bird, and hoisting it into a dish

which decrees the skins of ani- turn. mal to be supremely impure, and the wearing of them an offense for which nothing can atone.

The Sepoys of India had waived many religious considerations, and compromised their consciences to the paramount con-sideration of doing their duty to their British patrons; but the in-fliction of the 'greased cartridges' was unendurable to them, and their memorable rebellion of 1857 was the consequence.

On the 10th of May of that year, Major George Gordon, his captain, and a few subalterns had returned from a hunting excursion and were making a provisional salle a manger out of a small deserted but. The major, appropriating a quantity of loose straw and leaves, extemporized a pleasant couch. The captain, disposing his person at full length on a rickety old straw bed that stood in a corner of the hut, found himself vanquished by the myriads of fleas which assailed his body, and the subalterns, accompanied by Andy Brosnan, the major's Irish body-servant and tailor, went out to collect materials with which to make a fire.

'That I may be as ugly as Pontius Pilate, and live on new-mown hay, like Nebuchanezzar. but I'm tired o' this kind o' life!

cried Andy.
'You prefer the fens and fastnesses of the Emerald Isle, I suppose,' remarked a young ensign.

'Faith au' ye may say it with your own ugly mouth! I'd rather be cuttin' turf in a wild Serbonian bog, afther a heavy march in search of whisky. Still, I call condemnation on me sowl it I've had a chance to show off my dress coat or have a dance three times since the mea came over me mother's son to join this regiment !

You are a tailor, and have no soul above buttons!' replied the ensign. 'Cheer up, old fellow; if the tigers don't demolish you before next year you'll pick up a rich wife and go home to your mother and ould Ireland minus your liver but surrounded by a swarm of olive-colored piccanin-

'May perdition run buck-hunting with the piecaninnies an' you

together I' returned Andv. 'I like these excursions,' observed the major; 'they are happy hours snatched from the dull stream of life. But here comes Andy, looking as dismal as night! Kick out all grunters from our merry bivouac, and toss me a cigar. To me there is more music in the clatter of the fixed bayonet, the roll of the sheepskin, and the bray of the shrill trumpet than any Verdi and all the operas can

supply. The captain was a dandy and hated tobacco, so he once more coaxed himself into the trucklebed of the but, and tried to forget the many hardships of of the service.

'We have had nothing to eat since tiffin (lunch), and hungry stomachs have no ear for music, ne sorrowfully observed.

'Haven't we though?' shouted Andy, as he clutched an old hen from the smoky rafters of the cot-tage, and wringing its neck, was busily employed in swaddling its carcass, feathers and all, in a hayband, and, quickly depositing it among the red-hot embers, he wound up with a thoroughly

good-humored 'hurroo.' I have been told of people dining off singed sheeps's heads with the wool on; but I hambly crave to know the process by which you propose to render that feathered biped fit for mastica-

into contact with a caste whose upon the table after, having, very shadow would defile his bread; and the buffalo-skin which came off quite readily, and plied; sure I'm a tailor like your-crosses the shoulders of the Paria, left the delicate white body of is in direct opposition to the law the fowl dressed to an exquisite

等最级中国国际 (20)

In all his life, so devoted to this happy reply, gaining, as it exception of Lieuteu ant Edward sensual gratifications and the forunate accident of high-birth.

this English aristocratic captain had never before enjoyed so good a supper; fer hunger and fatigue are better appetizers than all the sauce in the world.

Supper was not yet over, when of artillery, reverberating Mahratta bathed in tears of sym-through the woods, changing in pathetic sorrow for his fate.

one short moment the peaceful to their feet, seized their swords have a pulse more in and darted into the woods, only than the sterner sex. to learn that certain death awaited them.

The Sepoys had revolted-the smothered ashes of treason now blazed forth, and the mob assum-

ed the mastery.

The colonel of their regiment had sent saithful scouts, by a circuitous dak, or post, to warn tnem of their danger, but they never received the dispatches.

Their only safety lay in con-cealment among the bushes, but even there, too, lurked danger, from hunger and wild animals.

They passed a dreadful night, overpowered with anxiety and sleep, yet not daring to close their eyes for one instant as the shouts of thousands of the victorious Sepoys sent a thrill of despair through their veins.

At early dawn a band of about five hundred Sepoys, commanded by a subhadar major (a Brahmin and chief native officer), halled within a few paces of where Major George Gordon and his

followers lay concealed.

The Brahmin was accompanied by his only child, Mahratta, a beauteous girl of sixteen, whose person was closely vailed in flow-

ing white drapery.
She was assisted with religious edference by her father's soldiers, and alighting from ber palanquin, she turned round and gracefully saluted his faithful followers in these words:

'Salaam, homarah chien !' ('Hail, my brothers!')

The Indians were not long in discovering the debris of the sup-per of the previous night, and their suspicious being aroused, they commenced a vigorous search for the unfortunates, who found concealment to be an impossibility.

Resistance being useless, they were dragged in chains from their hiding-holes and sentenced to be hanged and then blown away from the mouth of the can-

'Lex Taloines !' sighed Major Gordon. 'Alas! war is an angel of destruction, an uprooter of civilization, and a destroyer of all the virtues."

How much truth there was embodied in his sorrowful exclamation might be substantially proved from the fact that a few months later Christian Englishmen were hanging Sepoys and blowing them from the cannon's mouth.

Major Gordon rallied his men and told them to meet death like soldiers, 'for come it slow or come it fast, 'tis but death can come at last,' he cried.

Andy slone showed fight.

'The curse o' me childer an' their childer's childer on ye for tawny vagabouds!' he shouted. 'An' me engaged to be married to the swatest girl in Tallow! Och ! be the four elements but I'll cut-bad end to me if I don't cut-

"Who will you cut?' demanded an Indian 'Dursee,' or tailor of

the Sepoy regiment.

A roar of laughter followed did, a few moments of grace for the condemned ones.

The major was the first select ed victim. He confronted death with a noble and intrepid bearing, and, as the rope was thrust round his neek, he was surprised to hear sobs of real anguish, and, his wife and everything was prethe rolling of drums, the clang turning round, he beheld, unof war trumpets and the booming vailed, the beautiful features of artillery, reverberating Mahratta bathed in tears of sym-

Women have truly a nerve eurrent of their thoughts. The less in their brains than men for he toved her intensely, but major and his little band sprang have, but in every clime they to their feet, seized their swords have a pulse more in the heart 'You are cruel,' she said to him,

Mahratta had vainly supplicated for the major's life, and Heaven, in admiration of her tender compassion, sent ministering angels to resone him, just now!'
as life was fading from his view. 'Dearest Mahratta, what have as life was fading from his view.

To the bank! to the bank! shouted a hundred voices, as the tidings spread that the Agra Bank (of England) had been burst open by the mutinous Sepoys, and countless golden treasures were open to them.

The execution of the major and his friends was for the present postponed, and leaving them well-guarded, the Sepoya darted off in quest of plunder.

Mahratta was cared for by her father's most faithful servants, who, wearied from the exertions of the previous day, were soon

sleeping soundly.

Mahratta stole out solftly, and motioned to the prisoners to observe the strictest silence.

Creeping stealthily to their sides, she cut the cords and severed the chains which bound them, and pointing towards the nature. woods, she whispered:

'Fly for your lives !'
Gordon lingered a moment to kiss her small white hand, and grief. gaze on the most perfect vision of beauty he had ever beheld; for Mahratta was not dark skinned but had united in her person all the graces of a European, with

of mortals l' said he; passionately. 'Away! To the woods-lose not a moment! Hark! what

sound was that?' Just as she spoke a confused noise of many voices burst on their ears. It was like the rearing of waves during a violent in his ear:

A tew minutes revealed to them the Sepoys pursued by a large

force of British soldiers. A piercing shrick from Mahrat ta brought Gordon to her side.

'Save my father!' she cried. 'See where he lies wounded and bleeding!

Gordon arrived in time to parry a sword-thrust, which one of his own ensigns was aiming at the Brahmin, who was placed on a litter and carried to a place of astety.

Victory for that day smiled on the banners of England, but poor Mahratta was fatherless. Her grief was of the most heartrending description, and every respectful deference was paid to her

Her father, in dying, commit-ted her to Gordon's care, and he, altogether overwhelmed with his professional duties, placed his precious charge in an English first-class boarding school, at Sealkote. The separation between ing. She looked on him as a second father, and wept copious- ly at the idea of leaving him.

Do you think you could be a second father to their happy party in the person of Mrs. Andy Brossan.

'Do you think you could be happy with me, Mahratta,' asked Gordon, 'Your father's sauction and blessing are ours. Will you ed aros be my wife when this mutiny is

visitors to interview her, with the The Runaway, Berry, a distant relative of Major Gordon's, who went at the urgent request of Gordon himself, in or-

heart Edward Berry resolved to see Mahratta for the last time,

bursting into tears. 'I detest fine clothes, and hate the daz-sling brillmaney of these diamonds sent to me for my selection! I want to die, alas! I hate my life

I done to displease you?'

'You are glad to see me married to Major Gordon. You hate 'Hate you!' he replied. 'O, do

not believe it! I love-I worship

you, Mahratta, most truly, but most hopelessly."

Then I will marry you in in-stead of Major Gordon. I love him, as I did my father, but

'Oh, Heavens! I am a traitor to my benefactor! Mahratta, in.

pity save my honor and my life,' cried he passionately; for if you do not marry Major Gordon I shall destroy myself! Poor Mahratta. In three days

after that sad scene, Major Gordon led her to the altar. Her silence and reserve he attributed than it was last July to the native modesty of her ment but a fact.

Edward Berry was the bridesman; pale, haggard and despairing, he seemed a living statue of

When the solemn words had to them one through life, hand to that if a man were taken from the most beart, sobs, the most heartrending, escaped from Mahratta, who could no longer restrain her feelings. The palethe dazzling voluptuousness of restrain her feelings. The pale-India's daughters.

"May Heaven bless you, fairest lovely face, as she sank into the

arms of Gordon.
Edward Berry buried his face in his hands to hide the tears that coursed down his cheeks, and the lady who had charge of the boarding school stepped up to Major Gordon and whispered

'I am convinced, major, that Lieutenant Berry and Mahratta are deeply in love with each other, but through no fault of mine. He is most honorable, and she is

"They shall not die!" he exhappy. Come hither, Berry; you were near making me do that from which my soul recoils. Mahratta my love, my daughter, open your sweet eyes, to live with him you love. Take her, Berry, make her as happy as I would have endeavored to do."

The lovers fall on their knees blessing their benefactor, who generously settled a large sum on Mahratta. Shortly after her auton with Berey, the entire party made the tour of Europe, accompanied by Andy Brosnan, and such was his description of "Mallow, Tailow, Cappoquin, Domerai's and Charleville,

that Mahratta coaxed her hus

T think I can be happy with you, sir, she replied, blushing, and with downcast eyes.

The principal of the Sealkote School dovoted herself to her School devoted herself to her youthful charge with affection-ate geal, and allowed no male of the sea.

The Cause of Warm

occur with a peri mough to live on Go ten : Sarth and it is as hot as

ond.

The centre of the Earth is botter yet. To so hot a centre should send to the surface avarying quantity of heat is not strang. We hope therefore to hear no more out plaint about hot weather. It may be host yet for some of us tone of these days. Exchange.

He is most honorable, and she is graceful, so they will both die most assuredly !'

"They shall not die!' he exclaimed that line to the control of the con