

# The Pee Dee Herald.

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WADESBOROUGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5, 1876.

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## Pee Dee Herald.

EVERY WEDNESDAY.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES:**  
One year, in advance.....1.00  
Six Months......60  
Three Months......35

**ADVERTISING RATES:**

	1w.	1m.	3m.	6m.	12m.
1 sq.	\$1.00	\$2.50	\$6.00	\$10.00	\$18.00
2 sq.	2.00	5.00	10.00	16.00	30.00
3 sq.	3.00	7.50	14.00	20.00	35.00
4 sq.	4.00	9.00	18.00	25.00	45.00
1 col.	5.00	10.50	22.00	30.00	50.00
1 col.	10.00	20.00	40.00	55.00	100.00
1 col.	30.00	38.00	75.00	100.00	150.00

## WADESBORO

- A. A. Kendall, General Merchandise.
- M. F. Quanta, Saddlery, Harness, &c.
- W. L. Steele, Surgeon Dentist.
- J. F. Morton, Confectioneries.
- Theo. M. Brown, Proprietor Brown House.
- Washington & McLendon, Wholesale & Retail Druggists.
- J. C. Marshall & Co., General Merchandise.
- F. J. Coppedge & Co., General Merchandise.
- Crawford & Crowder, Dry Goods.
- W. H. Murray, General Merchandise.
- W. K. Patrick & Son, Groceries & Confectioneries.
- Gargan & Pemberton, Attorneys at Law.
- D. L. Saylor, Carriage Manufacturer.
- W. H. Patrick, Sewing Machine Agent.
- T. Covington, White Sewing, Bar and Confectioneries.
- W. A. Murr, Dealer in Stoves and Manufacture of Tin Ware.
- W. J. Patrick, Tailor.
- W. F. Carver, First-Class Bar, Chess, &c.

## CHARLOTTE.

- M. L. Colloch, Book Binding.
- J. S. Phillips, Merchant Tailor.
- J. McLaughlin, Groceries.
- Spencer & Allen, Groceries.
- Mrs. Chas. N. Bodfish, Milliner.
- Charlotte City Mills, Flour and Meal.
- Cathbertson & Long, Grocer and Commission Merchants.
- A. E. Nisbet & Bro., Confectioneries.
- Burgess Nichols & Co., Furniture.
- Horn & Son, Proprietors Charlotte Hotel.
- Mrs. B. Gandy, Milliner.
- John Wilkes, Blacksmith and Iron Works.
- W. A. Smith & Co., Furniture.
- J. R. Parham, Books.

## CHARLESTON.

- Ravenel & Co, Steam Ship Agents.
- Mrs. E. R. Douglas, Private Boarding House.
- George S. Hatcher, Building Material.



**NOW, AND THEN.**  
BY ARAMINTA F. DICKSON.  
Note the way it oft times dreary,  
Now the heart is oft times weary—  
Cheerless life and darkened sky—  
Hopeless heart, and tearful eye.  
Oh how may a hope built low,  
Falling down just in its power,  
Watch we make its slow descent,  
Watching with our hearts intent.  
'Till the work of many days  
Falling void of sunny rays;  
Watch we, while hot blinding tears  
Tell the tale of joyless years!  
And often now from those held dear,  
We part in hope unmix'd with fear—  
Hoping part to meet no more,  
'Till we touch the shining shore—  
Until the storms of life have past—  
Until we've reached our home at last  
Safe beyond the harbor bay—  
Safe 'neath God's eternal star!  
Then in Heaven's ecstatic glory  
Who'll remember earth's sad story?  
Gone ever, and forever  
Each had thought beyond the river!  
Then! angels strike your harps of love!  
We'll reap the flow'rs of joy above!  
Loudly singing praise to Thee  
Blessed Triune! Holy Three!

## BETTER THAN HE DESERVED.

Dear Son—I am surprised at your letter. I really thought you had better sense. What do you know of the love of which you speak so enthusiastically? Nothing. As to your Ellen Sophia—I can't make out the other name—I have no doubt but what she is, in your eyes, the adorable creature you portray, but I am a good deal more sure that she is no more like the wife you would choose, at the age that you are capable of selecting one, than this creature of your fancy is like the angel you think her.

I entirely disapprove of your doing anything so foolish. Five years hence is soon enough for you to think of such a thing.

In the meantime, centre your mind and energies entirely upon business, and when the suitable time comes, I will select a companion for you—one that will make your home happy and be a credit to us both.

Your affectionate father.

James Fair-speech

He had just seated and directed this, when his housekeeper came in to announce that tea was waiting.

Mrs. Parker led the way to the bright, cheerful-looking supper-table.

As she takes her seat behind the hissing urn, which gave forth such a fragrant odor, the reader will perceive that she is a very comely woman, albeit that she is on the shady side of thirty.

'Forty, if she's a day,' said certain of her lady associates, who envied her the bloom and freshness that still lingered upon cheek and lip. But they were wrong. Mrs. Parker was barely thirty-six, and if she had said she was ten years younger no one would have disputed that had looked upon her.

As Mr. Fair-speech glanced across the table his eyes rested complacently upon the smiling face opposite him, and which seemed to have a new charm every time he looked at it.

What a fresh complexion she had! what bright eyes! and what a pleasant smile. And, then what an excellent housekeeper. Never, since the death of his sainted Mary, had the food on his table been so nicely cooked and served, and all the appointments of his house so carefully looked after and adjusted.

What a nice wife she would make to be sure, and how to unite the man will be who wins her. Why shouldn't he be that fortunate individual?

As these thoughts passed through the mind of Mr. Fair-speech, he stirred his tea absently,

betraying a want of appreciation of the good things before him that was unusual.

Mrs. Parker observed this, saying: 'Is your tea sweet enough, sir?' 'Very sweet,' said Mr. Fair-speech, abstractedly, looking hard at the pretty widow.

Whereupon Mrs. Parker blushed, and looked down upon her plate, which gave Mr. Fair-speech opportunity to observe the length and beauty of her jetty lashes, of which he took full advantage.

The more Mr. Fair-speech pondered on this idea, the more satisfactory it became.

Mrs. Parker was the widow of a clergyman, and had come to him highly recommended.

'A widow with no encumbrance—this was what she had written in reply to his letter, and which had been called forth by her advertisement for a position as housekeeper in some gentleman's family, 'widower preferred.'

Mr. Fair-speech was not long in putting his resolution into execution; he proposed, and was duly accepted.

In accordance with the views of both parties, the marriage that immediately followed was very quiet.

A few mornings after the happy event—for happy it proved to be to those chiefly concerned—Mr. Fair-speech entered the breakfast room, finding his wife absorbed in the contents of a letter she was reading.

'It is from my daughter,' she said, quietly, as laying it down, she proceeded to pour the coffee.

'Your—your daughter! exclaimed Mr. Fair-speech, as soon as he could speak. 'I thought you told me that you had no—no encumbrance?' 'I did not consider my daughter in that light. And then I expected that she would soon be off my hands. At the time I engaged as a housekeeper, she was engaged to a very intelligent and worthy young man.'

'Was engaged?' enquired Mr. Fair-speech, anxiously, who viewed with dismay the unwelcome addition of a grown-up daughter to his establishment; 'do you mean to say that it is broken?' 'I fear so,' said Mrs. Fair-speech, 'with a sigh, 'the young man's father is strongly opposed to it.'

'Is he of age?' 'The young man? Oh, yes, he's twenty-three years old.'

'And if he likes the girl, and the girl likes him, what's to hinder his marrying her?' 'The young man don't like to act in direct opposition to his father's wishes. But he is really strongly attached to Sophy, and has written to me to ask what I think he ought to do about it. I really don't know what to tell him.'

'Tell him to go ahead and marry her with all possible speed. He must be precious soft, to ask such a question as that. Why, when I was at his age, not fifty fathers would have stopped me! 'Very well, my dear. Shall I tell him that you say so?' 'Certainly, if you think that it will have any weight. And add, if he behaves like a man of spirit, I'll stand by him, whatever comes.'

A few days later, a carriage stopped at the door, from which a lady and gentleman alighted.

The former seemed to be well known to Mrs. Fair-speech, who, descending to the gate, received her with warm demonstrations of joy and affection.

Her companion, Fred Fair-speech, walked straight into the room where his father was sitting.

'Well, father, I've followed your advice and example, and got married.'

The elder Fair-speech grew purple with rage and astonishment.

'What do you mean, you young rascal? Didn't I positively forbid it?' 'Oh? but you revoked all that after your own marriage, as my new mother was kind enough to write me.'

At this moment Mrs. Fair-speech entered, followed by a very lovely girl, who smiled and blushed as she glanced towards them. The old gentleman stared at her in mingled astonishment and perplexity.

'Goodness gracious me! Fred, is it possible that the girl you wrote me about is—'

'Your new daughter,' responded Fred, blandly, 'and now, doubtfully so, since she is my wife.'

'Well, well,' replied Mr. Fair-speech, as he glanced around at the expectant group that surrounded him, 'it's all in the family; and if she makes you as good as a wife as her mother does me, I shall be satisfied, and consider that you have made out much better than you deserve.'

## DISOBEDIENT JERRY.

'Mother! I say mother!' 'What is it now, Jerry?' 'Can't I go?' 'I have said no once, Jerry. And I mean it!' 'Yes, but, mother—'

'Don't tease me any more, my son,' said Mrs. Maynard, firmly, 'your father has again and again forbidden you to have anything to do with these Millson boys.'

'Oh, but, mother, they're good fellows enough.'

'Who is the best judge of that, my son—your father, or yourself? Go to your Latin lesson at once, you will not be able to say it when Uncle Gerard comes in.'

'I hate Latin, mother, pouted Sared Maynard. 'Pete Grissom says it's no use, learning dead and gone languages.'

'I do not think it is necessary to ask Mr. Peter Grissom's advice on the subject of my son's studies,' said Mrs. Maynard half-smiling.

'But it's such a beautiful day, mother—and Jim and Hank Millson are going bilberrying.'

'That is nothing to me, nor to you said Mrs. Maynard. 'Go to your schoolroom, as I told you.'

Unwillingly enough, and grumbling under his breast as he went, Jerry Maynard obeyed. He was only a boy of ten, but he thought he knew a great deal more than his father and mother—and probably he isn't the only year-old boy who is of the same opinion.

In the schoolroom he found his sister, Eleanor, hard at work with her slate and arithmetic.

'Oh Jerry,' cried she, 'I am so glad you've come!'

'So ain't I, then,' pouted Jerry. 'It's all a humbug, this study, study, study, I think. What were the sunshine and the huckleberry pastures and the trout-brooks made for?'

'I suppose,' Eleanor answered, sagely, 'for us to enjoy, when we are through with our lessons.'

Master Jerry was hardly prepared for this answer—so he only rubbed his nose, and fell back upon his first announcement.

'I hate lessons. I wish the old fogey who wrote my Latin grammar was dead!'

And he set by the schoolroom window, with his chin on his hand, wondering what the Millson boys were doing.

'They've just got to the bilberry swamp by this time,' said he to himself. 'Or, perhaps, they're sitting by Cold Brook, with their feet in the water, throwing stones at the turtles. Or maybe they're having a lunch of bread and cheese, and a stone bottle of ginger-pop. Or—but who's that?'

He stretched himself half way out of the window as the sound of wheels grated past on the level surface of the carriage drive.

'It's mamma going out in the little pony phaeton,' said Eleanor.

'I wonder where she's going?' said Jerry. 'Mary Ann, to a

servant, who was dusting the hall stand, 'where's mamma going?' 'To spend the day with your Aunt Louisa,' said Mary Ann. 'Your aunt is sick, and has sent for her to come.'

'Then, good-bye to lessons,' crowed Jerry, tossing his book up in the air, and catching it again on the point of his chin. 'I'm off for the bilberry swamp.'

'Oh! Jerry,' cried his dismayed little sister, 'When mamma told you not, I shall go call Uncle Gerard directly.'

If you do, you're a mean sneak, and a tell-tale! And I'll get an adder in the swamp, and bring it home in a basket, and put it in your bed at night, Miss Tattle!'

And off he ran, before Eleanor, started by this dreadful threat, could make up her mind what to do in the emergency.

'There he goes,' said she. 'He's climbed the back garden, well, and now the rocks hide him. I don't believe he really will go to the bilberry swamp.'

Little Eleanor was wrong, however. Master Jerry 'headed' direct for the coveted, although forbidden spot, and reached there at last, panting and weary, with a big thorn in his finger, plenty of little gravel stones and sand in his shoes, and the perspiration streaming down his scarlet face.

'Jim!' he shouted, at the top of his lungs. 'Hallo—o—o; Jim Millson; Hank! Hallo—o—o!'

But there was no answer.

'They've been here,' said he to himself, after listening awhile. 'I see the path they've trodden through the swamp, and here's a half-eaten apple, with the mark of Hank's crooked teeth in it. I'll follow 'em. I'll play I'm an Indian hunter on the trail, and I'll get some bilberries on the way.'

Did you ever see bilberries, children? Of course you have, if you are born and raised in the country; but my little city readers will probably require to be told what they are. Well, they resemble huckleberries very much, only they are very much larger, with a beautiful blue bloom on them, and a delicate taste, and they grow in clusters on tall bushes in the swamps. Jared Maynard was very fond of bilberries, and he ate them greedily as he plodded his way through the swamp.

'It's queer where the boys are,' said he to himself. 'They told me they were going to have a real good lark somewhere. I only wish I was along too.'

But as he reached up to get hold of a bunch all laden with ripe, luscious berries, his hand touched something cold and slippery, and with a yell which would have done credit to the 'Indian hunter' he had proposed to personate, he started back.

It was a huge spotted snake, with small, black, needle-looking eyes, coiled up on the fork of a bush—and as Jerry jumped backward, the vile reptile thrust out its forked tongue with a hissing sound, and darted towards him.

'It's a rattlesnake!' was Jerry's terrified thought. 'And if he bites me, I shall die—and papa and mamma will find me dead in the bilberry swamp—and little Eleanor—'

That was his first reflection. And then, on second thoughts, he became aware that he wasn't bitten at all, but that the poisonous reptile had slipped down from its airy perch, and was gliding along through the high grass and dense undergrowth of the swamp as fast as it could, to get out of the way.

Yes, he was safe—but he thought he had just about enough of the bilberry swamp. His face was cold and pale, his hands trembled violently, and a mist of terror seemed to quiver before his eyes. He felt as if he had just escaped an awful punishment for his wilful act of disobedience.

It is the loathsome serpent had stung him to death in the lonely

recesses of the bilberry swamp! He ran home as fast as he could, and went diligently to work studying his Latin. And Uncle Gerard said that Jerry had never recited a better lesson in his life than he did that day.

'Well, my son,' said Mr. Maynard, that evening when Jerry brought him his slippers, as usual, 'you have good reason to be thankful that you did not go with the Millson boys to-day.'

'What do you mean, papa?' said Jerry.

'Why, it seems they have been robbing old Mr. Hepburn's melon patch, and the constable has arrested them. It's a bad day's work, for they will have to go to the Penitentiary for three months each—and serve their term!'

'Papa—if I had been with them,' hesitated Jerry, 'would they have sent me to the Penitentiary?'

'Most probably they would,' answered his father.

'Then I'm glad the rattlesnake warned me,' said Jerry.

'What on earth does the boy mean?' said Mr. Maynard.

So Jerry told his father the tale of his adventure in the Bilberry swamp.

'Papa,' said he, 'it makes me think of our Sunday school verse, "The way of the transgressor is hard." I was a transgressor, wasn't I?'

'In a small way, you were, my son,' said Mr. Maynard. 'And I hope you will remember the lesson you have learned to-day.'

Jerry did not forget it; and that was the last of his friendship with the two mischievous Millson boys.

**Not Quite Harmonious.**  
They drove into town Monday behind a cross-eyed mule and a spavined horse. They looked contented, but one member of the party was the head of the house, for she handled the ribbons, and when they halted she hitched the team, while he stood demurely by and took the basket of eggs and her shopping basket as she handed them out. They disposed of their produce at the grocery, and then entered a dry goods store.

She made a few trifling purchases of thread, pins, needles and such things, and then called for two knots of yarn.

'That won't be enough, Mary,' said the man, plucking her dress.

'I guess I know what I'm buying,' she retorted.

'But it ain't more than half what you've had afore,' he persisted.

'Wal, that's none of your business; these socks are going to be for me, and if I want 'em short, you can have yours come up to your neck if you want to.'

The old man bowed to the inevitable with a long sigh, as his partner turned to the clerk and said:

'Two yards of cheap muslin, if you please.'

'That ain't enough, Mary,' said the old man, plucking at her dress again.

'Yes, 'tis.'

'No, it ain't.'

'Wal, it's all you'll get.'

'Put it up, then, Mister,' said he turning to the clerk; 'put it up, and we won't have any.'

'Who's a doin' this buyin', I should like to know?' hissed the woman.

'You are, Mary, you are,' he admitted; 'but you can't palm off no shorts on me.'

'You act like a fool, John Spiner.'

'Mebbe I do, Mary; but I'll be darned to gosh if I'll have half a shirt—no, not if I go nake!'

'Wal, I say two yards is enough to make any one two shirts, she snapped.

'Mebbe that's enough for you, Mary, he said very quietly; 'draps you can get any with a collar button and a neck band, but that ain't m' and I'd not

propose to freeze my legs to save eight cents.

'Get what you want then,' she shrieked, pushing him over the stool; 'git ten yards, git a half a piece, git a dozen pieces, if you want 'em, but remember, I'll make you sick for this.'

'Four yards, if you please, mister—four yards,' said he to the clerk; 'and just remember,' he continued, 'if you hear of 'em finding me with my head busted, fix to death in a snow drift, just remember that you heard her say she'd make me sick.'

And grasping his bundle, he followed his better half out of the door. [Fulton Times.]

**The Value of Education.**  
Jake was heard calling across the fence to his neighbor's son, a colored youth who goes to school at the Atlanta colored university:

'Look hyar, boy, you goes to ter school, don't yer?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the boy.

'Gitting eddy kashum, ain't yer?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Larnin' 'rithmetic and 'figgerin' or a slat eh?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well, it don't take two whole days ter make a hour do it?'

'Why no?' exclaimed the boy.

'You was gwine ter bring 'at hatchet back in a hour, wasn't yer?'

'Yes, sir.'

'An' it's bin two days since yer borrowed it. Now, what gude's eddy kashum gwine ter do you thick-skulled niggers when you go to school a whole year, an' dou can't tell how long it takes to futch back a hatchet?'

'He got mad, and swung the hatchet over the fence an' half way through an ash barrel.'—Atlanta Constitution.

It was midnight. The young man had fawwelled himself out, and Emeline had locked the door and was undressing her shoes, when her mother came down stairs with a bedquilt around her, and said:

'Wanted to creep up stairs without my hearing you, eh? Didn't think it was an hour past midnight, did you?'

The girl made no reply, and the mother continued: 'Did I propose this time?'

'Why, mother?'

'You can't hear mother all you want to, but don't I know he's been coming here for the last year? Don't I know that you've burned up at least four tons of coal courting around here?'

'The girl got her shoes off, and the mother asked: 'Emeline, have you got any grit?'

'I guess so.'

'I guess you haven't. If a feller with false teeth and a wig on his chin would come speak to me, do you know what'd happen?'

'No.'

'Well, I tell you. He'd come to time in sixty days, or he'd get out of this mansion like a goat jumping for and no need.'

Uncle James, walking with his little niece, aged four, pointed to the moon, and whose little dark eyes were gazing wildly, and says: 'There's the man in the moon burning brush. The infantile realist put up her little nose and said, saying: "Yes, I smell the smoke."

A good lady of Columbia, Ga., was struck all of a heap by an old colored woman she met the other day. She beamed all over her face as she said, with most approved Georgia style: 'Hello, Aunt Maria! The good negroes ride in broad crests, placed her arms akimbo and remarked loudly, looking downward, 'Your garment, and a shawl, yer necktie, yer coat!'

'Samma, my niece always tells you years ago stay at home,' 'Ost' berry tree, 'He, but you know what do, proceed, say: "Rollin' some rubber no more," No, Sambo, but I gadder pollyan, and 'tis qualification your mass star' berry smelt in nose of.'

The Methodist Man.—An extraordinary Old Scolding, with a special ben' was down to O'Leary's show last Thursday, and lifted his teeth in a fierce to the rear of his office. Falling out an old, round neck with from, under the seat, he proceeded to kiss the woman. 'But do earth the best way for woman's benefit, until just before spring up to nurse led tied one end of the string, attached to the bed's leg to the hind wheel of the wagon, and the woman was about to be hauled along the main neck of the load, of it by the horse, that walking with the bed.