

The Pee Dee Herald.

Vol. 6.

WADESBOROUGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12, 1876.

No. 45.

Pee Dee Herald.

EVERY WEDNESDAY.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
One Year, in Advance.....\$1.00
Six Months......50
Three Months......25

ADVERTISING RATES:
1w. 1m. 3m. 6m. 12m.
sq \$1.00 \$2.50 \$6.00 \$10.00 \$18.00
2 sqs 2.00 5.00 10.00 16.00 30.00
3 sqs 3.00 7.50 14.00 20.00 35.00
4 sqs 4.00 9.00 18.00 25.00 45.00
1 col. 5.00 12.50 22.00 30.00 50.00
1 col. 10.00 20.00 40.00 55.00 100.00
1 col. 20.00 38.00 75.00 100.00 150.00

WADESBORO

A. A. Kendall, General Merchandise.

H. C. Quants, Saddlery, Harness, &c.

W. L. Steele, Surgeon Dentist.

J. F. Morton, Confectioneries.

Thos. M. Brown, Proprietor Brown House.

Coyington & 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. H. Patrick & Son, Groceries & Confectioneries.

Dargan & Pemberton, Attorneys at Law.

D. L. Saylor, Carriage Manufacturer.

W. H. Patrick, Sewing Machine Agent.

T. Covington, White Hats, Hosiery and Confectioneries.

W. A. Mays, Dealer in Stoves and Manufacturer of Tin Ware.

W. J. Patrick, Tailor.

W. F. Garrison, First-Class Bar, Cigars, &c.

CHARLOTTE.

H. L. Kallash, Book Binding.

J. S. Phillips, Merchant Tailor.

J. McLaughlin, Groceries.

Spencer & Allen, Groceries.

Mrs. Ohas. N. Rodfish, Milliner.

Charlotte City Mills, Flour and Meal.

Cuthbertson & Long, Grocer and Commission Merchants.

A. R. Nisbet & Bro., Confectioneries.

Burgess Nichols & Co., Furniture.

Holt & Son, Proprietors Charlotte Hotel.

Mrs. F. Query, Milliner.

John Wilkes, Mecklenburg Iron Works.

D. A. Smith & Co., Furniture.

J. K. Pursoff, Books.

CHARLESTON.

Raynor & Co, Steamship Agents.

Mrs. E. M. Dennis, Private Boarding House.

George S. Hatcher, Building Material.



LIVED AND LOVED TOGETHER.

Thoughts suggested, after having failed to induce my wife to spend her winters in this beautiful "City of Roses."

"We've lived and loved together, through many changing years; We've shared each other's pleasure, and wept each other's tears."

But now, love, we have parted, And I am left alone, In almost broken heartedness, I'm sad, and quite undone.

You will not love, come with me, To live as we have lived, O, what would I not give these, For such a wish achieved.

"The lonesome, love, without thee— My fate is more than sad; Oh! how can you thus doubt me? 'Twill almost drive me mad."

We've shared each other's pleasure, In days that's passed and gone; We've reared a little treasure, Who united us in one.

And, oh! my heart is bleeding, To part with thee, my love, Could I, by constant pleading, Thy prejudice remove.

I'd bend me, and while kneeling I'd tell thee of my strife; I feel it o'er me stealing, Alas! alas! my wife.

How hard it is to leave thee, Tho' parted for a time, This parting it doth grieve me— Thou art mine—thou art only mine.

But we'll shortly be together, For many days to come, To share each other's pleasure, Where'er on earth we roam.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Mar. 6, 76.

TRAPPING RIVER PIRATES.

"So you have come to make me rack my brain for another reminiscence, have you? Well, old man, I am prepared for you, and I will give you an account of the mysterious wharf murder, which paralyzed the city with horror some fifteen years ago."

Thus old Clew addressed me as I entered his private office one afternoon, note book in hand. "One morning a messenger came to headquarters, from one of the sub-stations, with the information that the mutilated body of a handsomely dressed man had been found thumping with the tide against one of the East River bulk-heads.

"The district roundsman was making his circuit at an early hour, when a wharf rat came up and said:

"Look yer, Cop, yer jes' got out on the pier there, an' take a look over, an' yer will see some 'thin' that'll make yer hair stand."

"What's there, my lad?" inquired the roundsman.

"There's a jolly 'stiff' afloat out ther—an' 'upper-tenner', as sure as yer're alive, old man."

"The officer well knew what was meant by an 'upper-tenner', and hastening out to the end of the pier, he beheld the body of a man, floating face downwards. At a glance he saw, also, that it was the body of a well-to-do individual. Getting a rope, he secured the corpse to the dock, and then reported the case at once to the station, from whence messages were at once sent to the detective office.

"I happened to be on duty at the time, and at once made my way to the wharf where the body was secured. I arrived ahead of the coroner, and was consequently compelled to await that independent officer's arrival, as according to law not even a detective has the right to disturb a body until that official is present.

"It was full two hours before that tardy gentleman arrived, and by the time he had come quite a crowd was gathered upon the dock, gazing with morbid curiosity at the human form that was thumping against the piles of the wharf in the incoming tide.

"When the body was drawn from the water, and stretched out, all dripping, upon the dock, a smothered cry of horror burst

from the lips of the bystanders, as their eyes fell upon a terrible gash in the dead man's forehead plainly indicating that he was the victim of a foul murder.

"Upon receiving permission from the coroner, I proceeded to search the victim's clothes; but some one—his murderer, as I correctly concluded—had anticipated me. I found nothing but a few grains of burnt coffee in his vest pocket.

"The body was ordered to be taken to the Morgue for identification, and I returned to the office, taking the coffee grains with me. I had already formed a theory, and had some slight hopes of working out the mystery.

"For three days the body remained at the Morgue before it was identified. A Boston firm had seen the keeper's advertisement, giving a description of the man's dress and general appearance, and when one of the firm came on, he at once recognized the remains as those of their confidential clerk, who had left Boston for New York about a week previously, on business for the firm.

"I called on this gentleman, and learned from him that Mr. Freeman, the murdered man, had been the owner of a valuable watch, diamond studs, and sleeve buttons, and that he, most likely, had several hundred dollars in money about him at the time he was killed.

"Having ascertained this much, I went to work. To me the coffee grains spoke volumes, and I read my way out of the mystery quite clearly.

"My first dodge was the adoption of a suitable disguise. I assumed that of a 'canaller', the latter term, you know, is applied by thieves to all greenies from the country. When properly rigged for my purpose, I sallied forth, and commencing at a point some ten blocks below where the body was found, I 'took in' every drinking place from thence on the river front, up to ten blocks above. I was looking for a bar-room where coffee grains, all-spice, and cloves were kept on the bar, as taste-killers. But they were all low places that I entered, and I did not find those commodities set out in any of them, so I took one street back, and traversed the same as I had the river front, and finding none there, I took the next, and here I found my gin mill with the coffee grains on the bar. It was situated on the corner of the street which terminated on the pier near which the body had been found.

"So far so good; I was satisfied in my own mind that I was now in the house which the murdered man had last visited, previous to being brutally murdered.

"The first glance I fastened upon the bar-keeper, satisfied me that he was a *bad one*—a thorough villain—but a coward; one of those chaps who try to intimidate by loud talk and blarney phrases.

"When I walked up to the bar and called for something to drink, he eyed me disdainfully, and came, seemingly reluctantly, forward to wait on me.

"But when I disclosed a well-filled wallet, and laid down a twenty-dollar bill, his whole manner changed instantly, and he was quite agreeable.

"At length he excused himself, went to the door, and beckoned to a youth to come over. I understood that movement—I was pleased, and you will learn why shortly.

"The youth came over, when the bar-keeper said:

"Johnny, 'tend bar for me a little while, I want to go to the 'barber's'; then, turning to me, he added: 'Den't leave, old man, there will be some of the lads in, by-and-bye, and I'll be back in a few minutes.'

"The bar-keeper returned, and when he did so, I noticed that he had not been shaved, but as it meant to shave him a trifle close, I did not bother myself about this.

"Five minutes after his return, the bar-keeper was followed by two of the worst-looking villains I had ever seen—two 'sweet buds' of the first water.

"I was soon introduced to these plugs, and invited to drink. I drank, of course. Drink followed drink, cards were proposed. I played and won, and so the hours glided by, until night fell, it was a foggy, disagreeable night—*excellent weather for murder*.

"My two friends proposed that we should go on board of a ship out on the pier, and they would get me a bottle of genuine brandy from the captain, a friend of theirs. I will not bother your readers with my expressions of reluctance to going out there, nor the subtle arguments they used to persuade me, but at last I consented, of course. We had proceeded half-way up the pier, when I concluded that it was two against one, and things had gone far enough. I wanted them both.

"Turning suddenly I dealt one a rap on the head with a club which I had kept concealed, and as he reeled and fell, I quickly clapped 'wristlets' on the other before he fairly realized what was going on.

"What is this for?" exclaimed the ruffian, with an oath.

"Murder!" I replied quietly, as I assisted the other chap to his feet, and adjusted the cuffs on him, and pinned him to the other one.

"Such volleys of oaths and curses as I listened to while taking these two pirates, for that's what they were—river pirates—to the office, was a caution; but I was used to that.

"At the office we found the murdered man's studs upon them, and other small articles, which were afterwards identified as having belonged to their victim.

"My judgment about that bar-keeper was correct; he turned out to be an arrant coward. He turned State's evidence and gave his confederates away. When he left the saloon on pretence of going to the barber's he went to bring in the two pirates, and I was the intended victim, but they missed a fly-catch, just once. One of them died in prison, the other was hanged, and two years later, I had the pleasure of seeing the bar-keeper, who escaped in the above case by turning State's evidence, sent to Sing Sing for twenty years, in another case; he got the full swing for his previous connection with the famous dock murder.

CITY BOARDERS.

"It was a great red brick farmhouse, with a roof all covered with green and golden mosses, and a bowery canopy of apple-boughs surrounding it, while just below the slope of the hill, a colony of barns rose up, with doves cooling on the ridges, and hay-ricks finishing up the background. Myron Walter stood still, and looked at the fair sylvan picture, glided with the tints of sunset—a frank, brown-faced young man, with dark, pleasant eyes, and a wavy, brown beard.

"Home!" he slowly repeated to himself, 'home!' Well, it won't be home any longer, when those five city people come, going into ecstasies over the cascade in the woods, and studding under ever tree!

He sighed as he came down the little winding path, where blossoming locusts filled the air with honied perfume, and tall, field lilies nodded their crested heads. His mother, a rosy matron of forty or thereabouts, was feeding a flock of downy, little chickens at the back door. She glanced up, with a smile.

"Why, Myron, what makes you look so grave?" she asked.

"I was thinking how soon our

happy little home-circle would be broken up, mother! Do tell me, what possessed you to tell these people they might come?"

A troubled look came over Mrs. Walter's dimpled face.

"Why, you know, the Seymours were so anxious they should come—and the house is large and roomy, and I thought the money would refresh the parlor, and—but I never would have consented, had I known how much you objected to it!"

Myron raised his eyebrows.

"A lot of smirking city belles, with paint, powder, and pailiers I opera, concert, and Stewart's at second hand—sentimental poetry and the fashions. Never mind, mother, dear, it will only be for six weeks, and I can keep out of way as much as possible."

So he went into the house to get his broad brimmed straw hat—which made him look like a handsome spanish brigand.

With the next evening's stage, the 'city boarders' arrived at the old Walter farm-house—Mrs. Cressy, and her two daughters, and niece.

Mrs. Cressy was a blooming, well preserved widow of fifty. Miss Louisa was a mature maiden just in the thirties—and Miss Clara was ten years younger, and gotten up in the extreme of the fashion; with such an amount of frizzes, ribbons, sashes, and streamers, that it seemed as if she could scarcely move without creating a brisk breeze. And Mary Lee, the niece, a slight, pretty girl of seventeen, seemed to be elected to wait on all the rest, and make herself generally useful.

"An outlandish lot of 'em," said Myron Walter, as he watched them sail up the broad old-fashioned stairway that led to their rooms. "I wish the six weeks was over."

Mrs. Cressy and the Misses Cressy were raptures over the 'de-lightful country air and scenery.' They played croquet, they gathered wild flowers, they quoted poetry, and ate blackberries and cream in the twilight, until Mrs. Walter wondered if they would ever be satisfied.

"It's hard work keeping boarders," the plump farmer's wife said to herself, 'especially the sort that can't close a window or fetch a glass of water for themselves. Miss Louisa and Miss Clara are very pretty, but I've felt suspicious ever since I saw that box of red powder on the bureau. And as for that Miss Mary Lee, she's too haughty for anything.'

"Mrs. Walter!"

The good woman started and colored as she heard Mary Lee's soft voice close to her side.

"It was a good thing, she thought, 'that she never had fallen into the way of soliloquizing out loud, like the folks in novels.'

"I beg your pardon for disturbing you," said Mary softly—she was slight and pale, and pretty, like a wind-flower or a March violet; 'but I think I heard you tell your son yesterday that you would be obliged to engage a servant to assist you in the domestic labors.'

"Yes," said Mrs. Walter, dubiously. "I thought some o' lookin' out for help."

"Pray, excuse me, but how much do you pay them?"

"Well, out here we calculate to give two dollars a week," Mrs. Walter answered, somewhat puzzled.

"And their board?"

"Yes, their board, of course."

"Mrs. Walter, would you engage me?"

"You, Miss Lee!"

"Yes, the girl answered, putting her hand to her throat as if to calm some obstruction there. "I am weary of leading a dependent's life. I want to earn my own living."

"I can learn," pleaded Mary. "As for my hands, you will see how busy they can be, in spite of their color."

"I'm afraid," commenced the farmer's wife—but Mary caught her hand.

"Dear Mrs. Walter," she cried, 'try me before you decide. Only give me a trial. I must work somewhere; if you only know how cruel my aunt and cousins can be, I would starve sooner than to eat the bitter bread of dependence longer.'

And Mrs. Walter softened by the sight of Mary's tears, consented.

When Myron Walter came down the next day, he found Miss Lee in a calico dress of his mother's and a prodigious bib-apron, washing vegetables at the sink.

"Miss Lee!"

"Mary, if you please, Mr. Walter, she said, with a roguish sparkle to her blue eyes; 'I am your mother's hired girl now.'

"Are you in earnest?"

"I never was more so in my life."

"May I ask the reason of this—this strange whim?"

"It is no whim, Mr. Walter. I am sick of being dependent. I want to earn my own living. Your mother has kindly consented to try me, and I am resolved to deserve her confidence."

"And I honor your noble self-reliance," Myron involuntarily cried out.

Mrs. Cressy was indignant. Clara and Louisa shrugged their shoulders, exchanging meaning glances, and opinion that 'Mary would soon get tired of playing kitchen maid.' But Mary sang about her work as blithe as a linnet, and seemed happier with every passing day. And when Mrs. Walter paid her, her first week's wages, she felt rich.

"I never earned any money before," she said. "I begin now to comprehend the dignity of labor."

"Mary," said Mrs. Cressy, one sunny September afternoon, when the early grapes were just beginning to ripen against the south wall. "We are going back next week. Of course you will abandon this fancy of yours, and return with us?"

"Of course I shall not," Mary Lee laughingly answered.

"Do you mean to stay?"

"Certainly!"

"For two dollars a week?"

"It is more than you ever paid me aunt," said Miss Lee, demurely.

"Very well," haughtily responded Mrs. Cressy. "You are your own mistress. Do as you please. But when I come back here, next summer—"

"You will not come, aunt," said Mary, calmly.

"To be sure we shall," said Mrs. Cressy. "The place is beautiful and healthy, the fare excellent, price moderate, and—"

"Yes," said Mary; 'but we shall not take any boarders next summer.'

"We?"

"My husband and myself. I am to be married to Myron Walter in November."

"A common farmer!" cried Mrs. Cressy, who had manuevered vainly and hard to secure the well-to-do young farmer for her own somewhat *passé* Louisa.

"Quite good enough for me," said Mary, quietly. But in her heart she thought Myron Walter the best and noblest of all created beings.

So that was the end of Mrs. Walter's experiment of taking city boarders.

An exchange says: 'If you have anything old take it to the consignment. But what is a man to do who has nothing but very old clothes, and can't borrow any other? He might get upon a pedestal and pose himself off for an old statue, while his clothes were on exhibition in another department; but very few men take/absolutely interest in the two sets for that.'

Miss Anna Dickson's lecture is entitled 'Sowing and Reaping.' And an old bachelor cruelly says that Sowing and Reaping would be a more appropriate subject for a woman.

My friend, Col. Richard Wintersmith, says the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer, was walking up the avenue one day, accompanied by Mrs. W. and another lady. Just in front of them perambulated a perfumed attache of the French Legation. Suddenly the high diplomatic boot heels struck upon a particular smooth spot of ice; there was a dash of feet in the air, and the whack of a heel with hair parted in the middle upon the cold and unfeeling bricks; then a frantic getting up and a hasty glance around to see who was laughing. It happened that the risibility of the ladies who accompanied Col. W. was excited.

The furious Frenchman produced a delicate piece of paste-board from the pocket of his silk vest, and proffered the same to the martial Koutoukian.

"Sarc, so ladies you have no hours to protect have offer me le gross insult. I shall look to you for so satisfaschoon."

The Colonel bowed with that peculiar grace and compression which would drive the late Earl of Chesterfield mad with envy a hundred times a day were he alive to witness them and responded:

"My dear air, I am sorry that you take that view of it, but if you insist on satisfaction, permit me to make a suggestion, which I have no doubt will commend to your judgement. My wife has two brothers, either of whom she could spare more conveniently than she could me, I am the only husband she has, and she could never get another like me if I should be slain.—It's all the same to you, please hold one of Mrs. W.'s brothers responsible in this matter."

And the Colonel bowed another of his overwhelming bows, and passed on, leaving the astonished little Frenchman absorbed in blank stare at the nearest lamp post.

A Leap Year Sooner.

They stood together in the entry beneath the hall lamp.

"Then, Henry," she said, in a low voice, wherein blended determination, melancholy and love, 'you refuse my suit.'

"Yes, Ella," he replied in accents that were firm, though the speaker's voice trembled. "I admire you; I will be a brother to you and watch with pride your course through life, and if ever trouble should befall you there will at least be one friend to whom you can come for succor; but I never can be your husband."

"It is not because you are poor, Henry? For oh! if that were all, I could toil gladly from morn till night for you, humble as it might be, but our own."

"It is useless to attempt to induce me to change my determination. Though I am but a poor, weak man, I can never change my mind."

"Then, cruel young man, so fair and yet so false, farewell. Tomorrow you shall see my ringed remains on the lecture platform, and know that it has been your work. But it will be too late, and clasping him to her bosom in a wild embrace, she fled into the outer darkness."

"Exploring waste places," said John Henry, as he put his arm around the pretty chambermaid. "Navigation of the air," said Mrs. Henry, overhauling him, and smiling into his raven curls.

A Smart Laycock.

Ben C. an aged dandy, on seeing his minister after reading several letters thrown them into the fire, said to him, "If you had any more letters, gib 'em to me, so dat I can read 'em in my father, who I've promised to write to." "What was your father's work with my letters?" Perhaps he is dead, as he was very sick when I took you away from him." "Oh no, he ain't dead yet; if he was he'd surely have wrote to me."