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THE BEAUTIFUL BALLAD OF WASKA WEE.

Her voice was sweet as a bird's song,  
Her mouth was made as the hand of a god;  
Her eyes ran up, her chin ran down,  
Oh, she was the belle of Yolla town.

My lady Waska Singy Wee,  
So good to hear, and sweet to see,  
The fountains of life in all things,  
Well dead in love with a Turkish man.

This Turkish man, a dandy he,  
The Turkish man, a dandy he,  
He whistled into Miss Waska Wee,  
"Oh, my dear, will you be my own Waska Wee?"

"Oh, my dear, will you be my own Waska Wee?  
A little of your hair for me—  
A little of your hair for me—  
If thou wilt, my dear, will you be my own Waska Wee?"

New single Waska Singy Wee,  
So good to hear, and sweet to see,  
Remember behind her beautiful fan  
To be a little with this Turkish man.

But when her heart was full of love,  
She thought of gold, and she thought of  
And then she thought of my Turkish man,  
Who would you be my own Waska Wee?"

Then this dandy, the old Turkish man,  
Declared her his in the English plan,  
"My dear, will you be my own Waska Wee,  
The bride for my fortune the widow's third."

Then she the maid to the Mike-do,  
And told the plan of her Turkish man,  
"And now," said she, "the whole town  
How much will it be, this widow's third?"

Now the Mike-do was wondrous wise,  
He opened his mouth and shut his eyes:  
"The widow's third, O daughter, will be  
Whatever the law will allow to thee."

Then she the maid to the Court of Lords,  
Where every man wore a brace of words,  
And bade them name what sum would be  
When her Turk should go to his fore-fathers.

They sat in council from dawn till night,  
And set again all morning light,  
Figuring and reasoning and weighing,  
What an eighth widow's third would be;

And the end of it all, as you well might  
Know,  
Was bought but girl to the Turkish man,  
For lovely Waska Singy Wee  
Said: "Go back alone to your old Turkey!"  
—Scribler for May.

LOVE OR FAME.

She stood straining her eyes to catch a last glimpse of him, as he moved slowly down the path, without turning for one more look on either the girl or the old once-loved scenes. With both he had just parted for years, perhaps for ever!

His cold, cruel words were still lingering on her ear, pressing all the young life and sweet, bright hopes from her heart—that heart which had been so true to him, the man who had just cast aside her love, as an impediment in his path.

He was ambitious, and the future promised not only a prosperous career but success and fame. To this end he must devote his every thought, sacrificing on the altar of ambition the parent impulses of his nature.

"You will forgive me now, Agnes, and after a while be happier. I am not suited to such a little home dove; and you would be miserable in the world while I must move and live. We may meet in years to come, Agnes, and then you will still be, as now good and pure; and I—I will have succeeded in my hopes, and be either contented or miserable—wiser, of course, but I fear, not a better man. Good-bye! Tell me you forgive me," he said; and putting out his hand, would have drawn her to his bosom.

But she drew back, only placing her hand in his, and answered:

"Go! I forgive you. Be happy if you can. And should we ever meet again, you will tell me then if your choice has given you happiness."

"I will, farewell!"

And he was gone from her side, and soon entirely from her gaze. And then all the proud, calm bearing she had sustained gave way, and she sank down on the little rustic bench under the great old oak where many, many times she had sat with him, where he first had won her

promise to be his, and where he had sought her again, to give back that promise, and break his faith with her.

Bitterly she wept for a little while, and then the storm of passionate disappointment, mortification, and sorrow, gave way. The fountains of the heart were dried, and she said:

"These shall be the tears for him. He is unworthy of them. He has cast aside my love only because I cannot contribute, he thinks, to his advancement. He will marry the daughter of some great man, and likely enough break her heart, because she will surely find out he does not love her. No, no; for although another will bear his name, his heart, his love is mine. Oh, why cannot I go onward, forward? Why cannot I become great? There is that within me which might, with culture, grow and strengthen; until I could stand before the world his equal. But oh, what chance has a girl whose every hour is spent in toiling for bread, with scarcely time for rest or sleep—what chance for study, for even thought? Five years ago, when he left me, and bade me keep up a good heart and be true to him, as he would return; and then I should toil no more; then he did not think that the time might come when he would think me a stumbling block! Aye, yes, the factory girl is no wife for one who is to represent a borough! And I toiled on—hoped on! Bright visions of his success, and my sharing it, filled my mind; I, in my constancy to him, casting off the love of a truer heart. Oh, the changes of years! Of the past! What the future may bring, who can tell? I feel sure, whatever else, it will not give to Warren Leslie happiness."

The tread of approaching footsteps aroused her, and raising her eyes, she beheld the one she had alluded to as the "truer heart," William Allston, coming towards her.

"Weeping, Agnes? Ah I know! Warren has deserted you. I met him in the village. He told me he was to leave again tonight. I thought—He hesitated."

"What? Speak on," she said.

"Well, I thought I might have to bid you farewell—that you would go with him," William Allston replied, his voice growing tremulous.

"No, I shall never go with him," she replied, in a low but firm voice.

"No—never!" he said, repeating her words, as if he thought he could not trust his ears.

"Never! Now we will talk no more about him," she said; and rising, placed her hat on, and was about to walk towards the village.

"Stop a moment, Agnes. I came to show you something—perhaps to bring you a ray of sunshine. See here?"

He held to her a paper, pointing at the same time to an advertisement; after reading which, she asked:

"Well, what is this to me?"

"Why, Agnes, do you not see? Father saw it, and told me. This is from your father's brother, and he is trying to find you, or any of your father's children."

"Oh, yes, I know now. But really, William, I hardly ever think of that being my name. You know I was an infant when my own father died; so I have never known anything of his having a brother, and only remember my step-father, and think always his name as mine. Thank you, William; I will answer this immediately. As you say, it may be a ray of sunshine," she said, a look of weariness replacing the surprise of a moment before.

"But, oh, Agnes!" he exclaimed, "the ray of sunshine that will illumine your path, will most likely leave mine all the darker."

You will probably go to this uncle. But I will rejoice. If your sky grows bright, I am content to have the clouds grow dark in mine, said the devoted man, who had loved Agnes for over five years without one ray of hope; and when he knew he could not be more to her, he was content to be her friend, sooner than anything dearer to any other woman.

Agnes knew all this, and then she felt the difference in the two men. The one who had left her, sacrificed her love to live for ambition; the other would have died to secure her happiness.

"William, where'er I go, your friendship I shall prize very highly, and always think of you with gratitude."

"Oh, Agnes, not gratitude! Oh, if long years of toil and waiting would only win one thought of—"

"Nay, William, do not talk of that," she said, interrupting him. And then, noticing his look of dejection, she continued,

"Of one thing you may be sure. Although I may never be yours, I shall never be any one else's."

A few weeks after, Agnes had left her village home, to find one with her uncle in another part of the country.

She had promised William Allston to write to him, and soon the welcome letter was received, in which she said:—

"I have not found a home of riches and splendor, as you predicted, but one of love and rest from the toil of years. My uncle was entirely alone in the world, and I have found a man so kindred to be with him. He is not at all wealthy, except in the heart's goodness, having only sufficient to keep us in comfort. He is refined, well read, and has what is wealth to me, a very excellent assortment of books. Now I can read, study, and think; what more, the future must tell."

Ten years had passed since Warren Leslie parted from the girl whom, still loving, he deserted, and married, as she had thought he would, the daughter of some leading man, thus taking a great stride on the path of popularity and success. But she who had so much contributed to his advancement, lived not to enjoy his triumph. And when in parliament he stood, one of the leading men of the time, he was also considered the most desirable object for matrimonial speculation and intrigue.

Did his mind ever turn back to the love of his youth? Yes, often, and his heart pined earnestly for that love. But pride whispered she was not the mate for him. Again he must choose one from those of high position, in the same circle wherein he moved.

St. James Hall was, on one occasion, crowded to hear an address on some popular subject by Warren Leslie. Vainly the beautiful girl and their anxious mamma watched for a glance, or some token of recognition, from the distinguished man; but his eyes sought only one face among them all, and often earnestly his glance lingered there. Immediately after his conclusion, he proceeded to the side of a colleague, and asked,

"Who is that lady accompanying your wife?"

"Why, do you not know? That is Miss Jewell. You know her by reputation. She is one of the most gifted women of the age. Strange you have never met her! However, she only reached town yesterday."

"You will present me! She is very like—not quite that; but she reminds me much of a friend of my youth. I must know her!"

"Aye, and go the way of many others. She was in town last season, and made sad havoc with the hearts of many. Indeed, I know more than one of our

friends here who would do anything to secure her hand."

That night, Warren Leslie again saw Miss Jewell. Only when in perfect repose her features reminded him of Agnes Archer. When she spoke the likeness faded. What could there be of resemblance between that elegant, accomplished, and gifted woman—the popular novelist and poetess—beautiful too, with the grace of a fairy, combined with queenly dignity—and the pretty village girl simple uncultured, and unknown?

Warren Leslie soon not only loved, but really worshipped that gifted woman. His pride was severely piqued by the calm indifference with which she received his homage.

"She must, she shall be mine!" he said.

Yet he dared not lay his heart, his laurels, at her feet. Had not fame crowned her too? Would she care for his?

The papers reporting the speech at the St. James Hall called him the "self-made man." And a few days after, there appeared in the columns of one of the leading journals a reply, or rather a criticism, on that report. The writer, giving full credit to the brilliancy of the speech, the power and force of its argument, and so on, said,

"The man you call 'self-made,' is he so? I say no. There are such. Where is the mother who bore him, who with her holy teachings first planted in his heart the best, the purest impulses of his nature; who first discovered the earliest buds of genius, who nurtured, and sacrificed herself, to draw forth his talents?—the sisters, whose girlish love for pretty, womanly things was all sacrificed that he should be given all they could, to help him onward in his heart's desire? Yes; they give their all—their life often—working day and night until their days of toil are over, that he should grow great. And when the goal is gained, they know it not. And the world calls such men 'self-made!'"

Warren Leslie saw that, of course, and felt sure from whom it came. He called on Miss Jewell, and said, pointing to the articles,

"This is yours. I cannot argue against it, principally because it is from you; again, because much of it is true; and more than all, because one woman can make me now more than woman ever has before; not only a greater man, but a happier one. You know I love you! I can offer you nothing that you have not, perhaps, but a life's devotion. Will you accept it, Miss Jewell?"

She had always, of course, addressed him as Mr. Leslie. Now she answered,

"You are too late, Warren Leslie."

There was something in her tone that caused him to gaze eagerly, inquiringly into her eyes, and there also a look that brought thoughts of Agnes Archer more forcibly to his mind.

"Have ten years so changed the village maiden that the one who knew her best knows her no more? Warren Leslie, ten years ago you promised me, should we ever meet, you would tell me if you had gained happiness."

He stood gazing wildly upon her, speechless for a moment, and then springing forward, he caught her hands, and exclaimed,

"Agnes! I know you now; and now I know why I have never loved one I thought another! Forgive, forgive, and bid me hope! No, no, I have never been happy!"

"I cannot. Years ago, you cast all hope from my heart. Truly I forgive you, Warren Leslie, but that is all; yours I can never be!"

"Agnes, Agnes, explain this mystery! Oh, that I could recall the past, and grasp that happiness I might have gained! Where is that gentle, loving

girl? Tell me; how came she so cold and cruel?"

And then she told the story of the ten years past. Her uncle's loving protection; his help and encouragement in her studies and thirst for knowledge; the discovery of talents, their trial, and final success; and then, in conclusion, she said,

"You cannot wonder that my love for you died out, never to be rekindled. You left me in my loneliness, never once glancing back from your victorious journey to see or care how desolate I might be. Oh, Warren Leslie, the woman you thought could not aid your ambition you cast off. God! you must seek for love elsewhere! But we may be friends. And there is another friend of your youth who would like very much to see you. I left him to receive you."

He looked inquiringly at her, and she said,

"William Allston."

"Agnes," Warren Leslie said, his voice growing thick and tremulous, "the loved ten years ago. How is it now?"

A beautiful flush suffused her fair face, and she answered,

"I have promised to be his."

"You—you who can claim the homage of the greatest men of the day, and you will—"

"Yes," she replied, interrupting him. "I will turn from the great men here, to find one greater than all, to the woman whom he has loved for years; for she knows that he is good, constant, and true."

Strong Argument for Prohibition about two years ago. A. W. Bartlett, of Trimble county, refused to license the sale of intoxicating drinks to say man in the county. This "new departure" by a county judge was heralded all over the land, and a charge of insubordination was made; and an appeal went up to the Court of Appeals. But the Judge remained firm. He looked at the work of the license system in the county; he saw "evil, only evil; and that continually; and he resolved that by his hand no more man should be allowed to work ruin among his people; that it utterly no rum-seller should hold up his license, and say 'Here, Lord, in my authority, signed by the County Judge of Trimble county.'"

The Court of Appeals sustained the Judge, and since that day not a licensed rum-shop has been granted for the county. Now mark the result; to-day there is not a criminal case on the docket in Trimble county; not a criminal in jail, not a pauper in the county, and not a license bar-room. Inset County Court day, though the county seat [Bedford] was crowded with people, not a drunken man was seen in town. Perfect order and good will reigned. No husband went home a terror to his wife, no father's demon to his children.

Men ask "What good will a prohibitory law do, if passed? Here is one of many examples we could give just like it. Is not such a record to be desired for every county? Look at Anderson county, with her two whiskey murders in one week! Look at Jefferson county, with her forty and fifty murders per year, and five hundred and thirty-seven arrests in the city alone in the month of June! Look at Putnam county, with her ten whiskey murders recently! Look at Bourbon, with her ten whiskey murders now on docket! Look at Scott, with her docket crowded—and then look at Trimble free from whiskey; and free from crime, and say whether you will put your name with Judge Bartlett's against the license system, or in favor of it.—Kentucky Temperance Advocate.

The Little Stories.

"Ah! Catherine, my Kate!" sighed his Honor as the same slim-waisted female and old straw hat followed Bijah out.

"What! came for was to inquire about your health," she replied.

"Which the same is excellent, Mrs. Moody; and now let us turn from the subject of health to the subject of getting intoxicated and crawling under a horse barn on Brush street."

"Don't abuse me, your Honor," she wailed, wiping great tears from her eyes. "It was only the bitter day that I fell off a wagon and struck on my head, and I don't feel like I wanted a 'dog with you this morning!'"

"Seven times, Catherine, have you been here before me!"

"I can't help it, your Honor—I wish I was a paved street or a grocery store, or a cat, or somebody, and then I would have whiskey!"

There was a silence. Bijah was now wiping his eyes on the corner of the desk, and the clerk who has the reputation of being a hard-hearted capitalist, seemed to exhibit considerable emotion.

"Catherine Moody," said his Honor after awhile, "I wish you were an angel, and that every day of the three hundred and sixty-five was full of sunshine and happiness for you. I don't know anything can reform you, and I don't see as it does any good to imprison you. You are a lone old woman, drifting through life without one bright hope—drifting on to death without a thing to look back to and make you regret that you have grown so old and feeble and broken down that death must soon come. It may lighten your burden a little if I tell you to go home, or to some garret which you call home."

She went out, wiping her eyes, and young Ebenezer Thunderbolt, a new boot-black from Chicago, said to the boys around him:

"If I could work my jaws like that old philosopher up there, I'd 'spose I'd be around here blackin' butes!"—Detroit Free Press.

Last night, when it lacked but half an inch to 10 o'clock by the City Hall time, said his Honor to the first prisoner out, "you sat in the deserted City Hall market and loudly sang as follows, to wit:

"Oh! Mr. Johnson come with me  
To where the whistles are lying;  
Oh! come and see the dolphins jump  
And hear the sea horses playing."

That is the song you continued to sing until collared by this officer, and the song comes under the head of disturbing the peace. Do you know of any particular reason why I shouldn't make an exile of you?"

"I'd like to go to the circus," replied the man, after pondering over the query.

"The circus is passed and the gambling is ended, continued the court, and I shall hang you on a line to dry. Other circuses will come—the clown will ask the audience why an elephant is like a brick—the acrobats will make their heads break their necks—the band will play and the brick-mule will close his eyes and feel that he has a heart affair all. But you won't be here—you won't even see one of the one-horse shows for three months to come!"

"I'd want to see much, replied the man, scratching his elbow, and he fell into a chair in the corridor without a groan or a sigh.—Free Press.

At Jefferson, Florida, a Judge of African extraction has condemned his wife to three months' imprisonment for stealing one of his shirts. Roman justice outdone.