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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.
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2 sq	2 00	5 00	10 00	16 00	30 00
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4 sq	4 00	9 00	16 00	25 00	45 00
5 sq	5 00	10 50	18 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



**THERE ARE LITTLE CROWNS IN HEAVEN.**

There are little crowns in heaven,  
There are little harps of gold,  
There are little shining dresses,  
There are gems and joys untold.  
Jesus gave his blood to buy them:  
He has thought enough for all;  
Little children come to Jesus,  
He has love for great and small.

Little children come to Jesus;  
Hear him saying, 'Come to me';  
Blessed Jesus who to save us  
Shed his blood on Calvary;  
Little souls were made to serve him,  
All his holy law fulfill;  
Little hearts were made to love him,  
Little hands to do his will.

The London *Illustration* states that the following lines, by Moore, are published for the first time:

When life looks lone and dreary  
What light can dispel the gloom?  
When Time's swift wing is weary,  
What charm can refresh his plume?  
'Tis woman, whose sweetest beameth  
On all that we feel or see,  
And if man of heaven's ether dreameth,  
'Tis when he thinks purely of thee,  
O Woman!

**SKATING INTO LOVE.**

'Make up your mind, old fellow, that a woman who understands the art of cutting pigeon-wings on skates also understands the art of flirting. Confound it, man! whether married or single, she is a heartless coquette, and that's the English of it. More men have made ship-wreck of their lives by falling in love with a pretty foot and ankle, a graceful carriage, and a bewitching manner; which the hussies pick up, most of 'em, before they are out of short clothes, than you can shake a stick at. Don't be a fool now—don't be a fool.'

The gentleman thus addressed was a decidedly good-looking individual. His features were regular—expressive, manly, and earnest. A pair of large dark eyes, into whose depths it was plain to see that love had penetrated, illumined his face with a tender light, which made them very friendly eyes to look upon or look out of. Love is a wonderful and glorious transformer. The little god can make even a plain handsome and fascinating. How much more so, then, one that nature has richly endowed.

'Ah, father,' replied the young man, after a short pause, 'you are a splendid talkist—that fact is indisputable; but, do you know, I am half inclined to believe that you have forgotten all about how it feels to be in love. This is my first experience, and, if it goes a trifle hard with me, to call a fellow a fool doesn't mend matters. You don't think well of her, and I do; but the chances are that she wouldn't incline her pretty head to such a plain, unattractive nobody. So, if you

please, we will let the subject drop.'

Chauncey Belknap, Sr., surveyed for a moment the vexed countenance of his son and then laughed heartily at his discomfort. Love to this man of fifty, seemed a passion only distantly related to the love he used to feel and understand.

'He jests at scars, who never felt a wound,' muttered Chauncey, Jr.; but here he was mistaken, for Chauncey, Sr., had undergone more than one tussle with Cupid, and had on two occasions, to the knowledge of his friends, been ignominiously beaten. It would not be strange if such an experience had blunted the finer feeling of his soul, causing him to keep his eyes forever turned away from the contemplation of a girl which reflected no credit upon his personal charms or spiritual fascination.

'Just bear in mind,' said Chauncey, a little nettled at his father's manner, 'that I intend seeking an introduction to this beautiful girl, and that one appreciative smile, one little word from her will bring me on my metaphorical knees before you can say 'Jack Robinson,' and that's the English of that.' So 'an revoir,' and Chauncey took his departure apparently very much to the delight of the elder, who laughed and continued to laugh a good half-hour after the door had closed upon his son.

'Zounds, this is a rich joke! Confound the young dog! He'll get over it. What if he knew that the girl he raves so about is my affianced bride—oh, what then?'

The young lady whose image had so strangely and, after all, naturally engraven itself upon Chauncey's heart, was present with a party of friends.

'If there was only some way that I could manage an introduction to that young lady, I should be the happiest man in Brooklyn,' muttered Chauncey, as Miss Preston emerged from the dressing-room, skates on, ready for fun.

No wonder the gentleman was dazzled by the picture. Dressed in a Scotch tartan picturesquely arranged, her beautiful wavy hair floating around her neck and shoulders, two tiny feet increased in neat-fitting gaiters, the little lady seemed the embodiment of harmony.

'That's what I call the poetry of motion,' continued Chauncey, appreciatively. A bright thought struck him. 'I'll dash out after her, and, if she has the grit I give her credit for, she'll enjoy the fun.'

In a moment more Chauncey struck out. The acknowledged champions of the season all stood back to give them room and watch the chase. Miss Preston took the cue in a twinkling. Like the steed who afar off scents the battle, the lady, with head erect and nostrils dilated, waited until she had discovered there was no possibility of mistake, then dashed off, in a straight line, with the fleetness of the wind.

Such a chase as she led him! But he kept steadily on, his face lighted up with a rare smile, as he considered how eagerly his challenge had been accepted. Up and down, around in circles,

curly cues, and every imaginable figure, he followed the lovely skater. All eyes were upon them. The music from the band—a bright sparkling gallop—lent wings to both pursuer and pursued. Cheer after cheer greeted them from the delighted spectators. Without the slightest diminution of strength or fleetness Chauncey kept steadily on. For ten full minutes he continued. At the expiration of that time Miss Preston, tired and dizzy, waved her handkerchief as a flag of truce, and attempted to reach her friends. Chauncey, with a true lover's instincts, discovered the state of the case, and gracefully throwing his arm around her waist, escorted her to a seat.

'Oh, I am so sorry!' panted the little lady. 'I did so long to win this; but I am no match for you in hold-out-ativeness.'

'Please let me introduce myself,' replied her companion. 'Chauncey Belknap, at your service. Now, who are you? Please tell me,' as the young lady almost gasped for breath.

'A relative of Chauncey Belknap of W—Square?' she inquired, as pale as death.

'His son, my dear young lady. But why are you so excited? You are not acquainted with my father?'

'Yes—oh, yes!' she murmured. 'I am Charlotte Preston, and engaged to be married to your father. Order my carriage, please, or your carriage or someone's and take me home. I will then tell you all about it.'

Chauncey was staggered, but immediately did as he was bid; and in a few moments he had the pleasure of listening to the strange particulars.

'My father is on the verge of financial ruin, and I did it to save him. What shall I do? For the love of mercy, tell me!' and Miss Preston burst into tears.

'You do not love him?'

'No, and I told him so.'

'Don't marry him then. Do you suppose,—and here Chauncey stopped, and raised the uplifted face wet with tears—do you suppose you would ever learn to love Chauncey Belknap, Jr.?' and the young man again halted.

'Well, what if I could?' and a mischievous smile chased away every sign of weeping.

'Oh, only I have loved you ever since the first moment I laid my eyes on your face, and determined to win you, if possible. I have money enough to fix things, I reckon, and I know, my dear little girl, I can make you happy. 'And I know you can, too. Will you tell your father about it?' and Miss Charlotte Preston hid her head on her lover's shoulder.

'Yes, my darling; but you must accompany me. My wife must not be a shirk. We will go now.'

An hour later, and Chauncey Belknap, Jr., stood before his paternal parent, with the promised bride of both on his arm. The old gentleman's consternation we will leave to the imagination of our readers, assuring them it was immense.

'I do not love you, Mr. Belknap; but I do love your son, and he loves me. That is all I can say; I trust you will forgive me

for having, because of poverty, held out to you a promise of love I could never fulfill.'

'All right,' replied Chauncey, Sr. 'Don't say any more about it. The young dog meant business, and has cut me out. That's the English of that.'

**WOMAN'S MISSION.**

I suppose that every human being has a mission of one kind or another.

Althea Earl believed that hers was to reform the world, and I think that she was right in her belief.

Althea Earl had a rich father to begin with, and an elegant home, and a carriage to ride about in, just where and when she chose; and last, but not least, a lover, who believed the sun rose and set in the light of her eyes.

I know that when, for the twentieth time, he asked Althea Earl to marry him, she replied in words something like these:

'Marry! I marry, indeed, with my mission only just begun, and settle down in this world with a trio of babies to care for, and my husband's old stockings to be the basket full to darn: No, sir; there are more glorious fields than those for me to labor in. The wrongs of women cry aloud for redress. Wives that are tyrannized over by husbands need some strong nature like mine to show them the way out of this abominable slavery. Poor weaklings, with no minds of their own, need to be brought up to a plain from which they shall be able to see that they, at least, stand upon an equal footing with man. They want to be taught that they are making fools of themselves by giving up to man in the slightest degree. That, if he has his club to which he must go three times a week, she must have hers to which she must go the remaining three. That, if there must be babies to keep her awake half the night, he must be kept awake the other half. When no servants can be had, let the dishes in one huge heap, until he comes home at night, and then both join in a general wash-up.'

'But he has been busy all day, did you say? Gracious me! and hasn't she? That's where the gross injustice comes in. A man may work from seven until six, and then his excellency may rest from his labor, and revel in ease. Can a woman do this? No! But, Althea, you will never succeed in making people believe these things, or acknowledge it if they do. There may be a few strong-minded ones like you, who will join heart and hand with you in your attempts at reform, but believe me, that the majority will say, 'What can she know about these things, with her servants to command, and her elegant home?' and you will fail in convincing these.'

'But I shall not fail!' and here she sang a little *ronde* of some Italian air; then when she had finished she struck an attitude, and in a stage voice, said—

'Do not you fail to attend my lecture on Wednesday night,' and then dashed out of the room, as she had often done in one of these moods before.

John Malthers had discussed this subject so often with his af-

financed bride as to fully understand her. So the abrupt manner in which she left him gave him no uneasy feeling.

For the last month or two she had been busy in preparing a lecture, which she was to deliver in a week from the time on which the above conversation was held.

She was truly a gifted woman, this Althea Earl, and her position in society would, for a certainty, ensure her success. She knew this, and felt a desire to conquer all the obstacles that had been placed in her way by her friends.

Old Mr. Earl was not at all pleased with the step which his daughter was about to take; but as she had always been his idol, he took no active measure to prevent her.

The night of the lecture came, and a throng of the best society in the town was present. The speaker was enthusiastically received, and if one could judge from the applause that was bestowed upon her, her theories and arguments were fully endorsed.

The papers next day bestowed an unusual amount of praise upon her effort, and pronounced it the most successful lecture of the year.

During the year that followed, Althea Earl spoke in many of the principal towns, and in each was successful as in the first.

During this year I had occasion to go abroad, and, save for an occasional item in some chance paper, I lost all knowledge of Althea Earl and her career.

I often wondered how it fared with my friend, John Malthers—whether he was still as thoroughly the bond-slave of the woman he so devotedly loved, patiently waiting until she had fulfilled her mission, for her to become his wife; or whether she had yielded, and was now living a quiet and domestic life.

I returned late the next summer, and the week that I arrived home was the one on which my friends decided to go to Hastings. Of course, when urged to accompany them, I could not refuse, and so I went.

On the second day after my arrival, I was sitting under the portico of the hotel at which I was staying, looking out upon the bosom of which I had so lately spent many hours, when a sharp slap on my shoulder caused me to start from my chair, and utter an exclamation which might not look well in print. There at my side stood John Malthers, and looking as happy as a May-day queen.

'Why, John!' I said, 'how well you look, and how glad I am to see you. Now tell me, for I am dying to know, how goes your love affair with Althea Earl? Has she fulfilled her mission, as she determined to do?'

'Come with me,' he said, 'I have an old friend of yours sharing my room, who will be glad to see you.'

Then he led me through the entire length of one of the long halls, and at the end gently tapped at a half-open door.

The sweetest of voices said—

'Come in,' and in we went. 'Althea!' I said.

'Why, John, how unkind of you to surprise me in this man-

ner!'

'About a week ago. But I think the surprise is as great to me as to you. I certainly did not expect to find you here; I thought you had a mission to perform.'

From the corner opposite there came a half-suppressed laugh, as Althea called to a servant in the next room;

'Louise, bring Floy here a minute; I want to show her to this gentleman.'

The servant entered, bearing tenderly a three-months' old baby, upon whose face could be seen strong traces of the mother's beauty.

'I see it all,' I said; 'it is the common fate of women. They start out in life with lofty purposes, and dreams of a mission which they must fulfill, and, after all, end with a husband, a home, and a baby.'

'I think you have made one mistake,' she replied; 'correct that, and I will agree with you—say that here a woman's mission truly begins.'

**Wanted a Farm.**

A Detroit real estate agent was waited on yesterday by a tall man with a weed on his hat, said he had the cash to pay for a farm, provided he could get one to suit. The agent smiled him to a seat, and brought out his register of descriptions. He had several farms registered on his books, and he had no doubt that he could suit the would-be-purchaser. The stranger remarked:

'What I want is a farm of about three hundred acres.'

'I've got it,' replied the dealer. 'I'd like about six big hills on it.'

'Here she is—here's a farm with exactly six hills on it.'

'And I'd like a lake near the center.'

'Here you are. Here's a farm with a lake exactly in the center.'

'And I want a big natural cavern in one of the hills.'

'Here you are. There's a cave on this farm which can't be beat.'

The stranger drew a long breath, and went on:

'I want a farm of three hundred acres, but one hundred acres must be marsh land.'

'Here she is,' was the reply. 'Just three hundred acres in the farm, and just one hundred in marsh land.'

'I must have a waterfall twenty-six feet high on this farm,' continued the stranger.

'Here you are. This farm has a natural waterfall of twenty-five feet and eleven inches. I don't suppose an inch, more or less, to a waterfall amounts to much.'

'Well, no, but I want a windmill on one of the hills.'

'That was put up last year, was the calm reply.'

'It was some time before the stranger thought of anything else, but finally said:

'There must be a Baptist church right across the road from the house.'

'One built there last summer, sir.'

'It must be a brick church.'

'So it is.'

'Has it an organ?'

'It has.'

'Then I can't buy the farm of

you,' said the stranger, rising to go. 'If there is anything I hate it is a church organ, and you can see for yourself that I would be in a state of continual misery. The farm suits me first rate, but I can't go that organ.'

Just what estimate those two men placed upon each other's veracity as they separated will never be known.

**The Female "Comp."**

A young lady in Southern Illinois, whose delicate little feet had crushed the blossoms of some sixteen summers, at last became weary of her floral life and resolved to learn the art of setting type.

She applied for a situation, and to the joy of the 'devil' and dismay of the foreman, she was given a case.

After many trials and tribulations the respective localities of the 'little square pens' were accurately housed in memory's cell. A short, reprint article was then given her with directions to 'set it solid.'

She worked diligently until the item was finished, and then said:

'I've got the piece done, and this thing is full.'

The foreman went to read and empty her stick, when he discovered that she had failed to use any spaces notwithstanding, the box was empty.

'Well, said he, 'you have set it solid, sure enough—see, the words all run together—you must put a space between the words—what have you done with them?' placing his finger in the empty box.

'Ah! to be sure; those little short things—I looked at them—seen there wasn't anything stamped on the end, and supposed they couldn't be any account, so I threw them in the stove.'

Two men, with spare time on their hands, seeing some arm chairs in front of a furniture store on the shady side of the street, thought they would sit down a minute or two, and smoke and talk up specie payments. So they sat down, and the man who was on the negative side carefully fixed his chair legs on two bars of grating over which it stood, and they began to talk very earnestly. Things went on all right till, getting excited, the man on the grating said:

'I tell you, if ever specie payment is resumed there will be the greatest fall—and then he gave his chair a hitch and it settled back as though its legs had sort of struck in, and it went back so far that he shot out over the left side and bit his cigar in halves and skinned his elbow.' When he got up he had forgotten the thread of his narrative, and observing, too, the bland appearance of the bystanders, he suddenly remembered that he had to dig some bait, and he went and dug it.

A negro walked into a drug store the other day and said, 'Boss gimme f' cents wurf ob squills, f' cents wurf ob eppycac, and f' cents wurf ob sody.' 'You think that'll fetch 'em, do you?' jocosely asked the druggist. 'I dunno, but fo' de Lawd, boss, dat's forty f' cents I done gone an' spent on dat nigger-weench, an' if she don't get well dis time I'll break her back.'—Danbury News.