

PEE DEE HERALD.

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The Wrong Coat.

She had promised him that she would mend the lining of his overcoat if he would wear another and leave that one at home, and so, as he had left it, she took it from the hall and carried it of. I trusted him so; I believed into her sewing-room. Mrs. in him so." Wilton had been married five years, and never during that ered up the letters, packed them time had had one unhappy moment.

Mr. Wilton had been very atand never made her jealous. hung it up in the hall again. She often said she was the happiest woman living.

Now, as she looked at the lining and compared the silk with he comes home I shall be dead. which she was about to replace I will not live to bear this." the torn portion, she was thinking these thoughts.

They had never had any children, but when people are all in delier with a window-blind cord, all to each other, that is no very great grief; all her care was for the face and hideous. She could him-all his for her.

'And he is just the dearest, best, truest fellow in the world, said Eve Wilton to herself. 'I'm not half good enough for him. I wonder what this 18 in this of fire-arms to shoot herself, even pocket; it bulges it out of shape.' She put her hand into the poison. breast pocket as she spoke, and tied with blue ribbon.

was not four days old! 'Oh I' cried Eve; 'oh, what shall I do? Oh, where shall I go?'

At every cry a thought pierced her breast like an actual stab. 'Tom-my Tom ! What shall I do? Tom ! To be false-Tom !

Oh, I am mad! No, there they are; they are really there-those letters. Why do I not die? Why do I not die? Do people live through such things as these?'

Then she sat down on the floor, and gathered up the letters, and steadily read them through.

There were ten of them. Such love letters! No other interpre-tation could be put upon them. They were absurd love letters, such as are always produced in court in cases of breach of promise, and they were all signed, Your own Nellie.'

'It is all true, said poor Eve, wringing her hands, 'and it is worse than anything I ever heard

Then she wiped her eyes, gathup, wrapped the silver paper about them, tied the blue ribbon, put them back in the breast pocktentive, very kind, very generous, et of that dreadful overcoat, and

'Tom shall never know,' she said; 'I'll not reproach bim. I will never see him again. When

Then she sat down to think of the best means of suicide. She could hang herself to the chanbut then she would be black in drown herself, but then her body would go floating down the river to the sea, and drowned people looked even worse than strangled ones. She was too much afraid in this strait. She would take

Yes, that would be best; and, drew out a little package, wrap- though she would never see Tom ped up in silver paper and again, he would see her, and remorse would sting him. 'Something he has bought for me, I expect,' said Eve. 'I won- A man who is coolly treacherous Here she made a great mistake. der what it is. I think I won't to a woman never has any remorse. Remorse in love affairs cannot die of that. Then she carefully laid the is a purely femine quality, and silk across the hole, and cut it even the worst of the sex are not self, 'So !' and I give her in the 'I wonder what it is,' she said. to believe that remorse is possible thing. She could take a pound. 'It doesn't seem like a book. It to a man whom one has hereto. Go home and tell her so. I nevhuman form, and Eve took a lit- calm.' She looked at the package the miserable comfort in the thought that Tom would kneel "There wasn't much to mend, of regret, which she perhaps she did not rip the patch off his after all,' she said; 'I thought might see from some spiritual coat as she at first intended. the tear much longer. He caught post of observation. So, having put on a hat and a thick veil, Eve The Adventures of a Goat in Mr. betook herself down the street around the corner to the nearest Eve put the coat over a chair, druggist. The druggist was an and took up the little parcel. "Tom wouldn't mind,' she said; one with red cheeks and smiling strong-smelling, wicked looking old man, a benevolent-looking and caught an enormous, shaggy, I will just take a peep. I'm sure mouth; and when she asked for 'poison for rats,' he said, 'So !' and beamed mildly upon her. 'I want it very strong,' said

And then she laid herself down latch-key in the door below startled her. Tom never came home at noon, but there he was now. No one else but Tom could walk in in that cool way. And now he was calling her : 'Eve, Eve, Eve!

Where are you ?'

Never before had she refused to answer that voice. Why had he come to torture her dying moments? Hark! Now he was bounding up the stairs. He was in the room.

'What is the matter-are you ill, Eve?' he cried.

'No,' said she faintly, 'only tired.'

'Ah, you look tired, little one.' said he. 'I came home to get the overcoat. I suppose you have owing to the goat suddenly rais-found out by this time that the ing up on his hind feet, waltzing one in the hall is not mine. I wore Johnson's overcoat home from the office last night by mistake, and he is anxious about it. He asked if there was any one in immorality. the house who would be apt to When Mr meddle with papers or anything in the pockets. I said I thought not. I hadn't a jealous wifeeh? Why what's the matter, Eve?' cried Tom. 'You must be ill l'

Then Eve remembered all. 'Oh, I am a wicked woman, Tom I' she cried. 'There were letters in the pocket-love letters. I read them; I thought you false to me; I-I took poison, Tom-

I'm going to die—and I long to live so! Oh, Tom, save me!' 'Yes, yes,' cried Tom. 'Oh, good Heavens! What poison?' bought it of him. Perhaps he themselves with pleasure over can save me,' cried Eve, in piteous tones.

And away went Tom, white as death, to the druggist's around the corner. He burst into the shop something like a whirlwind.

'The lady,' he gasped, 'the lady who bought poison here an hour ago-she took it by mistake. Can you save her? Have you an intidate? She is dving

It was dated the past week ! It Heaven forgive me, and forgive light of a challenge, suddenly such rapid succession that his vas not four days old ! Tom ! Tom ! and darted at her with the force upon her pillow. Just as she of an Erie locomotive, and just did so the familiar sound of a one minute later by the city Hall windows, and sent out the cook ed his red handkerchtef to his clock that girl had tumbled a back somersault over the clothes-basket and was crawling away in search of a place to die, accom-som a moment later when the som a moment later when the ached to tell her to go to Colora-

her on the bustle ground every third_second. the family poker and hurried to the rescue.

'Merciful goodness ! Annie, do get up on your feet,' she exclaimed aiming a murderous blow at the beast's head and missing it by a few of the shortest kind of inches. It was not repeated however,

toward her, and striking her in the small of the back hard enough to loosen her finger nails, and destroy her faith in a glorious

When Mrs. B. returned to consciousness she crawled out from behind the grindstone, where she had been tossed, and made for the house, stopping only once, with the goat after her, and butted her head first into the grape arbor.

Once inside the house, the door was locked, and the unfortunates sought the solitude of their own room, and such comfort as they could extract from rubbing and growling, while the goat wandered around the garden like Satan in the book of Job, seeking what he could devour, and the eleven 'Mr. Hoffman will know. I little Boblink boys fairly hugged door.

the performance.

By the time Burdock returned home that evening and learned all the particulars from his arnica-soaked wife, the goat had eaten nearly all the week's washside of the clothes-basket.

'Why in thunder don't you put to destroy everything?' he de-

pious old lady, who lived in a house in the rear, shut up her to hunt for a policeman or a mis-

turned away.

It is probable he would have kept followed his offspring's sugges- as with his catarrh .- [Detroit on butting her for the next two tion. He was legging it in su-weeks it Mrs. Burdock, who had perb style, and the chances of been a witness of the unfortunate his reaching the house seemed exaffair, had not armed herself with cellent, when the fragrant brute, suddenly clapped on more steam, gained rapidly, and darted between his legs, and capsized him into an ash box.

His family dragged him inside, auother candidate for rubbing, arnica and a blessed haven of rest. The back of the house has been hermetically sealed and Burdock now proposes extending an invi-tation to the militia regiment of Brooklyn to come and pratice marksmanship off the roof, promising to furnish a live goat for a target, and a silver plated napkin

ring as the first prize. The goat still holds the fort.

A Double Rap.

Last evening as the Widow O'Connor, of Lacrosse street, sat in her cosy cottage home, the stoves all down and her form enveloped in two bedquilts to keep from being frozen stiff, she suddenly heard a tapping, as of some one gently rapping at her kitchen door. 'Who is there?' the widow muttered; 'Tis William McGeel' a strange voice stuttered, and then he kicked his hardest kicks upon that kitchen

She opened the door and warned him to go away or suffer fatal injuries, but he wouldn't go. He said he wanted to marry, and he was going on to tell what a beautiful home he owned in the suburbs of Toledo, and how seing, half the grape vine and one dative goats, reflective cows and squealing pigs surrounded his lone paradise, when the Widow

him out and not leave him there O'Connor whacked him on the head with a stool and the police. "William McGee, stand up!" ordered the court. 'Here I am,' answered William, looking as innocent as a lobster at the Central Market, 'Do you plead guilty to all this, William?' I pleads guilty to none of it,shouted as he came into the sir. I was pretty drunk, I'll ad- jumping over it broke his ancle garden, and caught sight of the mit, but as for knocking on a right off above the knee, fell into... shaggy and highly perfumed door I never did, I'd no more a dry mill pond and got drown-visitor. think of asking that woman to ed. About 40 years after that, marry me than I'd ask Queen on the same day a high wind Victoria.' 'Phat's that?' called the widow. 'Ain't I every bit as good as 'You won't go hey ?' exclaimed any queens in this world? sow and two dead pigs at Boston, Burdock, trying to kick a hole D'ye suppose I'd take a back seat where a deaf and dumb man was in the enemy's ribs. I'll show for . Mrs. Victoria, or anybody talking French to his aunt else ?' 'Woman, hold thy tongue and learn wisdom from the way I his head on Burdock's shirt shall send this man to reflect hebosom, and before he could recov-er his equilibrium he had been manded the court. 'William of a slave as well as of a prince. then went home and flattened butted seven times in seven fresh McGee is guilty. There's the It came from heaven, and to spots, and was down on his knees scar where you hit him, there's heaven it must return; and it is crawling around in a very un-dignified manner to the horror of grabbed him and his breach yet a pure and virtuous mind enjoys smells of bad liquor." Til give fifteen cents to settle the case, and I'll leave town in a one-horse wagon l' exclaimed the prisoner. 'Would I have a strange man kick on my door for fifteen cents ! howled the widow. Would I let a fifteen-cent man come into this town and get 'William looked at the widow with love, appeal and sorrow all flour store now as the proprietor mixed up in his sad smile, but she would not melt. Tears stood in his eyes as he turned to the Grassacoralitchzeffigvarias, an' desk, but the laws of Michigan some one is going to get hurt. must not mind—' But there she paused, gave a icream, and threw the letter from her as though it had been a ser-wallowed it. Then the goat, who evidently the tip of her tongue, hoping it the basket, taking her shirts in toream, and threw the letter from her as though it had been a ser-

The slim woman coughed four times in succession as his Honor

rattled his papers. The fat man deliberately raisnose and blew four toots on his

do for her consumption, and she Burdock sprang to his feet and wanted to tell him to go to Tex-

Free Press.

Ask the Old Woman

A gentleman traveling out West relates the following :

Riding horseback just at night through the woods in Signor county, Michigan, I came into the clearing, in the middle of which stood a log house, its own-er sitting in the door, smoking his pipe. Stopping my horse be-fore him, the following conversation ensued :

'Good evening, sir,' said I.

'Good evening.' 'Can I get a glass of milk from you to drink?'

'Well, I don't know. Ask the old woman."

By this time his wife was standing at his side.

'Oh, yes,' said she, 'of course you can.

While drinking it I asked : "Think we are going to have

storm?' Well I really don't know. Ask

the old woman-she can tell.' I guess we shall get one right away,' said the wife.

Again I asked :

'How much land have you got cleared here ?'

'Well, I really don't know. Ask the old woman-she knows? 'A bout nineteen sores,' said she

again answering. Just then a troop of children came running and shouting around the corner of the shanty. 'All these your children,' said I. 'Don't know. Ask the old wom-

an-she knows.' I did not wait to hear any reply, but drew up the reins and left immediately.

A droll fellow was asked by an old lady to read the newspaper, and taking it up, he began as follows: Last night yesterday morning, just before breakfast, a hungry boy about 40 years old, bought a penny custard, for three pence, and threw it threw a brick wall made of iron pine feet thick, and blew Yankee Doodle on a frying pan and knocked the old Dutch Church down and killed an old Peater.

open it until he comes home."

out and basted it down.

might be lace wound on a cardreal lace-'

again.

I do wonder what it is,' said she, hemming the patch down.

it on a nail at the office, I know. Now I do wonder what there can be in that package.'

it's for me.'

Then she undid the ribbon, unfolded the paper, and saw let-

ters. 'Dear Tom,' said she ; 'he must keep my old letters next to his heart, and he never told me.'

But the writing was not hers; she saw that at a glance.

'His mother's letters,' she said. 'He loved his mother so.'

Then she began to tremble a little, for the letters did not begin, 'My dear son,' nor anything like it. She cast her eye over them.

said, beginning to cry. Oh, what counter. Eve took it and paid the few pence he asked, and walk-

Then she cried out :

and he loves only me now. It taking the powder, with her. must not mind-

her as though it had been a ser- swallowed it. pent, and had bitten her.

Eve.

'So !' said the druggist. 'But not to give more pain than is necessary,' said Eve.

'To the rats?' asked the drug-

'Yes,' said Eve, 'of course; and it must be quick, and not make one black in the face.

'So I' said the druggist, slowly. Well, what shall I give you to Mrs. B., and was busily erthat will not make a rat black in "Tom has loved some other the face?' And with a grave shirts when the servant cause countenance he compounded a rushing out with a basket of woman before he met me,' she powder and handed it across the clothes to hang up. the few pence he asked, and walk- exclaimed, coming to a full halt,

ed away. 'Oh, foolish, foolish, creature that I am! Of course she died, to her room and retired to bed, away at the shirt.' was all over before we met. I Once or twice she tasted it with scream, and threw the letter from finding it sweet, she bravely

'No, no,' said the old man; 'be manded angrily. calm-be at rest. No, no, she When a lady asks me for poison, I say to mywithout it. Howevr, it is naural paper a little sugar and somefore believed to be an angel in er sell poison to women; so be

So Tom flew home again, and Eve rejoiced; and hearing that beside her coffin, and burst into Johnson was a single man, who tears and passionate exclamations admitted himself to be engaged,

Burdock's Garden.

Last Monday afternoon the eleven-Boblink boys surrounded | you wheth'goat of the masculine gender, turned him loose in Burdock's garden, nailed up the gate, and | er his equilibrium he had been their eleven little noses against the back windows to watch for coming events.

Before his goatship had spent three minutes in that garden he of the eleven young Boblinks had managed to make himself next door. perfectly at home, pulled down the clothes-line, devoured two lace collars, a pair of undersleeves goat sent him flying into a snow and a striped stocking belonging pile. gaged stamping one of Burdock's

'The saints preserve us !' she and gazing open-mouthed at the Once home, she went directly goat who was calmly munching

'It is over,' she said. 'Oh, considered her movements in the and swore three-story oaths in in two minutes by the watch. | York.

'Because he wouldn't go, and 1 wasn't going to stay and be killed, that's why l' answered his wife excitedly.

'Wouldn't fiddlesticks,I' he exclaimed, making for the garden, followed by the entire family.

'Get out of here, you thief !' he

The goat bit off another mouthful of the basket, and regarded him with a mischievous twinkle of his eyes.

The sentence was left unfinished, as the goat just then dropped the family and the infinite glee

'Look out he don't hurt you l'screamed Mrs. Burdock as the

When Burdock had got his bald head out of the snow, he

was mad all over his clothes, and tried to clutch the brate by the out alive !' said the Judge, horns, but desisted after he'd lost two front teeth and been rolled

in the mud., 'Don't make a living show of

yourself before the neighbors,' advised his wife.

A great, a good, and a right mind is a kind of divinity lodged in flesh, and may be the blessing in some degree even upon earth.

'May your seed-time and har-vest of pickles be beautiful.' With this appropriate sentiment the pupils of the winter school in Orithenden, New York, presented their principal last Thursday with an elegant out glass pickle paster in token of their fon lacss for him and his for pickles.

It is interesting to sit in a receives a dispatch, and yells : 'They're a throwin' shells across