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EPAIR FOR ACCOMODA THE TRAVELLING NO PARTS SHALL BE MAKE ITS GUESTS

"Joha," she said, eagerly, to her hus-

ie auswered, softly

But Miriam broke fourth in a passionate wail:

No. mother, no! In that happy and may for your poor child."

chill, Miriam tottered from the bedside, all in her train, and vexed poor Langdon and seak mouning upon the floor. In hearly to death, Nearly, did l'say?vain we field to rouse her, or persuade Alast it was werse than that. She murher to leave the room, and, at last, wea- dered him !"

The Slave of no Party The Tool of no Man."

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 31, 1867.

THE MISTAKEN ry with vain pleading, I took her in my IDENTITY.

The Snicide's Curse. CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

So, as physician, friend, and lover, I ought to win her young life from it burden of grief. Yet I was only partially successful .-

VOL. 1.

Even when, with parted lips, flushed cheeks, and smiling eyes, she would be earnestly listening to my words, some unguarded look or gesture would waken the memory of her sorrow, and the heavy vail of gloom shroud every feature. It tortured me, as my love grew stronger, to find that there was no surer way to sadden her than to let any word or look hint at my passion. The grief would grow stern, and the sorrow repulse me if a term of endearment or a look of affection escaped me; and sometimes days would clapse before I could secure ; word or smile from her.

The mystery soon became a torment What grief could so cloud this young life that home, love, wealth, a cultivated intellect, and great accomplishments could neither banish nor alleviate it? Death? Ah, time heals evol that wound; and sore hearts, desolated by the tyrant, learn to bow before the inevitable, and hide the wounds from idle eyes. Memories grow sweeter as time flows on, and the keen sorrows of past pain are blunted by the hope of future happiners. This grief, whatever its nature, was a living one; and I could tell in each face when some new feature was added to the old form. Some days were full of associations; some objects would bring sick shudders and pale faces to meet them. and some unguarded phrases would start tears from every eye.

As time were on, Mr. Sherman became somewhat more cheerful, while the invalid grew daily happier, in spite of days of physical pain or hours of mental prostration. The piano was often heard with the rich music of Miriam's voice rivaling its melanious tones: realing became daily relaxation; little articles of fancy-work grew under Mrs. Sherman's fingers, and the smile came frequently to greet words of jest or loving caresses.

Yet away from the invalid's room Miriam was as hard to win to smile a ever. Could she have loved and lost The new speculation gave me sharp pain; but I banish it again. Supposing he life thus saddened, why should this grief crush left mother and cloud her father's life? Sempathy they would, of course feel; and, so doubt, in their natures it might be strong and true; but her sympathy alone had not bowed the parent's beads in sorrow. Whatever the grief was, they were equal sufferers with Mi

I had been in Milton nearly six months, and the long winter was over, the flowrs blooming, and the sun in full power. when Mr. Sherman's disease took an acute and fatal form. It was hard to see the newly-won, hardly-earned cheerfulnes vanish again from that sad household. With no invalid to cheer, Miriam and her father grew themselves pale and sad again. The long stupors of the patient were varied only by hours of delirious agony, and all the little wiles of love were shandoned for painful watching and

In that sad time, when every day every interval of practice, found me at Grovedale, Miriam lemmed to lean upon me for comfort and support. I could flever preach; yet such words of spiritual consolation as I dured offer, she welcom-

The long-suffering heart owned to my words of patience and future hope; for I dared not cheat her now with promises of earthly relief; and as the form she loved grew daily weaker, the pale face more etherial, she would turn for comfort and escaped mc. sob out her agony to me.

My darling ! How every thought at any heart was hers only, I and not then tell her; but every as I saw how she trusted me

Mrs. Sherman died at night. We were all beside her when, for the first time, a look of consciousness came into

ban "our poor child!" "Hush, Mary dear; try to forget her,

some there you are going, remember like Malibran's. Amongst the visitors

member to pray for-" She gasped and died. Shuddering as if struck with a deadly

arms to carry her to her own apartment. suddenly bent her head upon my breast, and broke into passionate sobbing.

Even in that sad hour my heart bounded with ecstasy to see how she turned to sad, until one night, after we all had re-Heaven bless you for every word you in the river some two miles trom Millhave given my crushed heart to-night!"

funeral took place; and she shut herself screaming hysteries when the body was away from all but Mr. Sherman for many brought up, and continued frantically long days afterwards. But the seclusion | calling him and pouring out her remorse soon dropped for me. There were no until her father came and took her away. further professional visits needed; yet I Before he arrived, young Langdon's fathwent often to Grovedale; and one sum- er carge, too; and in the presence of us mer's evening, when we lingered in the all he cursed her with frightful curses. garden, I spoke my heart to her, I can- She fairly erawled to him for mercy, but not tell the words of love I poured forth; the I know the whole force of my nature prompted each one. My life seemed to some instinct kept me from betraying my of a former lover whom she had driven hang upon her answer. It was this;

"I have feared this-feared it for my own take as well # gours; for it will lead to sorrow for both of us. You this hate seen the cloud that hangs over this doolliss house: When you know #!!all," and her voice grew ellbeked with more I must; and then-but I dered look the confession she had promised me. No emellon, "you may take back your love." "Never! It is part of my very life!"

"Yet let it rest till to-morrow. To- party in London or Folkestone. night I will sleep, believing you love me; to-morrow come here, still I will tell von

our recret. Now go!" I turned to open her, for her mailier was strangly solemn, when suddelly. her voice thriffing with love, she called

"Alfred! Alfred!"

It was the first time she had ever called me by my first name; and I turned and clasped her in my arms. Never had I seen her so much moved.

"Remember," she said, with passionate carnestness, "whatever happens tomorrow, whether you are constant or spurn me-I love von! I love you?" One long, fervent kiss upon my lips,

and she broke from me and fled into the

Dewildered, yet filled with joyful hope. I sought my home. To my surprise, the bright gaslight streamed from my parler as I came up t's street, and a shadow flitted across the window-curtain, proving the room occupied. My hand was hardly on the door, before it was thrown open: and my descland fellow and college friend Horace Fold, stood before me. I grassed his hand with cordial warmth; for some wars had slipped away since we parted.

"You at 1 took foreille possession, Alf," he said: "Your housekeeper has promised the sale temper, after you have dressed my wound." And he held out his left hand, with two crushed, fingers, for my inspection.

to work at once.

tion. I am on my way to London, en and was passing through here, when this miserable little accident made me so faint that I had to leave the train. Induiring for a doctor, I found you out, and I trust no train until to-morrow morning

"You will stay longer than that?" "I cannot. My baggage has gone foward now. What fate drouded you in this out-of-the-way place ?"

"A truant disposition. Horace. There s that comfortable?" I asked, alluding o the wound.

'As comfortable as possible, thank you.

ventures since we warted " There was much to hear and narrate; and the hours were on rapidly. In the midst of our chat, the name of Sherman

exclaimed Horace .-Any relations to the heroine of poor ing to and fro.

Langdon's traged 7 My heart almost stopped as I said, What tragedy?"

"Is it possible you do not know! So much for burying one's self alive. You emember the Carletons, of Milhaven?"

"Well, Mrs. Carleton, last summer, had a party of us there for the season, and among the number, this magnificent brunette Miss. Sherman, Marian-"

" Miriane." Marian. Tall, and splendedly handsome, with eyes like midnight-stars, and a voice

It was understood that the cousins were engaged; but Plato himself would have flirted with that girl. She led us

"Murder d him !"

As I placed her gently on the bed, she with a knife. She flirted with all, driv- to Grovedale, and read thus: ing him frantic with jelousy; but her cspecial favorite was young Carleton. Every day Langdon grew more morese and me letting her sols grow fainter, as I tired, there was a stormy interview in the spoke words of comfort, till at last she parler, and Langdon rushed from the lifted her face to say, 'Leave me now! house. Next day he was found drowned haven, and there was no doubt he con-For days I saw her but seldom. The mitted suicide. Miss Sherman went into

> him to retire, entirely unconcious of the No, I set my teeth firmly and drove foward no furtiles.

Early next morning; Horace Field left pathy. me, urging me to join the pleasure-bound

so you will have two entire days to get ready. I won't let you say no, but will tell the others that voil will join us."

"Well perhaps, I'll see;" I said, half resolved to go, but unwilling to commit myself before seeing Miriata

A vague, mad hope that she would explain away this fearful story that rest in my mind. Yet how? Everything combined to prove the facts as Horaea stated them. Her fear of her uncle, her mother's illness, and the mental shock to which she had refored, her own deep depres sion, and the secret she had promised to reveal. Yet she loved me. The memory of her passionate tones yet lingered in my ear: Perhaps her former engagement was an unwilling one. At any rate. I was resolved not to condemn her unheard; and as soon as I could possibly make my professional call., I started off.

It was the afternoon before I could turn my steps to Grovedal, and I hurried over the well-known path, spurred on by a misery of dread and hope I had passed the gate, and was on the broad avenue that led up to the hall-door, when, in the summer-house at the end of a narrow, diverging path, I saw Miss Sherman; Quickly turning from the grand walk I had been following, I went to

To my surprise she did not move as I "How did it happen?" I asked, going advanced, but sat; her face turned from me, tocking herself to and fro and moan-"Skut it is a door at the railway-sta- ing, as if in pain. Puzzled, and hardly knowing how to accost her, I stood hesiroute for Paris (our folks are touring it tating at the door of her arbor, noting her strange appearance. Her mouning was discarded, and she were the very of scene would aid her; but symptoms of che off their hands. Yet I can see no dress in which I had first seen her; all her heavy black hair was unbound, and to your hospitality for a Bed, as there is hung far below her waist in tangled confusion. As I stood wondering, her moans broke into words:

"Walter! Walter! my love! my darling. Dead! dead! "

I stepped foward and spoke, to break the resumed meaning. She did not look up as I spoke; but as I placed my hands gently upon her shoulder, she turned her face towards me. I fairly racket when Well, old boy, tell us your life and ad- I saw her. Could one night have so altered her? Every feature was swollen with weeping, and the heavy eyes that tooked into mine pleaded in their utter misery for comfort. Such depth of sorrow I have never witnessed. The gave me one look, and then resumed her sway-

> "Dead! dead! not a word, not a look for me; Dead! dead! O, will not my heart break? Will no grief kill me?"

The passionate pleading of the word appalled me. Was Mr. Sherman dead? No. I had seen the servant in the Allage not an tour before, and he told me hat his master was as well as usual.

"Darling," I said, taking her hands. why do you weep?"

She looked in my face, and said, "he is dead, I have killed him! I, who loved "Miriam, was it? I though it was him so! I, who was to have been his wife! I killed bim. You know I could not help flirting. It is my nature; but I never meant the cruel words I spoke to him. was her cousin, Walter Langdon, a slim I told him I could not love him; and he Miriam darling my child I will pale youth, who looked like a pretty girl. threw back the promises I had given him; and left me in a rage. How could I for her new life commenced. Heavenguess this this "

And she drew from her breast a letter. and gave it to me.

How my heart nerved itself to listen and not to break into mad ravings I cannot tell; but I read the letter, every word, date, in the house of the Shermans.

though it froze me to stone. It was "As surely as if she had stalled him dated in the summer before my first visit

canscum

"You have played with a heart that trusted you. You have sworn to love me; have lead me, step by stept, to worship you; till now, I see it all; you love me not. My heart is stunned by loosing faith in the world, because you have betrayed me. I bil you farewell for ever. My

blood rest upon your head!" I mechanically folded the letter, and she hissed out the words:

O, is there no pity; is there no help for me? Dead; dead; Walter! Walter!" I left her morning there, and sloly re- ing.

traced my steps homeward. She was in-

sine at the time; as a medical man, could see that; and my love had recalled the misery she had bowed under when I first knew her. She called herself so! What I said or did I know not, but | She had blood to answer for. The blood suffering, and I succeeded in persuading to suicide. And now to be mine-never! rack upon which he had stretced me. All back the thought. I had loved her truthe misery was explained; and my heart ly as man can love, fondly and blindlytureed sick and shuddering at the thought but it was over. I This was the secret my of the morrow's interview. See ther of the presence had for a time dispelled; this

My whole brain whirled with agony as s paced my apartment; and but one de-"You have plenty of money, and have sire haunted the-to escape to flee far been drudging too long. Come join us. from her presence, never to gaze upon We do not start for Paris until Saturday; her siren charms again. I was still pacing the floor when my eyes fell upon Horacc Field's now useless gleve. Quick as though I went to the telegraph-office and sent a message over the lines:

wonder she shrettk from my offered sym-

"I accept. I will leave here by the next train, and will be with you on Satufday."

Once resolved, I became calmer, packmy clothes, instruments, and books, gave my astonished patients over to Dr. Jones' care, and before night, was whirling fast as steam could take me from Milton.

For two years I hurried from place to place. The gay party I had joined soon became distasteful to me, and we parted company, they to seek pleasure, I to vainly try to banish memory. The thought of returning to England, becama 67ery day more repulsive; and after twentyfour months of flitting, I took apartments in Paris, and resumed the study of my profession by walling the hospitals. had soon a circle of professional friends, and life became endurable, as science became daily more absorbing. Yet a weary pain in my heart, still remained faithful to

It was in early autumn, more than two years after my parting with Miriam, when was bastily summened by a friend, a physician, to visit with him a dying girl. "She is English, and you are a countryman. You will come?" he said.

"What disease?" "See has been insane. Some love affair. I imagine. Her father says she was at one time confised in an asylum, but escaped and came home. They found

"No, but quiet and harmless. Beautiful as a dream-a brunett." "Her name?"

and she is dving of consumption."

pulmonary affection became developed,

"Sherman" ni fitti E relugati She was dying when we reached her The lovely face, pallid and wan, with masses of black hair strewed over her pillow like heavy frame-work, showed too surely that her life's sorrow would soon be ended. As we stood gazing upon her. her father softly left the room; and returned With a lady. I did not raise my eyes. My heart seemed breaking as saw the wreck of what I had so loved Softly as a babe sinks to sleep, she breathed her last. I bowed down weeping, as a man weeps only in extreme of mental anguish.

"My dear friend!" It was Mr. Sherman who spoke, and I felt his kind han fall gently upon my shoulder. "My dear friend," he said, "look up! Do not moan that so sad a life ends peacefully at last

I obeyed. Was I mad? Had my sorrow indeed turned my brain? Standing before me with a sad sweet smile upon

her lies, yet living, was Miriate. . Do not speak," she said gently. . . W know all your sad mistake. Thank heave you are here, that I may tell you th It was my sister my peer twinsister Marian, whom you met in the sainmer-house. We found her there later. escaped from the asylum where my uncle had placed her. I do not moun now will be merciful!" And the soft tears fell on the dead face, as she bent to kiss

her sister's lips. We returned to England together a few weeks later; and Milton has again her favorite surgeon, who resides at GroveNO. 15.

A Curious Bracelet. Loungers in the Rue de la Paix have recently observed in the windows of one of the most fashionable jewelry establishments there, a most extraordinary bracelet, the oldity and splender of which has excited universal wonder. It con. sists of four rusty; broken, bent, and battered pins, inclosed in a kind of frame work arranged to expose them with perfeet distinctness, and surrounded with the most precious and brilliant geins .the history attached to this remarkable "He committed suicide. Mine, mine; object is singular. The necessity of caution randers an ambigitions explanation

A long while since, M. Muzeres, finding himself in the vicinity of Mazarin ing fire, he was startled by the reream of Palace, was greviously wounded while a female. In a moment his overcost treading his way along a portion of the was huried on, and he shortly arrived on streets undergoing extensive repairs. On the spot whence the cries proceeded .letting slip an exclamation against the In a deep ditch by the side of the road, superintendent of steets, he was plunged a horse was kicking and plunging in a into a dungeon, carker than than the soul fearful manner, attached to a jaunting of his persecutor and condemned to soli- car, which was turned upside down. tary confinement.

Days, weeks and months fled, and he continued condemned, but not judged .- where they soon recovered from the ef-Torn from his dearest affections and buraicd in darkness and silence; he felt his who had saved their lives appeared all at body weaken and his mind threatening to once struck with one of the party, a locse its power. He was afraid of him- young lady, whom he felt certain he had at the time of his abduction; he discov- portrait of one of themselves suspended tice; and they immediately inspired him with a means of recreation, which would at least prevent him from absolute mental decay. How could four pins aid him? will be asked, and of what use to enliven his solitude and awaken his facul-

The poor prisoner occupied himself during six years in throwing the four bits of wire at hazard about his cell, and then searching for them to recommence the same feat. This was his only salace; the sole pastime permitted him through all waves scarcely reached our airy lookout; this weary lapse of years. But it served kim his liberty." His affectionate wife greeted him on the threshold of his prison, and conducted him to his fireside. He related his touching history and exhibited his four pins. A wife's devotion

SENSIBLE TALK FROM THE SOUTH, -George W. Kendall writes from Texas in the following sensible vein to his old paper, the New Orleans Picayane:

these lessonf are always useful. I know that it comes hard for a young man to walk behind a plow who once rode behind a fast trotter; nor 'is it agreeable to a young lady to make and put on her dreses all by herself, who formerly had her tractable, and resolved to try if change a couple of servants to take these irksome other remedy, at least for those who have simply been ruined by the war, and the list is a long one. That a farge majority have accepted the situation cheerfully I am alad to say is true-I mean the situation to earn their own living; all must do it. And there are many who think, and I am one of them, that in the long run it will be all the better for the rising generation of the South-a generation which is to follow one notoriously brought up in ignorence of work and indolence as to any useful occupation .-The race of man growing up will be more muscular-the woman stronger and healthicr-and their children again improve upon their stock. I have never heard that exercise was hurtful, and I have consulted good physicians on the subject.

> "How often do we hear people com plain that they have been out all da hunting for a servant without success. Had they turned to in the morning they could have done all their work themselves. in a courle of hours, and saved money brought up to be waited upon; they must now tie their own shoes, and I repeat that the sooner they begin the better it will be. I know that many think they can escape this state of things by going to Brazil, or some other out-of-theway country; but toil is the common of the poor man the world over, so far as friends, repair the breeches" - and before I have seen, and in no part of the world he could add, "made by the war," an is toil as remunerative as in the South- old woman exclaimed with perfect deern States of America. Let us work."

The single article of California wheat has this year paid \$350,000 in freight over the Pannua railroad.

A Norwegian infant in Wisconsin mes sures 7 feet 10 inches.

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A DREAM ROMANCE.-The Irish papers contain a romantic story, substantially as follows;

About twelve months ago, a gentleman who resides in the county of Galway dreamed that he had been instrumental in saving the life of a levely accomplished young lady, who would have been dashed to peices had it not been for his timely aids The fair one was so deeply eugraven on his mind, that when he awoke. being a tolerable good artist, his first im pulse was to make a sketch of it, which he improved from day to day, until it was rendered as perfect as possible. On a imperative, as the parties are still by bitter cold night some months susequently, while the dreamer was comfortable enseenced in an arm chair before a blaz-Three persons were quickly rescued from beneath it, and conveyed to the house, feets of the accident. The gentleman self; and determined at all hazards to seen before. The dream was brought awaken from the lethargy which he knew forcibly to his recollection, and on enterworld soon reader him insane. Although ing another apartment, his visitors were searched from head to foot by the officers more than asstonished to perceive the ered that four pins had escaped their no- from the wall. The mistery was soon explained, and in two months from that date the dreamer and the fair young lady were married in Cublin.

> THE SEN AT MIDNIGHT .- Minister Campbell went far enough north in Norway to see the sun at midnight. It was in sixty-nine degrees cliff 1,000 feet above the Arctic sea. The description

"The ocean stretched away in silent vastness-at our fect; the sound of its away in the north the huge old sun simply though it appears, to keep him swung low along the horizen, like the alive, until one day a revolution brought slow beat of the pendulum in the tall clock in our grandfather's parlor corner. We all stood silent, looking at our watch-

":When both hands came together at 12, midnight, the full round orb hung has caused them to be embalmed in jew- triumphantfy above the wave-a bridge ciry to the value of many thousand of gold running due north spanned the waters between us and him. There he shone in silent majesty which knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats ; no word was said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant sunset and sunrise you ever saw, and its beauties The lessons which adversity teaches will pale before the georgeous coloring are hard, yet they must be learned. And which now lit up ocean, heaven, and mountain. In half an hour the sun had swung up perceptible on its boat, the colors changed to those of morning a fresh breeze rippled over flood, one songster after another piped up in the grove behind us-we had slid into another

A PLEASANT WIFE .- The case of Forth s. Forth, in the Court of Probate and Divorce before J. P. Wilde, presents the married state in its most uncomfortable phase. The Rev. Mr. Forth applied for a judicial separation on account of his wife's cruelty, adducing the following instances of her misconduct. She had attempted to put one of the petitioner's children by a former marriage in to the fire; she had thrown candlesticks at him, had scratched his face, had emptied the contents of a milk jug over him; and had then broken his head with the jug, had burnt the nose of his eldest child, had set fire to his own hair and whiskers with a lighted match, had cut his forehead open with the heel of a boot, had upset a fruit pie over him, had destroyed his sermons, papers and books, had smashed his furniture, had threatened to set fire to his house, and had in a variety of other ways proved herself an undesirable wife. Mrs. Forth in reply declared that Mr. Forth had starved her, and that he was fonder of the children of his first and shoe leather by the operation. Too if half the reverned gentleman's allegamarriage than he was of her own-which many people in the South have been tions are founded on fact, is not altogethor surprising. The court granted a separation.

> A good thing is tell of the President in Raleigh. While responding in a feeling manner to the welcome given him. he used the expression, 'Let us, my light, Bless the dear old man, he has come home again to work at his old

I good book and a good woman are nice to have around, but should not be judged from their coverings.