The Mispatch

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I WONDER.

HELBN A. MANVILLE.

I wonder when the day will be, When Death shall come to tell to me The Story that we all must hear; When, with the silence drawing near I feel my hold on earth so weak My pale lips have no power to speak Of anguish or of eestady. Ah, lowly house the grasses under,

When will ye ope to welcome me Your silent guest to be, I wonder?

I wonder if it will be spring,
When o'er my head the birds will sing Their first sweet song not set to words? And which of all the many birds Will be the first to carol there. When, I forever done with care, Just like a child tired out at play. Sleep all the night and all the day, So peacefully my green roof under, Will it be autumn time or May,

Winter or summer time, I wonder? I wonder if I shall be glad-To leave the pain I long have had? Or, if friends who love me so, But with reluctance I shall go? Go out upon that journey long So voiceless I shall sing no soug, Ah, chain of life's fair wrap and woof When will your bright links drop

asunder? When will I sleep beneath the roof Thatched with the violets, I wonder? -Toledo Blade.

THE CASKET'S KEY

BY L CY H, HOOPER.

When Chester Seabok, a youngwealthy, intelligent, and ambitious of literary fame, went to Italy to collect materials and to consult authorities before baginning his projected tragedy of "Cæsar Borgia." his friends and relatives in New York were far from anticipating the actual results of his researches. These had brought about his acquaintence with a certain Dr. Alexander Marini, an aged phy sician of Milan, wao claimed descent from one of the collateral branches of the Borgia family. The old doctor's grand daughter, Lucrezia Marini, was wonderfully beautiful, an Italian blende, growing with the freshness of extreme youth, being then hardly seventeen, and with all the lus re of a loveliness which, as her grandfather declared, revived and reproduced the charms of her of the same name who was the famous bride of Duke Alfonso of Ferrata. The tragedy remained unwritten, and Chester Seabrook took to wife this dazzling creature. If, wedding in haste, he afterward renented at leisure, the outside world was destined never to know. His married life lasted a little over one year. His brilliant Italian wife died in giving birth to a son, and the young widower returned to his native land with his little child, po-sibly a wiser man, but certainly a sadder one It was an ominous fact that he never referred to his wife in any way, nor to the experiences of his few months of matrimony. A miniature, painted on born under the shadow of the Stars fore her departure, and Stripes.

twelve years of age his father died quainted by her husband with all the

TELL BOTH SIDES, AND TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES.

YOL. 1.

FRANKLINTON, N. C., NOVEMBER 4, 1887.

NO. 16.

upon him. He was never strong, and relief in the thought of his abscence. cherished herlooms on his great tertwined initials "C. B." and below his disposition was gloomy and morbid to a degree that was extraordinary in one that was so great a favovorite of fortune. He was shy and silent to a painful extent, Louis. Even if you never write to and he had already written to an- ored monarch to his future Queen. and, despite his Italian origin, he developed no taste for either art or music. He decided early in life to become a physician, but, after study. my brothers." ing medicine for some few years in a the chief part of his time to investi- ment on Grace's part; but a signifi- in every way to Mr. and Mrs. Mars- work of art The tube was held in closely resembled those produced by gations concerning the nature and properties of poisons, he suddenly hand of Mr. Marsden recalled that both looked upon the attachment of whose curved fish tail formed the announced that, on attaining his ma- gentleman's stern prohibitions, and Louis for his cousin as a mere boyish handle of the key. This handle on jority, he had made up his mind to be contented himself with kissing passion that had not survived the its outer edge was bordered with Grace.

These proposals were negatived at

think of such a thing as maariage, or even of an engagement, Louis." his few weeks over sixteen. Moreover, them all." I have decided objections to the marriage of first cousins."

response of the young man. "Grace is all that I have to live for upon

earth, and if I lose her

glowing as he spoke.

cerned," Louis made answer, pas-

stble, and have often occurred, especially where two such children as

When Louis was a little over Mrs. Marsden (who was at once ac-Marsden, and to her and her husband her visit wholly unconscious of the see him. He is nearly ninety years your kinsfold richly deserve." he bequeathed the guardianship of conquest she had made of her cousin's old now, but preserves all his faculhis son and that son's large fortune. affections. She was, to tell the truth, ties unim aired." It was a healthy natured and happy so delighted at the idea of a journey

"Tou must not forget me Grace," grandson and sole direct descendant. he said, fervently, at the moment of The two years that had been fixed coronet, the insignia of "Cæsar Bor-

in a desultory, languid way, devoting protestation respecting this announce- match was one that was satisfactory silver. This, too, was a veritable cant touch on his shoulder from the den, and to do them justice, they had the upraised hands of a mermaid, the bite of a serpent, and finally derelinquish all idea of studying a pro- with fervor the little hand that Grace tests of time and absence. This let- small, scarcely perceptible points, or fession. And he likewise astonished frankly placed within his own, un- ter received no response, but Louis spines, which would be apt to wound Mr. and Mrs. Marsden by making heeding the fresh young face that wrote a few hurried lines to Grace, the hand of any one trying to open formal proposals for the hand of was held up to him for a parting declaring his intention of being pres. the lock and not warned to take due

once, and decidedly, by Mr. Mars- kiss me good-by!" she cried, gayly, no malice for the way that she has ket. as she sprang into the carriage; "re- trifled with my affections," hs wrote: "You are both of you too young to member, you must write your first "I will bring her a wedding present cried with feverish eagerness. "Withsure you tell me what you think century have ever seen," uncle made answer. 'You are only about St. Peter's and the Colosseum.

d om me, uncle," was the gloomy I must go forth alone to meet the de- one of her own childred.

"Now, do not talk nonsense. He did not fail to write to Grace wild, haggard and feverish. Are you Louis," responded Richard Marsden, more than one impassionate love- suffering from malaria? You must briskly, but not unkindly. "Grace letter shortly after his arrival, but not fall ill on the very day of your reis too much of a child to be allowed the child, perplexed, unsympathizing, turn-the eve of Grace's wedding to listen to your proffers of aff-crion, and half proceded with what she day. Your playmate of bygone days Sac cares no more for you than she called 'Cousin Louis's toolishness," would feel sorely grieved if you were does for Ned, or Harry or Frank, made no response to his fersent pro- not to be present to movrow." You are like a brother to her-noth- testations. Louis took the hint, and "Ah, yes-where is G ace?-I had ing more-and I do not mean to have the correspondence thereafter was forgetten Grace!" the young man her mind disturbed by anything like | conducted on a more tranquel footing, responded, hurriedly, "I want to see love-making. Besides, you have seen To this change a sharp reproof from her -I have my wedding gift ready nothing of the world, as you should Mr. Marsden, and a treat of forbid- for her, and I want to present it to do before choosing a wife and set- ding altogether any interchange of her myself." tling d wn to matrimony and qui- letters, probably contributed largely "Go into the library, then, and I loved my brothers. It will cast a etude Go abroad-spend the next The traveler wrote but seldom, but will send her to you in a moment. two years in European travel, and he often sent tokens of regard and Sie is just having her wedding dress remembrance to his uncle's family, tried on for the last time, and I will "And then you will give Grace to and especially to Grace. One of tell her not to take it off, for I want mel, eagerly asked the youth, his these was a fine copy of the cele- you to see how charmingly she looks pale face flushing and his dark eyes brated portrait of Cæsar Borgia, by in it." Raphael, which is one of the noted "I make no promise; I will enter at treasures of the Borghese Palace. Marsden disappeared. into no compact with you on that And in the strangely beautiful face, subject. You and Grace must both with the evil tendencies of the inner of the library where Louis was pacbe entirely free, and if either of you nature looking from the large eyes ing the floor impatiently, was slowly fection once more." should fall in love with some one and curving the full red lips, Mrs. opened, and the bride elect, graceful "I cannot ad nit the ex. stence of strong resemblance to the counter satin, with a mien of grave sweet sucha possibility as far as I am con- nance of her nephew. Indeed, he al- maidenliness, advanced with outluded to the likeness of himself in stretched hands to meet the newly-"I must be a true descendant of the brow and a bitter smile. ivory and reproducing the glowing you both are were concerned. Now to the Raphael portrait has been woman that I loved," he said beyet delicate beauty of the fair Lucre- let me hear nothing more on this sub- commented upon even by total stran- tween his teeth, "on the eve of your zia, was all that remained to him of ject. I shall send Grace to stay with gers, and when I went to see my marriage, all radiant and smiling in that episode in his life. That, and her aunt, Mrs. Elavyn, in Washing- great grandfather, Dr. Marini, when your bridal finery!" the boy, who had received the name ington, until you are gone, and I I passed through Milan, the other of Louis, and who bore well his feel seriously displeased with you if day, his first exclamation on behold- mered the young girl, amazed and transfer to the United States, grow- you broach to her any subject con- me was, 'You are like your mother's halfalarmed at Seabrook's demeanor. and thriving as though he had been nected with love and matrimony be- race.' By-the-way, what a wonderful And so well and carefully did pay him a long visit on my way back reproaches or tell you all the ill that hand with its open palm turned to to Paris, and he tells me that he will you have wrought, my Cousin Grace. ward Grace as he did so, and the right answer, we give it up. then confine to my keeping sundry I have brought you a present from astonished girl could see upon it one suddenly of typhoid pudumonia. He details of the affair) watch over her family relies of great importance. beyond the seas. Take it, and with or two minute drops of blood caused had one only sister, Mrs. Richard daughter, that Grace went away for I confess that I am very curious to it such blessings from me as you and by the punctures of the points on

her departure. And the young girl as the period of young Seabrook's gia, Duke of Valentinois." It was a answered, gayly: "No fear of that, absence had nearly come to an end, gift worthy to be offered by an enamany of us, I shall always remember nounce the date at which he would you. For you are my cousin, you sail for home, when he received from breathless delight at the exquisite know-just the same to me as one of Mrs. Marsden the news of Grace's workmanship of the ivery carvings. engagement to a young talented law- Mean ime Louis took from his pocket-Louis was about to atter some ver, Stuart Hasting by name. The book an antique key, in darkened "How odd you are, Louis, not to to my pretty cousin that I bear her fully fitted into the lock of the cas-

But it was not ill the day before just twenty-one, and Grace is but a I wish I were going with you to see that fixed for the ceremony that Louis made his appearance at the "If you only were!" muttered house of his aunt. He received a Louis, as the carriage drove away. warm welcome from Mrs. Marsden, "You do not knew to what you "There goes my guardian angel, and who had always looked upon him as

> 'A few weeks later Louis Scabrook Louis," she said, after the first greetsailed from New York for Europe, ings were at a 1 end, "but you look

Some ten minutes later the door Marsden recognized with a shudder a and charming in her vesture of snown one of the infrequent letters received returned wanderer. He gazed upon

Borgias," he wrote, "for my likeness "So it is thus that I find you,

"Cousin-Cousin Louis!" stam-

old man he is! I have promised to have, not come to overwhelm you withdrew the key. He held up his

So saying, he turned toward the table, and brought forward to the Grace, and with them my full for-A few months later Louis wrote light an ivory casket that stood there, givness. You do not know what family in which the boy grew to man- to Washington, of a sojourn with her that his promised visit had been paid, still half secluded in its wrappings. good service I have done you to-day. Mrs Marsden's three sons favorite aunt (whose daughter Alice and that Dr. Marini had placed in Divested of these, it showed in the I have swept from your path a bitter all older than Louis, and did waf about her owx age) and of all the his hands some curious and antique sunset light as a morvel of artistic and dangerous for. Did you ever not, it is true, take very kindly to things she meant to see and do, that objects, several of which had at one beauty. In high relief apon the lid read Victor Hugo's 'Esmeralda!' their cousin. But her only daughter, she lost sight of the fact that Cousin time belonged to t e famous family was carved the meeting of Bacchus There are four lines in an old trans- away to his workmen forty kegs of little Grace was som years his Louis was going to sail for Europe of Pope Alexander Borgia. "Amongst and Ariadne, and the sides were lation of that po m which are now junior, and, as is often the case in in a few weeks, and that she would these," he wrote, "is an ivory casket adorned with a representation of the ringing in my brain: such instances with intelligent, pre- not see him again for a long time. of exquisite and artistic workman- bridal procession of the god, wherein "Mine be the tomb and thine be light cocious little girls, she developed a In fact, the peculiarly morbid dispo- ship. It possess certain singular bacchantes and satyrs, nymphs and great fancy for her m ody boy cousin sition of the of the young man had properties which I shall describe fauns, and cupids and panthers, were regularly took him under her protectinally become repellent to her bright when we meet." Next came the all mingled in graceful confusion. Igo, Oh angel of my life, to learn nature, and though she was always of the death of the old doctor, who The mountings of the casket were in The poor boy needed all the affectionate and kind to him, she felt seemed to have lived thus long for antique silver, and on a shield just tion that could possibly be bestowed unconsciously, a certain degree of the express purpose of bestowing his above the lock were engraved the in-

them a "V." surmounted with a ducal

Grace drew near and gazed with ent at her marriage. "And to prove precautions. This key Louis care-

"Open it-open it, Grace!" he letter from Rome to me. And be such as few brides in this nineteenth in you will find inclosed a necklace of the choicest pearls to be found in all Paris. Open it-open it, and tell me what you think of your wedding and that are arranged so as to puncpresents."

> But without toucning the key the girl glided forward, and, resting her clasped hands on the lid of the casshe looked into the dark, troubled depths of her cousin's eyes with a tender seriousness in her glance that caused him to turn pale and look

"Dear Cousin Louis," sue said, "you have brought me a magnificent gift, but do not think me exacting or ungrateful if I ask you for something more. You know I am going out tomorrow to a new life, and I want to take with me all the kindly thoughts and affection of those who leved me when I was a little child. You feel bitterly towards us all, I know, because I could not love you better than I have done-just as I have shadow on the brightness of my wedding day if I think you are still displeased with my parents, and still feel unkindly towards me. Dear Cousin Louis-my brother Louis-in memory of our old pleasant days to-And with a nod and a smile. Mrs. gether, will you not grant me my request? Take back your lovely casket and your necklace of pearls, and give me instead your frank brotherly af-

He fixed his dark, burning eyes on the soft-blue ones raised so plead. ingly to his own.

"50 you will not open the casket Grace?' he said, hoarsely.

"Not till you promise to grant me my request. Ah, Louis, have you "Neverless such things are pos- from him during his sojourn in Rome. her for a moment wite a lowering forgotten all those days when we were children together, and little Cousin Grace used to pet you, and watch over you, and keep her boisterous brothers from teasing you? is no gentleman, You were always very dear to me, Louis-be my dear brother once again and always."

> Still gazing fixedly upon her, he drew the casket towards him, un-"Oh, you need not be afraid-I locked it threw back the lid, and the handle of the key.

"Take your casket and your pearls,

and life.

I die, and Fate avenges thee. 'Tis well. If Heav'n is sweet as were thy love.

Farewell."

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in both his hands, kissed her tenderly on the forehead, and departed.

A week later the community was electrified by the news of the sudden death of young Louis Scabrook, who succumbed to a rapid and mysterions malady a few days after the marriage of Miss Marsden. The disease which proved so speedily fatal baffled all the science and confectures of the physicians called in to attend him. They agreed that his samptoms cides that the patient had fallen a victum to some acute and mysterious form of blood-poisoning.

It was only Richard Marsden who learned the truth, and that was after the death of Louis Seabrook. Amongst the papers of the deceased was found a letter addressed to his uncle. It set forth in rambling, incoherent fashion these facts: "I brought the casket of Cæsar Borgia as a present to Grace," he wrote, intending that she should not long survive her marriage. The little points that stud the handle of the silver key. ture the hand of any one who tries, un warned, to open the casket, contain a deadly venom. But once brought face to face with my fair and gentle cousin, I could not find it in my heart to carry out my purpose. Two natures have striven for supermacy in my soul. The one is the cruel serpent-cunning infused there by the Borgia blood of my maternal ancestors. The other is the frank kindliness of my American father. What if the first named element should once again win the upper hand, as it did when I planned Grace's bridal gift! I have deliberately tested on myself the deathdealing properties of the poisoned key. I have destroyed it. Never again will it work harm on any human being. Ind never again shall I. I would not live to deal with fresh temptations-perhaps to succumb to them. The legacy of my great-grandfather has wrought evil for no one-not even for myself. I

"'To where, beyond these voices there is -Frank Leslie's.

FUN.

A kidnapper-paregoric.

A stable government should be one that ruled by horse sense.

"I think I'll give this country the shake," remarked the malaria, as it prepared for business. Cardinal Newman says: "A gen-

tleman is one who never inflicts pain."

That settles it, then! The watermelon-Miss Blinks-"Why do you marry

Tom Bloodgood! He is well off in years." Miss Jinks-"Yes, but he is also well off in money."

"What is more lovely than a peaceful grandmother?" asks an exchange. Her granddaughter. If this is not the

Husband (attempting to sing)-"My voice is rather h-bus-husky tonight." Wife-"No wonder it's husky. You are full of corn."

"What do you sell that ribbon for!" asked a young lady in a drygoods store. "Eight dollars a week -hh, beg pardon-50 cents a yard,

A New York brewer is said to give beer a day. He must be busy. least this looks like an evidence that he has his hands "full."

When Dr. H. and Lawyer S. were were walking arm in arm, a wag said to a friend: "These two just equal to one highwayman." "Why, asked his frierd. "Because," rejoined the wag, "it is a lawyer and doctor-So saying he took Grace's head your money or your life,"