

BE SURE TO READ
OUR NEW SERIAL
BY
MRS. L. E. AMIS.

The Weekly Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED IN 1852.

A NORTH CAROLINA ILLUSTRATED FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NORTH CAROLINA PEOPLE, IN THE STATE AND OUT.

BE SURE TO READ
OUR NEW SERIAL
BY
MRS. L. E. AMIS.

(SUBSCRIPTION PRICE,
PER YEAR, \$1.50.)

VOL. XXXI. NO. 3.

WINSTON, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, 1887.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

LILLIAN REMBERT; OR, A YOUNG GIRL'S STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

Written for THE WEEKLY SENTINEL by Mrs. L. E. Amis, of Granville County, N. C., Author of "An American Prince," Poems, Etc.

CHAPTER VII.

After Lilla's lessons were over for the day, Mrs. Barron carelessly informed me that I "could find a seat on the piazza, or in the sitting room, when there was no company"—and I ventured to ask her,

"If Lilla was to be my only charge?" A shadow at once came upon her hard face, and for a moment she compressed her unshapely lips, then opened them to say,

"No—I have another daughter who is an invalid, and will require your attendance occasionally, but I will let you know when you are wanted in her room."

Again my sympathies were stirred, but I did not dare to ask if I might see the sick, and probably suffering girl, so I kept silent until Lilla appeared, when I was glad to get out among the trees, and into the fresh air, for that of the house seemed to stifle me.

There were no flowers, and the place looked sad and lonely, though there was nothing out of order, and Mrs. Barron must be possessed of ample means, from the generous salary that she had offered for my services. I had taken for granted that she was a widow, and so far, I had heard nothing to the contrary. And I had no right to question Lilla about family affairs. I must await future developments with patience, and try to imitate Mrs. Barron in reticence.

CHAPTER VIII.

The second night after my arrival was intensely warm, and on retiring, I left both windows and door wide open. The house was so quiet, and so remote from neighbors, or humanity in any shape beyond its inmates, that the thought of danger or intrusion never once entered my brain. The moon was at its full, and rendered every object distinctly visible, so that I lowered the curtain of dimity on going to bed, lest it should be too light for sound repose.

I must have been asleep for some hours, and I suppose it was about midnight when I suddenly awoke. Whether there was a sound, or a touch, I do not know; but I was wide awake in a moment, and there stood by the bedside leaning over me, the figure of a young girl of apparently, about eighteen, pale and attenuated, and clad in a white night dress, holding in her right hand a heavy, old-fashioned brass candle stick, (but without a candle.) Her eyes were large, black and brilliant, and her hair was black also, and so long and thick that it seemed almost to envelop her slender person.

In health, she must have been most beautiful—but she looked strange and ghastly as she stood glaring upon me with those brilliant, beautiful, fierce black eyes! I sprang up, and as I did so, a fearful blow with the brass candle-stick fell upon my vacated pillow, rending it almost in two, and I saw that I was contending with a maniac! It flashed upon me in rapid thought that I must not show fear nor lose my presence of mind, so grasped her small wrist which seemed to possess the strength of a young lioness, and looking straight into her eyes said as calmly as I could,

"Why should you wish to hurt me? I would not harm you for the world!" She dropped the candle stick at once, and in a strangely soft and pathetic voice, said,

"But what have you done with Philip?" I promptly answered, "Philip is safe and well!"

"Then why did he not come?" Here I was sorely at a loss, but I must not hesitate, for she again seized the fearful weapon. But I caught her hand and said impulsively, "poor little thing!" and passed my other hand caressingly over the beautiful head.

She sank down on her knees by the bed, saying in the same sad voice, "Are you sorry for me?" "Yes indeed," I quickly answered, then she said

"No one else is ever sorry for me. Mrs. Barron tells Pauline to hold me, and she whips me when I cry, for Philip. I know they have killed him, see where they have whipped me."

And indeed there were red stripes upon the fair shoulders, which she suddenly bared to my astonished gaze! "Yes indeed, I am very sorry for you, and no one shall ever hurt you again if I can help it." And I felt as if I could then and there, take the poor heart-broken, unloved, and afflicted girl into my protecting care, forgetting that I was myself but a feeble defense-

less, lonely girl—no older, possibly younger than she was. But thank Heaven, I had my reason, and my heart and will were brave and strong. And Oh! how my own heart ached for this poor child. I longed to ask her who Philip was, but I knew it would be safest to divert her if I could so I said soothingly,

"Well dear, we will be good friends, and you must go back to your bed, or Pauline will not let me see you in the morning."

"Yes," she said, "that is true, Pauline is drunk and asleep now, but she will wake up and tell Mrs. Barron if I stay."

Then she hurriedly ran out of the room, and I heard her light steps across the whole length of the hall, and the lock of her door gently turned as if afraid of awakening the sleeper within.

CHAPTER IX.

This then was the mystery. The stranger from a distant State must be bribed by a large salary, and kept in ignorance of the service required. And the invalid was a maniac.

Of course there was no more sleep for me that night. My first act was to get up and lock the door, then I closed the window blinds, and then lay down, not to sleep but to think and above all to pray to my mother's God for help and guidance.

But who and what could this Philip be? Not my Philip surely, with his kind, gentle face, his soft brown eyes, and his tender voice. How long it seemed since I had thought of him,

And so my thoughts wandered on, and I recalled the fact that I ought to get a letter from aunt Fanny by this time, and I must ask about the mail in the morning. I determined to say nothing of my midnight visitant, but to try at least, to be patient in awaiting further developments and events.

The morning at length dawned very slowly and wearily to me. And I rose and dressed early, and went down stairs and out on the porch where little Lilla soon joined me.

I ventured to ask her "what her sister's name was," to which she replied in a timid, hesitating manner,

"Her name is Winnifred, but mama says I must not talk to you about her. She will let you see her when Pauline goes—Pauline takes care of her, and sometimes she goes to see her people, and then you will have to stay with Winnie."

I began to realize now my position in the house. And but for my yearning and heartfelt sympathy for the afflicted girl, I should have lost all heart in the prospect before me. At the breakfast table, I found three letters on my plate, one from aunt Fanny, from my cousin Helen, and the third in a strange hand, had been addressed to me at my old home, and forwarded to my present address. I left this for the last, giving but a hasty glance at the other two, as I dared not waste the time which Mrs. Barron regarded as so precious. Besides I would enjoy them much more in my own room after school hours were over.

As I stood by the window of the little schoolroom, which opened on the hall opposite the parlor, or "sitting room," as they call it here. I saw an elegant phaeton driven up to the door and I soon recognized the livery of the Vivians, and my heart leaped with joy at the thought of seeing them again. I felt sure that I should be asked for, yet no one came to call me, and after some minutes had passed, I heard the sweet voice of Mrs. Vivian, saying,

"I am very sorry. Please let her know at any rate that I have called, and am sorry not to see her."

And with a polite but rather haughty "Good morning" to Mrs. Barron, she re-entered the carriage, which quickly rolled out of sight, leaving a sad pain at my heart, and a greater horror of my present surroundings than ever.

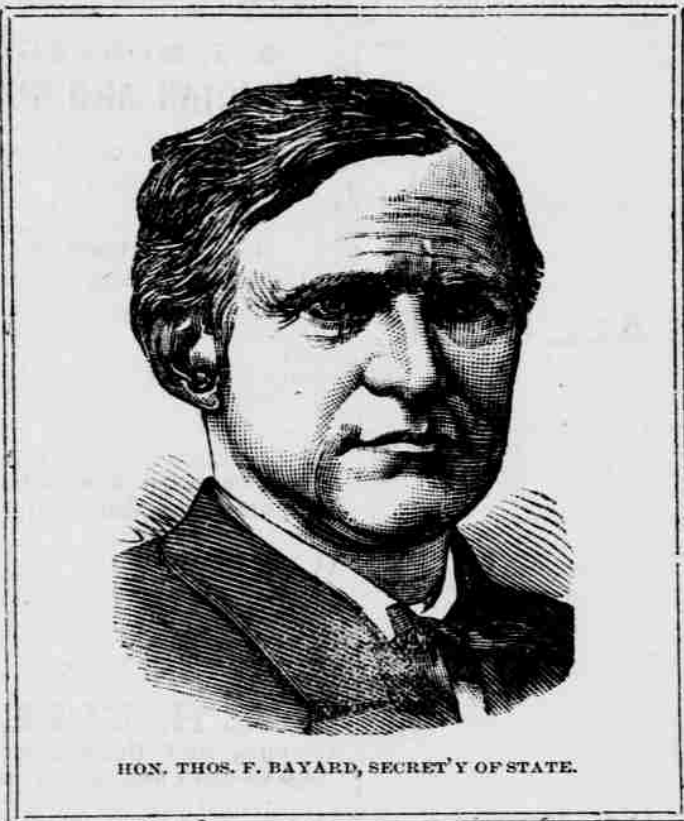
I longed to open and read my letters, and at last the time came. Aunt Fanny had much to tell of her pleasant boarding house on Madison Avenue, her improved health, and the kindness of Dr. Simons, her beloved physician, who prescribed diversion in the way of "Concerts, Lectures, an occasional Opera, &c., as well as medical treatment, upon which course she improved rapidly, both in health of body and mind."

Then she wrote, "I was so glad to meet Helen Graham, your cousin, and

"Helen Grahams never forgets her old friends." Then she goes on to tell mine two in a sort of way. She first risked the consequences and Philip Rensaville, and has since taken a room in the same house with me on Madison Ave. Her chaperone, Mrs. Tracy, is so large and stout that she does not get about much, but Helen is a splendid woman, and has many friends, so she never fails to have a good time, &c., &c."

Then Helen writes—"I wish Lillian that you were here with us instead of wearing out your best days in teaching; I want you to know Phil, he is so nice and handsome. By-the-way I have an old friend down there 'in the canebrake' somewhere. I wonder is you will ever meet him. His name is Charlie Vivian, and he used to be—well, I suppose he has forgot-

ten me, but if you should cross his flowery pathway, say to him that me many pleasant things, and I at last take up the neglected number 3—which contains only a small cluster of 'Forget-me-nots,' exquisitely painted, and signed 'P. C. S.' Oh me! I do wonder who it is. It cannot be our cousin Philip Rensaville, for his name begins with R. And I am more sorry than ever that I could not meet dear Mrs. Vivian, as her son is a friend of Helen's. Ah! What a weary world it is!"



HON. THOS. F. BAYARD, SECRETARY OF STATE.

CHAPTER X.

A week passed away with no special event except my meeting Pauline on the stairs—she had in her great coarse hand, a small riding whip, and knowing she could not ride, as there were none but the two carriage horses at Barronville, I asked her impulsively, "what she was going to do with that little riding whip?" She was a French Creole, and had great black blood-shot eyes, and coarse, hard features, and great hands and feet like her mistress.

She gave me an insolent look, and replied by telling me to "mind my own business, and not be asking questions about what did not concern me." I felt that I had made a mistake—or rather that I had committed an imprudence, so said nothing more.

One weary, drizzly day, as I stood looking out of the school-room window while sharpening a pencil for Lilla, I again saw the Vivian livery, and this time it was Pete, mounted on one of his mas' Charlie's horses. He looked up at the window and held up a white letter, or note, which I knew at once was for me, and to be sure of receiving it, I ran down to the door and took it from Pete's own hand. He grinned and took off his cap as he delivered it, saying:

"I make sure you git dis letter Mistis, ef I had to wait a whole day to see you, for Miss Alice said I was to put it into your own little white hand."

I thanked him, and told him to wait for a reply, while I read these pleasant words.

"My Dear Miss Rembert, I left a message for you with Miss Barron a week ago, but hearing nothing from you, I concluded that it must have escaped her memory. Mrs. B. tells me that you decline receiving any visitors during your stay at Barronville, but I hope you will not refuse to make a visit yourself, and we want you to come and spend a day with us—write me what day will suit you, and Ernest will go for you with the carriage, or a riding horse, whichever you prefer. Charlie is absent but will return in a few days. Truly your friend,

ALICE VIVIAN."

Ah! me. How I longed to write her that I would gladly accept her kindness, but I felt sure that Mrs. B. would find some way to prevent it, as

she would not even deliver Mrs. Vivian's message. I thought a moment however, then suddenly determined to risk the consequences and go. This was Thursday, and Saturday was always a holiday, so I wrote a note of thanks and acceptance, and appointed the coming Saturday.

On Friday morning, to my dismay, I met again the dreadful Pauline, and this time, with her bonnet on, and a small trunk at her side. A man drove up to the back door with a buggy and with a nod at me, which seemed both malicious and triumphant, she rode off. I stood for a moment thinking, and wondering, when turning suddenly, I found myself face to face with Mrs. Barron. It may have been my own fancy, but she too seemed to show the same feeling in the peculiar ring of her voice, which was unusually soft

REV. CALVIN H. WILEY, D. D.

The Eloquent Comments of Mr. T. R. Kingsbury on the Death of this Distinguished Carolinian.

From the Wilmington Star.

The death of this eminent and gifted North Carolina is a genuine grief to this writer. Since midsummer, 1840, we have known him intimately. He was born in Guilford county, was graduated from the University, where he bore off the first honors, and was probably 68 years of age. After leaving Chapel Hill he settled at Oxford in 1840, and began the practice of the law. He early asserted his fine abilities, and before he was 28 he had a wide-spread reputation in the State as a writer. In 1846, he published "Alamance, or the Great and Final Experiment," his first novel, the scene of which was laid in his native Carolina. We saw him day after day as he wrote it, and although not more than sixteen or seventeen years old the story was read to us as it was thrown off. The first critical article we ever attempted was on that very novel, and a copy of it was filed by vote in the archives of the Dialectic Society at the University. This was a long time ago—in 1847 or 1848. The Harpers published "Alamance," and it is still in their list of books. The preface to the book is excellent, quite in the best vein of the author. The book has merit, and North Carolinians should read it. Dr. Wiley wrote one other novel that was published. Its title we have forgotten, but it is located in the Albemarle section. It had more or less to do with a fugitive slave in the Dismal Swamp, if our memory is not treacherous, for it has been at least 35 years since we read it.

Dr. Wiley, about 1850, published his "North Carolina Reader," a work not without faults, but of decided merit nevertheless. It is the best book of the kind the State has, and if properly edited a new edition would be a genuine blessing. If some scholarly man would take it, build on it, change it here and there, it could be made an excellent work for all the schools in the State. Dr. Wiley also published during the war a good sized volume of theology that indicated very real ability, especially as to thought.

But he was best known, and will possibly be longest remembered, by his very useful and efficient labors as the first Superintendent of Public Instruction of North Carolina. His work in behalf of the illiterate children of the State deserves to be held in perpetual remembrance. He was the author of the system. To his energy, his originating and directing talents it was owing that the best common school system of any Southern State was given to North Carolina. He was *par excellence* the ablest officer that ever filled this most important position. In scholarship, in natural ability, in gifts as a writer, in originality of thought, in usefulness, he easily eclipsed them all, and was one of the best equipped men in the State. He richly deserves a monument at the hands of the people of North Carolina, for he was a North Carolinian in every throb of heart, in every motive of life, and in every effort of usefulness.

When some forty years old he retired from the bar and entered the Presbyterian ministry. It was never our privilege to hear him but once in the pulpit. It was a superior sermon—fresh, original, thoughtful, spiritual. For nearly or quite twenty years he served the American Bible Society, first as their General Agent for Tennessee, and then for some fourteen years for North Carolina. It was in the power of the writer, in co-operation with the then State Senator John W. Cunningham, of Person county to induce the American Bible Society to transfer Dr. Wiley to North Carolina from Tennessee. Like most natives he loved his old State, and desired above earthly things to return to its hills and fountains. He served faithfully and efficiently in this important field. At last he sleeps the sleep of the just beneath its soil.

When young he edited the Oxford Mercury—about 1841-43—and made it one of the sprightliest and most readable of State papers of that time. Dr. Wiley was very agreeable in social life. He was simple, gentle, unpretending, gracious, genial. He had a genuine fund of quiet humor, not anecdotal, but spontaneous and innocent. He was a guileless man, true, sincere, lovable. We knew the man and wore him always very near our heart. He married Miss Towles, of Raleigh. North Carolina cannot well afford to lose such a faithful son. It is true he had reached a comparatively advanced age, but his intellectual powers were in their full strength and he was doing a noble work for Civilization and Christianity. We have known but few North Carolinians who in natural abilities, in general information, in gifts with the pen, in usefulness, in devotion to his native State, in purity and sweetness of life, were his peers.

TO BE CONTINUED.

[This story was begun in No. 1, and subscribers desiring back numbers can secure same by remitting five cents each.]

THE STATE RAILROADS.

The Recommendations in Governor Scales Message.

In Governor Scales message he has the following to say in reference to the Railroads in which the State owns an interest:

ATLANTIC AND NORTH CAROLINA R. R.

The capital stock of this road is \$1,800,000. Of this sum the State owns over two-thirds—\$1,266,500. Private stockholders own the remaining one-third—\$533,500. The whole amount of indebtedness on this road is \$227,024; of this sum the amount secured by mortgage on road, at 8 per cent is \$196,000. The remainder, reduced to a judgment bearing interest at 6 percent, \$31,024. At the last meeting of the stockholders a resolution was passed, with my approval, authorizing the company to borrow the sum of \$325,000 to be secured by mortgage upon the road. Of this sum, \$400,000 will be used in the purchase of new steel rails for the road and property, and the remainder will be applied to the discharge of judgment and bonded debt, as above set forth, the latter of which falls due in 1888. This loan I am safe in saying will be negotiated at a greatly reduced rate of interest. This road is 96 miles in length, passes through a fine country, and is in a fair condition and well managed. The stock is appreciating, and with proper connection, which it is hoped may be early secured, there is every reason why it should pay a dividend. It is justly regarded as valuable property, with a comparatively small debt, and I earnestly recommend that the State shall not part with her ownership in the property. Fifteen years ago the stock of the North Carolina railroad was worth 30 cents in the dollar; now it is worth 106, and is paying a dividend on the State Stock \$180,000 annually. This enables her to pay the interest on all construction bonds without further burdening the people.

The Atlantic & North Carolina railroad was originally intended as an extension of the North Carolina road. The State owns over two-thirds of the former and three-fourths of the latter, together making a line of 319 miles in length, and running from Charlotte to Morehead City. There are now in the State four large and wealthy railroad corporations; the policy of these, as of all roads, is to build branches running out on each side of the main track, that they may occupy additional territory, increase their feeders and add greatly to their general wealth. While this work is going on vigorously and our territory is being occupied by others, what are these two roads doing? Almost nothing. Steps should be taken at once to occupy our own territory and build up these feeders, as a part of our own property.

Feeling the importance of this work I would earnestly urge upon you the necessity, so far as it may be consistent with your existing obligations, to grant each of these roads the necessary charters, and in proportion to their length, sufficient convicts to build branches from the main stems, at such points and in such directions as may be deemed advisable, by the respective directors of those roads. It is believed that the people along the line of these branches will gladly clothe and feed the convicts to do the grading, and after the grading is done the directors must, by degrees, provide ways and means for laying down the rails and procuring the rolling stock.

CAPE FEAR & YADKIN VALLEY R. R.

The following work has been done on the road from the 1st of March, 1884, to December 1, 1886; number of miles of steel rails laid and completed 122 miles; number of miles graded in same time, 81; number of miles yet to grade, including siding, to Mt. Airy 17.

In addition to this, there has been graded and put in operation in North Carolina with free labor 15 miles; have graded and ironed the factory branch in Randolph county, 6 miles. They have put in new steel rails on the old part of the road between Fayetteville and the Gulf, in Chatham county 16 miles.

The average number of convicts actually employed, is most creditable to the company, and I doubt not will prove satisfactory to the State. This road will, I have no doubt, be pushed to completion. It is now looking to Wilmington as its eastern terminus, and I hope that during my administration the varied and rich products of the section through which it runs will find a market in this, the chief export city of the State.

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA R. R.

Within the last two years the Asheville and Spartanburg road has been completed, and twelve miles have been built and five graded on the Western N. C. R. R. The work is prosecuted with energy, and the time cannot be distant when this road, which has done so much to build up Western North Carolina will be completed to Murphy.