

THE SMITHFIELD HERALD.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING.

Newsy Items Which Are Gleaned From Various Sources And Prepared For Our Readers.

Roscoe Conklin is said to make \$100,000 per annum at the bar.

Last month beat all previous ones for fatal railroad accidents.

Key West has had over 200 cases of yellow fever; over 160 have died.

Jacob Sharp is still weak and ill, but there is no danger of his immediate death.

Jay Gould will erect sixteen large railroad shops at Atchison, Kansas; cost, \$300,000.

A deputy sheriff in Georgia hired the criminal he was trying to recapture as his guide.

Twenty-one thousand dollars has laid unclaimed in a Hartford saving bank for twenty years.

Immense beds of coal, with veins ranging from eight to four feet, are found in Northern Alabama.

It is said that the American people drink enough soda water in one season to float the navies of the world.

Recent figures show that the industrial growth of the first half of 1887 was far greater than ever before.

Floods have destroyed the rice crop in South Carolina and there will be no work for the negro hands before January.

A well-known swindler gave himself up to the Philadelphia police, asking to be sent to jail for his many crimes. He was accommodated.

Mme. Astie de Valsayre, who wanted to fight a duel on the field of Waterloo, is now petitioning the French government to let women wear men's clothes.

A fatal Railroad accident on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad happened on the 24 inst., near Wheeling W. Va. Several persons were killed and a number wounded.

Northern capitalists are rapidly acquiring all the pine land in southern Alabama, that are still owned by the government and that can be had for \$1.25 per acre.

Mrs. Sarah Jackson, wife of Andrew Jackson and mistress of the White House during President Jackson's second term died at "The Hermitage" on the 23d, aged 81 years.

A meeting of socialists at Cooper Union, New York, protested against the action of the united labor party. It was marked by considerable disorder, but no violence.

General Beauregard has been invited to be present at the laying of the corner stone of the Lee Monument, in Richmond, Va., which takes place next month. He has accepted.

The bale of new cotton from South Carolina, received by Messrs. Price, Read & Co., on the 22nd inst., was disposed of on yesterday at the rate of twelve cents a pound.

Tennessee will vote on a prohibition amendment to the Constitution in September. The politicians are said to be fighting shy of the measure, but the people are much excited on the subject.

Two hundred persons have died in McDowell Co., West Virginia, recently from a terrible epidemic that occurs after every prolonged drouth. The people have suspended business and are devoting their time to caring for the sick and dead.

The dairy product of the United States in 1886 was \$260,000,000; wheat \$450,000,000; cotton \$400,000,000; poultry \$600,000,000, nearly three times as much as the dairy products and one third more than cotton, and yet some people despise the poultry business because it is small.

The fisheries department has received information of the seizure of more Canadian sealing vessels in the North Pacific ocean by a United States cruiser. It is learned that the commanders of the United States cruisers in the Alaska service have been ordered to seize all sealing vessels found in Behring Sea.

Experimental Yellow Fever.

Dr. Carlos Finlay, of Havana, has published the results of several experiments he has made on the inoculability of yellow fever. He performed the operation, or rather got it performed for him, by mosquitoes, which he caused first caused to sting a patient suffering from yellow fever and shortly afterwards a healthy person who was to be the subject of the experiment. He found that the disease was only inoculated from the third to the sixth day. When two mosquitoes were employed, so that a double dose was given, the symptoms of the experimental disease was more than when only a single mosquito was used. Of eleven cases of inoculation, six were efficacious, one doubtful, and four negative. The period of incubation varied from five to fourteen days; the symptoms consisted of headache, pyrexia, injection, with sometimes an icteric tint of the conjunctiva, and in some cases albuminuria. The fever lasted as in the ordinary form, from five to twenty-five days. The author believes that this method of producing artificial yellow fever will ultimately be found very valuable as a prophylactic against the natural and dangerous form of the disease.

Lovely Women.

Women, bless their dear hearts, if it was not for them men would soon degenerate and become savages, as of old; but gentle, confiding, lovable woman, with her soft, winning ways, appeals to all that is fine and noble in man's nature, and keeps him up to that level that he has succeeded in reaching. Even in battle, when he thinks as little of spilling the blood of his fellow-man as he would of killing a dog, when his animal passions are wrought up to such a degree that he resembles more the untutored savage than an intelligent being, the sight of a woman, or the sound of her voice, will act upon him like magic. He no longer has that thirst for blood, his hard face relaxes and becomes again soft and tender, and his mind turns to thoughts of better things. Now, if woman should suddenly be removed from our earth, and man, the alleged noblest work of God, should be left to paddle his own canoe, how long would it be ere he would go about armed to the teeth with an I-can-lick-my-weight-in-wildcats expression on his face. Murder and rapine would soon be in full sway, and he could hold his head up only so long as he could wield his sword or pull a trigger. Man is safe as long as he has the love of woman, or the chance to win it.

Lee's Advice to Young Wives.

"How well I remember General Robert E. Lee, then a major, who was stationed there at that time. He was the beau ideal of a soldier and a gentleman. When bidding us good-bye and God-speed upon the eve of our departure he said to me: 'I understand that you contemplate deserting your post, which is by your husband's side, and that you are not going to California with him. If you will pardon me, I should like to give you a little advice. You must not think of doing this. As one considerably older than Hancock, and having had greater experience, I consider it dangerous to the future happiness of young married people upon small provocation to live apart, either for a short or long time. The result is invariably that they cease to be essential to each other. Now, promise me that you will not permit him to sail without you. This sequel shows how faithfully I sought to follow that noble admonition, and how after, in my varied experience, I had occasion to transmit to others his disinterested, truthful convictions. With many regrets we bade adieu to a host of friends, most of whom I never saw again. Not so with my husband, however. He met them face to face on the battlefield in less than three years.'

Mr. Gould's daughter is being pestered by a crank and he himself is being sued for \$210.

A ROMANTIC WAR INCIDENT.

How Colonel U. R. Smith Fathered The Daughter of One of His Victims in Battle.

The following touching incident of the late war is from the pen of the correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial under date of August 20th: The death of Colonel U. R. Smith, which took place in New York a few days ago, has brought to light a very remarkable incident. Miss Rhett Myron, the principal figure in the drama, is a personal friend of your correspondent, and from her the following facts were obtained, with permission for their publication: Hayne Myron, the father of the young lady, was a planter in South Carolina. His home was a typical South Carolina home—spacious and hospitable, surrounded by broad acres and faithful slaves. His family consisted of his wife and only child—Rhett who was the idol of the father and the pet of the plantation. At the breaking out of the war Hayne Myron joined a volunteer South Carolina regiment. Before leaving home he had painted a miniature picture of his little girl, which he incased in a locket, saying: "My darling, this will be papa's shield when he is in danger and his sunshine when he rests," and he smothered the face and sunny head with kisses and hurried away with eyes filled with tears and an aching heart. Six months later Hayne Myron was killed in a skirmish in Virginia while in close combat with a Federal officer. Only a few words were sent to the old home to tell the sad story. During General Sherman's invasion in South Carolina the Myron home—stead was destroyed, but the widow and daughter continued to live on the plantation in an out-house, and were supported by the rents from the lands. Two years ago Mrs. Myron died, and Miss Myron, through the influence of friends, obtained a position as governess in the family of Col. U. R. Smith, in New York. She stated to me that her first meeting with Col. Smith was very peculiar; that when his wife introduced her, saying, "This is our new governess from South Carolina, Miss Rhett Myron," his face turned deadly pale, and as he mechanically extended his hand to her he made an effort to speak, but his lips seemed sealed. Later his manner became more cordial and unrestrained, and he treated her more as an honored guest than a salaried teacher. He insisted on paying her four times the amount she charged and made her duties very light.

One evening she was sitting in the family circle telling of her past life down in South Carolina—of the large old house, with its twenty columns, and of the dusky slaves who called her their "little queen" as they carried her on their shoulders through the cotton fields. She never had mentioned her father's name before, but she spoke of him, how handsome and sad he looked on that last day—how he took her picture, and all he said to her at parting. She states that at the mention of her father Colonel Smith seemed agitated and suddenly left the room. It was all so strange then, she said, but now it seems so plain.

Six weeks ago Colonel Smith was taken very ill, and when he realized that death was inevitable he requested to see Miss Myron. She says that as she neared the bed of the dying man she saw that he held convulsively something in one hand as he extended the other to her, exclaiming: "Come quick, Rhett Myron, and forgive me! Oh, can you forgive me? It was I who killed your father. These hands are red with his blood. God has pardoned me, but I cannot die till you forgive me. Take this. It was on your parent's dying heart. It is your face, and on it is your name and his. Say it is not too late—you will not let me die with your orphan moans echoing over my grave?"

The poor girl caught his hands in hers and only could say, "Oh, sir, you were both soldiers; I freely forgive you," and she fell unconscious upon the floor. When she recovered all was over. The slayer of her father and the kind-

est friend of her life was dead.

The reading of Colonel Smith's will revealed the fact that he bequeathed to Miss Myron the generous sum of \$15,000; also, the request that she would make her home as long as she desired with his wife and children as a member of the household. I have seen the little picture which was the key that unlocked the mystery of Rhett Myron's life. It is a sweet child face, in a cloud of azure and gold. Across the locket are traced the names of the father and child, while on the faded plush case are drops of blood. This is certainly the most remarkable incident that it has ever been the privilege of your correspondent to record.

Electricity For The Sportsman.

(Glasgow Herald.) Float fishing, although undeniably the very laziest kind of sport under the sun, is still followed, and such being the case, there can be but little doubt that its devotees will welcome any development which will still further diminish the necessity for any exertion in the pursuit of their ignoble art. An arrangement has been devised whereby a pull upon the lines closes the circuit of a tiny battery carried in the base of the rod, and this is made either to sound an alarm or to gently tickle the hand of the fisherman as he grasps the butt. The sport has thus been brought to a state of the highest perfection, for nothing now hinders him from going comfortably to sleep.

Another Fatal Collision.

(Norfolk Virginian.) WHEELING, W. Va., Aug. 24.—Reports of a fatal collision, which occurred at 8 o'clock this morning at Easton's siding, on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, twenty-five miles east of this city, between a west bound emigrant train and an east bound freight train, says: The emigrant train was descending a heavy grade and rushed into the freight train with a fearful crash, badly wrecking both engines and instantly killing Engineer A. L. Smith and Fireman Arbuthnot, of the emigrant train, and severely injuring Engineer Patrick Fitzgerald, of the freight train, all of this city. It is rumored that fifteen of the emigrants were killed and many injured. A wrecking train and physicians left this city for the scene.

The Old Home.

(The Wilson Mirror)

We can never forget the old home—that sweet, dear old place hallowed by a father's watchful care and a mother's sweet and endearing ministry. Standing way off in the back ground of the past, and ivy'd all over with precious incidents of boyhood's sunny days it is the Mecca to which our thoughts make their fondest pilgrimage, and there is no dearer spot on earth to us. 'Tis true our present surroundings may be all that we could wish, and life may be flowing along on the brightest current of enjoyment, and passing in its silvery course the sweetest flowers of peace and happiness. But despite all this, the heart still warms a feeling for the dear old place, and as soon as the tender twilight of dreaming begins to deepen, and the stars of revelry are awakened, 'tis then we float away on the precious flood tide of hallowed memories, and see through the mist of tears the scenes of childhood days. Yea, we may bask in the sunlight of radiant happiness, and drink in the melody of the purest notes of earthly pleasure, but like the sad sea shell which forever keeps up in its inmost murmur of its billow home we will ever hear in our own true hearts the sad, sad sobbing of their ceaseless longing, and we too like the hare when hounds and horns pursue, pant to the place from whence it first flew; we still will hope, life's long vexations passed, there to return and die at home at last.

The State Board of Health of Iowa is authority for the statement that 10,000 people in that State are addicted to the opium habit.

THE LAUREL HILL STRIKERS.

The Strikers Remain Orderly and Quiet, but They are Constantly on a Keen Watch.

The Laurel Hill Chemical Works at Newton, L. I., are still in a state of seige, and the utmost vigilance was exercised on both sides yesterday, though out of respect for Sunday there was no noisy or violent demonstrations.

The scene at the great works is a remarkable and picturesque one. Looking at it from the hill on the east the beholder can easily imagine himself gazing under a besieged city surrounded by an attacking army. The works, which consist of three great buildings, covering a large area, are situated on the new ground bordering on Newton Creek. Around the north, east and west sides, and between the buildings, run broad alleyways which are continually patrolled by Pinkerton detectives in uniform, looking in the distance like sentries walking their rounds. On closer inspection these men seem to be strolling idly about, carelessly swinging long locust clubs, but they are in fact, heavily armed, and it requires small provocation to secure a display of the glittering steel barrels of their heavy revolvers.

North of the works the ground rises rapidly and excavations have been made until the side of the hill presents the appearance of a series of earthworks such as are frequently thrown up outside of fortifications, but in a reversed position. This hill is held by a strong body of strikers, who make their headquarters near the little church and silently watch every movement in and about the works. Off to the fence is the high board fence that surrounds the east side of Calvary Cemetery and which sweeps around in a semicircle like a great stockade to the Penny bridge. Outside the fence strikers pass and repass continually between the post on the hill and their main army, which is stationed at the bridge. On the south side of the building are wharves, where several lighters belonging to the firm are now lying idle.

The strikers maintain a close watch on all the approaches and no one is supposed to get into or leave the works without their knowledge. They are orderly and well behaved and say that their only object is to intercept men who may be going to work without knowing of the existence of the strike.

There has been one instance where a man succeeded in passing the guards without their knowledge. Alfred Rainor, an old hand, got into the works under cover of the darkness on Friday night and resumed work. Dan Neary, who returned to work on Saturday morning under the protection of the captain of Pinkerton's men, has preferred to remain at the works rather than return to his home. Three deputy sheriffs guard his wife and children at their house against further attacks from the infuriated women who demolished the fence on Saturday.

The strikers say that they have also appointed a committee to prevent any further violence. They assert that there has not been an instance where one of their number has committed any overt act, and they do not want their friends to.

The employees of Calvary Cemetery were highly indignant at the statement, published in a New York paper yesterday morning, that they had joined the strikers and were going to assist in burning the works. They say that there was not the slightest foundation for such a statement.

Mr. Nichols, senior member of the firm which owns the works, visited them yesterday morning, in company with his wife, and inquired carefully into all the particulars of the strike.

Superintendent Herreshoff says that he expects to have all the men they need within a few days. He states further that there are a good many first-class hands among the strikers who have taken no active part in the outside demonstrations who would be taken back if they desired to go to work, but there are others who will not be taken back

under any circumstances. He cited James Keough. He said that at one time Keough was sick and Mr. Nichols made him a present of \$25, and yet he had gone out with the strikers, though he had professed no sympathy with labor unions.

Keough was found among the guard at the Penny bridge. He said that it was true that Mr. Nichols gave him \$25, and that at one time he told Mr. Herreshoff that he did not belong to any union that some three months later he went to superintendent like a man and told him he joined the Knights of Labor. He said that he had no personal grievance now, neither had most of the men, but they thought it their duty to stand by the men who were in the copper department under Daniel Broderick where the whole trouble arose.

Arrangements were made yesterday for a conference with Mr. Nichols, and it is expected that a satisfactory settlement of the difficulty will be reached to-day.

Pompy's Clever Answer.

Away in the West a negro named Pompy hired himself as a laborer to a farmer who was very fond of laying out the work so that there was always something passing when Sunday arrived. When hay-time came he would sometimes cut down a lot of grass on Saturday which would require turning over in the morning. One Sunday morning at breakfast he called his new servant: "Now Pompey, get up." "Don't want to get up; Sunday morning, massa."

"But you must get up and get your breakfast." "Don't want no breakfast; Sunday morning massa; rather lay abed than eat breakfast, massa."

"But get up and help shake out the hay." "Don't work on Sunday's massa; I didn't hire out to work Sunday's."

"Oh, but this is a work of necessity." "Don't see dat, massa, at all; don't see dat; it's no work of necessity." "Well, but would you not pull your ox out of the pit on the Sabbath day?" "O, yes, massa, O, yes; but not if I shoved him in on Saturday night."

A Singing Cat.

(Inyo, Cal. Register.)

Most everyone at some time or other has observed the peculiar purr of a cat. R. W. Scott, of Bishop's Creek is the proud possessor of a cat that is an artist in this respect, as it more than purrs—it sings. This may appear too strange for belief, but in the fact that several of our most prominent citizens, and all gentlemen of undoubted veracity, vouch for the truth of the story, it must be believed. Mr. Scott has in his establishment a very fine music box, and the cat has been noticed listening to its strains for hours at a time. One evening recently the feline prima donna poured forth in a rich and clear contralto the melody of the "Grand Duchess." To say that her owner was astonished would be putting in mildly. He immediately called in several of his neighbors to listen to the wonder, but it was love's labor lost, for the music had stopped. A few evenings later she again poured forth her liquid notes, this time rendering in fine style "Listen to the Mocking Bird." Several gentlemen fortunately were present, and listened with with surprise and delight to perhaps the greatest wonder of the age. Many times during the past week the song cat has tuned herself to the sweetest melody, and each time to the delight of interested hearers. Her owner is justly proud of her, and, of course, values her highly. It is endeavoring to train her sing whatever he desires, a successful will probably visit principle places of the coast.

Nine cases of cholera deaths occurred on the 23d.

During the past several children diphtheria at Faye

NORTH CAROLINA NOTES.

Choice Items Taken From Our Exchanges And Boiled Down For The Herald Readers.

The first bale of new cotton carried to the Raleigh market sold for 11 cents. It was carried in Wednesday of last week.

Dr. Jas. McNeill showed us yesterday some of the finest leaf tobacco, which was grown on Rockfish, that we ever saw.—Fayetteville News.

Dr. W. R. Capehart's building a fine brick hotel at Avoca. The doctor intends this is a nucleus around which the summer and winter is to be built.—Windsor Ledger.

Mr. J. R. Milliken shows us a new pest that is damaging his corn. The stalk is covered with thousands of little white worms, that very much resemble in size, shape and action the "skipper" that sometimes gets into our bacon.—Pittsboro Home.

Goldsboro Argus: Mr. W. R. Hollowell had a very narrow escape from serious if not fatal injuries on Monday. He was attacked and knocked down by his large Jersey bull, but fortunately the animal desisted and Mr. Hollowell escaped with only a slight injury.

A second party of engineers engaged in surveying the route of the C. V. & U. R. R. between this place and the Tennessee line, reached Franklin last week. The party that came in about two weeks since, are now surveying line between Franklin and Tallulah Falls.—Franklin Press.

In the cotton mills we find 120 looms keeping up their eternal din, turning out all kinds of plaids and quantities of white goods. They have just got off 80 bales of the 100 that they had all order for to ship to China. They are now behind 200,000 yards on plaid, and cannot near fill the orders for home demand on white goods.—Winston Daily.

The funeral directors held a preliminary meeting at Goldsboro Tuesday of last week, the object being to effect a permanent State organization. The following were present: Messrs. J. W. Woolvin & Son, Wilmington, John W. Brown, L. C. Bagwell, Raleigh, G. S. Webb, Kinston, Wooten & Stevens, Wilson, C. W. Joyney, LaGrange, D. P. Haskett & Son, Moore & Robinson, Goldsboro. Mr. J. W. Woolvin was chosen temporary president and J. Robinson, temporary secretary. Messrs. Brown, Haskitt and chosen a committee to extend an invitation to all funeral directors in the State to meet in Raleigh, on Wednesday, October 9th, for the purpose of perfecting an organization. Messrs. J. F. Woolvin, John W. Brown and J. J. Robinson were appointed a committee on continuation and by laws.

The people in the county of Harnett are somewhat excited over the production of what may be called a species of hybrid cotton plant. G. J. Sparg, a prominent lawyer of the county, who also engages in farming, three years ago planted cotton near his garden and alongside of it planted two or three rows of common okra. The next season he furnished a colored neighbor with cotton seed to plant his little farm, about three miles off, on the Cape Fear river. The next season the colored man observed two very peculiar plants growing in his patch, and pulling up one of them, he concluded to let the other grow, to see what would come of it. It had a leaf very much like the okra leaf, but it produced regular cotton at maturity.