

Training the Speaking Voice.

In the realm of mechanics a machine deficient in perfect co-ordination of its component parts and showing a consequent lack of power to properly perform the work for which it was designed, would be considered unfit for use. Infinite care is taken in the construction of all musical instruments that each part may be exactly adjusted in relation to the other parts, so that there may be the least friction and the most perfect harmony for the production of pure tone. The finished instrument is carefully guarded from all atmospheric changes and periodically "tuned" to the standard. But that intricate and wonderful little organic machine for producing speech is scarcely regarded in the same category. The opera singer, it is true, shows due consideration for her vocal mechanism, but the reasons are obvious. To her it represents not the means of ordinary daily communication with her fellow men, but fame and fortune. It is the everyday individual whose voice is of less moment than the color of his hair or eyes, who entirely disregards the instrument which through misuse permits him to continually add his contribution to the babel of discordant sounds.

The individual who, in conversation, always gives the impression that he has just climbed a long pair of tiresome stairs and is panting for breath, is common enough, and perhaps this very commonness accounts for the general lack of curiosity as to the why and wherefore. That simple little act of allowing the breath to escape every time a word is spoken, is a waste of good material which might be better employed. The legitimate office of the vocal cords is to convert breath into tone under the impulsion of the will. The act of breathing is carried on not at the same time tone is produced, but before and after. If this is not the case the vocal cords only half do their work. A thorough course of breathing exercises such as usually forms a part of vocal training only serves to increase this difficulty. The student has already more breath than he can control, and to increase its amount without at the same time developing the power to command it, is to lead him into difficulties which may impair his vocal mechanism too seriously for further work. A continual deluge of breath mixed with tone pouring through the throat will in time undermine any voice. Effective work can be done with the breath one naturally is in command of, if the ability exists to use it all economically and to the best advantage. With the growth of the powers of control the needed increase in breath supply will come naturally.

The great desideratum in all voice culture for the singing and speaking voice is the vocalization of every particle of breath as the word or syllable is pronounced. That is the natural way of speaking, except in moments of great emotional disturbance. The audible emission of breath with the spoken word is dramatic in its significance and should be used only in dramatic situations. Maude Adams in her performance of Juliet made noticeable use of this. The person who only partly vocalizes his words is like the boy in the fable who cried "Wolf." When the moment of real need comes there is nobody and nothing to draw upon. That which should have been held in reserve for use in an emergency has been made valueless by too frequent repetition. To teach breathing exercise in the training of the voice is like teaching a person to walk backwards when he wishes to go forward. Breathing is involuntary, speech voluntary and the two should be kept separate and distinct.

It is deplorable to degrade good literature to an exercise for practice of the median stress or orotund quality, so that the appreciation of the thought becomes secondary to the manner of voicing it. It is even more deplorable to use cheap literature for the same purpose, for the student becomes accustomed then to the portrayal of cheap emotions, hence fails to distinguish between the true and the false. A long course of drill of arbitrary syllables may seem tedious and unprofitable, but that method is followed in the training of the singing voice. The opera singer devotes months and even years to trills and runs and scales before an aria is attempted. The old story of the Italian master is a good illustration. A young man went to him for singing lessons. At the end of a year there was surprise and

indignation in the family of the pupil that he could sing nothing but exercises. But the inflexible master held the young man to the same practice for two more years and told him to go forth and sing, that all the music in the world was at his command.

In this day of great specialization the standard is set very high in all the arts and crafts. Years of patient study and intense concentration are necessary to obtain any degree of perfection. The singing voice demands as much if not more close application than other lines of effort. Absolutely pure tone is one of the few things striven for, and yet the results of that labor can be enjoyed but rarely. The same organ is used for the speaking voice, but for that there has been no standard of perfection raised. A liberal education means a certain amount of culture of all the faculties, but the speaking voice, perhaps the most potent and far reaching in its influence, is not included. There is indeed certain difference between the speech of the lettered and unlettered, but it lies more often in the inflections and articulation than in the quality of tone. Myopia is for vocalization and articulation simultaneously, better enunciation and purer tones in daily conversation.

—Esther Freeland Bennett in Chicago Record-Herald.

How the Filipina Girls Live.

The life lived by the Filipinas is not an intricate life, nor is Philippine etiquette the highly involved system that is found in the old and artificial society of western lands. I do not know that I can better describe it than by following a society young lady of Manila through the ordinary events of one day's existence. It may interest American women to know how their sisters beyond the seas pass their lives.

The day of the fair Filipina is a long one. With her there is no lazy rising to a nine o'clock coffee and toast. She is usually up with the sun, not later than six, and, if very religious, as early as four, that she may attend early mass. Breakfast is set early, about six o'clock. Then come the morning duties of the household; sewing, washing, cooking or whatever there may be, for our young lady is not expected to spend her days in idleness. The mid-day meal is taken at twelve o'clock in order that the warmest hours of the day may be the hours of rest. About two hours are thus spent in the enjoyment of the siesta, when our lady fair arises, refreshed and ready for the latter pleasures of the day.

At four o'clock the "afternoon tea" is served. This is a light repast, usually consisting of chocolate, with rice and cakes, or other simple viands. Then, at the hour of five-thirty or six o'clock, the carriage is brought out and the daily ride taken to the Luneta, the beautiful park on the bay south of the city. Here the military band discourses sweet music every evening, and the beauty and fashion of Manila meet and enjoy the evening air and melodious strains. Returning from the drive about seven o'clock, the evening meal or supper comes next in order, after which our belle of Manila is free for any mode of spending the evening hours that may appeal to her; perhaps a friendly visit, a trip to the theater or opera, or an "at home" to receive callers. Early as she arose bed-time often comes late, and no hours more than nature demands are spent in the enjoyment of slumber. Going to rest, however, is different there and here. Ladies, even of the highest social rank, do not sleep in a bedstead, but prefer the floor, lying on a petate, or mat, which is provided with a long bolster or pillow, and covered with the conventional mosquito netting.—Ramon Reyes Lala in June Ledger Monthly.

Biliousness is a condition characterized by a disturbance of the digestive organs. The stomach is debilitated, the liver torpid, the bowels constipated. There is a loathing of food, pains in the bowels, dizziness, coated tongue and vomiting, first of the undigested or partly digested food and then of bile. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets allay the disturbances of the stomach and create a healthy appetite. They also tone up the liver to a healthy action and regulate the bowels. Try them and you are certain to be much pleased with the result. For sale by Hood Bros.

"Some men are so hard-headed," says the Manayunk Philosopher, "that softening of the brain would improve them."

Yellow Sky's Arraignment of the Palace.

Here is a true tale of a red man's philosophy. Yellow Sky, an aged Blood Indian, came to the tent of a white man who had a heart that could understand his talk. This is what the venerable patriarch, who was but a child, said:

"My heart is heavy and I am sad. In my young days, from where I sit I could see my tribe all over the prairie. They tramped the yellow flowers, and the blue flowers, and the flowers that are like a woman's cheek, into the thick grass as they walked.

"To the south were the big-horned elk; to the east were the sweet-fleshed antelope; here, and to the north, were buffalo, until the prairie trembled with their gallop. Our horses were like the buffalo—they were that many. We sent our young men out to the east, and they came back and said they had seen many white men. We sent our young men off to the south, and they saw that there also were pale-faces in great numbers. In the west the Stonies, brother Indians, told us of many white faces; and in the north the blue-eyed people were coming from over seas."

Then Yellow Sky, making a circle with his thumbs and forefingers joined together, continued:

"They were like that—a circle; and my people were in the center. Then they kept closing in, in, in"—and Yellow Sky narrowed, as he spoke, the loop of his thumbs and fingers "and my people were becoming less and less, in the land that was growing smaller, and smaller, and smaller, and now they are but a tiny bunch; and all about are the pale-faces, and soon it will be this way—Ph-i-t-t!" And with a swish the old Indian swept one hand over the other, and he had closed out the circle and there was nothing.

"Yes, White Brother," he added, folding his blanket about his shoulders, "my heart is heavy—my poor people, my poor people!"

In all this there is food for deep thought. The al fresco poetry of the New World seems merging into the clank of machinery and the painted art of the Old. Our song birds are passing, and we have with us sparrows. We have taken what is left of the buffalo and placed them behind fences in our zoological gardens, and Nature sighs wearily, petulantly, at our futile efforts that are too late.

We have ploughed up the red man's lawn, and walled him in ill-ventilated industrial schools, where he learns the things that are as useless to him as a horse collar to a zebra, and he mates with pneumonia and dies.

We have stripped the furred dwellers of the forest and put their raiment upon our backs because of vanity, and to the end that the hardihood of our ancestors may pass quickly from us; but we are agents of civilization, and what shall one man say against the many?—W. A. Fraser, in The Saturday Evening Post.

Seware of a Cough.

A cough is not a disease but a symptom. Consumption and bronchitis, which are the most dangerous and fatal diseases, have for their first indication a persistent cough, and if properly treated as soon as this cough appears are easily cured. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has proven wonderfully successful, and gained its wide reputation and extensive sale by its success in curing the diseases which cause coughing. If it is not beneficial it will not cost you a cent. For sale by Hood Bros.

His Revenge.

Arthur, who is forbidden to speak at the table, had his revenge the other day. As dinner began, he was uneasy, and finally said:

"Ma, can't I speak just one word?"

"You know the rule, Arthur."

"Not one word?"

"No, Arthur, not until your father finishes the paper."

Arthur subsided until the paper was finished, when he was asked what he wished to say.

"Oh, nothing! Only Nora put the custards outside the window to cool, and the cat has been eating them up!"—Ex.

It Saved His Leg.

P. A. Danforth, of LaGrange, Ga., suffered for six months with a frightful running sore on his leg; but writes that Bucklen's Arnica Salve wholly cured it in five days. For Ulcers, Wounds, Piles, it's the best salve in the world. Cure guaranteed. Only 25c. Sold by Hood Bros.

History of a Chicago Lot.

Back in 1839, when rabbit hunting was excellent in the brush on the lake front south of Van Buren street, and the postmaster knew everybody by his first name, Dr. Sylvester Willard paid out \$327 in cold cash for lot 8 in block 14 of the Fort Dearborn addition. People wondered what had come over the physician, and it is handed down that the transaction shattered the faith of a number of his patients, who figured that such a reckless investment didn't speak well for any man's ability. The doctor held the property three years, at the end of which time he considered himself fortunate to dispose of it to Erastus Cole at a slight profit. In 1844 Mr. Cole sold the land to S. W. Peck, who, at the end of 1845, conveyed it to his partner, L. W. Boyce, for \$750. In defense of his action Mr. Boyce told his friends that the deal was not made for investment purposes, but that he liked a nice, quiet spot for a home. He built a house on the land and lived in it with his family for several years. After Mr. Boyce's death a Mr. Jones bought the property and occupied the dwelling for a number of years. The property changed hands a few more times, and in 1876 Marshall Field came along. He purchased the house and land for \$191,000. By this time the people had begun to figure out that Chicago was destined to become great, and they applauded Mr. Field for his wise move. Twenty years later Mr. Field negotiated a lease for ninety-nine years on the property, the contract calling for a yearly rental of \$40,000 for the first seven years and \$50,000 for the balance of the term. These rentals set a value of about \$1,000,000 on the ground, and it is doubtful if that amount now would even be considered as a purchase price. The lot is located at the northeast corner of State and Madison streets, the site of a part of Mandel Brothers' great store. It has a frontage of fifty-three feet in State street and a depth of 150 feet.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Owned Golden City, Died A Pauper.

Once owner of the land upon which now stands Johannesburg, the gold-mined city, with its untold millions, James Outterson Pratt has just died in a British almshouse, this being the sordid ending of a career full of strange vicissitudes and freaks of fortune, of which one was the man's registration as dead years before death actually came to him.

Pratt purchased the site on which Johannesburg stands for £350 (\$1,750). The tract of ground of which he became owner comprised about 18,000 acres and included several of the gold mines which have been worked profitably since the date, 25 years ago, when it was known as Pratt's farm.

On the outbreak of the Zulu War Pratt served as a volunteer under Lord Chelmsford, and later, on the Boer revolt of 1881, he raised a corps of 600 volunteers and joined the British forces in Pretoria. When, at the conclusion of operations, the Transvaal Republic was proclaimed, Mr. Kruger offered Pratt service under the republic, but the latter declined, saying he meant to die an Englishman. He was escorted across the border, and his farm, on which gold was discovered not many years later, confiscated.

The death of Pratt's wife made him practically insane. During this period some one reported him as dead to the authorities at Cape Town and it was so recorded officially.

It was only on his return to England that Pratt discovered that the War and India Offices refused to recognize him, holding that the registration of his death was final. The shock brought on a stroke of paralysis, from which he never recovered, and shortly afterward, such money as he had being exhausted, he was obliged to enter the almshouse at Guilford, near London.—London Graphic.

"I have been suffering from Dyspepsia for the past twenty years and have been unable after trying all preparations and physicians to get any relief. After taking one bottle of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure I found relief and am now in better health than I have been for twenty years. I can not praise Kodol Dyspepsia Cure too highly," thus writes Mrs. C. W. Roberts, North Creek, Ark. Hood Bros., Hare & Son, J. R. Ledbetter.

There is always room at the top of the ballroom gown for more gown.

Healthy Mothers

Few mothers are healthy, because their duties are so exacting. The anxiety of pregnancy, the shock of childbirth, and the care of young children, are severe trials on any woman. But with Wine of Cardui within her grasp, every mother—every woman in the land—can pay the debt of personal health she owes her loved ones. Do you want robust health with all its privileges and pleasures? Wine of Cardui will give it to you.

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strengthens the female organs and invigorates weakened functions. For every female ill or weakness it is the best medicine made. Ask your druggist for \$1.00 bottle Wine of Cardui, and take no substitute under any circumstances.

Mrs. Edwin Cross, Gormer, Mich.: "When I commenced using Wine of Cardui I was hardly able to walk across the house. Two weeks after I walked half a mile and picked strawberries. When my other child was born I suffered with labor pains 24 hours, and had to raise him on a bottle because I had no milk. After using the Wine during pregnancy this time, I gave birth last month to a baby girl, and was in labor only two hours, with but little pain, and I have plenty of milk. For this great improvement in my health I thank God and Wine of Cardui."

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

The Traveling Man and the Reporter.

Arthur Goodrich, in The World's Work.

The Traveling Man had just told the "cabby" the destination, and given him suggestions on fast driving, when a soft-hatted youth with a note book rushed up to him.

"I'm from the News, Senator. Won't you give me in a word what you think about the State election?"

The Traveling Man unconsciously grew dignified as he smiled at the reporter.

"I should like you better, my boy, if you would call me by name," he said.

"I beg your pardon, Senator — I was in a hurry."

"Yes, and you're young. That will save you. Here is my card, and I want you to understand young man, that I am a respectable traveling man. Then he added, as he saw the boy's consternation: "If you really want my views of the Ohio election, I'll write them for you after I get to New York. But you won't print them."

If people only knew what we know about Kodol Dyspepsia Cure, it would be used in nearly every household, as there are few people who do not suffer from a feeling of fullness after eating, belching, flatulence, sour stomach or waterbrash, caused by indigestion or dyspepsia. A preparation, such as Kodol Dyspepsia Cure, which, with no aid from the stomach, will digest your food, certainly can't help but do you good. Hood Bros., Hare & Son, J. R. Ledbetter.

The longer I live the more I am satisfied of two things: First, that the truest lives are those that are cut rose-diamond fashion, with many facets answering to the many planes aspects of the world about them; secondly, that society is always trying in some way or other to grind us down to a single facet.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Miss Florence Newman, who has been a great sufferer from muscular rheumatism, says Chamberlain's Pain Balm is the only remedy that affords her relief. Miss Newman is a much respected resident of the village of Gray, N. Y., and makes this statement for the benefit of others similarly afflicted. This liniment is for sale by Hood Bros.

A teacher was explaining to a little girl how the trees developed their foliage in the springtime. "Ah, yes," said the little miss, "I understand; they keep their summer clothes in their trunks!"—Ex.

"Our little girl was unconscious from strangulation during a sudden and terrible attack of croup. I quickly secured a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure, giving her three doses. The croup was mastered and our little darling speedily recovered." So writes A. L. Spafford, Chester, Mich. J. R. Ledbetter, Hood Bros., Hare & Son.

"Now, gentlemen," said the professor, "name some of the beauties of education." And a facetious student in the back row shouted: "Pretty school teachers!"

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Dr. Worthington's Southern Remedy has been sold on a strict guarantee to cure cramps, colic, cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery and all pains of the bowels and has stood the test. Price 25c. at Hood Bros.

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