

**A COLUMN OF NEWS.**

Some of the Week's Happenings in Various Parts of the World.

Gov. Shaw of Iowa, has telegraphed to Senator Allison with reference to the mention of Mr. Allison's name for the Presidency as follows: I notice with much satisfaction that the country is taking kindly to the mention of your name for the Presidency. I hope you will encourage its use. I will be more than glad to aid to the best of my ability and predict that Iowa and the nation will rally to you as never before. Do not say 'No.'

A tornado passed across the Northwestern part of Hall county Texas, Friday afternoon and completely demolished the home of W. R. Moore and a man named Wickson. Wickson's family escaped to a dug-out and was unhurt, but two children of Moore's were killed outright. Moore himself was seriously injured and Tom Martin, a neighbor who was at Moore's house, was probably fatally injured. Mrs. Moore escaped to the dug-out with her infant which was unhurt.

The opening performance of the "Passion Play" at Selzach Switzerland, Sunday, by 350 peasant performers attracted crowds of tourists and others. The performance was very impressive throughout. The final scene on Calvary was rendered intensely dramatic by the sudden darkening of the sky, the heavy rolling of thunder in the hills and the downpour of torrents of rain. The weird realism thus imparted to the tragedy created various emotions in the audience. Children cried in terror, women sobbed and many of the men present wept.

Acting Quartermaster General Bird has telegraphed General Long, in charge of transportation at San Francisco, directing him to fit up the transport Thomas, if the Sherman is not available, so that she may sail on July 23d as a special transport for teachers. The Thomas is to be fitted to carry 170 female teachers for the Philippines. The War Department has received from Judge Taft approval of the selection of 250 teachers who will be ready to sail on the Thomas. One hundred and fifty-six teachers will sail on the Buford and Logan on July 1st and 16th.

The Steamer Miowera, from Australia, which has arrived at Victoria, British Columbia, brings news from New Guinea of the massacre of Revs. James Chalmers and B. F. Tompkins and 14 native teachers by cannibals. The whites were eaten. The place of the cannibal orgy was seen by troops sent to investigate the massacre. Part of a jaw and thigh bones of the missionaries were found, together with their hats and portions of trousers which belonged to Mr. Chalmers. The expedition punished the natives, destroying their villages and canoes. Prisoners taken in an attack made by the natives on the troops told the tale of the massacre.

Charges of a cruel mode of punishment in one of the public schools of Chicago have been placed before Supt. Lane by Hugh Brady. He says that children in the Summer school have been punished repeatedly for chewing gum during school hours by having soap forced into their mouths, being compelled to let it remain until it dissolved and ran down their throats. Children who say that they were subjected to the soap treatment returned to their homes on Wednesday with burning throats and raw mouths. Lester Brady was one of the sufferers, but tried to conceal the fact from his parents. He was unable to eat his supper, and after repeated questioning the story came out.

The charter of the Central University of China has been filed with the County Register at Nashville, Tenn. It is filed in accordance with the action of the board of missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. The incorporators are Revs. J. D. Hammond, James Atkins, J. H. Kirkland and W. R. Lambuth, of Nashville; Bishop A. W. Wilson, of Maryland, and Bishop C. B. Galloway, of Mississippi. Under the provisions of the charter the incorporators are to found, establish and perpetually maintain in the Province of Kiang-Su, China, a university, with associated schools and colleges, to be conducted under the auspices and in agreement with the approved and recognized evangelical standards of the Methodist Episcopal Church South.

**A USELESS HABIT.**

A Chicago Firm Prohibits the Use of Profanity Among its Employees.

Chicago Herald-Record

The action of the big packing firm of Swift & Co., in posting notices forbidding profanity on the company's premises will receive the unqualified commendation of every person who has any conception of the elemental decencies of life.

It is not necessary to inquire into the immediate causes which led Swift & Co. to post the order. Its significance lies in the fact that a great corporation employing 5,000 persons in its packing establishment should conceive it to be necessary or desirable to forbid indulgence in profanity among its employees. The presumption is that the corporation was impelled by considerations which affected its own interests as well as the morals of the employees.

Profanity among employees in such an establishment as that of Swift & Co., is provocation of bad temper and bad feeling. It not only lowers the moral tone of the employees who are compelled to listen to it, but it is a breeder of dissension. It is the firebrand that kindles a hot temper and turns hatred into violence. It is easy to see, therefore, that it may lower the efficiency of a large body of employees.

As a matter of fact there is not a shadow of excuse for profanity in any relation of exigency of life. It adds no force of power to speech. It is the confession of vocal impotency in the man who uses it. The blustering, bloviating blasphemer who flies into a rage and pours forth a stream of profanity upon all occasions is a man who is not to be feared. When it comes to a question of vocal dynamics the man whose speech is as clean and sharp as a hound's tooth will inspire most fear and respect.

The Americans have the reputation of being the most profane people on earth. In no other land or clime does the common speech reek with the pollution of profanity as here. The Japanese, the most docile, sweet-tempered, artistic, and ingenious people on earth, never poison the atmosphere of the "Flowery Kingdom" with profanity. There are no oaths or cuss words in the Japanese language.

A traveler in England, Germany, or France very rarely hears the name of the Deity taken in vain. The continental languages do not appear to lend themselves to such vile and variegated profanity as the Anglo-Saxon tongue is capable of. Profanity is vile, disgusting, and useless habit. It is the one abhorrent blight upon a language that is destined one day to become the common vehicle of all human thought. Stop it!

**An Awful Ordeal.**

What do you think of the nerve of a young woman who for three days could drive a team through a solitude of the mountains, carrying the dead body of her husband and camping out with it alone every night? That was the terrible ordeal which Mrs. Clara Davis, a bride of a year, and late of Iola, had to undergo in Oregon recently. She and her husband were on a pleasure trip through the coast range. In taking a rifle from the wagon Mr. Davis was accidentally shot and killed. It was three days' travel to the nearest habitation and Mrs. Davis put her husband's body in the wagon and took it there. Mrs. Davis is returning to her former home in Kansas.—Kansas City Journal.

**Seven Years in Bed.**

"Will wonders ever cease?" inquire the friends of Mrs. L. Pease, of Lawrence, Kan. They knew she had been unable to leave her bed in seven years on account of kidney and liver trouble, nervous prostration and general debility; but, "Three bottles of Electric Bitters enabled me to walk," she writes, "and in three months I felt like a new person." Women suffering from Headache, Backache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Melancholy, Fainting and Dizzy Spells will find it a priceless blessing. Try it. Satisfaction is guaranteed. Hood Bros. Only 50c.

No man ever made a great name for himself by writing anonymous communications.

Eczema, salt-rneum, tetter, chafing, ivy poisoning and all skin tortures are quickly cured by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. The certain pile cure. Hood Bros., Hare & Son, J. R. Ledbetter.

**Gov. Aycock Wants Only Anglo-Saxons.**

Governor Charles Aycock, of Raleigh, N. C., has appointed as commissioners to the convention the most active and practical business men and manufacturers of the State.

"I should like to attend the convention myself," said Governor Aycock in an interview with The North American's staff correspondent, "and I would go were it not for the fact that important public engagements will keep me in Raleigh during the time it is in session. Undoubtedly a great deal of good to the commercial and industrial interests of the South will result from this meeting."

"While we have a great deal to sell, there are also many things we want to buy. It is an exchange of commodities that we need. I never could understand why we do not enjoy closer trade relations with Philadelphia. Personally, I think a great deal of Philadelphia and her people. I have visited there, and know of no finer city in the country."

"I know our people would be glad to do business with Philadelphia if the proper relations were only once established. This convention seems to be the entering wedge, and I hope the business men of both sections will be benefited by coming together and getting acquainted."

Governor Aycock talked of the resources of North Carolina and the possibilities of their development. As a farming section, he said, one portion of the State offered exceptional advantages. There are also great possibilities in fruit growing and truck gardening. The fisheries of the State form a very important industry, and the lumber interests are large. Building stone of all kinds is found in abundance, and there are rich deposits of various minerals. The staple industry, of course, is the raising and spinning of cotton.

"All of these resources are being rapidly developed," said the Governor. "Four-fifths of the capital invested in manufacturing and other industries in this State is North Carolina capital. She doesn't need anything now except to be let alone. If our political conditions are undisturbed for ten years we will work out our own salvation."

"Things have just taken such shape that we can now turn our attention to business. We have the skill, the pluck and energy, and we either have the capital or can get it, for our credit is good. We have the cheapest government of any State in the Union; our people are all happy and contented, and we are settling down to an era of great prosperity in North Carolina."

"We haven't much money now, but we are going to get some very soon. We feel that we have an exceedingly bright future. Our population is small, but it is strictly Anglo-Saxon. We will welcome here American citizens who come to our State to make their homes, and who bring skill or knowledge of manufacturing or other useful arts. We don't want any other kind of immigration."—Philadelphia North American.

**Charged to Christian Science.**

The Jacksonville doctors and the Christian Scientists have clashed. George Holmes, a well-known negro, died Saturday. Holmes was suffering with typhoid fever and was attended by Drs. Morris and Love. When the physicians found a Christian Scientist at the patient's bedside and observed that their medicine was not being taken they abandoned the case.

When the physicians were called upon for a death certificate they assigned the following cause of death: "The deceased had typhoid fever, and it is our belief that the patient died of neglect and the interference of a Christian Scientist, a woman named Mrs. Campbell, and that the patient would not have died had he taken the medicine prescribed by us." Health Officer Joyner is very indignant over the matter and threatens to bring the subject before the courts.—Jacksonville Times-Union.

A surgical operation is not necessary to cure piles. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve saves all that expense and never fails. Beware of counterfeits. Hare & Son, J. R. Ledbetter, Hood Bros.

THE HERALD and the National Magazine, of Boston, both one year for \$1.50 in advance. The National is one of the best 10-cent magazines published. Regular price is \$1.00 per year.

**A MODERN FABLE.**

The Knowing Friend who Tipped off Her Star Recipe.

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In a shady Street there dwelt two Maidens who had their Traps set and baited. "Come on, Boys," is what it said over the Door. They were at the Age when they lived on Caramels and Excitement. All respectable Males who could talk back and who kept their Hair combed were welcome, and the more merrier.

One of the Girls was a grand little Piece of Work and she had a slew of uppety-up Accomplishments, but for some reason her Turnstile did not check as many Visitors as that of her Chum across the Way. The other Girl might have copped off many Prizes at a Beauty Contest, and it had been remarked that her Piano-Playing was Fierce, and yet she caught a majority of the Callers.

One Day as the two Friends were chatting, the one who had the Looks put up a kind of a Whimper.

"Why, Oh why is it," she asked, "that you continue to stand Ace High with a lot of the Boys who seem to have passed me up. I always used them right, so why do they take the other side of the Street? I know that I am counted more of a Beauty than you; my Musical Education cost twice as much, and I have got you sewed up in a Sack when it comes to Correct English, yet you draw the Crowds. Where do I make my Fall-Down?"

"Dearie, I hate to let any one else in on a Snap, but I suppose I must," replied her Companion. "I will admit that as a Grammarian you are a Peachamaroot, but do you ever stop to consider the Topics that you spring on your Young Men? Huh? Why, you sit in front of them and you tell them what a bother it is to shop all Afternoon, and what Girls you saw down town and what a Time your Mamma has been having about a Cook, and how Grace said something that just made the other Girls shriek. For a whole Evening you Blate about your own Affairs. Of course, Common Politeness requires the Gentleman to throw on the Fixed Smile and pretend to Follow you, but he is Bored. No Man cares much for what she said and then what you said to her. You never can win a Home by sitting around and talking about yourself and your Girl Friends."

"And how do you manage it?" asked the other.

ANYTHING TO KEEP HIM WARMED UP.

"Oh, I suppose I don't know a Thing about the Male Sex, do I?" asked the Popular One with a Squint. "From the Minute that any Charley-Boy shows up at my Work-Shop, I talk about Him and nothing else. I make him tell me about his Clothes and how he has his Room fixed up. I repeat all that I ever heard any of the Girls say about him. If I can't recall a good Philopena, I fake one. Anything to keep him Warmed Up. I throw the Lime-Light on him all Evening. He has the Center of the Stage and makes all the Hits and gets all the Flowers. I am simply present to feed him his Cues and demand Encores. Sometimes it is hard work to Boost all Evening, but I seldom fail to land him. When he gets up to go at Eleven o'clock, he is thrown out in front like a Pouter Pigeon. Naturally, he thinks I am just about the Main Lady of the whole Works, and he is back to see me again next Evening."

"But we are not Orientals," said the Good-Looker, proudly. "If there is to be any Flattering or Incense-Burning, let the Men do it. I do not believe that Modern Woman should put Man on a Pedestal."

"Some Day I will single out one and marry him," said her Friend, in a confidential Whisper. "And when I do, he won't stay up on any Pedestal more than Twenty Minutes. You know me."

"I begin to Tumble," said the other, thoughtfully. "I think I can find use for your little Pointer."

MORAL:—It is better to hold back a few kinds of Conversation for those long Evenings at Home.

**Didn't Marry for Money.**

The Boston man, who lately married a sickly rich young woman, is happy now, for he got Dr. King's New Life Pills, which restored her to perfect health. Infalible for Jaundice, Biliousness, Malaria, Fever and Ague and all Liver and Stomach troubles. Gentle but effective. Only 25c at Hood Bros. drug store.

**In a Siberian Church.**

Christian Endeavor World.

The pilgrims happened into one church where the service was going on. The church was full of soldiers and muzhiks, of rich and poor people, all of whom were devoutly worshipping. A gorgeous priest, clad in green and gold, led the service, and a gorgeous blue and green boy on each side held up the holy candles. In the background one could see a high priest who seemed to be made of solid gold and who seemed to be a part of the large icon hanging on the wall. It was impossible to tell whether he was really a part of the picture or not, so absolutely motionless stood he there, like a graven image, till just at the close of the service he stepped down and out of the picture, and came forward and stood in front to read the last part of the service. His robe was all of shimmering gold, which glittered in golden waves as he moved, and he wore on his head a golden mitre such as Aaron might have worn in the wandering in the wilderness. His long curling hair fell over his shoulders, and he looked just as much like a picture out of the frame as one in it. As he stepped to the front, the other priests stood aside, while this gorgeous, golden high priest led the closing service. A boy choir with magnificent voices sang the responses. Once the other fathers stepped forward, and one of them removed the jeweled mitre from the golden high priest's head, while he bowed to the icon and crossed himself, and then replaced the mitre.

The whole service was intoned, and while the pilgrims could not understand it, they were glad to think that the audience could, for it was in Russian, not in Latin. The people listened very reverently, and often they bowed low and crossed themselves.

**Trading at Nijn Novgorod.**

Despite the size of the gathering at the great Russian Fair there is hardly any noise, and to the American visitor very little business seems in course of transaction. Ignorance of the commercial methods in vogue gives rise to the latter impression. When the Russian merchant contemplates buying a bill of goods he betakes himself to the second story of the little shop which the seller of that particular commodity has made his own for the time being, and there buyer and seller discuss the matter over innumerable cups of tea. Tea-drinking is an important part of the transaction, a ceremony that is never omitted. The Russian does not sweeten his tea as we do ours, but puts a lump of sugar into his mouth instead of into his cup, a method in which it is hard to see the advantage. Very little merchandise is sold by sample at Nijn Novgorod, the greater part of the goods being actually on view, piled in the yards of the shops and heaped along the wharves—countless bales of cotton, pyramids of cow and horse hides, jars of petroleum, carboys of sulphuric acid, and casks of dried fruits scattered in irregular piles along the water front, while the iron ore has a little island to itself on the Oka.—The New Lippincott.

**Taking Him at His Word.**

A young fopful of some five sleighrides recently acquired a small rabbit. His aunt found him the next day sitting on his knees with the rabbit held before him in both hands, and alternately shaking it and exclaiming: "Five times five!" "Six times three!" "Four times seven!" Shocked at this seemingly cruel act on the part of her usually gentle nephew, she said: "Why on earth are you shaking that rabbit so? You'll kill it." "Well," responded Master Harry, "Papa said this morning that rabbits multiply rapidly, but I can't make this one say a thing."—New York Times.

Mr. W. S. Whedon, Cashier of the First National Bank of Winterset, Iowa, in a recent letter gives some experience with a carpenter in his employ, that will be of value to other mechanics. He says: "I had a carpenter working for me who was obliged to stop work for several days on account of being troubled with diarrhea. I mentioned to him that I had been similarly troubled and that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy had cured me. He bought a bottle of it from the druggist here and informed me that one dose cured him, and he is again at his work." For sale by Hood Bros.

**DR. H. P. UNDERHILL,**

Physician and Surgeon, KENLY, N. C. Office at Mr. Jesse Kirby's.

EDWARD W. POUL. F. H. BROOKS. **POU & BROOKS,** Attorneys-at-Law, SMITHFIELD, N. C. Claims Collected. Estates Settled. Practice in Johnston and adjoining counties.

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**Treasurer's Card.** John W. Futrell, Treasurer of Johnston County, will be in Smithfield every Monday and Saturday and Court Weeks. Office in back room of the Bank of Smithfield. In his absence county orders will be paid at the Bank.

**HOTEL DICKENS,** SMITHFIELD, N. C. Transients and Boarders ON MAIN BUSINESS STREET. Rates Reasonable. MRS J. E. DICKENS, Proprietress

**FLOYD H. PARRISH,** SMITHFIELD, N. C. Fresh Meats, Beef and Ice. HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR HIDES. Beef cattle wanted.

**Rand & Stephenson,** SMITHFIELD, N. C. We desire to call the attention of the public of Smithfield and vicinity to the fact that we have associated ourselves together for the purpose of engaging in Contracting and Building-BUSINESS. We want the work and we think that we can make it to your interest to have us to do yours. Estimates promptly furnished on all kinds wood or brick work. Call on or address Walter Rand, ( Rand & Stephenson. W. J. Stephenson. SMITHFIELD, N. C.

**STALLINGS HOTEL,** W. H. STALLINGS, Prop'r, CLAYTON, N. C. Rates 25 cents per meal or \$1.00 per day. Call and see me when you come to town.

**MY STORE,** —I KEEP— Groceries, Fruits, CANDIES, Confectioneries and Vegetables. MARKET Run in Connection. I will pay highest price for fat cattle, beef, pork, &c. W. H. STALLINGS, CLAYTON, N. C. March 20—3m

**THIS IS** The New Number 8



**Domestic Sewing Machine,** FOR SALE BY J. M. BEATY, SMITHFIELD, N. C.

**WHITE'S BLACK LINIMENT.** 25c BOTTLES REDUCED TO 15c. "I have used White's Black Liniment and his other horse medicines with great success and found them to be as represented." W. L. FULLER, "Smithfield, N. C." For sale by ALLEN LEE, Smithfield, N. C. Druggist.