

"AS THE EAGLE FLIETH"

A Porto Rican Romance.

BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT.

Two months after the squad of a dozen troopers rode into the mountain town of Coroxal, far in the high interior of Porto Rico, big Darby was doing his trick at stable guard. It was that wonderful half hour at the close of a tropical day when the hush of twilight rests upon the mountains and the dark is climbing silently, steadily up from the valleys and gorges. The troop horses were buried in their nose bags. Darby sat upon a bale of hay, with his carbine lying across his lap. He was at peace with himself chiefly because five weeks had passed since a pay day. A little native girl was venturing shyly toward him. He said "Good evening" in Spanish, and a queer tingle crept up from his boots when he heard how sweet and low her voice was. She reclined daintily upon a bale of hay and rolled cigarettes for the big fellow to smoke. Never in the history of military men did a trick at guard duty pass so quickly.

The days which followed were strange ones for Trooper Darby. Often the señorita watched him from a balcony or walked past his quarters in the evening. She was always in the plaza when he was. It was in Darby to treat her as he would a little girl, and yet an instinct hidden somewhere forbade.

Since Darby's first enlistment long ago he had shunned women. He was a quiet fellow usually and had more manner and far more mind than were needed for a soldier. He had killed a grown man's ambition with the feeble satisfaction of being a clean, obedient soldier, but he had so much time and energy left over that despair sometimes crept into the vacuum. Then it was that Trooper Darby went to the canteen, in which case he fell short of his single ambition. The stripes of a noncommissioned officer were removed so often from his sleeve that he finally refused to have them replaced at all. So, in spite of intervals of fine soldiering, he remained Private Darby.

The last four months of his enlistment were passing quickly in the high Porto Rican town of Coroxal and passing strangely too. The days were full of troubled thoughts, and the evenings — the evenings were beautiful. Queer indeed are the little Porto Rican maidens. They know nothing of the world except their own fruit laden, rain showered hills, but they are moved by the hearts of women. They are without education, yet possessed of woman's art. They drink wine in their joy and rum in their despair. They light a cigarette in their babyhood. It is still lighted in their dying. For breakfast they have coffee and cigarettes; for dinner a fried plantain, with cigarettes before and after; for supper they drink the juice of an orange, followed by an evening of cigarettes and native wines; hence they are ready to die at the age when northern woman is looking for a husband. They adore music. They are fairies in the dance, grandmothers at 30. The genius of romance lives in their land. Marie, who ventured shyly down to the picket line that night, was one of these.

A little above the town, in the very heights, was a little bamboo shack, where Marie and her old mother lived and wove white straw into hats and delicate bamboo strips into matting. After retreat in the evening big Darby would be seen striding up this steep trail. It was very beautiful to sit up there beside the little hill maiden. Far below the lights of the town twinkled, and sometimes when the breeze was right the voices of the soldiers could be heard singing dreamily of their native land. All about rose the cliff shadows, and on their tops the moon flung a veil of misty gray, and Marie would turn her great dark eyes upon big Darby. Those eyes of hers shone through the dark, for the moonlight was in them, and behind, in the doorway of the shack, sat the old mother, humming like one who had lived her life and now only bides.

Darby would have liked to take the little girl upon his knees and talk to her as he might have done to a child of her age and size back in the States, but every time this thought came the heart within him throbbed a warning. Marie was not a child. She was a woman who would have been made happy indeed had the big soldier followed the suggestion of his mind. Darby could not quite understand for a time why he always sought the shack of Marie in the evening.

And there was always another vis-

itor. This was Juan, who drove oxen all day from the coffee plantations to the town. Juan was not a brother. In the natural course of events he would have married Marie and become master of the little shack in the heights. Juan always smiled when the soldier came. It is the way the poor Porto Rican peon had been taught to smile in the presence of a white man, even though one's heart be breaking. The fathers of Juan had learned this lesson well years ago when the Spaniards came.

For a long time big Darby did not understand about Juan, since the latter gave not the slightest hint that he would be a rival, and Marie never noticed her native lover after the white soldier had reached the top of the trail. Her ardent heart could contain no subtlety, nor was it large enough for more than one romance.

One night while the soldier and Marie were talking softly together poor Juan forgot the outer world, forgot everything but the pain in his heart and the hopelessness of his life. When Marie had been only a wee maid, toddling about in the sun clad in a single garment, he had searched the hills for hours to find the largest, choicest oranges for her. Long before the white man came he had saved pennies until they grew into pesos — each one the price of many days of toil from dawn till dark on the hot trails — saved them for her. He did not hate the white man, but the wound in his heart hurt desperately, and for a moment the law and the lessons of his fathers were forgotten. His face became the mirror of his heart. Agony, not rebellion, was reflected there.

In the last month big Darby made many trips up the trail to the shack of Marie and her mother, and Juan, the poor Porto Rican peon, clutched at the belief with all his simple mind that the white man was an angel from heaven, and because it was the right way, because he had made up his mind, Trooper Darby had strength to lead Marie into the right way. When he journeyed to San Juan to get his final cashed, at the American soldiers in the capital city were talking about a new war in China. Big Darby took no drink, though there was much money in his pocket. On the way back to Coroxal he wondered if the war in China would mean much action.

It was evening when he walked up the trail, and by his side was the old priest of the district. Silently they walked together upward — upward toward the heights. Marie was there, Juan was there, and in the doorway the old mother sat in the deepening twilight mumbling old refrains.

The moon beamed down upon the mountain tops, while the priest uttered softly the words of the old, old story, and the moon played in the depths of the running rivers and whitened the great cliffs — and the soul of one of Uncle Sam's cavalrymen. When it was all over, big Darby paid the priest and placed a roll in the trembling hands of Juan, the poor ox driver — a fortune away in the mountains of Porto Rico, where pennies are dollars.

Then big Darby kissed Marie, the bride — for the first time — and held her fast in his arms an instant, because she was sobbing a little. Then he hastened down the trail to the town — for the last time — and at the canteen he bought a round of drinks for the boys and told them that he would start for the States in a couple of days to enlist in one of the new cavalry regiments which were being equipped for Chinese service. —Pittsburg Dispatch.

FIGHTING A SPLENDID FIGHT — at the edge of a mountain stream.

To some men life is a continual nagging skirmish; to others it is a single decisive engagement won or lost; to still others, and these are legion, life is a long, drowsy summer camp. The men who deserve the medals of honor are the hard and haggard fellows on the skirmish line who have to fight to live, who get their training under fire, who keep the small of their backs to the fields they have won and who make the history for the campers to read. The second class have mortal forces superior to their infirmities. They surround their natural enemies in the beginning and slaughter them once and for all. These men are to be praised. They are also to be envied for the admirable balance of brain and sinew which their fathers gave them. They are the successful, the happy, the admired, men. But the evil insurrection within them was never whole hearted nor unkillable.

A. C. Stancil who has been teaching here for some time, closed his school with success this week, satisfactory to all.

Mr. Oscar Mozingo has accepted a position with the firm of Woodard, Anderson & Jones, tobacconists of Wilson. He left Monday to take charge of the position.

MICRO NOTES.

We are sorry to note that our guard house was burned last week.

Mr. C. A. Fitzgerald who has been quite sick, is better at this writing.

Mr. Bishop of the firm of R. E. Lunceford, of Petersburg, Va., was in town to-day.

It is reported that Mr. A. J. Fitzgerald is to open up a stock of general merchandise soon.

Messrs. H. D. Mozingo and T. J. Batten, attended the picnic at Earp's school house last Saturday.

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JIM.

GILMAN'S DEAL IN COFFINS.

When the late George F. Gilman, the tea store man, whose millions are in dispute, became old enough to go into business, his father arranged a partnership for him with a Mr. Miles, who had been a successful leather merchant in the Swamp. Young Gilman did not care for the leather business, but he obeyed his father's wishes.

Mr. Miles, his partner, was a much older man, and, as Gilman soon discovered, he was inclined to devote most of his time to outside interests, among them being a new cemetery. One day Mr. Miles came down to the office and said:

"Mr. Gilman, I did a good stroke of business today. I bought ten cemetery lots and then sold nine of them for what the ten cost me. That leaves me one lot clear profit."

Gilman didn't see that this meant any profit for the firm of Miles & Gilman, and on the following morning when he reached the office he said to Mr. Miles:

"I did a good stroke of business myself this morning. I stopped at a Broadway undertaker's and bought ten coffins. I sold nine of them for what I paid for the ten, leaving one coffin clear profit. I have saved this coffin for you, Mr. Miles, thinking that you might use it in your cemetery lot."

Mr. Miles glared at the young man and then retired to his own office. When he reappeared several hours later, it was to announce that the copartnership was dissolved.

HOW TO GET THE WATER OUT.

In the fall of 1896 Admiral Robley D. Evans was in command of the Indiana. The squadron started in a storm from Fort Monroe for New York. "At 1 a. m." says the admiral, "the ash shoots on the gun deck had their covers torn off, and the deck was flooded, and there was no way to get the water out except by bailing with buckets. The carpenter, who was in a great funk, came to me on the bridge, white in the face, and reported in a trembling voice:

"Sir, the gun deck is full of water, and I can't see how we are ever going to get it out!"

"I replied, 'Go down and drink some of it out, sir, and don't bother me again with your whining,' which sent him on his way, and I saw no more of him."

Our sales are good, prices high and all of our customers are perfectly satisfied with sales. Boyett Bros., Farmers Warehouse.

Skinner & Ragsdale are anxious for tobacco to fill orders. Bring it along; it is selling high.

Question seems puzzling to some how the Smithfield Hardware Company sell so cheap. We buy right and divide our profits by short division.

Skinner & Ragsdale lead because they haven't any pets but sell every farmer's tobacco for its value.

The place to have your tobacco graded is at the Riverside. They have the best basement and best grader.

Warranty Deed, Mortgage Deed, Mortgagee's Deed, Quit-claim Deed and Commissioners' Deed blanks for sale at THE HERALD Office.

Why do you get such high prices for your tobacco? "Because I sell at the Riverside." Paylor & Lassiter will always work for you.

If Fair Dealing, hard work, honest weights and high prices will get your tobacco, we want it. Boyett Bros., Farmers Warehouse.

You can get your tobacco well graded for 75c per hundred at Skinner & Ragsdale's and it will pay you well to have it graded.

With the new life and upward grade of the old town

of Smithfield

HOOD BROTHERS,

(On the Corner)

the old Druggists, Book Dealers and Seedsmen, greet you. For about thirty years we have been identified with the town in the

DRUG BUSINESS.

We feel that we are well and favorably known to you.

We thank you, one and all, for your liberal patronage. We appreciate your trade. We keep the goods. Our prices are right. We carry the best. Call on us for anything in the Drug Line.

OUR COLD DRINKS

are as good as ice and fine syrups and crushed fruits can make them.

Prescriptions a Specialty.

HOOD BROTHERS,

SMITHFIELD, N. C.

REMEMBER THE OLD RELIABLE

AUBURN WAGON. FOR SALE BY

W. L. FULLER.

BIG LOT WOOD'S TURNIP SEED, JUST RECEIVED AT J. R. LEDBETTER.

IF YOU WANT YOUR TOBACCO SOLD FOR THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE, STOP AT THE FARMERS WAREHOUSE WITH BOYETT BROS.

SKINNER & RAGSDALE DO NOT MOVE, BUT CONTINUE TO SELL TOBACCO FOR HIGH PRICES AT THE BANNER WAREHOUSE.

GO TO W. G. YELVINGTON'S STORE FOR YOUR FINE SHOES, FURS AND STRAW HATS, FOR MEN AND BOYS.

REMEMBER WHAT PAYLOR & LASISTER DID FOR YOU LAST YEAR. THEY WILL DO JUST AS MUCH FOR YOU THIS YEAR AT THE RIVERSIDE.

TRY A PEACH, STRAWBERRY, BANANA OR PINEAPPLE SHERBET AS COLD AS ICE, 5C AT SNIPES' FOUNTAIN, SELMA, N. C.

WHEN YOU HAVE A LOAD OF TOBACCO READY FOR MARKET, STOP AT THE FARMERS WAREHOUSE WITH BOYETT BROS., WHERE YOU WILL ALWAYS GET THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE FOR YOUR TOBACCO.

Follow the rush to the River-side and you will be well pleased with your sales.

IF YOU WANT TO SELL YOUR TOBACCO WHERE THE MAJORITY OF THE BEST FARMERS DO, COME TO THE BANNER WAREHOUSE AT SMITHFIELD.

OUR SALES ARE GOOD, PRICES HIGH AND ALL OF OUR CUSTOMERS ARE PERFECTLY SATISFIED WITH SALES. BOYETT BROS., FARMERS WAREHOUSE.

YOURS TRULY,

W. L. FULLER,

SMITHFIELD, N. C.

THE AMERICAN COTTON CO.'S

ROUND-LAP BAILE PRESS

WILL BE READY

TO DO BUSINESS JUST AS SOON AS THE COTTON SEASON OPENS. THOSE WHO HAVE HAD THEIR COTTON PUT UP ROUND, WE THANK YOU FOR YOUR PATRONAGE AND TRUST THAT YOU HAVE ALL BEEN SATISFIED. SO DON'T FORGET US. THOSE WHO HAVE NOT HAD THEIR COTTON PUT UP ROUND, GIVE US A TRIAL, AND WE SHALL DO OUR BEST TO SATISFY YOU.

YOURS TRULY,

THE AMERICAN COTTON CO.,

PER T. B. B., JR.

WE WANT A GOOD GINNIN.

OUR

TURNIP SEEDS

ARE READY,

BOUGHT DIRECT FROM THE MOST RELIABLE GROWERS, CAREFULLY SELECTED ESPECIALLY FOR OUR PATRONS.

THEY SATISFY OTHERS,

THEY WILL SATISFY YOU.

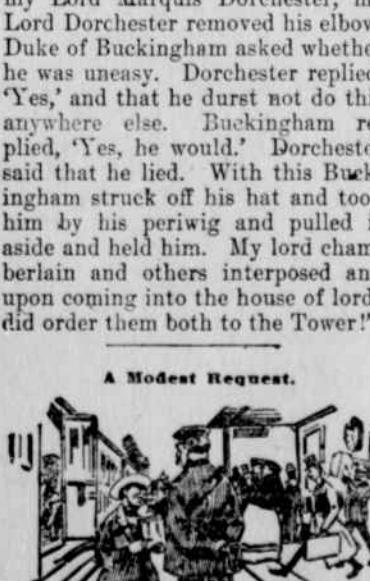
A COMPLETE STOCK OF ALL THINGS A DRUG STORE SHOULD KEEP ALWAYS ON HAND.

MONTAGUE, DRUGGIST,

GARNER, N. C.

Follow the hand signs across the streets and come to the BANNER WAREHOUSE, SMITHFIELD.

THE BEST 10C COFFEE IN THE WORLD AT N. B. SNIPE & BRO., SELMA, N. C.



FOR ADVICE IN CASES REQUIRING SPECIAL ATTENTION, ADDRESS, GIVING SPECIFIC CASES, THE "LADIES' MEDICAL GUIDE" IS THE STANDARD WORK. THE CHATTANOOGA MEDICAL COMPANY, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

WINE OF CARDU