

THE SMITHFIELD HERALD.

VOLUME 5.

SMITHFIELD, JOHNSTON COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA, APRIL 30, 1887.

NUMBER 46

"CAROLINA CAROLINA, HEAVEN'S BLESSINGS ATTEND HER."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS | NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Sheet Music A Specialty.

PIANOS. ORGANS.

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SHEET MUSIC; ALL THE NEW POPULAR AIRS IN STOCK.

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There are many qualities of Needles; the Best are the Cheapest. Singer Needles 25 cents per dozen. All others 5 cents each, 50 cents per dozen. I can furnish ANY PART of any make SEWING MACHINE. Orders by mail will receive careful attention. Remittances can be made in postage.

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IF YOU WANT TO SAVE MONEY

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WHERE TO BUY YOUR DRUGS

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THE OLDEST DRUG HOUSE IN SMITHFIELD!

We will remind my friends that his house is now filled with a select stock of

PURE DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES, STATIONERY

TOILET ARTICLES, BOOKS, CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

ICE COLD SODA AND VARIOUS MINERAL WATERS,

I HAVE THE AGENCY FOR THE CELEBRATED

I. B. SEELEY RUBBER TRUSSES!

I GUARANTEE A PERFECT FIT IN THESE GOODS.

IF YOU ARE THINKING OF PAINTING SOON, CALL AT MY STORE AND GET A COLOR SHEET AND EXAMINE MY LARGE STOCK OF

WHITE LEAD, OILS AND COLORS,

H. D. BLAKE, Late of Williamson & Blake, Smithfield, N. C.
JOHN B. BLAKE, Late of Dewar & Blake, Raleigh, N. C.

BLAKE BROTHERS,

SUCCESSORS TO

WILLIAMSON AND BLAKE.

Will continue the grocery and provision business at the old stand.

Heavy and fancy groceries, hardware, tin ware, crockery, &c., meat, meal, flour, lard, sugar, coffee, molasses, star lye, Horsford's bread preparation, all grades chewing and smoking tobaccos, Rail Road Mills, Gail and Ax, Ralph's and Egerton snuffs, at wholesale or retail.

FARMING UTENSILS.

Shovels, Hatchets, Hames, Traces, Backbands, Hooks, Single Trees, Cotton Rope and a thousand other things the farmer is bound to have.

Agents for the Following Reliable Brands of Fertilizers

PIEDMONT "SPECIAL" for Cotton and Corn.

PIEDMONT GUANO, for Tobacco.

POCOMOKE, EDDY STONE, L. & R. ACID & L. & R. Ammoniated.

OWL BRAND.

Supplies will be advanced on crop time where suitable arrangements are made.

Very Respectfully,

BLAKE BROTHERS.

The Smithfield Herald.

F. T. BOOKER, PROPRIETOR.

One Dollar & Fifty Cents per year.

Entered in the Post Office at Smithfield a Second Class matter

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1887.

CONFIDO ET CONQUESCO.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

Fret not, poor soul, while doubt and fear
Disturb thy breast:
The pining angels, who can see,
How vain thy wild regret must be,
Say, "Trust and rest!"

Plan not, nor scheme, but calmly wait;
His choice is best;
While blind and erring is thy sight,
His wisdom sees and judges right:
So trust and rest!

Strive not, nor struggle; thy poor might
Can never wrest
The meanness that to serve thy will:
All power is His alone; be still
And trust a-d rest!

Desire not; self-love is strong
Within thy breast:
And yet, He loves thee better still,
So let Him do His loving will—
And trust and rest!

What dost thou fear? His wisdom resigns
Supreme confessed;
His power is infinite; His love
Thy deepest, fondest dreams above—
So trust and rest!

A TEXAN'S READY PISTOL.

Seven Men Shot Dead Within One Month.

TEXARKANA, TEX., April 23.—It is very seldom that the killing of one, two, or even three men by an expert pistol practitioner creates more than a passing comment in the land where the long and short haul of the revolver is so strikingly illustrated. But when a man kills seven in a month, and that man is the wealthiest and most prominent man in the county, then he attracts attention. Such a man is Walter Ridgely. On the 3rd of March he killed two men, two weeks later he killed two more, and last Friday he completed the extermination of a family by killing three more.

The Ridgely farm is situated 28 miles northwest of here on the Red River, in Texas, just opposite the Indian Territory. On the 3rd of March Mr. Ridgely entered Rasseymey's store, at the Red River ferry, and found two brothers named Murphy quarrelling with a St. Louis drummer, whose baggage they had appropriated because he would not pay them \$5 for carrying him across the river when the legal fee was but 50 cents. Ridgely interfered, telling them they ought to be ashamed of trying to impose upon a friendless stranger, and that if they were really serious about the matter they had better take his advice as already given, or they would run the risk of answering to the Grand Jury. At this both men sprang at Ridgely and the latter who is a fine specimen of physical manhood, knocked the foremost down. The other halted and reached for his pistol, but Ridgely, who saw his intention, succeeded in getting his revolver out first, and fired, shooting his assailant through the heart and dropping him dead in his tracks. The other, Murphy, by this time had regained his feet, and, seeing what had happened, made a motion as if to draw his pistol, when he, too, was mortally wounded by Ridgely, and died the next day.

Ridgely immediately gave himself up to the Sheriff, and upon preliminary examination was discharged on the ground of self-defense. John Murphy, a brother of the men killed, and an Uncle Thomas soon after came into the neighborhood, and made loud and repeated threats that they would kill Ridgely at the first opportunity. For two weeks nothing occurred, but the two Murphys, uncle and brother to the deceased ferrymen, were frequently seen near the Ridgely farm, heavily armed, and it was plain that the matter would not end without further bloodshed.

On March 22 Ridgely found it necessary to go to a farm of a neighbor's about two miles distant. He left home about 3 o'clock P. M., but when he had completed his business it was after sundown and fast growing dusk. He then mounted his horse and started for home, riding a medium gait. When a little more than half way home, and while passing through a strip of woods, suddenly there sounded the re-

port of two guns from behind trees, and at the reports Ridgely's horse fell dead under him. Ridgely, as the sequel proved, was himself unhurt, falling upon the opposite side of his horse from that whence the firing occurred. He did not move or make any noise, and the would-be assassins evidently thinking that they had killed him, left cover, and started, presumably, to take a view of the corpse. The corpse, however, proved an exceedingly lively one, and when the two men, who proved to be the two Murphys, were within eight or ten feet of it, the corpse suddenly sprang to its feet with a six-shooter in either hand and began firing upon them. They were taken so completely by surprise that Ridgely thinks they made no effort, nor even thought of, returning his fire, and quicker than it takes to tell it they had both bitten the dust, and their spirits departed for the happy hunting grounds to join the two ferrymen who had previously "taken passage" at Ridgely's hands.

It was hoped by the people of the community that this would be the last of the unfortunate affair, and none so desired more than Ridgely, who had always expressed horror at the shedding of human blood. But it was not to be. Within the next week the only two surviving brothers of the two dead ferrymen and the only remaining uncle had made their appearance in the neighborhood, coming from their home in the territory, and without making any "bones" about it, proclaimed their intention to either kill Ridgely or depart this life by the same route taken by their four kinsmen. Ridgely kept himself confined closely to his own premises, not going off his farm on any occasion, and it is fair to presume that the Murphy party, growing impatient and worn out perhaps with the siege, thought to execute their purpose by stratagem. With this object in view, at 2 o'clock Friday morning, they went to Ridgely's barn and created a disturbance, well knowing that his great care for his horses would, in all probability, cause him to come out in person to ascertain what was wrong. The ruse operated exactly as the Murphys intended it should act. Mr. Ridgely was aroused from his slumbers by the noise in the stable yard and did just as any other sensible farmer would do under like circumstances. He got into his boots and trousers as quick as possible, and taking a pair of revolvers, the same 44-calibre weapons which he had used on previous occasions, and which, obeying the dictates of common sense, he had kept within convenient reach ever since his trouble with the Murphys began, he started for the barn. He passed the door of a room in which a couple of his hired men were sleeping, and scarcely had he taken 10 steps in the yard when he was fired upon from ambush. He was shot through the body and fell, but got up again, and, returning the fire with both revolvers, dropped two of his assailants dead, and the other ran about a hundred yards, when he was captured by a hired man and taken into the house. He died in an hour.

Ridgely was shot in three places, and is now confined to bed, but his physicians think he will recover. He is 34 years old, and formerly a scout with Custer's cavalry. He was promoted to be a Colonel, married well, and is now worth \$200,000. John H. Ridgely, the father of Walter, came from Toms River, N. J., and Walter was educated at Princeton College, from which he was graduated early in the '70s.—N. Y. Times.

BRIDGET KNEW THEM WELL.

Omaha Dame—Bridget, some ladies are coming in the gate, and I wish you would tell them I am not at home.

Bridget—They stopped at the gate a minute, mum, an' they change their minds an' went on down strhate.

"The idea of that Mrs. Stuckup and Mrs. De Pride concluding to postpone their call! Perhaps they were afraid of the dog, Bridget?"

"The dog's tied, mum. I guess they saw yez at the windy, mum."—Omaha World.

AN UNCAGED GRANK.

HE SAYS CLEVELAND ROBBED HIM OF SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS,

SO HE GOES TO THE GOVERNOR TO COLLECT THE MONEY AND TELL HIS STORY.

Mr. Waller, the Governor's secretary, was sitting in his office yesterday morning between 9 and 10 o'clock, when a man came to the door and asked if Governor Lee was in. The Governor had not yet come, and Mr. Waller told the visitor so. Well, he would wait, he said. He came on important business. With that he sat down demurely, and for about half an hour did not say a word or show the slightest interest in his surroundings.

During this time Mr. Waller was given a chance to look at his guest. The man was certainly a German; that his speech disclosed. He wore his hair standing straight all over his head, his eyes had a wild expression, and Mr. Waller finally concluded not to give him an audience before his Excellency without finding out his mission. So he asked him:

"What do you want to see the Governor about?"

"I want to get \$600 from him that the President stole from me when I went to see him, and I reckon he has sent it to the Governor."

"The President stole from you?" repeated Mr. Waller. "Why where did you get \$600?"

"Prince Bismarck gave it to me before I came over here. I telegraphed to the President and assure you he stole it."

He handed out of his pocket a little piece of sheet-iron and an article which resembled a spoon. Placing the iron on his lap he rubbed it vigorously with the spoon for awhile.

"What are you doing?" asked Mr. Waller.

"I'm telegraphing to Cleveland."

"Well, what does he say?"

"He says 'it's so.' He stole it."

"Can you telegraph to Bismarck about it?"

"Oh, yes," and rub, rub, rub, went the spoon.

"What does he say?"

"He says I came over here with \$600, and he reckons the President has stolen it."

"How do you get the electricity off when you telegraph that way?" asked the Governor's secretary.

"Oh, it runs right down my leg and goes right out," waving his arm toward the window.

Mr. Waller by this time had been sufficiently edified, and so said, "My friend, don't you know you are crazy?"

"Oh, no; I'm not."

"Where did you come from?"

"Dayton, O."

"Have you any friends out there?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, suppose you telegraph out there and ask them what we had better do with you."

Rub, rub, rub, went the spoon.

"What do they say?" asked Mr. Waller, after a pause.

"They say I had better come home at once."

"I think so, too," said Mr. Waller, and the fellow left.—Richmond Dispatch.

COCKRELL AND EATON.

[New York Star, Ad. Organ.]

While Mr. Dorman B. Eaton wanders about the country preaching the beauty of civil service reform as wrought by the evolution of his system, Senator Cockrell is hard at work endeavoring to ascertain the cause of and provide a remedy for the laziness, incompetency, favoritism and stupidity which still seem to find refuge in many of the public offices at Washington. It is an interesting coincidence, also, that whereas Mr. Eaton's last lecture was delivered to an audience of thirty-three old women in mourning who seemed to regard the occasion as funeral, Senator Cockrell's work is eagerly watched by thousands of alert and right-minded politicians, who rest upon its outcome the liveliest and most patriotic hope.

Farnham, Va., was completely destroyed by fire.

TWO MONUMENTS NEEDED.

Pickett's Division have determined to erect a monument "to mark the point where they made the most gallant charge of any Confederate command during the war." Such is the announcement as telegraphed from Richmond. It is to be of Virginia granite. It will be placed at the point where Pickett is supposed to have pierced the Federal line. It will have four sides and four inscriptions. Here is one:

VALOR.

The brigades of Garnett and Armistead, of Pickett's division, pierced the Federal lines and reached this point on their charge of July 3, 1863. Number engaged, 4,700. Losses, 8,393. "Charging an army while all the world wondered."

We should cause to be erected a monument of North Carolina marble or granite at the point, as indicated in Batchelder's map of the Battlefield of Gettysburg, where the ambulance corps of the Federals found dead North Carolinians farthest in—farther in than the dead of any other command. In addition, the surviving members of Heth's Division, of Scales's and Lane's brigades, commanded by Gen. Trimble, of Maryland, should have a meeting and determine upon a monument to be erected on the battlefield to tell exactly the truth of that great fight on the third day, and to show that they displayed valor and made sacrifices equal to those of Pickett's men. This ought to be done to vindicate the truth of history and to do justice to the memory of the gallant men who fought at Gettysburg. Governor Scales and General Lane might unite in working up this matter to a successful issue.—Wilmington Star.

THE SOURCE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

[Wilmington Star.]

African travellers have been trying to find the source of the Nile. Burton, Livingstone, Baker, Speke and others spent much of their life in the wilds of Africa, and Baker thought he had found the true source. But, we believe, to Captain Speke belongs the honor of settling the question. The Nile is a great and important river for the African continent, but it is not half so important as the Amazon is for South America and the Mississippi is for North America. The Amazon is 4,000 miles long, and the Mississippi is claimed now to be 4,200 miles. To get this length you must start in the Rocky Mountains and go to the Gulf of Mexico. But this is to count the Missouri river as a part of the Mississippi. The true source of the Mississippi is in Minnesota. This makes that famous river some 3,200 miles in length. The Baltimore Sun says of the true source of the Mississippi river:

"Lake Itasca, in Northern Minnesota, discovered by Schoolcraft in 1832, was thought by its discoverer to be the fountain-head of the Mississippi, and has been so represented in current maps and school books. But since 1881 a different view has gained adherents. In the summer of the year named, Capt. Willard Glazier, with three companions, explored the region about Lake Itasca, and found some miles toward the south another lake which feeds Lake Itasca, and is better entitled, it is claimed, to be considered the source of the Mississippi. The newly discovered lake, known to the Indians as Pokegama, but named Lake Glazier by the Captain's companions, is about a mile and a half in diameter. It is fed by three small creeks of from one to three miles in length, and has a height above the sea of 1,582 feet. Its latitude is about 47. The distance to the Gulf of Mexico, following the windings of the Mississippi, is 3,184 miles. Lake Glazier is wider and deeper than the Itasca, and is described as a beautiful sheet of water with wooded shores."

HIS FEELINGS HAD CHANGED.

First Gentleman (entering the apartment of second gentleman)—About a year ago you challenged me to fight a duel.

Second Gentleman (sternly)—I did sir.

First G.—And I told you that I had just been married, and I did not care to risk my life at any such hazard?

Second G. (haughtily)—I remember, sir.

First G. (bitterly)—Well, my feelings have undergone a change. Any time you want to fight let me know. Bonjour.—Paris Figaro.

STATE NEWS.

—Washington has an ice manufactory.

—General Charles Roone, most worshipful grand master of the Grand Encampment of Masons of the United States, is at Asheville.

—Mr. John B. Lewis has established the Phoenix as a weekly paper at Rocky Mount. It "rises from the ashes" of the Tar-River Talker.

—Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems, pastor of the Church of the Strangers, New York city, is visiting old friends in Wayne county.

—The East Carolina Land and Railway Company has been duly organized. Mr. C. E. Foy is president. The directors are prominent men of Craven and Onslow sections.

—Mr. T. C. Bassett, of Rocky Mount, chief painter of the W. & W. Railroad, about 30 years of age, died Monday in that town from an overdose of Morphine.—Southerner.

—There was a primary meeting of prohibitionists at the court house last Friday night at which matters and measures for the coming local option campaign were discussed.—Age.

—The Governor has refused to pardon W. H. Harrington, of Pitt county, who was convicted of assault and battery in that county at spring term of court, 1887, and sentenced to four months in jail.

—One of the most discouraging signs of the times with most towns in Western North Carolina, is the fact that instead of selling corn, wheat, etc., to others as in days gone by, the bread consumed is principally imported from abroad.—Hickory Carolinian.

—A fire is raging in the pine forests around Manly, on the R. & A. A. L. railroad. Fences are being burned, trees killed, turpentine forests destroyed and several turpentine stills with a quantity have been burned. The section is in a dense cloud of smoke.—News and Observer.

—Rev. Frank L. Reid, a director of the penitentiary, is a great believer in the "kind" treatment of convicts. He says it works well, and says that the percentage of persons who are serving second terms is less in the penitentiary in this State than in the one at Albany, N. Y., where the treatment is notoriously harsh.

—Rather a curious case begins this week at Moore court. It is a suit for alleged slander, in which a white man named Baxter Gunter is the plaintiff and the News and Observer, of Raleigh, the defendant. The matter grows out of a publication in regard to Gunter and the famous, or infamous, murder of the Gunter family in Chatham county some years ago.

—Perhaps the oldest person living in this county is Tom Bullock, colored, who at the age of 106 years is still hale and hearty at his home near Annis' mill. Another very old person is Mrs. Sallie Newman who lives with Mr. W. C. Ellington, a relation of hers, on the road between Enterprise and Ridgeway, just across the line in Warren county. She is 103 years old.—Henderson Gold Leaf.

—Seven convicts made their escape from the squad at work on the grading of the Cameron and Carthage railroad Tuesday of last week. The convicts are kept in a stockade, located about two miles from Cameron, and the escape was effected by cutting through the floor of one of the buildings and making their way over the stockade in the darkness while the guards were watching the doors and windows.—News and Observer.

—A cyclone passed through a portion of Middle Creek Township about noon yesterday, two miles east of Alford's mills. It seemed to cover a space of about 200 yards in width and moved from West to East. At Mr. T. A. Council's farm large trees were snapped assunder like pipe stems, and at Mr. H. H. Carroll's farm, stables and other buildings were blown down. By the time the wind reached Mr. John B. Strain's residence, three miles from Mr. Carroll's, it had about abated.—Raleigh Visitor, April 19.