

THE SMITHFIELD HERALD.

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

VOLUME 6.

SMITHFIELD, JOHNSTON COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA JUNE 11, 1887.

NUMBER 1.

NORTH CAROLINA NOTES.

CHOICE ITEMS TAKEN FROM OUR EXCHANGES AND BOILED DOWN FOR THE HERALD READERS.

Nash County wants to have a grand celebration on the 4th of July.

Charlotte now has a free mail delivery. It went into effect on the 1st instant.

Commencements and school closings are the order of the day throughout the State.

The Phosphate Mills at Raleigh were struck by lightning on the 1st inst.; nobody was killed.

The collections for the 14th Internal Revenue District amount to \$60,975.42 for last month.

The farmers of the State are greatly encouraged over good prospects for a fine wheat crop.

Petitions are in circulation at Wilmington for subscription of \$100,000 for the Onslow Railroad.

The Governor has appointed Dr. John H. Tucker, of Henderson member of the State Board of Health.

A colored boy was arrested in Raleigh recently for robbing the mails of a letter containing a postal order.

An excursion from Raleigh to Norfolk and Portsmouth will be run on the 13th inst. The round trip is \$2.50.

Len Backley is to be tried at Wilson this week, for the murder of Wright Batchelor at Nashville some time ago.

The *Progress* is the name of a republican paper just started at Enfield by Jas. E. O'Hara, the well-known colored politician.

The Governor has offered a reward of \$500 for Cesar Wooten for the murder of Minnie Strickland at Wilson on the 23d ult.

The Teachers Assembly will go to Washington City on the 30th inst. The round trip fare from Goldsboro will be about \$5.

An interest in the Goldsboro *Argus* has been purchased by Messrs. W. C. Monroe and C. B. Aycock. The paper has a strong team at its back.

The early closing of stores at night during the summer months is a good movement and is considerably encouraged in many towns in the State.

Company "A," third North Carolina Regiment of State Troops held a reunion at Snow Hill on the 1st inst. Speeches were made by Swift Galloway and others.

The many friends of that veteran journalist, Maj. P. M. Hale, will be sorry to hear he is hourly expected to die from that dread malady, cancer of the tongue.

The President has appointed Mr. Edward J. Hill, ex-State Senator from Duplin County, as consul at Montevideo, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Preston L. Bridgers, of Wilmington.

It is said that Montgomery has a man with feet larger than anyone in the State. A Northern firm refused his order for a pair of shoes recently on account of their immense size.

Joan L. Jacobs, of Callasaja, N. C., in the *Franklin Press* says that in 1883 he made a list of all persons in Macon county over 70 years old. There were 134. There were ten ladies who average 92-4-10 years, and ten men who averaged 87-6-10 years.

The Evans counterfeiting case from Green County was up before the United States Commissioner in Goldsboro last week for hearing, and in default of the defendant was committed to jail to await the next session of the United States District Court.

The New Bern *Journal* says a most ferocious looking animal, pronounced a tiger wildcat, was brought to the city yesterday from Grantsboro by Mr. W. H. Rawls, who shot him near his house Sunday morning. The body of the animal is dark brown, with black and white stripes on the neck and small spots on the ears. He was three feet long and the size of an ordinary dog.

The Value of a Good Character.

A reputation for integrity and reliability is invaluable to the merchant, whether he is newly established or of long experience in trade. It takes the place in a great degree of capital—that is, cash capital—as credit can be more easily obtained with a small capital and a good reputation than *vice versa*. In business crises, when the strongest concerns grow shaky and totter, the merchant's reputation is often the chief factor in determining whether he shall sink or swim. To the retail merchant a good character is as important as to the wholesaler. The merchant who enjoys a reputation for the giving of full weight, good goods and honest value generally, and does not seek to take unfair advantage of his customers, will find little difficulty in building up a large and profitable business. There are many dealers who are careless in this respect, acting on the belief that if they don't "skin" the public, the public will "skin" them. Such men need wide fields to locate in, as they require a large population to recruit new customers from, to take the places of those alienated by want of common honesty. It is this class of dealers that people say: "Don't send your children to So-and-so's store, but go yourself if you need anything," the experience evidently having been that inferior or damaged goods were apt to be delivered to the youthful messengers. A reputation of this kind is fatal to any hope of success in permanently catering for the public. Every merchant or intending merchant should make at least one resolve—a resolution to acquire and maintain a good reputation.

Pure and Manly.

Gen. Robt E. Lee was a thoughtful boy, for his mother had taught him to practice self-denial and self-control, and to be economical in expending money. His father's death, when the boy was but eleven years of age, made him a "little man." He did the marketing, managed outdoor affairs, and looked after the comfort of his invalid mother. As soon as school closed for the noon recess he rushed away from the frolicsome boys, and hurried home to arrange for his mother's daily ride. Young as he was, he carried her to the carriage, arranged the cushions, and seating himself by her side, tried to entertain her, gravely reminding her that the ride would fail to benefit her unless she was cheerful.

"Robert is both a son and a daughter to me," the mother used to say.

He was the most methodical of managers, and the neatest of housekeepers. Unlike many boys he did not think it beneath him to attend to details, or to do little things with as much carefulness as if they were large. While studying conic sections, he drew diagrams on a slate. Though he knew the one he was drawing would be rubbed out to make room for another, he drew it with as much accuracy and neatness as if it were to be engraved.

After his return from the Mexican war, his wife on opening his trunk found every article of clothing he had taken with him, and a bottle of brandy, which had been put in for medical use, unopened.

He never drank brandy or whiskey, and rarely a glass of wine, and he never used tobacco. To apprehend the meaning of this fact, and its powerful illustration of the lad's self-control, one must recall the rollicking life and drinking customs of Virginia during Gen. Lee's boyhood and youth.

During a school vacation, he was a guest in a country house, where the host, a fascinating gentleman of culture, lived a gay wild life. Young Robert, who had been trained to self-control, and self-denial, was shocked. He made no comment on what he saw, but he refused to join in the revels.

The unspoken rebuke brought to his bedside, the night before his departure, the penitent host. The youth's abstinence had shamed him, and he, a man of the world, came to confess to his youthful guest sorrow for the wild life he was leading.

Earnestly he warned him to beware of acquiring drinking habits, and urged him to persist in his temperate course of life. On leaving him, the host promised he would try to reform.

Yet this methodical, self-controlled, affectionate, serviceable boy was no "goody." He was the son of "Light Horse Harry" of the Revolution, and inherited his father's martial spirit. He chose the army for his profession, and friends and relatives approved his choice.

He entered West Point at the age of eighteen, graduated second in his class, and during four years of cadet life he did not receive a demerit mark for any breach of rules or neglect of duty. He avoided tobacco and intoxicating liquors, never uttered a word to which a woman might not have listened, and never did a deed which his mother could not have approved.

Lads who think it effeminate to be good, and manly to be bad are asked to harmonize their notions with the pure, noble boyhood of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

The St. Louis Strike Over.

Troy, May 31—The Troy stove manufacturers who belong to the national defense association to-day received official notice that they could open their foundries at once. It is probable that the Troy foundries will start Monday.

A Sensation Among the Darkies.

Wilmington, (N. C.) *Star* 29th. Colored circles in the southern part of the city are very much agitated over a singular occurrence that took place Friday last, on Castle street, near Ninth, regarded by many persons as a direct manifestation of Divine displeasure and warning. On the day mentioned, as the story goes, Anna Grainger, a colored woman, was ridiculing and mocking another woman who was singing a hymn. Suddenly she felt a burning sensation in the palm of her left hand, and on examination found a singular discoloration that gave her no little uneasiness and alarm. The words, "The Church of God," in blood red capital letters, appeared plainly in a half circle on the lower part of the palm. The woman screamed and carried on at such a rate that the whole neighborhood soon gathered, and from that time on the excitement increased rapidly. Friday night there were great crowds of people at the house and vicinity until a late hour, and all day yesterday persons thronged the place, anxious to see the phenomenon. Everybody was permitted to look at the woman's hand, and the greater number of those who inspected it were greatly impressed, few persons being willing to admit that the whole thing is probably a humbug.

A Lost Opportunity.

Mr. George Washington Cole, of Chicago, didn't come home one evening at the usual time, nor the next day, and Mrs. Cole, becoming alarmed, began to search for him. She was not successful, and after several days, as a last resort, visited the morgue. The keeper listened to her description, and then said he thought he had a subject that answered to it. The wife desired to look at the body, and she was shown into the dead-house.

After viewing the subject pointed out to her very intently for several minutes, Mrs. Cole burst into tears and declared that the body was that of her late husband. But in order to assure herself that she had made no mistake, she requested the keeper of the morgue to turn the body over, and see if there was a large scar on the back of the neck. As he proceeded to do so, a set of false teeth fell out of the mouth of the corpse upon the marble slab.

"Stop!" exclaimed Mrs. Cole, wiping away her tears; "George never wore false teeth."

"You blamed fool!" growled the keeper of the morgue, addressing the corpse, as he roughly threw it back in place and picked up the false teeth; "if you had only kept your mouth shut you might had a decent burial."—From the *Portfolio* of *The American Magazine*.

Some Mother's Child.

No matter how far from the right she has strayed;
No matter what inroads dishonor has made;
No matter what elements cankered the pearl—
Though tarnished and sullied she is some mother's girl.

No matter how wayward his footsteps have been;
No matter how deep he has sinned in sin;
No matter how low is his standard of joy—
Though guilty and loathsome, he is some mother's boy.

That head hath been pillowed on some tender breast;
That form hath been wept over, those lips have been pressed;
That soul hath been prayed for, in tones sweet and mild;
For her sake deal gently with—some mother's child.

—Exchange.

WHALE FISHERY.

A whale-ship leaves home prepared for a long cruise. When she sails away many empty oil barrels are stowed in her hold. These must be filled before her return. If they are fortunate, they may get back in a few months. If not, they are sometimes gone three years. As the business is a dangerous one, some of the poor whalers never see their homes again.

The Greenland whale is timid and usually avoids an encounter with man. It is very affectionate, and will not leave its baby, if that is in danger. Whalers take advantage of this and sometimes attack a baby whale so as to secure its mother. When enraged by its wounds or when defending its offspring, it becomes very dangerous, often with its powerful tail shattering a boat to pieces.

The sperm whale is generally found in schools. The females together, led by two or three old males called the schoolmasters, and not far from these a line of young males. The sperm whales are also affectionate animals, especially the females. If one of their number is wounded, the others swim sorrowfully about her until she dies. For this reason the sailors can sometimes capture whole schools. If a young male is wounded, the other males ungenerously make off as fast as possible, and leave him to look out for himself. An old male, when enraged, is still more dangerous than a Greenland whale. He can crush the planks of a boat in his powerful jaws, and can with his huge head stove in the side of the ship itself and cause it to sink in a few minutes.

The sailors have a share in the profits of the trip, so are anxious to catch as many whales as possible in the shortest length of time. When the ship reaches the whaling grounds, one of the men is posted at the mast-head to watch for the prey. We have found that the whale has lungs. When it comes up to the surface to breathe, if it is in a cool or cold latitude, the moisture in its breath becomes cooled and can be seen just as the moisture in a man's breath can be seen on a very cold day. The sailors call this breathing, spouting. They used to suppose that the animal was throwing water through its nostrils. They did not understand that the moisture they could see was simply the vapor of its breath. This spouting can not only be seen, it can also be heard several miles, so it is not difficult to discover whales when there are any whales about. As soon as the man on the look-out spies one, the boats are lowered and manned with men who make with all speed for the unfortunate animal. Each boat tries to reach it first. As soon as a boat is near enough the harpooner throws, with all his force, a harpoon into the creature's body. Wounded, he dives into the ocean with great rapidity and sometimes escapes. Now and then, one drags the men and boat over the waters for hours. The harpoon is attached to a strong rope wound around a reel. This rope unwinds so fast that the men have to pour water upon it to prevent its taking fire. When wounded, a Greenland whale stays under the water about half an hour, a sperm whale about twice as long. The whalers can tell by the direction of the rope in the water, where the whale is likely to come up again to breathe. Boats are stationed near this place with men ready to send another harpoon or lance into the victim's body. This operation is repeated until it is exhausted and dies, when on ac-

count of the blubber which makes the animal light, its huge carcass floats upon the surface of the water. Sometimes the harpoon is shot from a gun prepared for that purpose. In such harpoons the flukes rest against the stem of the weapon until it has penetrated the flesh. Then, as soon as the whale starts so as to pull up the line, the flukes expand and make it impossible to pull the instrument out. Besides this, concealed in it is a substance which soon explodes and causes instant death.

When the whale is dead it is towed to the ship and its head is cut off. If it is a whalebone whale, some of the men busy themselves in taking out the plates and stowing them away. If a sperm whale, a large hole is cut in the head and some of the men begin to dip out with buckets the oil and spermaceti and put them into barrels. The jawbones are full of oil, so are suspended to permit it to drip from them. The tongue is very fat and furnishes five or six barrels of oil. Other men have been at work on the body of the whale which is floating in the water alongside the ship. To a mast on the side of the deck next to the carcass, they attach large ropes which run upon pulleys and to which great hooks are fastened. Loosening a piece of the blubber near the neck, they stick the hooks into it, and begin to tear it from the body. They may be said to unwind the blubber, for they pull it off in strips from the neck to the tail. The body rolls over and over during the operation, and when finally stripped, sinks quickly into the deep waters, as it is no longer made light by its envelop of fat. The men now cut the blubber up and put it into great caddrons to boil out the oil. After a little time the scraps are used to keep the fires burning, so the whalers do not have to transport coal for this purpose.

During the last thirty years whale-fishing has greatly diminished. First, because the animal has been hunted so much that it has become scarce. In the second place, because gas and kerosene have come to be generally used for lighting our houses, and steel is employed for many purposes in place of whalebone. In the United States only about one-sixth as much shipping is now engaged in this business as was engaged in it thirty years ago. As the demand for the products of the whale has decreased, the industry will probably never revive.

32,000 Pounds of Roast Beef.

Fifty beeves and 100 sheep were roasted at Cheltenham Beach for the barbecue held by the National Butchers' Association. Full 32,000 pounds of meat were roasted, and six pits each forty feet long and six feet deep, were required for the fires. All the butchers attending the convention here went to the barbecue and also nearly all the butchers in the city.

Just to Amuse the Baby.

A few days ago two ladies, one of whom carried a baby, entered a Boston carpet store and signified their desire to look at some carpets. It was a very warm day, but the salesman cheerfully showed roll after roll, until the perspiration was literally streaming from every pore in his body. Finally one of the ladies asked the other if she did not think it was time to go. "Not quite," was the answer of her companion, and then, in an undertone she added: "Baby likes to see him roll them out, and it is not time to take the train."

The Pitcher on the Post.

More than thirty years ago a young girl was in the act of placing a pitcher on a post which stands near the South Carolina railway, five miles from Aiken, when she was struck dead by lightning. Ever since this tragic occurrence the pitcher has remained on the post, safe by superstition from the touch of negroes, who believe that the arm which touches it will be paralyzed. Storms and cyclones and earthquakes have not displaced it, although the post which holds it is fast crumbling with decay. — *Chicago Times*.

The Mustache Must Stay.

Some blushing iconoclast in New York says that, in the interest of manly beauty, the mustache must "go." But it will not depart. The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world, and that hand has a firm grip on man on this subject. Woman, lovely, expensive woman, believes in the old Spanish saying: "A kiss without a mustache is like an egg without salt." As the adorable sex enjoy their caresses like their food, well seasoned, and as a man lives to please them, the mustache will remain to perform that work for which God designed it, and which woman has so earnestly and zealously approved.—*Omaha Bee*.

In Too Big a Hurry.

A veteran Boston fireman, in his anxiety to make a record the other night, mounted his carriage upon hearing an alarm and drove to the fire, utterly ignorant of the fact that in his haste he had forgotten to put on either pantaloons or boots. As his carriage flew along the street a wag shouted: "Save me mother, the Indians are after me." but still he drove on. Upon arriving at the fire says *The Herald*, it was laughable to see the way he clung to his carriage, wrapped in his blanket, and it will be a long while before he hears the last of it from his fellow firemen.—*Chicago Times*.

Idaho's Brave Girl.

A year ago a wonderful story of the gallant fight of Theresa Tallert with mountain lions while defending her flock of Angora goats on the Little Lost River, was circulated far and wide in American and even French papers. The story set forth how, late one evening in her cabin in the foothills of Eastern Idaho, she was awakened by animals around the stockade adjoining; how she rose, and with a hand axe and her dog Badger, she stole out in the moonlight to find the lions in pursuit of her goats; how, nothing daunted, she attacked them and cut one to the bone with her axe, injuring others, and causing the whole, some six in all to, flee over the stockade wall. But the next morning the brave girl discovered that the throats of many of her herd had been cut, for fifty of them lay dead on the ground.

Well, our girl's been making a another record, said A. J. Bruner, of Houston, Idaho, to an Examiner man yesterday, and she got in her work in fine style, the usual way with her. She never lets up on a job until it's completed artistically.

What's she been doing, now? Had another fight with mountain lions. You see, a year ago, after Theresa's fight with them, D. B. Hawley and other raisers of Angora goats, those who had suffered losses, put their heads together and organized a posse to kill them off. They killed a great many and pretty well cleaned them out, it was thought. For some months thereafter there were very few of them around, these were very wary. Lately, however, the lions have come to the front. The foothills have seemed to be swarming with them. They again invaded the stockades and sucked the blood of the goats whose throats they cut. Miss Tallert, who had lost some more of flock, and knew that the lions came around there quite often at night, got a couple of Winchester and loaded them with buckshot a few nights ago. Then she dug out the chinking between the logs on the side of her cabin next to the stockade, and from this port hole she took up her station. Well, in five nights in this way she killed thirteen mountain lions, and she says she is not through with them yet. Her herd of goats comprises some five hundred in all, and perhaps thirty or fifty of these have been killed in the last month or two.

Miss Tallert is a German girl who has been ranching on the Little Lost river for three or four years. The country around here is good for Angora goats, and she got her start by working first for wages for A. J. Bruner, who is the biggest grower in that region.—*San Francisco Examiner*.

RANDOM RAZINGS.

NEWSY ITEMS WHICH ARE GLEANED FROM MANY VARIOUS SOURCES FOR OUR READERS.

Natural gas has been found at a depth of 500 feet, a short distance from Nashville.

An Englishman has sent Moody a check for \$25,000 urging him to use it in an evangelizing tour in India.

The mainspring of a Waterbury watch is 24 feet long. The spring of an ordinary watch is 26 inches.

Major Ben Perley Poore, the veteran journalist and newspaper correspondent died at Washington last week.

The bodies of six hundred Chinese will be disinterred next week and shipped to China from San Francisco.

The first sheet of tin plate ever made in this country was successfully manufactured at Youngstown, O., recently.

Prince Bismark will, it is announced, be prevented by the muscular rheumatism, from which he is suffering, from going to Friedrichsruhe as usual.

A boiler explosion occurred at the Etawan Phosphate works, near Charleston, S. C., recently. Five men were scalded, two seriously, one fatally perhaps.

The proposed universal strike in Belgium has been postponed, but it seems to be the general belief that a hundred upheavals is only awaiting a propitious moment.

A South Carolina wren built a nest under the eaves of an express car on the Abbeville branch railroad, and built it so well that the car makes four trips a day without injuring it.

Albuquerque, New Mexico, is having a great boom, and the expectation now is it is going to be one of the big interior cities of the country, certainly the metropolis of New Mexico.

The central crater of Mount Etna began operations on the 31st of last month. The flow continues and is increasing in volume. Heavy clouds of smoke and masses of stones and cinders are issuing from the crater.

A negro woman, who was the daughter of a King, saw Washington at Albany, N. Y., in 1791; was heir to a large estate; weighed 405 pounds, and had begun to turn white in patches, died in Buffalo the other day at the age of 104.

Mrs. Ruby Mantal of Keeler, Van Buren county, Mich., sick for two years and eighteen months confined to her bed, says that May 4th she prayed the good Lord to heal her body. Instantly she felt a change, rose and dressed herself, and hasn't felt any discomfort since.

A farmer living near Rock Creek, was watching a number of wild geese flying slowly over his kitchen garden. Suddenly there came a vivid flash of lightning which seemed to pass right through the flock and the next moment six plump, fat birds fell to the ground without a mark to show where the lightning had struck them. The farmer feasted on roast geese for the rest of the week. We don't vouch for the above.

Twelve hundred coal miners at Bachmut, Russia, who are out on a strike, attempted to rob a brewery owned by a firm of Englishmen. Fifty Englishmen workmen attached to the brewery mounted horses and resisted the attack of the strikers. During the fight which occurred three of the workmen were killed. Many of the strikers, who were all Russians, have been arrested. The conflict was ended before military aid arrived.

Mr. Valentine, the Virginia sculptor, has on exhibition in his studio at Richmond, Va., the statue of John C. Breckinridge, which has just been completed in clay. Senator Beck, of Kentucky, who saw it recently and critically viewed it, pronounced the statue without improvement, and simply magnificent. Senator Beck was Beckinridge's law partner. The clay model will soon be turned over to those who will take the plaster cast.