

# THE SMITHFIELD HERALD.

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

VOLUME 6.

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NUMBER 2.

## NORTH CAROLINA NOTES.

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

A nine foot alligator was caught at Carolina Beach last week.

It is proposed to hold a grass fair at Asheville on Aug 14th.

Many inquiries concerning North Carolina are made from London.

The North Carolina Dental Association met at Morehead on the 6th inst.

The iron region around Danbury, N. C., is attracting considerable attention.

A liquor dealer in Wilmington has been fined \$25 for keeping his bar open on Sunday.

The sixth revenue district has been abolished and Collector Dowd will lose his position.

A convict named Hensly, was shot in Raleigh by the guard while trying to make his escape.

A large crowd attended the closing exercise of the Davis School at LAGRANGE on the 8th inst.

There is a boy in Mecklenburg whose heart is on the right side of his body instead of his left side.

There is a canning factory at Newberne which shipped in one day this spring 3,500 fifty pound cases of canned peas.

We see in the Methodist Advance that the enterprising citizens of Goldsboro are having a furniture factory built.

Ex-Lieutenant Governor Jas. L. Robinson, is critically ill at his home in Macon county and is not expected to live many days.

The Fayetteville News says Col. J. A. Pemberton, the revenue collector of this district, made a raid upon and captured two illicit distilleries, on last Thursday, on the east side of the river.

Only two Governors and their staffs were present at the national drill on Governor's Day; and the Governor's Guard was the only North Carolina company that participated in the drill.

Two boys named Otho Hughes and Jas. McPheeters were drowned on the 7th in Walnut Creek, near Raleigh, while bathing with some companions who were too small to render assistance.

Clinton Caucasian: Eleven hundred boxes of beans shipped from Clinton Monday night, the freight on which was \$275.00 and the hauling to Warsaw on which would have been \$110.00. Did you ever hear of anybody who said Clinton had no use for a railroad.

A railroad laborer named Hollybeck, was killed at Laurinburg, one day the past week, by a falling piece of iron. He was unloading a car load of iron, when a piece of the metal fell and struck him on the shoulders. He was knocked down and fell with his back across a railroad iron, receiving an injury that resulted in his death.

Julian S. Carr, of Durham, at the late commencement of Greensboro Female College, gave \$1,000 to the Lucy McGehee fund. His gift was followed by contributions from Capt. J. M. Odell, S. A. Odell and J. H. Ferree, which increases the amount to \$1,915.15. Mr. Carr is noted for his liberality, having done many like worthy deeds, and is one of the most charitable men in the State.

The Beaufort Record says that a marine curiosity was captured last week on the Banks. A waif from old ocean thrown up on the sands by the restless surf. The new visitor is indeed a great curiosity, and is of the snake species. He is about seven feet long, slim and tapering to the tail, has odd looking feet, the tail is of a yellow color, bottle long and in color of a dark mottled brown; the head black and flattened; the mouth armed with six rows of formidable teeth, four in the upper and two in the lower jaw. This reptile is covered with hard fish-like scales, has two horn-like appendages about one-third his length from the tail, which he is able to secrete at will. A portion of this wonder has been preserved.

## Larry's Last Big Leap.

DONOVAN, THE NEW YORK BOY, JUMPS FROM LONDON BRIDGE.

LONDON, June 7th.—Lawrence Donovan, the New York boy who has been in England for several weeks, was a hero among sportsmen that he would jump from London bridge, and a great crowd was present to see him do it. Early in the afternoon with two attendants, he was driven upon the ancient span in a closed carriage. In the center of the structure the vehicle was halted and brave "Larry" alighted. He was in ordinary attire, but had carefully prepared himself for the plunge by swathing his body with heavy strips of flannel.

Cheered by the throng above and below the river, he nimbly sprang upon the parapet, stood erect, glanced at the sluggish Thames sixty-five feet beneath his feet and stepped off. Down he went straight as a plummet and struck the water with a mighty splash at an angle of sixty degrees. For five seconds he was invisible, but when his head appeared above the surface a flotilla of small boats bore down on him. He was swimming lustily with a strong overhead stroke and apparently needed no aid, but was, however hauled into a boat and taken ashore. He escaped without a mark. Half an hour later he was on the street with his friends. The feat is a novelty here and was highly applauded by the multitude. Donovan's deeds of daring in America had preceded him here, and Sunday night his leaps from the Brooklyn bridge and from the Suspension bridge into the Niagara rapids were eagerly discussed.

A purse of money was offered to the brave young man, but he declined it saying he was only jumping to keep himself in practice. To The Star correspondent who greeted him after his successful performance "Larry," smiling said:

"Feel? Why I never felt better in my life. That was only a boy's jump, but the crowd seems to think it a big matter."

"Do you intend to make other leaps from great heights?"

"Certainly I do, but I ain't going to do it for fun. Money is what I am looking for. This affair to-day was really intended as an advertisement for me. My next jump will be from the Clifton bridge at Bristol, which, I am told, is the tallest structure over water in England. After that I may drop from a balloon into the English Channel."—New York Star.

## Wilbur Voted Aye.

Everybody in Dakota knows Wilbur F. Steele. He was a member of the Legislature from Steele county. There is an incident in Steele's legislative career that goes very far to show his characteristic regard for his wife. He has one fault, however. He takes no stock in woman suffrage—except when he is obliged to. On the occasion in question the Woman Suffrage bill was before the House. Maj. Hickley was championing the cause of the fair sex in eloquent words when a call was made for a vote, and the clerk proceeded to call the roll. When Steele's name was reached he rose with the dignity of a Demosthenes and commenced:

"Mr. Speaker, I am sorry that I cannot support this bill, but—"

At that moment a wild dressed lady was seen to bend over the gallery rail. In a loud voice she exclaimed:

"W-i-l-b-u-r!"

He glanced upward. It was enough. He turned and said:

"Mr. Speaker, I vote aye."

The lady was Steele's wife—*Minneapolis Journal.*

## Washing of the Soil.

The washing of the soil by heavy rains is one of the most potent causes of the changing of the surface of uneven or hilly—not to mention the mountainous—lands into gullies or bare and barren gravel beds or rocks. The damage thus caused in the Southern States is enormous. Almost every farm has its washed and abandoned fields, ruined in this way. How to avoid it is one of the serious problems of Southern agriculture. With some experi-

ence in this direction upon a hilly Southern farm the writer has been led to believe that seeding the most sloping lands to grass or clover and deep plowing are the two best remedies for this evil. A badly washed field plowed eight inches deep with a good hillside plow and sown with oats and mixed grass has been subjected to one of the most sweeping and injurious rain torrents known for some years back. The field escaped practically without injury, a small part of it sloping two ways to a shallow gulch or cove only being at all washed, and this no more than in a few small furrows where the water, which the soil could not absorb, flowed off to the lower level. A field on an adjoining farm, plowed with the common bull tongue, was bereft of all the plowed soil, which flowed in torrents of mud down the slope. It is as important to prevent damage and waste of land as it to improve it.—*N. Y. Times.*

## Went Democrat.

Shenandoah county, Virginia, which is usually Republican went Democratic in the recent election by the help of Senator Riddleberger, who did not like the way he was treated by the Mahonites.

## Suits for Damages.

The Boston and Providence Railway Company stands a fair chance of being compelled to pay a great many times the cost of a good bridge in damages to the victims and relatives of victims of the Bussey Bridge disaster. Thirty-two suits have been brought by one attorney already, with an aggregate claim of damages of more than \$400,000. Many more suits are talked of and while it is probable that the damages finally awarded will be much less than the amount asked for the awards are certain to be large enough to furnish a very impressive object lesson on advantages of safe bridges.

## Terrible Explosion.

CHESTER, Pa., June 6.—The boiler of a locomotive attached to a south-bound freight train on the Philadelphia & Baltimore Railroad (the Baltimore & Ohio) exploded in front of the passenger station in this city at 8 o'clock this morning. The air was filled with flying pieces of iron and timber and scalding water. A number of persons standing on the station platform were badly scalded or cut with flying missiles. One man, a carpenter on the road, residing in Baltimore, whose name no one knew, was instantly killed. John Murphy, a telegraph operator of this city, was so badly scalded and injured that his death is momentarily expected. The fireman was standing on the sand box of the engine and was blown many feet in the air. He was more hurt by the fall than by the explosion. The railroad station was wrecked and a row of buildings on the opposite side of the street badly damaged. Portions of the engine were found three squares away.

## Keep the Body Erect.

An erect bodily attitude is of vastly more importance to the health than most people generally imagine. (Crooked bodily positions, maintained for any length of time, are always injurious, whether in the sitting, standing or lying posture, whether sleeping or walking.) To sit with the body leaning forward on the stomach, or to one with the heels elevated on a level with the hands, is not only in bad taste, but exceedingly detrimental to health. It cramps the stomach, presses the vital organs, interrupts the free motion of the chest, and enfeebles the functions of the abdominal and thoracic organs, and in fact, unbalances the whole muscular system. Many children become slightly humped or severely rounded-shouldered by sleeping with the head raised on a high pillow.

When any person finds it easier to sit or stand or walk or sleep in a crooked position than a straight one, such person may be sure his muscular system is badly deranged, and the more careful he is to preserve a straight or upright position, and get back again, the better.—*Chicago Health Journal.*

## "None Will Miss Thee."

Few will miss thee, Friend, when thou  
For a month in dust hast lain.  
Skillful hand and anxious brow,  
Tongue of wisdom, busy brain—  
All thou wert shall be forgot,  
And thy place shall know thee not.  
Shadows from the beading trees  
O'er thy lowly head may pass,  
Sighs from every wondering breeze  
Stir the long, thick churchyard grass—  
Will thou heed them? No; thy sleep  
Shall be dreamless, calm and deep.  
Some sweet bird may sit and sing  
On the marble of thy tomb,  
Soon to fit on joyous wing  
From that place of death and gloom,  
On some bow to warble clear;  
But these songs thou shalt not hear.  
Some kind voice may sing thy praise,  
Passing near thy place of rest,  
Fondly talk of "other days"—  
But no throbbing within thy breast  
Shall respond to words of praise,  
Or old thoughts of "other days."  
Since so fleeting is thy name,  
Talent, beauty, power and wit,  
It were well that without shame,  
Thou in God's great book were writ,  
There in golden words to be  
Graven for eternity.  
—*Chambers Journal.*

## NEXT DOOR NEIGHBORS.

BY R. A. WATSON.

When Mrs. Chatterton, a very pretty young widow, with one little boy, bought a small cottage at B—, and came there to reside, she thought it an earthly paradise; but Satan entered the paradise, and the very first day that little Roland Chatterton went out to play, a great dog jumped the hedge which divided his mother's garden from her neighbor's and barked and growled most terribly at the small man in petticoats and red stockings, who at once flew to his mother with piteous wails and shrieks of terror.

Mrs. Chatterton caressed her child, placed him in the middle of her bed, and rushed out into the garden, armed with a curtain pole to expel the intruder. He was there still, and had frightened the little servant, in a white cap, who was called Roland's nursemaid, to such a degree that she had climbed a vine trellis, and clung to it half way up, crying piteously. Meanwhile, a man of portly habit, and so well dressed, that but for his disgusting conduct, Mrs. Chatterton would have considered him a gentleman, stood on the other side of the hedge, laughing.

"All he wants to do is to lick your hand, young woman," this masculine individual was saying. "He's the best tempered fellow. Come down and be friends with him."

"I can't sir!" squealed the little maid. "I'm that afraid, I shall die, sir! I had a cousin died of hydrophobia, sir. O-o-o! Oh! He's climbing up after me!"

Mrs. Chatterton, though mortally afraid of the dog herself, was determined not to quell before these insolent intruders. She advanced slowly.

"Call your dog away, sir," she said. "The brute has already nearly frightened my son into convulsions. Now he attacks my servants. No doubt I shall be the next victim. Call him off!"

"Here, Leo!" cried the gentleman. Leo heard and reluctantly obeyed.

"Come down, child," said Mrs. Chatterton. "It is most shocking that we should have this to bear. Is that your dog, sir?"

"That is my dearest friend, Leo," replied the portly gentleman; "and allow me to tell you, madam, that he is worth any ten men and all the women I ever had the misfortune to meet. The young person is quite safe. Why doesn't she come down?"

Mrs. Chatterton, conscious that the dignity of the situation was not increased by the great exhibition of stockings which Sophy was making, repeated her commands. The maid descended and rushed into the house, uttering a wild shriek; and Mrs. Chatterton turned to the dog's master.

"Sir," she said, "as I cannot permit my only son's life to be continually in danger, I must request you never to allow that dog to enter my garden again."

"I'll request him not to do so," replied the gentleman. "He's partial to a bit of fun, though. He's like me in that. It is his sense of the ridiculous, I am sure, that brings him here. If you will climb trees when he appears, he may think it too good a joke to lose. He may insist on coming."

"A dog who would behave like that would prove himself mad," replied Mrs. Chatterton. "I'm quite as averse to hydrophobia

as Sophy is. I shall think it my duty to shoot him if he trespasses on my grounds again."

Mrs. Chatterton did not own a pistol, and could not have fired one if she had, but threat enraged the stout gentleman.

"Perhaps you would like to shoot me also?" he said. "Observe, madam, I am on my own grounds, not on yours. I have my own opinion of anyone who can take a dislike to a noble animal like that, who can repulse his offers of affection. I begin to doubt the creature's sagacity. Generally he makes no mistakes. Why he should make advances to a cowardly little milk sop of a boy and a drivelling idiot of a maid-servant I am sure I can't guess. Come, Leo. Madam, I advise you to take your family to Dr. Pasture as soon as possible. Good-morning."

"The insolent wretch!" gasped Mrs. Chatterton.

"Oh! ain't he mum?" gasped Sophy, at the door.

"I'd a mind to souse him with b'iling water!" called cook from the kitchen window. "Oh! but he's the devil, that's what he is—bad luck to him!"

The individual thus described was not too far away to overhear, and he grinned sardonically.

People said of Mr. Sutphen that he had been jilted in his youth, and had hated women ever since. Certainly they were right about the women. He could see no good in any of them, and when they offended him he behaved most horribly, as in this present instance.

And this was a nice beginning for two neighbors; especially for Mrs. Chatterton, who had never before been treated with any discourtesy, and who looked upon men as her natural protectors and admirers. It gave her a new sensation and a most unpleasant one, to be addressed in that fashion, to be looked at as Mr. Sutphen had looked at her.

Then he had called her son, her baby, yet in petticoats, a cowardly milksop! Considering the exhibition of stockings she did not have much sympathy for Sophy; still he had behaved like a brute to the girl.

She longed to punish him, and she could not see her way to it. However, she had a gate opened into the other road, that she might not be obliged to pass his windows in going out. From this time the widow and the bachelor lived in a state of warfare, only possible to country neighbors.

There was always a cow or a chicken, a goose or a turkey to quarrel over.

The bachelor had his washing and ironing done at home by his servant, who tied his clothes-line to the branch of an old tree that grew on Mrs. Chatterton's side of the dividing hedge.

Mr. Chatterton waited until all the shirts and stockings were hung up, and then bade Sophy untie the rope.

Sophy cut it, and all the garments lay upon the ground. Mr. Sutphen consulted a lawyer, and Mrs. Chatterton had a bill for "clothes-line, and damage to garments" presented to her, which she paid.

It was only one of a thousand annoyances, and this went on for a full year at least; everybody in the village knew about it, and everybody blamed the old bachelor; but curiously enough, a great attachment had sprung up between the original cause of the quarrel—the great Newfoundland dog, Prince Leo, and the widow's little boy, Roland, who had now got into knickerbrockers, and had his long curls cut.

The heads of opposing armies should have interfered, but they did not. They pretended not to know anything about it.

There was a deep pond, almost a lake, hard by the little cluster of cottages of which Mrs. Chatterton's was one, and Roland had been forbidden to go near it alone. Alas! when his hair was cropped and his skirts put away the baby vanished forever. Roly became a boy. And he not only went there alone, but went there to paddle in the water. One day he was missed.

Sophy had lingered at her glass awhile in view of the arrival of the young butcher. A great terror seized upon the mother. She flew towards the pond.

As he saw her coming, naughty Roland ran further into the wa-

ter and lost his footing. He was drowning—drowning before her eyes. She could not swim, but rushed in after him, shrieking loudly.

Instantly a man rushed across the sand. A dog passed him, and jumped into the water.

Mr. Sutphen was the man, Prince Leo the dog. The former brought out the lady, the latter the boy.

But for their promptness both would have been drowned, and as soon as Mrs. Chatterton felt sure they were not, she knelt down at Leo's side and kissed him on his good brown nose.

"You dear thing, I love you," said she; "and you, sir, my eternal gratitude is yours."

After this peace reigned between the cottages. Offerings of roses from the gentleman, and of custards from the lady brought on calls and tea-drinkings—of course, at Mrs. Chatterton's house. And one day, while they sat opposite each other, with Roly between them, and Prince Leo at his master's feet, Mr. Sutphen remarked: "This is very nice. I should like to be so always."

Mrs. Chatterton blushed.

"Should you?" he asked. "I'll be very good to Roland. I love him dearly."

"And I'll be very good to Prince Leo," she said, "and—and to you."

So it was settled.

## Book and Paper Farming.

"Why! he's of no account, for he is a book farmer." Well, suppose he is. His crops are large, clean and bring good prices; his stables and their occupants are noted far and wide for their general excellence. His land is up to the mark in strength of soil and cultivation. If this is the result of "book farming," would it not pay all of our farmers to become "book farmers" also? We have no faith in the croakings of those who have not sufficient common sense to see the surest road to success when it is so plain. Many of the successful farmers of the day are zealous advocates and students of agricultural books and papers, and to them, combined with good sense and judgment, owe their position in life. True, they are able to separate the wheat from the chaff in the mastication of desired literature, and bring their common sense to bear on a theory before they attempt to reduce it to practice. No one yet failed to run a farm or garden successfully by knowledge gleaned from books and papers, provided he brought to the work energy, determination and stable judgment.—*Country Home.*

## Wonderful if True.

"Up in Dakota last week," said a commercial traveler, "I saw the queerest game of base ball that was ever played. All the players blind; yes, sir, as blind as eyeless bats. Of course you don't believe it. I didn't believe it either, till I saw 'em play. How did they do it? Just like any other players, with the exception that they used a ball specially prepared for the occasion. Through this base ball there was a hole, and in the hole there was a little concern like that which you see in a harmonica. On the home plate was a little bell, which the umpire rang by pulling a string just before the pitcher fired in a ball. Judging on the position of the base by the sound of the bell, the pitcher put the ball right where it ought to be. As the ball sailed toward the batsman the air rushing through the whole in it played a little tune, and it was by this sound that the batsman made his strike. It was the same with the fielders. Wherever the ball went it was singing its little tune, and this sound was all the players had to judge by. Handle the ball? Well, I should say they could. They played a fine game, and I tell you that the music of the ball whizzing and soaring about the field, and those blind fellows catching and throwing it just as if they could see, made a scene never to be forgotten. The members of these blind nines were all inmates of the Dakota Blind Asylum, but if they can make proper arrangements they are going on the road as an exhibition. They'll draw immense crowds, too."—*Chicago Mail.*

## RANDOM RAKINGS.

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

American oysters are now sold in London at a shilling (25 cents) a dozen.

Southern soldiers took all the prizes for individual excellence at the national drill recently.

Bishop Key, of Georgia, will preside at the next N. C., Conference at Fayetteville, Nov. 30th.

The London Times continues its original romance of the alleged conviction with the dynamiters.

Lannie McAfee, the well known billiardist, who jumped from a window of a hotel in Minneapolis, Minn., Friday night, died Saturday.

Petrified lobsters, clams, turtles and the like are found in great abundance in the Santa Catalina mountains in Arizona, at a height of nearly 10,000 feet above the level of the sea.

It has been computed that the death-rate of the globe is sixty-seven: a minute, 97,790 a day, and 35,639,835 a year, and the birth rate seventy a minute, 100,800 a day, and 36,792,000 a year.

Colonel Mosby's daughter is writing up the "Adventures of a Boy Soldier," the material of which she procured from a member of her father's command who enlisted when only 13 years of age.

Probably no civil official in the world has such an immense number of men under his control as Postmaster General Vilas. He is at the head of a force which number between 95,000 and 96,000 men.

The Princess of Wales has had her daughters taught the complete art of dress-making. The Princess herself understands both its theory and practice, and this is one reason why she is always so perfectly dressed.

A correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch calls attention to the fact that the grave of A. P. Hill has no stone to mark it, and appeals to Virginians and Southerners to erect a monument to the memory of this great soldier.

So nervous and irritable has the Czar become the causes of his troubles must never be mentioned to him in any way. In order to obey his wishes in this respect, the very newspapers he reads have to be specially prepared. He now receives no other papers but those expressly for him.

A curious custom prevails among the cannibal natives of the South Sea Islands. A man must not speak to his mother in law, and if he meets her he is required to hide his face. If the rule is broken both parties are required to commit suicide. Another rule is that widows must not marry again.

A coroner's jury in Philadelphia has found a man named Conner responsible for causing the death of five persons by drowning, by reckless conduct while in the boat with them, and has been committed for trial. It is in order to bring in a verdict of guilty of murder against some one who did not know that a gun or pistol was loaded.

John Stewart, a young lad while roaming through the Okefinokee Swamp, met a panther face to face. Before the animal could spring at him the lad dropped to the ground and lay there as if dead. The beast pawed him over, but did not harm him, and then covered his body with leaves and loose brush. Then the panther left, and the local paper says Johnny was not slow to follow his example.

Last Saturday, 11th inst., the New York World's balloon started from St. Louis for New York having four persons on board. They took with them letters to be dropped in each State, and a lot of carrier pigeons, and turned loose on the Journey. No doubt the starting will be all right, for in ballooning it is just as easy to start from one place to another, but getting there is the thing. If the aforesaid four persons and their balloon ever get to New York the probability is that they will travel ninety-nine-one-hundredths of the distance in a railroad car.