

While we are always glad to receive bright, new letters from different sections of the county, we request contributors to write legibly and on one side of paper only. The name of writer must accompany all articles. Address correspondence to "THE HERALD," Smithfield, N. C.

NORTH CAROLINA NOTES.

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

Cotton blooms are now reported from many counties in the State.

The Hotel Albert, at New Bern, now has a Chinese laundry attached.

The Chronicle says that Charlotte is soon to have a tile-brick and sewer pipe factory.

Durham Recorder: The Durham Morning News, for the second time, has suspended publication.

A Chatham county man was indicted recently, says the Home, for gagging geese, and was bound over to court.

The Baptists of Durham have contributed \$6,000 for the purpose of building a church on Chapel Hill Street in that city.

From the Monroe Enquirer we see that all the farmers agree that they will be compelled to stop trying to raise a wheat crop, owing to the ravages of the chinch bugs.

Maj. Charles B. Duffield, formerly of Norfolk, Va., and late a resident of Asheville, was found dead in his bed last week. Heart disease was his ailment. The deceased was about 68 years of age.

From the Wilson Mirror we see that a child of Amos Owens, about nine years of age, accidentally shot itself with a pistol which had been left within its reach. The ball entered behind the right ear and produced death instantly.

Two men and two women recently ran away from the poor house of Mecklenburg and married. One of the men was 70 years old and had not a tooth in his head. His partner was 68. This is Gretna Green with a vengeance. What fools we mortals be.

Wilmington Star: Information was brought to the city yesterday by the steamer "Hurt" that a Mr. Brennan, a passenger on the "Cape Fear," which left Tuesday afternoon for Fayetteville, fell from the lower deck of the steamer into the river and was drowned.

Greensboro News: The annual meeting of the North Carolina Railroad Company takes place in this city on Thursday, July 14th. Stockholders who want to attend in person, and with their families, must send their names to P. B. Ruffin, Secretary, Company Shops.

New Bern Journal: A genuine old time celebration of the Fourth of July is what we are going to have in New Bern this year. Other towns in the State are taking steps to celebrate, but New Bern must take the lead. Let every citizen contribute his mite to make it a success.

Wilmington Review: While removing the material of the Messenger office from the car to the Journal building the horses took a notion to runaway several cases with which the team was loaded were scattered promiscuously about the street. No serious damage was done.

Recently near Chapel Hill, a young farmer by the name of Luther Strowd, who had been cutting wheat, fell from the fence on which he was sitting, and was pierced through the body with his cradle which was lying in the fence corner. He died shortly from lockjaw.

The body of Mr. Brunon, of Bladen county, who fell overboard from the Steamer Cape Fear and was drowned near the "Devil's Elbow," while the boat was on her trip up the river, last week, was discovered by officers of the same steamer on the return of the boat Sunday before last.

Temperance Reform Club held a very successful meeting at Oak Grove Church, in Perquimans county, Sunday. There were 123 signers to the pledge of total abstinence, and a Reform Club of 113 organized. In a recent trial before a Justice of Chatham county involving the property of a colt, the colt was brought into court as a witness.

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Maxwell to be Hanged.

A St. Louis special says: Maxwell, alias Brooks, the murderer of Peller, is to be hanged. The Supreme Court refuses to reverse the decision of the court. The prisoner was unofficially notified by his attorneys yesterday and was very much dejected, saying that this trial was a farce.

Hugh M. Brooks, alias Walter Lennox Maxwell, made the acquaintance of C. Arthur Peller on an Atlantic steamer and decoyed him to Louis, where he murdered him with chloroform and then packed his body in a trunk. He robbed the remains and fled to Auckland, New Zealand where he was captured and brought back. The murder occurred April 5, 1885, and was not discovered for eight days; Maxwell's defense was that it was an accident and the defense hope for a reversal on the ground that the state introduced a detective in the cell with Maxwell, who wormed a confession from him.

Shooting Affray.

LEXINGTON, June 22.—Information has been received by the Transcript of another battle in Rowan county, which occurred this morning at 9 o'clock. In the fight Craig Tolliver, the desperado who has lorded it over that section, was killed. It is said that a large party of men, ostensibly led by Dr. Logan, whose two sons were murdered in cold blood by the Tolliver men about two weeks ago, and who was in jail in this city at the time of the tragedy, had organized a band of regulators for the purpose of ridding the county of desperadoes. Rumors of this band being in the neighborhood of Morehead have been frequent. This morning at a little after 9 o'clock, the regulators being concealed in close proximity to Morehead, opened fire on the streets. Tolliver was killed in the engagement and the fight assumed a bushwhacking character, the men hiding behind houses and trees and shooting at any one that could be seen. Reports differ as to the number killed: one placing the number at five, including Tolliver. Another state that Craig Tolliver, two of his brothers and thirteen others had been killed. There is great confusion in telegraphic reports coming and accurate news is out of the question.—Star.

The Whipping Post.

Several of our State exchanges, we notice, are advocating a whipping post for the punishment of minor offences in lieu of sending the criminal to the penitentiary for two or three years, to be supported at the expense of the State. The whipping post would, no doubt, have a salutary effect and save the tax payers of North Carolina several thousand dollars annually, but in some instances it would not be worth a cent. The lash did not always have the desired effect prior to the abolition of slavery, nor do we believe that it would now. In cases of petit larceny, where the offender is a minor, the lash vigorously applied by a stout and willing officer a few times, would doubtless have a good effect; but where an old tough, hardened criminal, who has become accustomed to it is found guilty of a crime, some other mode of punishment should be adopted. According to the way our penitentiary is managed at present every one is forced to admit that it is an expense to the State, but it seems to us it could be so conducted as to make the convict, not only pay his expenses while there, but pay the cost of his trial. There is no doubt that both a whipping post and work house are needed in every county in the State, but there are crimes that a sufficient punishment could not be inflicted at these places, and for such criminals we need a penitentiary—not a place where they can lay up in idleness and fare better than they did at home, but where they can be made to defray their own expenses and at the same time be a source of reverence to the State.—Seaboard Reflector.

Mr. Parnell's health is so infirm that it is believed in London that he will be compelled to retire from Parliament.

When Spring Time Comes Again.

O dreary day, O fate unkind, That bids me rise to roam, And leave the one I love behind, To pine in grief at home. Thy many times shall set the sun, Thy prayers shall not be vain; For I will meet thee, dearest one, When springtime comes again. For thee I leave my native land, And friends and kindred dear, To seek for that on foreign strand, Which is denied me here; And though I thought my path shall be In Fortune's eager train, Fear not, I will return to thee, When springtime comes again. Thy lightning's flash and billows foam Around me as I stray, Sweet thoughts of thee and bliss to come Shall cheer me day by day. Be true, and look for my return When springtime comes again. The far away from thy dear face, I gaze on other's charms, This head shall know no resting place. But in thy loving arms, God grant we meet where loving hearts Shall know no broken ties; And even though thy heart should beat In bitter grief and pain, O ring the song I thought so sweet, When springtime comes again. —Published by Request.

THE STRIKE AT GROTON GORGE.

Arethusa Allen was only eighteen when she came to Groton Gorge to take charge of the district school—a slight, dark-eyed slip of a thing, with a low voice, and such a shy, timid way, that the big girls and the rebellious boys at once jumped to the conclusion that she would be conquered at once in her capacity of "school-ma'am." They discovered their mistake, however, in a very brief period of time. Miss Allen might be quiet, but she had the spirit of a Joan of Arc. She reduced her little flock to order, and she kept them there, too. Mrs. Binns, who presided over the Gorge House, also bore testimony in behalf of Arethusa Allen. "I didn't s'pose when I first see her, that she would amount to a row of pins," said Mrs. Binns, who weighed three hundred pounds, and stood five feet eight in her stockings. "A slim, school-girl-lookin' creetur like that! And I hadn't a room to spare, and I didn't see how I could possibly accommodate her. But she spoke up so pretty-like, that she hadn't no friends and didn't know where to go, so says I: 'If you don't mind a room over the laundry, I can clear out some of the stores and put up a cot-bed till the season is over. It's a noisy place daytime,' says I, 'with them Chinese cackling and screeching, but it's still and peaceable at nights. And if you'll help me make out the bills and keep the accounts, Miss Allen,' says I, 'I'll consider it in your board, for I ain't no scholar and never was.'" Mrs. Binns was an ungainly creature to look at, but she was as beautiful at heart as the Venus di Medici's self, and Arethusa soon felt herself at home in the little room over the laundry, whose windows looked out at the thread-like fall of a silver cascade and the unfantomable gloom of the fir glens beyond. For Groton Gorge was as lovely a place as ever leaned from mountain plateau over the misty valley below; and the Groton House was full of city borders. Nor was the domestic staff contemptible. Mrs. Binns had all her servants from the city during the summer season, and to all appearances, everything went on velvet. Until one foggy August morning, when Mrs. Binns awakened to find herself racked in every joint by acute rheumatism, and utterly incapable of moving. She sent for Mrs. Mackenzie, the cook, to give the day's orders; but Mrs. Mackenzie did not wait to hear about roasting chickens and joints of spring lamb, before she began on her own account. "Sorry to inconvenience you, ma'am," said Mrs. Mackenzie, with her arms akimbo; "but we ladies and gentlemen down stairs have concluded to ask for an increase

of salary. And until you have conceded to our demands, we shall be impelled to resist from work." Mrs. Binns opened her eyes wide. "Ain't I payin' you good wages already?" said she. "And I can't afford to pay no more—not a cent!" Mrs. Mackenzie took a roll of paper out of her apron-pocket and opened it. "I have here, ma'am," said she, pursing up her thin lips, "the signatures of all the ladies and gents at present assistin' in the mediterranean-regises down stairs including the four waiters of the colored gender and two Chinese washer-laundries; and we won't none of us stay another hour without you'll agree in acumentary writin', ma'am, to raise our salaries." And Mrs. Mackenzie tossed her head in spiteful satisfaction. Mrs. Binns sank back on her pillows. "I can't give no answer," said she—"not with this pain in my bones. Send Miss Arethusa Allen to me, please." "Oh, certainly, ma'am—certainly!" said the cook, rising. "Sorry you feel so poorly. But you'll bear in mind, ma'am, that we shall expect an answer immediate." And Mrs. Mackenzie withdrew. Presently Arethusa Allen came in—for, as it chanced, the district school had closed a week previously, for the summer vacation—and found Mrs. Binns dissolved in tears. "What is it, dear Mrs. Binns?" said Arethusa. "The help has all struck for higher wages!" cried Mrs. Binns. "And I'm payin' 'em more than I can afford now. And all the prices of provisions have riz, and I may as well close the place at once. Oh, Arethusa, my head aches so I can't think! What shall I do? Tell me—there's a dear!" "Nothing," said Arethusa, quietly. "Just lie down again and let me send for the doctor." "But the boarders and the dinner?" "I'll see to that," said Arethusa. "Trust me, and all shall be right. Those people down stairs have been growing idler, and more domineering and inefficient, every day; and now they want you to pay them more money for doing less work. There must be an end to this. You will empower me with full authority!" Mrs. Binns sent for the cook. "Mrs. Mackenzie," said she, "I am too sick to parley with you, but Miss Allen will represent me fully. What she says I say!" And she lay down and turned her face to the wall, with shut eyes, as if she washed her hands of the whole concern; while Mrs. Mackenzie bridled and turned to the slim young school teacher, who in her heart she secretly despised "as no better than a servant herself, with all them airs and graces of hern." "Well, Miss Allen," said she, "what's your mind on the subject? The sooner the question is settled the better for all parties. We ain't going to stand her imposition!" Whatever idea Arethusa might have entertained as to a compromise was thoroughly banished by the cool insolence of this last remark. "You may go," said she. "Hey?" said Mrs. Mackenzie, bristling up like a setting hen. "I decline to entertain your proposal," said Arethusa, calmly. "Pack up your things, all of you, and leave the house at once. If you are expeditions, you may succeed in taking the noon-train, that stops at the Gorge." And she paid their wages, out of Mrs. Binns' cherry-wood secretary, and discharged them, as the good lady afterward remarked, "horse, foot and dragons." Then she called a convention of the boarders, and told the tale. "If you won't mind a dinner of cold lamb and lettuce to-day," said she, "with a desert of snow-pudding that I can make myself, I will promise you something more elaborate to-morrow." And they all cheerfully consented. John, the stable-boy, was the only adherent left, and he harnessed up the horse and drove Miss Allen down the mountain-side to a farm-house, where lived

Mrs. Beasley, the mother of the big boy who had been the school ma'am's worst enemy at first and her most faithful ally ever afterward. "Mrs. Beasley," said Arethusa, "I want to borrow your two daughters!" "Bless me, Miss Arethusa!" said the good woman, "what for?" "To help me at the Gorge House!" and Arethusa told her story. "Joanna and Fanny are quick, smart girls. I'll pay them a dollar and a half a week to act as waitresses." "They'd oblige you, Miss Arethusa, cheerfully, without a cent," said Mrs. Beasley. "They will oblige me more by accepting a suitable remuneration," said Arethusa. "At this stage of the world, everything is worth its money value, you know. What say you, girls! Will you go?" "And welcome," said Fanny. "If we can learn the business," said Joanna, who was shy, and more distrustful of herself. "I'll make it my business to instruct you," said Arethusa, brightly. "Pack up your things. Be ready to jump into the wagon when I come back." "Can't I do nothing Miss Allen?" said big Junius, wistfully. "I am going to get Susan Rich to do the washing," said Arethusa. "If you would turn the handle for her sometimes—" "I'll turn it from now till dooms day, if it'll help you, Miss Allen," said Junius. "Susan ain't half a bad girl, neither, if she didn't chaff 'a fellow so." "Thank you, Junius," said Miss Allen. "You will oblige me very much, indeed." Mrs. Ridley, who had once been housekeeper in a grand Poughkeepsie family, and now lived on her interest money, volunteered as cook, with the assistance of Marian Seiver, the rector's daughter, who had spent a winter in New York and taken lessons of Miss Parloa. "It will be such fun," said pretty Marian, dancing up and down. "And Mark is to be Miss Allen's caterer, and send in supplies to her." "Yes," said Mark Seiver—a professor—who had just come home to the parsonage to spend his vacation—the Gorge House shall be liberally supplied, even if I have to turn highway robber for Miss Allen's benefit. But I hope, Miss Allen, there need be no danger of our coming to that extremity. I know the farmers who raise lambs and calves, and tender young broilers. I can put my finger on brooks where trout do congregate, and boys who would like nothing better than to catch them. I know where the berry-pickers live, and there isn't a melon-patch or a plum orchard that I can't press into the service. You shall live like epicures at the Gorge House!" "Oh, Mr. Seiver, how can I ever thank you?" said Arethusa, who had scarcely known how to manage this portion of her duties. "Do not try," said Mark gaily. Miss Euphrasia Boggs, the dressmaker, and Kitty Plume, who wore rag-carpets, swelled the ranks of waitresses, as soon as they learned that Miss Seiver was going into the kitchen, and that Arethusa herself was to give out the linen and help with the deserts; old Mrs. Jenkins came as dishwasher. "Anything to earn an honest penny," said she. And the waitresses, when off meal-duty, were to act as chambermaids, under Arethusa's own direction, so that by night-fall the new staff of attendants were all on service. "Well," cried Arethusa, gaily, to Mrs. Binns, what do you think now?" "I dunno what to think," said the landlady with a sigh of intense relief. "It does seem as if you had witches' blood in your veins, Miss Allen." The little band of industry worked well under its enthusiastic young leader. Of course there were some "hitches," some awkwardness, a few blunders. What housekeeping machinery was ever entirely devoid thereof? But on the whole it was a distinguished success. Gorge House had never known a better season. Mrs. Binns' treasury had never represented a more satisfactory balance. And when the

boarders, briven by keen October frosts, went away, many of them had engaged rooms for the ensuing season. Mrs. Binns hugged and kissed Arethusa, with the heartiest good will. "My dear," said she, "if ever a fat old woman as don't deserve it had a guardian angel, you're mine. And you'll be here next season to help me? Promise now?" "Oh, I couldn't promise!" faltered Arethusa. "I am going to Europe next summer, with— with Mr. Seiver." For one second, Mrs. Binns was struck dumb. "I might have known it," said she, recovering herself at last. "There wasn't never anything going on, but Mark somehow always got mixed up with it. He's the handsomest fellow hereabouts, as you are the prettiest girl. I hate to lose you; but I can't find it in my heart to grudge your good luck; and I must try and get along without you as best as I can next summer, but I do hope to gracious that I shan't have no more strikes." **Commuted.** Gov. Scales has commuted the sentence of Grant Best, the negro boy that was convicted at Wilmington and sentenced to be hung, for the unintentional shooting of five negro boys, to imprisonment for fifteen years in the penitentiary. **John Sherman's Hard Time.** The over zealous republican journals are having a hard time in booming Sherman in his dress of the bloody shirt. People are not hugging that garment to their bosoms. It has gone out of fashion. The people of the South want a harmonious union, and most of the northern people agree with them. **Nothing New to Him.** "Now, my boy," said a policeman to a boot-black as he stood on the corner and saw the patrol wagon go past with a prisoner in it, "you can see what vice finally leads to. Look well at that picture." "Oh, rats!" exclaimed the boy, in deep disgust, "I've seen my old dad run in by that same wagon twenty times. That's no new chronio to me!" **You Can't Do It.** You can't make money so long as you scratch over thirty acres of land to get a yield which should be produced on ten acres. You can't make money on cotton which you are forced to sell at eight cents, if it costs you twelve cents to produce it. You can't make money by buying commercial fertilizers to use alone on poor land. You can't make money by impoverishing your lands. You can't improve your lands by taking away from them every year and give them nothing in return. You can't make money if you buy all your meat, corn, flour hay and fertilizers; no matter how rich your land may be. You can't maintain your credit for your own self-respect, if you become a slave of the chattel mortgage or crop lien system. You can't get relief from the pressure of hard times, except through proper economy and industry. You can't buy on a credit as cheap as for cash. "Women in Mothers Hubbards are not allowed on the streets of Albuquerque, N. M. Men in shirt sleeves, however, many be found at any corner." Gentlemen who hereafter feel a desire to corner wheat will find it useful to measure the elevators in Chicago with a tape line and figure out the result. Perhaps they will then conclude to start a bunko shop instead. It is stated that Sam Small, the Southern evangelist, looks like Senator John James Ingalls; but people should not be prejudiced against Mr. Small on that account. When Mr. Small begins to talk as badly as Senator Ingalls does it will be time for moral congregations to refuse to listen to him.

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**RANDOLPH BALLET.** NEWSY ITEMS WHICH ARE GLEANED FROM MANY VARIOUS SOURCES FOR OUR READERS. A heavy storm visited Lynchburg, Va., on the 21st inst. Bernhardt bagged \$1,000,000 by 252 performances in South America. President Cleveland's letter of congratulation to Queen Victoria is published. Further revolutionary movements in Spain are expected by the government. Emma Vinton dropped dead as she rose to join her partner at a ball in Baltimore. The Massachusetts legislature refused to raise the governor's salary from \$5,000 to \$10,000. The New Hampshire Odd Fellows' home, at Concord, was dedicated with impressive ceremonies. W. W. Cocoran, a prominent citizen of Washington, D. C., has recovered from recent severe attack of paralysis. Kentucky may not have as big a bonded debt as Virginia, but she has 39,000,000 gallons of bonded whiskey, and that's what she brags about. Giles S. Whittier, an old liquor dealer of Covington, Ga., hanged himself because of the insane fear that prohibitionists would physically torture him. Emperor Dom Pedro, of Brazil, favors a bill before the Chamber of Delegates to provide for the freeing of 1,200,000 slaves within the next two years. Winfield Scott, a nephew of Gen. W. Scott, was stabbed several times by a gambler named Levy, in a disorderly house in Richmond, Va. His condition is dangerous. Levy has fled. Governor Beaver, of Pennsylvania, has signed a bill appropriating \$110,000 to provide suitable memorial tablets for the Pennsylvania regiments at Gettysburg. The Canadian government is to enquire whether the act against foreign contract labor being admitted to the United States is to be enforced against the Canadians who cross the border to work in American cities. A Chico, Cal., father attempted to spank his twelve-year-old boy with a shingle, when the youngster whipped out a revolver and gave the old gentleman just two minutes to convert the shingle into yellow chips. The time was sufficient. As the examination of the Fidelity National bank proceeds the deficit increases. It is now the common talk on the streets that the liabilities of the bank will reach the stupendous sum of six millions, while the assets dwindle in proportion. There are 6,000,000 acres of public lands illegally inclosed with wire fences by cattle syndicates in the west and they have turned a deaf ear to all warnings to remove them. It is now proposed to try the virtue of two companies of cavalry on them. Surgeon General Hamilton, who has just returned to Washington from a visit to Chicago, expresses the belief that all proper steps have been taken to check the yellow fever epidemic at Key West, and that a further spread has been well guarded against. Commissioner Miller has completed arrangements for the transfer of the several Internal Revenue districts consolidated under the recent executive order, so that the new order of things may go into effect on the first proximo, the beginning of the next fiscal year. A few years ago a tramp died near Wheeling, W. Va., and it now comes to light that he was worth \$150,000. This man must have found something inherently attractive in the romantic but rugged life he led. The tramp and the rich man, perhaps, find a sympathetic hand of the Union in the circumstance that neither is compelled to work; and this eccentric fellow doubtless believed that the largest measure of independence could be attained by becoming a wealthy tramp with two separate defences against the necessity of work.