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While we are always glad to receive bright, newsy 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.

Alamance county has fourteen cotton factories.

A canning factory has been started at Newton.

The telegraph line between Wilmington and Southport was blown down on the 3d inst.

Dr. B. L. Cook, twice a Republican candidate of Congress in the Wilkes district, is now a Mormon preacher in Utah.

Cumberland county farmers have about laid by their corn. Some have lost their corn crop by bugs and worms.

Dr. G. A. Foote, of Warrenton, reports a lot of clover that is 5 feet 11 inches high, and it is estimated will yield at least 12,000 pounds to the acre.

North Carolina farmers spend annually, about \$3,325,000 for commercial fertilizers, and the cotton States, at least \$20,000,000 per annum. This is why there are so many mortgaged farms in this State.

The store of M. F. Smith, of Trenton, was entered by a burglar and robbed of dry goods, groceries, and a small amount of money. An auger was found at the window where the entrance was made by boring and removing the fastenings.

Dr. C. W. Dabney has secured sufficient funds for the weather signal service to establish 100 signal stations in the State. This he proposes to do before the early frosts, so as to give the farmers the benefit of its work. Reports of the weather will be sent to each station daily. The central station will be at Raleigh.

The Henderson Gold Leaf very truthfully says that the home paper is a photograph of the town where it is printed, and is the only evidence its foreign readers have of the town's prosperity. Every business firm should be represented by a standing advertisement, be it large or small, that strangers will get a good impression of the business interests of the place.

Hon. P. R. Waring, the present superintendent in charge of the assay office at Charlotte, has recently had a lot of screenings of gold ore cleaned up, and the result has been a clear gain of \$291.85 in gold bullion to the government. Superintendent Waring gets nothing for the work and his action only proves that the government has an efficient officer in charge of the assay office.

Early on the morning of the 3d inst., Mr. Wm. Eversfield, who was riding a mule and following Mr. Moses Woodard, who was riding in a buggy; met with a painful and serious accident. When just beyond Rocky Branch, about a mile from Raleigh, the mule suddenly shied and threw Mr. Eversfield into a very deep ditch right near the road. He was badly hurt on the back and shoulder and his skull was badly crushed.

The Grangers' Encampment and Farmers' Institute to be held at Mt. Holly, Gaston county, August the 10th to 13th, promises to be quite a success. Some of the most prominent and practical speakers will deliver addresses on the occasion and on subjects that are of great interest not only to the farmers but to the people of the State generally. Maj. S. M. Finger, superintendent of Public Instruction, will deliver an address on the conditions of public educational advances to the farmers of North Carolina.

A small force of convicts are now employed moving the stockades on the Carthage R. R., from where they were first located near Cameron, to a point about two miles from Carthage. As soon as they are refitted up, a force of hands will again be put to grading, and as the remainder of the line is over sandy, loose soil, it is thought that the grading will soon be completed. We also learn that the cross-ties are being placed along the line and that the work of laying track will be commenced at an early day.

THE SMITHFIELD HERALD.

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

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NUMBER 6.

A Carolinian in California.

EDITOR HERALD:—It may not be entirely without interest to some of your readers to read a line from one of the native sons of old Johnston, written at the sunset, and I will pen a few for THE HERALD, not that I am gifted with the art of letter writing, nor the pen of a ready writer, but in my own common sense way of telling of things as I go along.

Many of your readers will remember my father, Thomas Toler, who lived near Bentonville, in the lower part of the county, and I having left there in 1864, perhaps there are but few who will remember me when reading this letter. But notwithstanding the length of years I have been away from there, my heart warmly turns towards the home of my youth and the native friends that roamed with me there, and the varied scenes of my boyhood come fresh from the grave of Memory and ecstasy seizes my soul. Those boyhood scenes are indelibly engraved upon my heart; and, time, distance, and the force of circumstances, can never obliterate them from my memory, and they will be there until the groves and streams of earth are silent to me. After living in Wayne county for a great portion of that time, believing there was no other spot of earth no other people so good, and I was so attached to home and its surrounding that I felt as though I would rather live there where I was raised on a hard earned living, than to live in any other land, though the chances might be greatly in favor of an easier living in the then far off West. But as I learned more of the West a change came over my dreams, and on the 17th of March, 1851, I left Goldsboro to go out in the world to fight the great battle of life in a strange land, and among strangers. It was a severe task to leave the home of my youth and the friends I loved so well. Never before did home seem so dear to me until the severance of its ties became inevitable, and inevitably reconciled me to that which I thought the hardest task I ever had to perform up to that period of my life, and had I been told then that my road lay across a wonderful continent and that I would be to-day writing to you from where the sun sets, I should have regarded the prediction with incredulous amazement, but how little did I know then what I was; and much less what, and where I might be to-day. I can never look back to that time but with melancholy recollections. In those days there were but few railroads, no telegraph or telephone lines, no electric road; but by means of the roughest transportation I found my way to Texas and Arkansas, where I lived until I found my way to Tennessee, and in December 1859 was married to Miss Sallie H. Edward, at Island No. 10, on the Mississippi river, and came in possession of that plantation which in 1862 proved to be the historic battle ground of Island No. 10.

Then the tocsin of war was heard to sound upon every breeze, and I organized a company of our own tenants for the heavy artillery service, and received orders to report at New Madrid, Mo. Leaving a large force of negroes to sow the crop and take care of the folks, I went to Fort Thompson, one mile below the town of New Madrid, Mo., and on that memorable 13th of March, 1862, General Pope surrounded our little army of 2,200 men with 30,000 "Yanks." I had the position of gunner, and among the incidents of that terrible fight, they sent a shell at me that struck the embankment and did not burst. I had it prepared and sent it back, striking the gun that sent it in the mouth, and exploding in it, made a total wreck, and killed 19 "Yanks."

Late in the fight, General Stuart saw what had been done, came and congratulated me on my narrow escape and success of the day and promoted me major on his staff, amid the deafening cheers of the whole army. But as you may have seen the whole account in the Chicago Inter-Ocean as given by Dr. Nixon, its editor, who was a member of Pope's staff and who saw the whole affair and so stated in his

It Is Well.

We each have had some early life-romance, Tinging all future time with memories sweet. Such things wax fainter as the years advance, Cooling the pulses down from fever heat. But yet athwart the disc of longing soul A shadow flits throughout the changing years. We stretch out hands, impatient of the goal. To grasp the far-off interest of tears. When we have mingled in the eager strife Of varied passion—after fate has wove More than one broken thread into our life, And filled with care its deepening groove. We cast about us, in a vague unrest, Fearing the years that threaten death of love, And take unto our hearts—perhaps 'tis best— One who shall their stern prophecy disprove. Then, as the days go on, a peace shall come, A recompense for that last, tender dream, As wife and children nestle in our home, And life no longer sad and bleak shall seem. And so a calm content succeeds the 'might have been'— That dear sweet hope beyond recall— Which we may sometimes think of without sin. Yes, it is better thus; God judges us all. —H. E. SMILEY.

THE ENVY OF ALL.

"Shall I tell you the latest news, girls?" asked pretty Myra Willard, as she entered the parlor, where was gathered a group of charming girls. They were summer guests at Maplewood, as Mrs. Willard, who was Myra's aunt, fancifully called her beautiful summer residence. There were Fannie and Minnie Kelton, twin sisters, and fair as lilies, with golden hair and eyes of azure blue; Maud Gresham, a tall, graceful girl, her proud-poised head crowned with braids of nut-brown hair, and with a patrician face; Isabel Clifton, a bright-eyed Southern beauty; and Edith and Effie Raymond, both cousins of Myra Willard. The group might have been compared, not inaptly, to a bouquet of lovely flowers, so bright, were they in their delicately-tinted morning costumes; and their animated faces were raised expectantly as they responded to Myra's question. "You remember Laura Prescott, the banker's daughter?" Myra continued. "Yes, indeed!" chimed the chorus of voices. "Why, she was one of our set, you know," said Maud Gresham, "only two years ago. Her father failed, and then, of course, she left society, and we had to drop her from our list. She was highly accomplished and talented, and it was such a pity," Maud added, reflectively. "She is to be married soon to Edward Hartley," and Myra looked gleeful at the effect of her information, as they one and all uttered exclamations of astonishment. "Too true," said Myra, in a semi-comic tone, "and we have lost the prize."

A Right Step.

The better element of society in Rowan county, Kentucky, have combined at last to maintain law and protect the lives and property of its citizens. When five hundred resolute men enter into an agreement of this kind it means a great deal and the cut-throats and rowdies would be wise to take heed and govern themselves accordingly. Crime and violence have long had full sway in Rowan county. —E. W. H. TOLER. Los Angeles, Cal., June 26, 1887.

Was Labeled.

"Dear me!" exclaimed a city girl who visited a dairy for the first time, "what queer looking stuff this is! It looks just like yellow paint. What is it?" "Why, that's cream on top of the milk, sis," said the dairyman. "Is that so?" she asked in astonishment. "Why, the cream I use always comes in boxes and has a label, so we can tell what it is." The farmer sat right down on the stone floor and fanned himself with a milk pan.

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 literally streamed from every pore of 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."

Gov. Lee in New York.

In an address on the fourth of July, in Tammany Hall, before an immense crowd. Among other things, Gov Lee of Va. said: "I regret that the grand sachem of Tammany Hall, John Kelly is not here to-day that his eyes might look upon this scene and see the two sections of the country coming closer and closer together in a fraternal greeting. Methinks I hear the great soldier, who sleeps in Riverside Park saying from his death-bed that he feels that the great era is approaching. Virginia is not sulking in a corner. The bars on her mountain sides are down, and trains laden with her products, she is sending to the sea. She is prosperous and joins with other States, North and South, in saying: 'The Union—one and indivisible.' Gov. Lee's remarks were received with tumultuous applause, and as he sat down the band broke out with "Bonnie Blue Flag."

A Story of Raymond.

One day in Chicago the comedian chanced to pass a new, large, and very pretentious hardware store, and among the clerks noticed a very green-looking youth, apparently just from the prairie. Intent on fun at any one's expense save his own, Raymond entered the establishment, and, taking the youth aside, asked him in his dry, serious way if he had for sale a copy of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress." The astonished clerk gasped. "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress!" I—a—you're sure you're in the right store?" glancing wildly at the hammers, saws, and metallic implements around him. "Yes, says Raymond, "I was directed here. I want the edition of 1704, with the original plates by Hogarth."

"Why this is a hardware store," replied the astonished youth. "I don't care for the price," remarked the comedian; "get me the book quickly." "I—I'll go and see the proprietor. I—I hardly understand?" With this the juvenile hardware man hurries to the back office, and in a minute the proprietor comes to Mr. Raymond and asks him what he wants. "I want some No. 6 augers; but your clerk hardly seems to understand me," innocently says John T. R.

"No. 6 augers, certainly," replies the proprietor, and he shouts in a savage voice to the clerk modestly standing in the back-ground: "Get what this gentleman wishes at once!" and goes back to his ledger, angry at being interrupted for No. 6 augers. In a dazed way the youth approaches the comedian. "Well, why don't you get that 'Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress'?" says Raymond; "didn't you hear what your boss said?" "Yes—but I—I think the boss must be drunk. This is no book store."

"But your master says to get it. The edition of 1704—Hogarth's plates. I'm here for that book and I mean to have it!" "I'll—I'll go and ask him again. Perhaps he wants me to send out for the cursed book," gasps the clerk, and disappears once more into the private office. After a moment the proprietor comes out and is about to speak, but Raymond suggests: "Isn't he getting there yet? If you have no No. 6 augers I'll try another store."

"We've got all the No. 6 augers in the country!" cries the hardware merchant with Chicago business modesty. That boy must be out of his head!" "Yes, he does seem a little queer, replied Raymond. "Curse him, he's drunk!" says the proprietor, and he yells at the clerk: "If you don't fill this gentleman's order in thirty seconds I'll discharge you!" and bolts into his private office. The country clerk is now in appearance a jibbering idiot, as the comedian mildly remarks to him: "You had better do what your boss tells you, sonny, and get me that 'Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.'"

"This is the devil!" gasps the victim, the perspiration standing on his forehead. "The boss must be crazy. He can't have heard you—I'll—"

Here the proprietor pokes his head out of the private office, and ejaculates, in a voice of thunder, "What are you gaping there for, you drunken fool. Get that gentleman the No. 6 augers he wants, or I'll bore a hole in your salary!" "No. 6 augers! Why, you asked me for 'Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.' I'll wipe the floor with you," yells the clerk, turning upon Raymond, but that genial comedian is already upon the sidewalk bowing a polite and hurried adieu from the other side of the large plate glass front door.—New York Tribune.

Progressing.

It is estimated that the manufacture of tobacco in this State in the past ten years. There are about three hundred square miles of coal and at least thirty counties has workable iron ores. Fully half the State is said to be virgin forest. A very rich mine of magnetic iron ore is reported from Ashe county.

State Library.

happy confidence, for she believed him to be a prince among men though she withstood his persuasions long before she consented to become his wife. Even since their engagement she had felt misgivings, for she knew that the fashionable world would regard her motives as wholly mercenary, but Myra's timely call did much towards soothing her uneasiness. After the failure of her father and his subsequent death, Laura Prescott had supported her invalid mother and herself by doing fancy needlework; and an art, acquired merely for a pastime, became the means of furnishing them with subsistence. Laura Prescott's work was exquisite of its kind, and a piece in the shape of the covering for a sofa pillow found its way into the splendid residence of Mrs. Hartley.

The lady was in ecstasies. She had seen nothing so perfect, and she must have more work executed by the same person. So she commissioned her son to learn from the proprietor of the shop the address of the designer. Then he had to go and deliver the order, that there should be no mistake. The old lady was very fastidious in her fancies, and she had almost a mania for embroidery.

Edward Hartley obtained the address, and after a long search he rang the bell of a small and unpretentious house in a remote part of the city, and Laura Prescott answered the summons to find, standing at the door, one of her former admirers. For a single moment Edward Hartley forgot his errand as he greeted Laura with the warm friendship of other days. She did not forget herself, however, and when he had finally explained the errand that had brought him there, she led the way to their humble sitting-room and with quiet dignity listened to the message regarding the work.

With a business-like air Laura Prescott noted down the directions, and he went away; but when his mother happened to inquire the name of the young person who did such beautiful embroidery, Edward Hartley fumbled in his pocket quite unsuccessfully for the address. But if he had lost the address he found the number several times while the work was in progress; and though Laura tried to be bold and reserved, tried to remember the social gulf between their relative positions in life, the delicate flush in her cheek, her downcast eyes when he was near, proclaimed her secret quite as eloquently as words could have done, and Edward Hartley was not slow to read.

But when he lingered longer than usual in the dingy little sitting-room of the Prescotts one night, to tell the old story that was ever new, though Laura listened to his passionate avowal with a heart thrilling with emotion, she refused his offer, for she thought of the opposition which would doubtless be made by his aristocratic mother. But, although Mrs. Hartley was at first much opposed to her son's union with a portionless girl, she finally gave her consent, for she well knew that Laura was eminently fitted to adorn any station in life.

A short engagement was followed by a grand wedding, which took place in the early winter; and among the invited guests were included the young ladies who had so freely expressed their opinion in Mrs. Willard's parlor. But of them all only Myra Willard was present. The others sent their regrets. Yet, when after a prolonged bridal tour the happy couple returned and gave a splendid reception to their friends, it was not in womanly nature to resist a second invitation, and they went, concealing with admirable tact their feelings of envy under a charming garb of apparent friendliness.

Of the talents and accomplishments of her son's wife Mrs. Hartley was extremely proud, and in time she became warmly attached to her; but it was long before she knew that to Laura's skillful fingers she was indebted upon her sofa pillows.

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RANDOM RAKINGS.

Newsy Items Which Are Gleaned From Various Sources And Prepared For Our Readers.

President Cleveland will visit Atlanta on the 15th of October.

A fire on Broadway, New York, caused a loss of \$200,000; two men were burned to death.

The almost unanimous opinion seems to be that the whipping post should again be set up.

A crank named Kreb, has been arrested in Washington; he says he wants to kill President Cleveland.

At Annapolis, Md., a murderous burglar gashed a police officer in the neck in trying to escape.

A very large meteor hit Iowa the other day, and we regret to announce that General Tuttle escaped.

At Laurens, S. C., on the 5th inst., John D. Shearin shot Rufus L. Bishop, killing him instantly. Bishop had called Sheridan a thief.

Francis Peterson, alias "Blind Paterson," of Elmira, N. Y., has been arrested, in Gordonville, Va., charged with swindling the government out of \$13,000.

A silver maple sixteen feet in circumference, in Middletown, Ill., was grown from a twig which a traveller struck in the ground while passing through in 1840.

A Mercie, the Paris sculptor, has been awarded the contract for the equestrian statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee, to be erected in Richmond. Mercie ranks as one of the greatest living sculptors. The peace of Europe is temporarily assured at last, Bismarck being now engaged at Kissingen, nursing the rheumatic limbs. There will be no fuss until the "old man" recovers and gets on the war-path.

But for the large bustle worn by Miss Annie Jordan, of Youngstown, O., she would have been killed by a train that hurled her over the fence. Hereafter let no one abuse the big bustle. Old papers for sale cheap at this office.

A man in Cambrie county, Pennsylvania, last week persuaded his wife to have her hair cut short, telling her it was now all the fashion. He then took the shorn locks to a neighboring store and traded them off for whiskey.

It is said that at least eight million bushels of wheat have been taken from the Chicago elevators since the big collapse in the wheat corner. When it is remembered that all of it might have been exported but for the rescality of speculators, the enormity of their offence can be but faintly estimated. They have, however, had their reward.

The grand jury in their report last week brought in a true bill against J. S. Hamilton and L. W. Eubanks for the murder of R. D. Gambrill on May 5th at Jackson, Miss. The case of A. L. Beck, who was placed under bonds in the same connection is now under consideration. Very probably if the case is tried this term a change of venue will be obtained.

The usual crop of Fourth of July casualties are reported. A town in the oil regions of Pennsylvania, called Clarendon, was swept away by fire; started by the careless use of fireworks. One man was caught by a bursting oil tank and consumed instantly. It was feared many more perished in a similar manner. No estimate can be placed upon the loss, but there are reasons to believe it will reach a half million dollars.

On the night of the 4th the summit of Mt. Hood, the tallest snow covered peak in Oregon, 12,729 feet high, was illuminated the light being plainly seen a distance of seventy-five miles. Ordinary red light was used for illuminating. To make the ascent of the mountain required strength and nerve. Some of the distance it was necessary to cut foot holes in the ice, and to remain all night, which is said to be the first time a human being ever spent the night on the summit.

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