

**Changes Taken From Our Exchanges And Boiled Down For The Herald Readers.**

John Jones, a colored man, will be hanged in Wilmington, 9th inst., for the crime of burglary.

The citizens of the town of Beaufort have subscribed \$1,000 for the purpose of building an assembly room for the Teachers' Assembly if its sessions are held there.

Mr. John A. Lockfaw, a young mechanic of Wilmington, has invented a new rice cleaning machine is so cheap and simple that any well-to-do farmer can afford to buy and run one.

The Hornets Nest Riflemen, of Charlotte, and the Granville Grays, of Oxford, are at Morehead, in camp. The Reidsville Light Infantry went to Morehead Monday, to go into camp.

The Sampson Light Infantry, Capt. W. L. Faison commanding, will go into encampment for a week, commencing the 24th inst. Capt. Faison intends that the boys shall learn something of soldier life.

Many deaths, perhaps a greater number than ever before, are reported to have resulted in various parts of the State in the past week, from sunstroke. The papers report more than two dozen such deaths.

Two bright little boys of Charlotte succeeded Monday in cooking eggs by placing them in a tin pan, covering them with sand and setting the pan in the sunshine. The sun did the cooking, roasting the eggs thoroughly.

William Whitley, a centurion, was at a celebration in Anson county lately, and in the presence of 3,000 spectators fired a revolutionary musket which was given him in his boyhood by a soldier who carried it in the revolutionary war.

A great number of Wilmington negroes went to Wilson on an excursion to Wilson Monday. They had a terrible time, so crowded were they, and so great was the heat. One woman, Elizabeth Green, died on the train and two others were prostrated.

The eighteenth annual session of North Carolina Local Teachers' Conference, and grand tabernacle meeting, will be held at Rutherford College, Burke county, August 18-30. Special rates of fare for the round trip have been secured, such as \$8 from Raleigh; \$10 from Goldsboro; \$5.75 from Greensboro.

The Fayetteville News reports the strange drowning of Mr. Henry Easterling in a mill pond near there. He was in water only knee-deep. Some boys called out to him to catch a watermelon floating past. He sprang at it, face downward, and continued to rise and sink until he died. He evidently had some kind of a fit.

The Western North Carolina Railroad from Salisbury to Asheville has been put in excellent condition. The greater part has been laid with heavy steel rails, especially that part crossing the Blue Ridge. Many of the curves have been straightened and many fills made. The long Swannanoa tunnel has been greatly enlarged and arched over, making it perfectly secure for all time to come.

We notice in "Duplin Items" of last week that Warsaw claimed to have made the largest shipment of huckle-berries in one day of any town in the State, shipping one hundred and fifty-one crates. Magnolia can beat that by a good deal. The railroad books show that in one day, the 8th inst., two hundred and twenty-three crates of huckle-berries were sent from this place, one firm, H. E. Newberry, shipping one hundred and thirty-eight crates, or nearly as many as Warsaw's total. The first berries ever shipped to Northern markets were shipped from Magnolia, and Mr. Newberry was the first shipper, sending his first berries about fifty years ago. Magnolia always gets the first berries into market. The business has grown from a few crates, shipped here, we suppose, to two thousand crates shipped from Duplin county the present year. —*Messenger.*

# THE SMITHFIELD HERALD.

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## Prohibition in Atlanta.

The election at which Prohibition was put on trial in this city is entitled to a place among great events.

It has now been 18 months since the election, and 12 months since the law went into effect. We are prepared thus from observation to note results.

Prohibition in this city does prohibit. The law is observed as well as the law against carrying concealed weapons, gambling, theft, and other offenses of like character. If there had been as many people in favor of carrying concealed weapons, theft, gambling, etc., as there were in favor of the retail of ardent spirits 12 months ago, law against these things would have been carried out as well as it was against the liquor trade. In consideration of the small majority with which Prohibition was carried, and the large number of people who were opposed to seeing it prohibit, the law has been marvelously well observed.

Prohibition has not injured the city financially. According to the Assessors' books, property in the city has increased over \$2,000,000. Taxes have not been increased. Two streets in the city, Decatur and Peters, were known as liquor streets. It was hardly considered proper for a lady to walk these streets without an escort. Now they are just as orderly as any in the city. Property on them has advanced from 10 to 25 per cent. The business men have raised \$400,000 to build the Atlanta & Hawkinsville Railroad. The number of city banks is to be increased to five. The coming of four new railroads has been settled during the year. Fifteen new stores containing house-furnishing goods have been started since Prohibition went into effect. These are doing splendidly. More furniture has been sold to mechanics and laboring men in the last 12 months than in any 12 months during the history of the city. The manufacturing enterprises of the city have received new life. A glass factory has been built. A cotton seed oil mill is being built worth \$125,000. All improvement companies with a basis in real estate have seen their stock doubled in value since the election on Prohibition.

Stores in which the liquor trade was conducted are not vacant, but are now occupied by other lines of trade. According to the real estate men more laborers and men of limited means are buying lots than ever before. Rents are more promptly paid than formerly. More houses are rented by the same number of families than heretofore. Before Prohibition, sometimes as many as three families would live in one house. The heads of those families not spending their money for drink are each able to rent a house, thus using three instead of one. Workingmen who formerly spent a great part of their money for liquor, now spend it in food and clothes for their families. The retail grocery men sell more goods and collect their bills better than ever before. Thus they are able to settle more promptly with the wholesale men.

A perceptible increase has been noticed in the number of persons who ride on the street cars. According to the coal-dealers, many people bought coal and stowed it away last winter who had never been known to do so before. Others who had been accustomed to buying two or three tons on time this last winter bought seven or eight and paid cash for it. A leading proprietor of a millinery store said that he had sold more hats to the laboring men for their wives and daughters, than ever before in the history of his business. Contractors say their hands do better work, and on Saturday evenings, when they receive their week's wages, spend the same for flour, hams, dry goods, or other necessary things for their families. Thus they are in better spirits, have more hope, and are not inclined to strike and growl about higher wages.

Attendance upon the public schools has increased. There has been a marked increase in attendance upon the Sunday schools of the city. This is especially noticeable among the suburban

churches. Many children have started to Sunday schools who were not able to attend for want of proper clothing. Attendance upon the different churches is far better. From 1,500 to 2,000 people have joined the various churches of the city during the year.

All these reforms have had a decided tendency to diminish crime. Two weeks' were necessary formerly to get through with the criminal docket. During the present year it was closed out in two days. The chain-gang is almost left with nothing but the chains and balls. The gang part of it would not be large enough to work the public roads of the county were it not augmented by fresh supplies from the surrounding counties. The City Government is in the hands of our best citizens.

The majority in this county in favor of Prohibition was only 235. Such a change has taken place in public sentiment, however, that now there is hardly a respectable anti-Prohibitionist in the city who favors a return to barrooms.

Our experience has demonstrated to us beyond a doubt that a city of 60,000 inhabitants can get along and advance at a solid and constant rate without the liquor traffic.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

## A Moral Standing in Its Head.

"Yes, I gave each of my sons \$5,000 and sent them West to make their fortunes. John invested his money in a cattle ranch and went to work in earnest. It grieves me to say that Henry, disregarding my admonition about honest and industry, started a faro bank." "And it all turned out in the usual way, I suppose." "Yes, Henry owns John's cattle ranch now, and has lent him money to come home.

## Corn and Meal For Cows.

Corn is a fat-producing food; and if a cow in milk is fed liberally on corn or corn meal she will gradually fatten, and diminish in the yield of milk. Remember this and do not make the mistake of feeding too much corn.

It has been found by experiment that meal will pass through the digestive organs quicker than hay, and that is the meal is fed to the animal on an empty stomach, it passes away before it is fully digested, but if fed after hay it becomes mingled with it, and more benefit is derived. Do not allow animals to take too much water immediately after feeding.—*The Western Rural.*

## A Double Enoch Arden.

Several years ago a bright young fellow graduated from West Point. Shortly afterwards he married a pretty girl, and for a time things went smoothly, but John Barleycorn, who has killed more soldiers than have ever fallen in battle, got the best of him and he went to the dogs rapidly. Finally he threw up his position in the army, deserted his wife, and for years nothing was heard of him. At last news came to the poor woman that the worthless wretch was dead, and after a time she married another officer, and they moved out to his station at one of the far Western posts. In the mean time it seems that her first husband was not dead, but after years of debauchery and wandering reformed. He then began to make inquiries for the woman he had deserted. Nothing was known of her, and after a long and fruitless search he was forced to the conclusion that she had given up the struggle. He came to Washington, where, through the assistance of some influential friends, he was reappointed to the army. Then, believing himself free, he married again, and took his wife to the frontier post to which he was ordered—the same at which his first wife was living. The meeting, the shock of mutual recognition, the deep shame of the terrible situation, is something to which no pen can do justice. What were they to do? The question has not yet reached a satisfactory settlement.—*Washington Capitol.*

## PRIDE'S BARRIER.

"I cannot understand why it is, Constance, that you dislike Dr. Graham. Why, dear, he is the noblest man I ever knew!"

It was Constance Fenton's aunt who spoke; and just then a man came slowly up the walk.

"Verily," quoth Mrs. Martin, under her breath, "speak of angels and you will hear their wings. Here comes Launt now."

Dr. Launt Graham was not a handsome man; yet few came to know him who did not acknowledge the nameless fascination of the strong, dark face possessed.

But Constance had seen too clearly through her aunt's transparent wiles to bring her two favorites together, and, girl-like, her heart had armed itself not to submit to be thus led supinely into the fetters of a betrothal. So, though she did not really dislike Dr. Graham, she had always treated him with a proud reserve.

In another moment the young man was with them, and Constance was replying to his words of greeting with her usual formal coldness.

Dr. Graham did not pretend to notice the indifference of her manner; but during his conversation with Mrs. Martin, his eyes often rested upon the beautiful face so listlessly turned away, and a secret pain went quivering through his heart. He thought he understood it—he was poor, while she was an heiress. She had seen that he had admired her, and in this way was showing her sense of his presumption.

After a little while Constance suddenly rose, saying:

"Aunt Margaret, I think I will feel the better for a stroll on the cliffs this sultry afternoon. You have Dr. Graham to keep you company, so you'll excuse me if I run away from you for a short time."

Going into the house she reappeared in a few moments arrayed for her walk.

Launt Graham sighed as he watched her erect, graceful figure till it passed out of sight.

Old Mrs. Martin heard the sigh, and looking up quickly, she caught the look of pain which passed over the dark face. Launt had always been to her more like a son than a mere friend. She had known him from his boyhood, and of late it had been her pet dream to bring about a marriage between her lovely, orphaned niece and this youth, in everything but money her equal. She laid her hand gently upon his arm.

"Launt, why is it you and Constance never seem to get along? I cannot make it out."

"But I can," he answered, quickly. "Though in poetry—"

The rank is but the guinea's stamp; A man's a man for a' that'— it is not so in real life."

"No, no," the old lady exclaimed. "Though Connie is proud, it is not in that way. Mark my words, Launt, she will come to know and appreciate you yet."

Launt's eyes thanked his kind old friend for her encouragement, but they did not brighten with any hope at her words.

A while later found him on his homeward way. His road lay along the cliffs, and as he neared them, high up upon a pinnacle of rocks, her slight form, in its white dress, clearly defined against the sky, he saw Constance.

Even as he looked he saw her wave, and then a shriek, in a woman's voice, rang out upon the air. She had become suddenly dizzy, and had fallen from her dangerous position. A cold thrill ran through the young man's veins. How he reached the spot he never knew. There, half way down the cliff, suspended between life and eternity, was the form of the woman he loved. In her descent a prickly thorn bush had caught the floating muslin drapery of her dress.

Could she be saved? Accustomed from his childhood to the cliffs, Launt was an intrepid climber; but he knew that though he could descend to where she was, to return laden as he would be was almost an impossibility. But every moment of delay lessened the chance of rescue, and without further hesitation, Launt threw off his coat and began his dangerous task.

support. Launt bent over Constance's unconscious form, as she lay on the greensward where his arms had deposited her. Launt clasped her cold hands within his own and called her by name. Her eyelids trembled and then opened, and the blue orbs they contained rested for an instant upon his face. Then they closed again. Raising her in his arms, Launt hurried down the steep path in the direction of the cottage.

"She surely cannot dislike me now," Launt thought to himself that night; "but if she is proud, I am prouder. She shall not have any cause to think that I presume upon her gratitude."

So, as Constance grew well and strong once more, the young doctor who had saved her life, and who had been so gentle and kind during her illness, soothing her pain of body with his medicines, and helping her to pass the tedious hours of convalescence with his companionable society, resumed all at once his former impassive manner. At last the time came when Constance was to return to her own home. It was evening. Dr. Graham was there and they were all in the moonlit garden together, when old Mrs. Martin, remembering some forgotten duty, went into the house, leaving the two young people together.

"Your aunt tells me that you are about to leave us, Miss Fenton."

Launt's voice was calm and steady. One would think, to hear him, that it was a matter of supreme unconcern to him.

A faint flush rose to Constance's cheek; but she replied with equal indifference.

Ah, how often does pride raise its impenetrable barrier between two loving hearts.

For sometime Constance had understood what that strange, sweet thrill meant which filled her heart whenever Launt was near; but now she was forced to acknowledge to herself, with a stinging sense of shame, that she had given her love unsought—that Launt cared not for her. That night, never suspecting that he was not alone in his unhappiness, Launt fought a hard battle with himself, and came off conqueror.

"Until I can offer as much as I receive I will live my life alone," he thought, resolutely, to himself. And, so kept by pride from understanding each other, they parted.

Three years came and went. The last saw the kind old lady, Mrs. Martin, tended in her last illness by the young man whom she had loved as though he had been her own son. There was sincere mourning among both the rich and poor when the tolling bell informed them that she who had been such a good friend and benefactress had passed to her final rest.

Few had ever worked harder than Launt in his profession, but fortune had been tardy in coming to him.

But now, all at once, through a simple invention to ease pain, he awoke one morning to find himself famous.

Two years before Launt had heard, through Mrs. Martin, that her niece had gone abroad; but since then, no news of Constance had reached him. The invention which had made his name celebrated was for a certain phase of spine disease, and it was no uncommon thing for him to be called from his home to attend cases in distant places.

Such a call now reached him; and one day he ascended the steps of an elegant dwelling in an adjacent city. The little patient who was to be entrusted to his skill was brought to him in his mother's arms, and in the young girl who accompanied them, Launt recognized, with a start, her who was so often in his thoughts, and whose whereabouts he had entirely lost.

The surprise was mutual, and as he saw the expression of joy which sprang into her eyes, Launt felt, with a sudden thrill of hope, that he had not been forgotten.

He learned, after he left Mrs. Allen's house, that the girl who had been, when he had met her, an heiress, was now poor—earning her livelihood by teaching the invalid child whose deformity prevented him from going to school.

It was the same old story of

riches taking to themselves wings. The bank which had held all her money had failed, and Constance, too proud to apply for aid to her friends had quietly set to work to maintain herself.

A week later, in Mrs. Allen's parlor, Launt awaited Constance's approach.

He had come with the determination to tell her all that had been in his heart for her the past years, and once and for all learn if there were any hopes for him.

Constance listened with averted face; but the tell-tale blood rose to her very brow as his words of love and longing fell upon her ears.

"I should have told you this long before, but pride kept me back. I could not have the imputation of mercenary laid at my door, and so I waited."

Constance lifted her eyes shyly to his, and in their blue depths Launt read his answer.

With a quick motion he clasped her to him.

"My own, at last! Oh, Constance say that you love me, for I can hardly realize my good fortune."

"I have loved you ever since you saved my life at so great peril to your own," she answered, softly; "and though now it is you who are rich while I have nothing, I will not let pride come between us again; for, dear, I know that though wealth is good and pleasant to possess, love, sweet love, is better far!"

## Fire in The Woods.

During the thunder storm on the 16th inst., a pine tree was struck by lightning on upper Little River near Manchester, and set on fire. This communicated to the immense pine forest of that region, and all day Sunday and part of Monday it raged furiously, destroying an immense amount of timber. The burnt leaves, bark and cinders were beyond and over the town, a distance of fifteen miles.—*Observer.*

## The Bean in His Own Eyes.

The slavery of the coal mines of Pennsylvania under the exactions of cruel corporations and monopolies, unless all investigators who have visited them and written about them are liars, is as inhuman as that of Dahomey. Wage slavery may be worse than chattel slavery—permeated by as few rays of comfort, irradiated by as few gleams of hope—and we believe this condition is reached in the coal mines of tariff-protected Pennsylvania. The people are poor, helpless, down-trodden bondsmen, while the corporations, their masters, fatten upon their toil and sing the praises of protection.—*Jackson (Mich.) Patriot.*

## A Miraculous Escape.

In St. Louis a few days ago William Weber, a youth of eleven years, seized hold with his left hand of the loose end of a guy-wire which was attached to an electric pole, when he was instantly hurled to the middle of the street, owing to the wire having come in contact with the electric circuit. His agonizing screams brought a number of men to his aid, and as he was unable to let go of the wire several men at once laid hold of him; but they were hurled away from him by the force of the electricity. Various expedients were tried to free him, but every one who touched the lad received a shock that sent him reeling several yards away. At last a bystander grabbed the wire by means of a cloth, and although he also was shocked, he succeeded in jerking the wire loose from the boy, who at once sprang to his feet. His injuries were found to consist of a terrible burn on the inside of the left arm, the flesh being literally roasted, besides a small bruise or burn on the left ankle. He had a miraculous escape from death, and several parties who tried to aid him came near being seriously injured also, notably a man who went near him with a chisel to cut the wire, and another who fetched a cup of water to extinguish the boy's burning coat-sleeve, both being terribly stunned and the articles hurled from their hands.

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## RANDOM BAKINGS.

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

Jno. G. Walker, of Texas, has been appointed Consul at Bogota.

During the centennial celebration at Clinton, N. Y., pickpockets succeeded in getting away with \$5,000.

A fly-wheel burst in a steel mill at Chattanooga, Tenn., killing one man and seriously damaging the works.

Governor Hill of New York, has accepted an invitation to be present at the Philadelphia constitutional celebration, Sept. 17.

In Secretary Lamar's department there are 82 Union veterans. Under Arthur there were but 770. This passes for "reform."

Mastermyn Powderly will favor an open convention of the Knights of Labor at Minneapolis. It says he will not resign his office.

Dr. J. F. Eaves, while delivering a prohibition speech at Wellborn, Tex., was shot at by an anti. He continued his speech as though nothing had happened.

Mr. William G. Upchurch, of Raleigh, a representative farmer, expects to raise 200 bales of cotton on his 150 acres of upland a mile south of this city.—*Chronicle.*

The State Democratic Convention of Ohio nominated Thos. E. Powell for Governor and a full ticket; the platform endorses President Cleveland's administration.

Rome, July 21.—Twenty-five deaths from cholera have occurred at Catania. The people are panic stricken, and thieves are taking advantage of the situation to loot the deserted dwellings.

Lightning struck a powder-house at Streator, Ills., causing an explosion that demolished forty-five dwellings and did other damages; only one man was killed, but a number of persons were injured.

LONDON, July 21.—Colonel Frederick Strauch, President of the African International Association, telegraphs to the United Press representative from Brussels, stating that he has not received the news of Stanley having been killed.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., July 21.—Andrew Williams and Robert West were killed, and Robert Williams, a brother of the first named, was fatally injured by a tree falling on their buggy yesterday afternoon near here as they were returning from a funeral.

KEY WEST, FLA., July 21.—There have been ten new cases of yellow fever since yesterday, and no deaths. Of the seventy cases now under treatment sixty at least are children, who pass through this sickness just as Northern children have measles or scarlet fever.

The Virginia Democratic Association of Washington, D. C., has determined not to meet again until the 26th proximo. After that date it will resume its regular weekly meeting, and work unremittingly for the election of a Democratic Legislature in Virginia next fall.

CLEVELAND, O., July 20.—A special to the *Press* from Cambridge, Ohio, says: "About 11 o'clock Monday night W. George, a young man employed by a farmer named McLee, went to the house of another farm hand named Jas. Scott, an old man, and asked his assistance in getting a horse out of a ditch in which it had fallen. The men procured axes and strated away. An hour later George returned to McLee's and reported that he had killed Scott in self defense. This morning the body was found lying in the ravine, the head smashed to a jolly and a bloody axe lying near by. The mystery is that no horse was in the ditch and no motive can be assigned for the crime. George made no effort to escape and is now under arrest, and owing to the absence of the coroner no one would touch the body and it was allowed to lie on the ground till this afternoon."