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While we are always glad to receive bright, new letters from different sections of the South, 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.

Bingham school opened the fall session with one hundred and ten students.

Norfolk Virginia: North Carolina is rich in great men, pretty women, agricultural products and wonderful mines. It is stated that a gold mine in Rowan county is 770 feet deep, and has a record of over \$300,000,000 since 1824.

Revivals reported in Goldsboro Advance: Morehead, 17 professions; Mt. Olive, 25 accessions; Newport, 6 additions; Clinton et., 25 additions; Newton Grove et., 29 additions; Clayton et., 31 additions; Duplin et., 15 additions; Mt. Gilead et., 40 professions.

Kernersville News & Farm: Mr. R. D. Fulton, of this place, had a barn of tobacco which had just been cured, to burn down last Friday, causing a heavy loss. Every year we chronicle cases of this kind, which shows that additional care is necessary.

In the four adjoining counties of Alamance, Randolph, Montgomery and Davidson there is not a single license to sell liquor. The same state of things, also exist in Yancey, Mitchell, Green and Dare—eight counties in all. There may possibly be others.—Ere.

A remarkable freak of nature can be seen in the garden of Rev. Mr. White on Sewell street, Augusta, Me. A squash vine crawled up a tree as it grew, and upon one of the limbs bore a squash. Strange to relate, a miniature vine issued from the stem of the squash, passing completely around it, and to the limb again, furnishing a substantial support for the fruit.

Hillsboro Recorder: We are sorry to hear that Mr. David White of Mebanes, while out driving a Texas pony last Wednesday a wheel came off his dog cart and the pony took fright and ran away. Mr. White's foot became entangled in the foot board and was dragged near a quarter of a mile. We are glad to state though badly bruised Mr. White is not seriously hurt.

McDowell Bugle: We are gratified to learn, as every citizen of the county must be, that a vein of apparently inexhaustible magnetic iron ore has been found in the North Cove, McDowell county. The vein was discovered in the deep gap on Honeycutt Mountain and runs diagonally northeast across the mountain. It is observed to be about forty feet wide and exposed about a quarter of a mile.

News and Observer: Washington Kenan, a worthy colored man, died on South Fayetteville street yesterday of consumption. He was a faithful body servant and attended on Col. Thomas S. Kenan during the war and was a general favorite with the men of the regiment on account of his fidelity and good nature. He had been very sick for a month past, during which time he was well cared for by Col. Kenan, who provided food and medicine of every necessary quantity and quality. The expenses of a very nice burial were also borne by Col. Kenan, whose large heart never permits him to let any thing or person of the least merit to go unnoticed or unrewarded when it is in his power to make reward.

Wilson Mirror: Maggie Sims, a negro girl of this place, was born deaf and dumb about seventeen years ago. At an early age she was sent to an institution for the deaf and dumb where she learned to read and write, where she also learned a faith in the efficacy of prayer. She prayed day and night that her tongue might be recalled from its long banishment and that her ears might be opened to the music of human voice and song. On Friday the channels of her ears were opened and the fetters of silence fell from the captive tongue. Yes, it is a fact that Maggie Sims was given the power to speak and hear for the first time in her life, and she declares that it is but the long deferred answer of God to her ceaseless stream of wordless prayer.

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Sentenced to be Hanged Three Times but Won't Hang.

(News and Observer.) The Governor yesterday pardoned Albert Starnes (colored), of Union county, who was in jail under sentence of death. Starnes has been sentenced to be hanged three times within the last two years, but escaped the halter every time. He was first tried for criminal assault in 1885 and sentenced to death. He appealed to the Supreme Court and some time elapsed before the case could be heard. When it came up the sentence of the lower court was confirmed. Under a new law which was passed by the legislature of 1887, it was the Governor's duty to re-sentence the prisoner, the new law providing that upon the confirmation of a sentence of the lower court by the Supreme Court, the Governor shall certify the same to the county authorities and direct when the execution of the sentence shall be made. The Governor therefore appointed a day for execution, but afterwards decided that the new law was an ex post facto law as applied to Starnes' case and revoked his order. The case as confirmed by the Supreme Court, then had to be returned to the court below under the old regime and sentence again pronounced, which was done. A new trial was then appealed for and some new evidence brought out, which being merely cumulative in its character, did not, in the opinion of Judge Graves, entitle the prisoner to a new trial, but it was thought that this new evidence would have changed the verdict of the jury had it been given before them. On these grounds Judge Graves, Judge Davis, the Attorney General and Mr. E. C. Smith who prosecuted the prisoner for the State recommended his pardon which was granted on yesterday.

Charged With Murder.

(Charlotte Chronicle.) Sam Deberry, colored, was yesterday lodged in jail charged with the murder of Jules Robinson, also colored. It was reported that while Jules was sitting on a pallet fooling with an old pistol the weapon exploded, the ball entering his head and causing his death. After Jules' body was buried rumors of foul play were heard, and Coroner Cathey being summoned, the body was exhumed and an investigation was made. Several witnesses, including Deberry, testified in support of the accidental theory. There was no conflict in the testimony until a colored man named Rufus Walker was called to the stand, and upon the strength of Walker's testimony, Deberry was arrested upon the charge of murder. Walker swore that he was lying on a pallet in the room and heard Jules say to Sam: "Don't hit me over the head again, Sam." Sam got up and secured the pistol, when Jules threw his hands to his face and exclaimed: "Don't shoot me." Almost immediately Sam pulled the trigger and Jules fell over with a bullet in his head. Sam threw the pistol out of the window and then asked those in the room not to tell what he had done. Another negro testified that in the cotton field next day, Henry Walker told him that Sam Deberry had killed Jules Robinson.

A Case of Bigamy.

(Hillsboro Recorder.) A young man by the name of W. Thomas Waite, hailing from Society Hill, S. C. who had been living in and near Hillsboro for nearly a year and was part of the time engaged in riding the mail, was, on last Thursday night, married to a very worthy and respectable young girl of our town. A few days before the intended marriage a friend of the bride wrote to a prominent gentleman at Society Hill, making inquiries as to Waite. Immediately this gentleman wired to stop all proceedings until his letter came; but the bride-elect, not heeding the warning of the telegram, was married on Thursday night, and on the same night the letter came informing her friend that Waite was a bad fellow and had a living wife then residing in the neighborhood of Society Hill. On Saturday Waite was arrested.

GUERRILLA QUANTRELL.

A Short Sketch of This Noted Bandit—How His Old Mother is Still Waiting For His Return.

(Philadelphia Press.)

In an humble cottage on a side street of the old-fashioned Ohio village of Canal Dover lives a widow who is waiting with weary eyes and an aching heart for the return of her long lost-son. She has not seen him since 1857, nor has she read a letter from his hand since early in 1860, but despite all discouragements this old widow is sustained day by day with the hope that her son will yet return and clear himself of the crimes which have been imputed to him. This faithful and loving woman is the mother of William Clark Quantrell, whose fame as a guerrilla and a border bandit equals in horror the tales of atrocity related of the James and Younger brothers.

Quantrell's career became a part of American history, especially of the history which refers to the early troubles on the Kansas frontier. There has always been a mystery about his identity. He has been confused with one of his relatives, who figured more as a villain in social life than as a desperado in the wild west. It is difficult to believe that the young Quantrell who lived in Canal Dover thirty years ago—a smooth-face, light-haired boy—could be guilty of the crimes and atrocities charged to Quantrell, the guerrilla, after he organized his band of border bandits on the western prairies. There is no career in American history, nor in the fiction of the world, which has about it so much that is striking in comparison, or so vivid or thrilling in interest. To curious visitors who call upon the mother in her little cottage she shows the old family Bible, which records that her son was born in that village July 31, 1837, and as the mother tells it, the youth was devoid of any particular interest, and especially barren of any incidents which would indicate such a future career of crime and desperation. His father was a tinner at Hagers-town, Maryland. He belonged to the large family of Quantrells which branched out from that old town, and some members of which have been described as the original guerrilla.

The elder Quantrell married a Miss Clarke, and removed to Dover, where he followed his trade for a time, but soon found that in this western country his education fitted him for something higher. He became a teacher in the public schools and superintendent, in which position he died in 1854. The son had grown up, inheriting his father's aptitude for learning, and so marked was his success as a pupil that at the age of 16 he was appointed a teacher in one of the lower departments. After his father's death young Quantrell went west, joining in the epidemic of emigration so prevalent at that time. In 1857 he joined some Canal Dover business men on a large Kansas farm, and settled down to agriculture. Later on Quantrell became a school teacher, but not until he had made a trip to the gold region, and had come back from Utah almost the sole survivor of a large party, the most of whom had either been starved, frozen to death or killed. He became a teacher near Olathe, Kan., and this seems to have been the most tranquil season of his life. In his letters home he constantly regretted the mistake he had made in leading a roving, reckless life, and promised to settle down. He maintained throughout his career a remarkable regard for his mother, and his letters to her, which she has preserved faithfully through these many years, indicate a remarkable depth of poetic feeling, which seems incompatible with his subsequent career as a robber and slayer of innocent men. These letters were written a year before Quantrell became the scourge of the western plains. He seemed to have a presentiment of what his future would be, yet there is no indication in his letters that he expected to lead such a life of crime in fact, all his latter letters home contained the oft repeated promise to sow his wild oats and settle down as a good citizen; but the most notable instance of the

presentment referred to, is in his last letter to his mother, in which he says: "There is no news here but hard times, and harder still coming for I see their shadows, and coming events cast their shadow before is an old proverb, but I do not feel that my destiny is fixed in this country, nor do I wish to stay in it longer than possible, for the devil has got illimitable sway over this territory, and will hold it until we have a better set of men and society generally."

This is the last news of her son which the old lady ever received directly. Years and years passed by—years full of momentous and terrible deeds of the war, but no word came to the little home in Canal Dover from the missing son, and the mother mourned him as one who had given up his life for his country. She would not believe as the papers often repeated that he had joined the confederacy, because as a young man at home and an early settler in Kansas he had been an advocate of the union and a devoted hater of human slavery. Shortly after the writing of this letter, Quantrell commenced his career of crime. He seems to have been caught up in a whirlwind of excited political feeling which swept over Kansas in the early days of the war, and because of his education, his daring, and his great natural intelligence he at once became a leader. In the spring of 1860 he became identified with a conspiracy in which, with three companions, he planned to rob a rich farmer named Morgan Walker living near Independence, Mo. Quantrell sent word to Walker of the proposed attack, and gave instructions as to the defense. As a result Walker turned his house into a fort, and when the party came up all but Quantrell was shot dead from their horses. This was glaring treachery, but Quantrell defended his conduct with the claim that he was doing the public service, which was undoubtedly true.

When the war broke out Quantrell offered his services to Governor Price, and was elected captain of a guerilla squad, comprising one hundred men, among them the James and Younger brothers. Then began the career of Quantrell, as he is best known to American history. He burned and sacked the young villages of Kansas, and spared neither men, women nor children, unless to gratify his whim. The massacre of 180 people at Lawrence, Kansas, was the most fiendish act of the war. He took the town by surprise and murdered every man he could find in it save a party of strangers who were stopping at the hotel. And these were saved only by the intercession of R. A. Stevens, then a Kansas lawyer, later a congressman from Attica, N. Y. Stevens had been Quantrell's lawyer and friend, and his request for protection was granted. In defense of this terrible outrage Quantrell said to a southern woman:

"I wanted to kill Jim Lane, who lived there, and as I hadn't the honor of his acquaintance I killed every man I could see to shoot at!"

Well, Quantrell met his fate. He was on his way to join the army of Lee in Virginia, and in the latter days of the war was surprised by Captain Clark and a band of union soldiers in Kentucky, south of Louisville. He was in a barn with his band of raiders, and refusing to surrender, was shot and fatally wounded. He died in the Louisville hospital, and is buried in the cemetery near it. But for all this, this good woman living in Canal Dover believes that he, the famous Quantrell, was not her son, but another of the same name. "Some day," she says, "William will come back. He was not a bad boy. I shall see him yet, and close my eyes in peace."

Sunday-School Convention.

The fifth annual convention of the Frewill Baptist Sunday-school was held at New Hope church on Saturday, October 1st, 1887.

At about 10:30 o'clock a. m., the meeting was called to order by Mr. M. Bell, who, in a few words, most appropriately stated the object of the meeting, and

gave them an outline of what was to do, and told them how to do it. Then Mr. M. Bell was elected to serve as moderator during the organization. Mr. Bell then called Henderson Cole to act as Secretary. The meeting was then declared ready for business, and the following were the officers elected to serve during the meeting: Rev. J. T. W. Edwards was elected permanent moderator, but not being acquainted with the business, declined, and Mr. Bell was made permanent moderator, and Henderson Cole Secretary.

A call was then made for all schools represented to report which was responded to by the following Sunday schools: New Hope, by Mr. J. A. Massingill, of Smithfield; Johnston school house, by Mr. Nathan Johnson, and McKoy, led by C. B. Barefoot.

It was then decided by the convention that it should hold its next meeting at Bethesda church, on the first Saturday in October 1888. A programme was then arranged, and the classes seated outside the house ready for singing, and the following programme was carried out:

- 1. Jesus Lover of my Soul sung in union by all the classes, led by Mr. J. G. Raynor.
2. Prayer—by Rev. Robert Strickland.
3. Two pieces of music by New Hope class, led by Mr. J. A. Massingill.
4. Two pieces of music by McKoy class, led by Mr. E. B. Barefoot.
5. A lecture by Rev. Robert Strickland, theme—The Good of Sabbath schools. The convention then adjourned for one hour.

Afternoon Session—two rounds were sung by each class and two pieces of music to the round, after which Mr. M. Bell, a talented young man, fluently addressed the audience, his subject—What Sunday schools have done—Who shall attend them. After Mr. Bell's address there were several round sings by each class. Rev. J. T. W. Edwards then addressed the audience. Subject—Sunday Schools.

The music was most exquisite, and each class and each leader deserves much credit for their work. Such harmonious strains of rapturous melody can be equalled only by angel bands which, with harp in hand, throng the streets of the celestial city. C

A Huge Affair.

(Wilson Advance.)

While at Fayetteville a few days ago it was our pleasure to take a stroll through an establishment of which Fayetteville is justly proud. In fact it is not only a credit to the town, but an honor to the State.—We allude to Frank Thornton's mammoth dry goods store. One of his large minded customers dubbed it "Jumbo," another more poetically inclined, christened it "a daisy trimmed with pansies." It merits both, as it is immense and beautiful. Every modern improvement is utilized, and everything you see conforms to the size of the establishment on a big scale. Piles upon piles of dry goods of every description loom up before you, behind you and upon either side of you as you enter the first, second, third floors of this building, until the eye is almost wearied by the display. A description of each department would consume more time and space than we can allow, but for the benefit of our lady readers we must mention an especially attractive department which consists solely of ladies wraps. In profusion you find here seal skin wraps and seal plush wraps, both long and short, beautifully made and lined with elegant silk and quilted satin. Cosy looking seal plush jackets, "The Genesta" seal skin short wrap, and "The Langtry" seal skin long wrap. Seal plush wraps elaborately trimmed in jet, with jet epulettes. Seal plush wraps trimmed with beautiful fur collars, and seal plush wraps handsomely trimmed with all fringe of seal. The gentlemanly salesman in charge of this department informed us that the prices ranged all the way from \$7 to \$50, and that they did a considerable business in wraps through the medium of the male and express. To responsible par-

ties they will send one or more for inspection, the house paying express charges one way, and he added that they rarely missed a sale. See the handsome establishment when you visit Fayetteville. It requires some time to take it all in, but you will be repaid.

Advice to a Young Man.

And then, remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things you must work. If you look around you, son, will see that the men who are the most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men who worked the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with work, son. It is beyond your power to do that. Men cannot work so hard as that on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it's because they quit work at 6 p. m., and don't get home until 2 a. m. It's the interval that kills. Work gives you an appetite for meals; it lends solidity to your slumbers; it gives appreciation of a holiday.

There are young men that do not work, my son; but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names, even; it simply speaks of them as old so-and-so's boys. Nobody likes them, nobody hates them; the great busy world doesn't even know that they are there. So find out what you want to do, son, and take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are, the less deviltry you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you.—Ere.

Married Against His Will.

(Wilmington Star.)

An interesting case was tried in the Superior Court yesterday: John D. Southerland suing for divorce from Melissa Southerland. The plaintiff in the case is quite a young man. He came to this county, where he became acquainted with Miss Melissa Turley. Young Southerland "kept company" with Miss Melissa for some months. Although he might have contemplated matrimony, he was rather dilatory about coming to the point, and Miss Turley's father thought it was advisable to hurry up matters.

It was alleged by the plaintiff that he was waylaid in the woods and captured, and with a pistol pointed at his head by the father of the young lady, was told that he must "marry or die." Seeing that there was no escape, Southerland reluctantly submitted, and was then and there joined in wedlock with the young lady by a justice of the peace, who was with the party that made the capture. Southerland, the reluctant groom, said that he accompanied his bride to her parents' home but left soon afterwards, and has ever since refused to live with her.

The jury rendered a verdict for the plaintiff, finding that he was forced violently and against his will to marry the defendant.

President Cleveland's Speeches.

(Troy Press.)

When Mr. Blaine travels around the country he talks politics. So does Senator Sherman. That is all right; they are candidates for the Presidency. Mr. Cleveland may be a candidate for aught we know, but just at present he is something else and something more. He is now President of all the people, and he wisely and dignifiedly restrains from alluding to politics. And when he is talking of the beauties and the prosperity of Terre Haute or Indianapolis, he is not talking politics, as plucky old Andy Johnson did when he swung around the circle. If the President did get his facts from the American Cyclopaedia he clothed them in his own words, and the Sun's labor in collating his remarks with extracts from the Cyclopaedia amounts to little except an exhibition of spite and narrowness.

There were several earthquake shocks Friday on the shores of the Gulf of Corinth, and the inhabitants are deserting their homes.

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WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING.

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

Yellow fever has broken out at Tampa, Fla.

Ex-President Davis will attend the Confederate reunion at Macon, Ga.

The Sultan of Morocco is dead, and is succeeded by his sixteen-year old son.

Mr. Gladstone objects to the word "Gladstonian" as a synonym for liberal.

Everything betokens a prosperous year for the educational institutes of the country.

The Western Union Telegraph Company have taken formal possession of the Baltimore & Ohio system.

Gen. F. C. Latrobe has been unanimously nominated by the Democrats for mayor of Baltimore.

The recent Indian outbreak is attributed, to some extent, to a speech made by Sitting Bull on the Custer battle ground.

The Minister of Public Instruction in Russia has been removed from office, owing to his vigorous exercise of authority.

Mr. O'Brien offers to prove that a cipher telegram was sent by the Solicitor-General to the crown officers in Mitchellstown.

The report of the general secretary Knights of Labor, at the meeting of the General Assembly shows a balance on hand of \$508,647.

Ex-Senator Thurman has consented to "make two speeches in the Ohio campaign. The first on the 22h inst., and the other later.

The record in the Anarchist case, for use in the U. S. Supreme Court, contains eight thousand pages, and will make about twenty volumes.

Aleck Morris, a negro, killed Dan Lockett, his father-in-law; cut Lockett's wife's throat and stabbed his own wife, Mary, at Madison, Georgia.

Foraker's story about being snubbed by Mrs. Cleveland has disgusted even the Republican papers. They declare that they have had enough of it.

The President made a most favorable impression all along the line of his western trip, and it is safe to predict that the western delegation will be solid for his renomination in 1888.

The annual meeting of the Peabody Educational Fund met in New York Wednesday. The fund amounts to \$2,000,000 and the income to \$70,000, which is distributed among ten States.

In the U. S. Circuit Court, last Friday, in Richmond, Judge Bond delivered a decision in the celebrated coupon cases, which is considered the most important ever emanating from that source.

The "Volunteer" arrived at Marblehead Friday of last week. She was detained by light winds, and considerable uneasiness was felt for her safety previous to her arrival.

The New York World interviewed the delegates to the recent New York Democratic State convention at Saratoga, and out of 207 men who were willing to be put on record 160 were for Cleveland.

It is very queer to hear Republicans denounce Democrats as free traders, while at the same time the Republicans aforesaid are helping with all their might the George combine that is opposed to all tariff duties.

Jay Gould and Norvin Green says that the Western Union has bought the B & O telegraph for \$5,000,000 in Western Union stock. They have elected the present B. & O. officers to continue in their places for the present.

The first iron for the Lynchburg & Durham railroad was received at Lynchburg. It will be used as a temporary track in the construction of the road. There are now five hundred hands at work on the first termite section. President Otey state that he expects to begin work at the Durham end of the line in a few days.