

THE SMITHFIELD HERALD.

A. M. Woodall, Editor.

"CAROLINA, CAROLINA, HEAVEN'S BLESSING ATTEND HER!"

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.-- Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

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Methodist Church—on Second street, Rev. J. P. Pickett, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock a. m. and 7 o'clock p. m. on the second and fourth Sunday of each month and every Sunday morning at 9:30 o'clock. Dr. J. R. Beckwith, Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend these services.
Missionary Baptist Church—on Second street, Rev. F. H. Woodward, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock a. m. and 7:30 o'clock p. m. on the fourth Sunday of each month and at 7:30 p. m. on the first and third Sunday of each month. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9:30 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend these services.
Primitive Baptist Church—Elder J. A. T. Jones, Pastor. Services every first Sunday and Saturday before at 11 o'clock in each month. All are cordially invited to attend these services.

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Olive Branch Lodge, No. 37, I. O. O. F., J. M. Woodall, N. G., A. M. Woodall, V. G., Dr. R. J. Noble, Sec'y. Meets in the Court House every Friday evening at 7 o'clock. All Old Fellows are cordially invited.
Full Ship Lodge, No. 84, A. F. and A. M., Thos. S. Thain, Secretary. Meets the second Saturday and fourth Tuesday night in each month. All Masons are respectfully invited.

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On Hancock Street, Rev. A. J. Harris, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock a. m. and at 8 o'clock p. m. on each Second, Sunday in each month. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9:30 o'clock. W. R. Holt, Superintendent. Class meeting every Thursday night at 8 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend these services.
Missionary Baptist Church (colored), Rev. W. F. H. Woodward, A. M. Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock a. m. and 8 p. m. on the first and third Sunday in each month. Prayer meeting on Wednesday night of each week at 8 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday evening at 2:30 o'clock. William G. Saunders, Sup't.

There is no tarrying in the swift current of life; it sweeps all floating particles relentlessly on; and to be stranded on the mountain side means only to wither uselessly away.—Anon.

The fork was absolutely unknown to the Greeks and Romans. It appeared only as a curiosity in the Middle Ages, and was first used upon the table by Henry III.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Tetters, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Hood Bros. Smithfield, and J. W. Benson, at Benson, N. C.

ADVANCE OF THE COLORED RACE.

Miss Howard's Interesting Data Prepared for the World's Fair.

Miss J. Imogen Howard, the only colored woman on the board of the lady managers of the World's Fair, is busily engaged in gathering statistics concerning colored women in New York state. Her work is mainly centered on educational matters, but Miss Howard is using her knowledge of her race to assist other managers of the World's Fair in whatever branch colored women are of interest. Facts are being gathered relative to the colored women who are engaged in the various occupations, such as controlling or owning farms, working in shops, offices and factories, engaged in horticulture and floriculture, or in practicing any profession.

Those who are employed in domestic service and all artists, designers, teachers and authors are to be included in the reports concerning the progress of the negro in New York state. Miss Howard is a teacher employed in the public schools of this city. She is a graduate of the School Pedagogy of the New York university, and ranks in general information far above the average instructor. Her home is in a pleasant two-story brick dwelling at No. 20 Jones street. An air of refinement pervades the pretty but unostentatious home, and a visitor soon becomes aware of the culture of its inmates.

Miss Howard is a clever and entertaining conversationalist, and has many interesting things to say about the official work she is now engaged in. Having just returned from a Western trip, during which she spent a considerable amount of time in Chicago, Miss Howard has added to her stock of general information a great many facts about the colored women of the thrifty West.

"Some of them," she said, "are making great strides in learning. The colored women of the Western states find themselves beset by less popular prejudice than is met with in the East, and they are playing the learned professions very successfully. Of course I do not know the number of women in the different vocations, for I am only authorized to gather statistics concerning the conditions in New York state.

"There are fourteen colored female teachers in the public school service of New York city. I have learned of two private kindergartens and several day and evening schools also supported by colored women. These are all taught by colored teachers. The colored women in the public-school service of Brooklyn approximate twenty. I have been informed of seven, and expect to hear from a few more. In the other cities there are very few colored women teachers."

Miss Howard looked surprised when asked if there were colored women in the learned professions here. "I know of a great many," she said. "In Brooklyn there are three doctors, each of them enjoying a large practice, and doing well. I am personally acquainted with one colored woman who graduated from law school with honors. Her name is Miss Charlotte Ray, and she studied at Howard university in Washington. Her home is now Maryland. Miss Ida B. Wells, a young colored girl, is assistant editor of the New York Age, a weekly paper devoted to the interest of the colored people. A reporter named Emma P. Johnson, engaged at present in Albany, is also a very intelligent colored girl.

"Negro women are largely engaged in sewing for big establishments. I am sorry to say that they get much of the starvation wages that are paid out every day to poor sewing women in New York. Then there are in the different departments of store and factory labor many colored girls who are not known to be negroes. If the truth were known, it would cost them their positions. Few of the popular employments are open to colored girls.

Miss Howard expects to have her reports complete in December.—Toledo Blade.

The First Post Offices.

By WALT H. DODD.

Cyrus the Great was king of Persia about 540 B. C. By his energy and soldierly genius, he soon built up an empire more extended than any ever which the sceptre had yet been swayed by an Oriental monarch, or by any ruler before his time. He not only extended his dominions but also established the first post offices of which we have any record. He required the Governors of provinces and chief commanders of troops to write him concerning everything that transpired in their districts and armies.

Cyrus soon found much difficulty in sending and receiving messages, so some means had to be provided for, in order to make his correspondence sure and swift. He therefore had post offices built and messengers or couriers appointed in every province. He found how far a good horse could travel in a day without being hurt, and then relay stations built at equal distances from each other. At each of these stations he also appointed postmasters who should receive the messages from couriers and give them others, and also to have horses ready so that they could perform their journeys with great haste.

By this means the post went night and day, rain and snow, heat and cold, giving Cyrus news of all occurrences in his provinces, and carrying necessary orders from him to his chief commander.

Darius, who has been styled "the second founder of the Persian Empire," was a superintendent of post offices before he came to the Persian throne 521 B. C.

Darius not only advanced the means for carrying messages but also established a coinage for the empire. Upon the great rock of Behistun on the western frontier of Persia, he had inscribed a record of all his achievements, so that the coming generations might know of his greatness.

We write and send letters and receive mail of every description, yet we never once think that Cyrus king of Persia established the first post offices nearly twenty-five hundred years ago.—The Institute, (Smithfield)

Jews and the Promised Land.

The Sun infers from the increase of Jewish population in Jerusalem and various evidences of renewed activity, agricultural and commercial, that Palestine is on the road to regeneration. We do not share the Sun's sentiments or expectations in this matter. Jewish public opinion on this subject is not difficult to ascertain. The great majority of Israelites who have the civilization of the day and are accorded civil and religious equality give no thought of returning to Palestine. They are proud to be citizens of the land of their nativity or adoption. If the traditional view of the final ingathering and the rebuilding of the Temple is still held as a theory, like that of the millennium among our Protestant brethren, who are in no hurry, however, to abandon Wall street, the Standard Oil company, and Western mortgages in consequence.

A great many Israelites, too, among them learned rabbis of established reputation, have abandoned all belief in the restoration. They believe Judaism was never to be confined to a single land and Israel's God not to be narrowed to a single people. They think that the Jew's best work has been done out of Palestine, and it was his salvation, not destruction, to be dispersed over the habitable globe, to spread to the furthest isles of the sea, directly and indirectly, the belief in God's unity and the brotherhood of mankind. If they had been kept within the limits of Palestine, if they had survived its successive invasion and catastrophes, they would have been to-day like the Fellahin of Egypt or the Bedouin of the desert—Semitic slaves or marauders.—American Hebrew.

A dishwashing machine in a London hotel can, with two persons to attend to it, wash 1,000 dishes an hour.

Along Linville Gorge, Western N. C.

By WALT H. DODD.

We are in our home State (old North Carolina), though everything looks quite strange to that of Johnston county. We are now in the section of Mitchell, Watauga, and Burke counties. From Linville Pinnacle we catch the grandest view east of the Rockies. From the neighbouring peaks we view Table Rock and Hawk Bill mountains of Jona's Ridge, (Burke county.) We still look on to Mount Mitchell, the Grandfather, the Yellow and Black domes of Mitchell etc. The Grand Father presents a most impressive view. There we see the old man lying on his back. The elevation of it is about one and a quarter miles high. The representation of the old man's face can well be discerned forty or fifty miles. In wet weather as the moon shines upon the old man's rocky face it causes some of the most weird illuminations that have ever been seen, often seen several hundred miles, while among the neighbouring mountains they present a most hellish appearance.

We can well see twelve counties and also part of two adjoining states, Virginia and Tennessee. We also catch a glimpse of the Smokies, where the wild Indian is found in his utter savage state, where he catcheth his game as did he in early American civilization. It is almost a matter of impossibility to paint a vivid picture of mountain scenes to him who has never seen anything larger than a "tater hill." It is quite strange to see the existing ignorance among the mountains of Western North Carolina.

It matters not where I may go I never make it a point to ridicule the ignorant. If ever I tell a joke upon a mountain Boomer or a Woodland Sage I let it be an honest one, though all intelligent people are impressed with this serious fact. While in this section I was deeply impressed with every object of interest I chanced to see. The Yankee tourists who were travelling and sketching in this section told me that the Linville canon was the grandest scenery east of the Mississippi River. Deeming it well I decided to spend several days along this gorge. The Linville rises in Watauga county, and flows through Mitchell and Burke. It is some sixty or seventy miles in length. It is full one third larger at a distance of thirty miles above its mouth than elsewhere, notwithstanding there are many large tributaries emptying into it. This is due to the mist of the plain waters which rises and form a cloud like vapor, which seems to reach out her snowy white fingers and cling to the Canon's brink, thus forming a crystal cover like clouds over their dark abyss, and thus hiding the river in its wild angry fury. With admiration we may gaze upon the grand Niagara Falls, the still gentle water of the St. Lawrence, or the grand proud tidal wave of the Hudson. But we can not conceive of the grandeur and invisible beauty of the rain drop, till we chance to see some of nature's most prided wild rivers leaping wildly over mountain top, plunging furiously into the earth's deepest dungeon, dashing madly down the steep gorges, and angrily and dangerously rolling and splashing along her ragged and rocky canon's bed, till the voice of her slain waters rise into majestic thunders, rolls and claps as the disruption of worlds, and then breaking off abruptly.

A holy quiet reigns. There's not a sound to be heard or even a ripple to be seen. All is quiet now. Mother nature takes her child in her arms, pats her brow and says rest ye now a little. Bathe ye your brow in your crystal fountain. Rest on my bosom my child—all is well. And says I, O! mother take me in thine arms and let me sleep a while. Is there no sheltering place for the weary wandering child, and I slumbered upon her knee. 'Till awake! awake, she said. Come wanderer come! She pulled at my hair. Come O! come, says she, and we'll wander

into forests where never man hath trod. Then burst forth a mighty sound ten thousand thunders strong, not the tread of a mighty army, not the voice of invention, but the apparent tread of mountains and the sound of earthquakes. The mountain cliffs really tremble and totter. Soon we approach, and lo, the river plunges head long over a mountain cliff. The face of the earth trembled. The water comes not as a steady volume, but in distinct and regular leaps. The waters have been hueing away upon the giant boulders and rock cliffs, till they have chisled out a great applan gateway. On either side stand the walls of ancient palaces. The wrecks of Egyptian Bastiles, and the traces of Israel's masonry.

This volume of water makes about six or eight separate leaps per minute. As it leaps forward the distance is so great that the water splits, ravel and fringes out, and then bursts and breaks, spreads out, turns to a snowy like mist and then falls apparently as easy and gentle as the snow shower. But yet it shades the mountains quite a distance, and roars above the sound of the loudest thunder. The bridal veil falls so thin that you can see the mountains behind it. The mist rising from the snow like waters forms about the top of this gateway and thus cut off the light of the sun, but the brightness and the lightness of the clear crystal bright waters gives a most excellent golden and silvery tinted light. This golden hue lightens and beautifies and brightens all the colors of the seven walls of the new Jerusalem that is here magnified beyond all expression, no pause for eye, no stopping place for the mind, precipice hurled on precipice, waterfall flanked by waterfall, precipices split, precipices broken, precipices baptised in precipices, and waterfalls triumphant as though the Niagara, the Yosemite, and the Rhine were here uttering themselves in one triumphant song of mountain and rock of precipice and waterfall, and the roar and splash of ten thousand white crystal waterfalls.

This beautiful snow white mist gently rises, encircles the hills and covers the trees with a silvery icy looking substance, and appears as the forest of solemnity. And the great mountains lay stretched out before me and the sun stood aloft like a great flaming altar. There where sea and sky and earth meet everything melts together in glowing colors. The woods sang, the mountains sang, the waters sang, and my heart sang too, all nature was a great holy church in which the mountains and the floating clouds were the pillows and beams, flowers and grass the velvet carpet and the holy heavens themselves lives the ventilated roof.

A Small Volcano.

Eighteen years ago Chief Quannah and his people pitched their camps on the west fork of Cash creek, hard by one of these spurs of the Wichita range in Indian Territory. In the night the whole band was roused by the screams and yells of the terrified sentinels and the surrounding country was lit up by a bright glare emanating from the mountain side. They fled without even gathering up their camp equipage. Many months after this event Quannah gathered his tribe and went back to investigate. They found smoke issuing from the side of the mountain. They imagined it to be the abode of the evil spirit, and approach it cautiously at first, but becoming emboldened as they proceeded, at length found themselves near enough to toss a rock into it. From this they set to work carrying stones as large as they could lift and threw them into its mouth with the purpose of filling it up. After some time they found no headway was gained by such proceeding, and they abandoned the attempt. The vent is oval shaped and is three feet long and 20 inches wide. It is still smoking, and at long and irregular intervals it sends forth a bluish-colored blaze, as if from a burning mine, so it has been decided to be a miniature volcano.—Galveston News.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute. CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

STATE NEWS.

Governor Holt has issued a requisition on the Governor of Virginia for Augustus Moore, who is wanted for murder, the crime having been committed in Person county.

In Sampson county Edward Lee went to the house of Burwell Dudley to pay a visit to the latter's daughter. Dudley became angry and ordered Lee to leave. A fight followed. Lee stabbed Dudley and the latter has died. Lee has fled.

James Sturdivant, a white man, who was found dead in his cornfield six miles south of Raleigh was not murdered by a negro as reported. The coroner finds that as he jumped out of a wagon in the field a pistol in his pocket was discharged, the ball entering the abdomen.

We have heard of such eggs before; but this is a true story. Mr. W. D. McNeill, of this county, possesses a hen which recently laid an egg of unusual size—a very big egg indeed—as big, nearly, as a goose egg. One side of this egg is corrugated; and, as plain as day—much plainer, for example, than the New York Herald's "fake," mongrel, so called composite picture of the winning Presidential candidate—there stand exposed on this wrinkled surface the initials "G. C." And G. C. it is, thou prophetic hen.—Fayetteville Observer.

A Negro Lynched in Granville County.

A special from Raleigh to the Wilmington Messenger of Wednesday says: On the night of September 30th in Granville Co. a young daughter of Reuben Overton, a white farmer, suddenly ran screaming from her room into that of her parents and informed them that a negro had sprung into her bed.

Reuben Barnett, who had been employed on the farm, was suspected and pursued. He was found in hiding. The girl identified him and then he made a full confession. He had broken into the house and crept into the girl's room. He was jailed at Oxford October 1st.

Early this morning when the jailor, who lives elsewhere, went to the jail he found that a heavy iron door had been broken, the locks inside broken, and that Barnett was missing. Almost at the same moment the discovery was made that Barnett's body was swinging from a limb of a tree in a few feet of a colored Baptist church. Yet no one in town had heard the noise made by forcing the jail door nor had the carrying of Barnett along a street bright with electric lights aroused the town's people. Barnett was 19 years old. It was not suspected that he would be lynched. The lynchers were from the country in Overton's neighborhood.