

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

Set Him on the Right Track.

They were having a flag raising in a township not more than half an hour's run from Detroit and an orator from this city went out to make the eagle scream for the assembled patriots. To the more youthful members it was the event of a lifetime, and their elders were scarcely less enthusiastic. There had been days of anxious waiting and preparation, the committee in charge were as busy as the whippers-in at a political convention, and the women, always the most fervent of patriotic citizens, had prepared a generous spread to be enjoyed after the more formal exercises.

When the orator mounted the rostrum he courted a motley assemblage and his lips twitched with a desire to smile as he noted a little fellow in the front seat, his feet bare, his red hair bristling, his eyes sparkling and his one suspender, over which there was neither coat nor vest, fastened with a wooden pin. It was plain that to him the proceedings were no less important than those by which Congress had decreed the liberation of Cuba.

"Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen," began the speaker, "what are we here for?"

The orator joined in the inevitable laugh, restrained a zealous citizen that was going to lead the small boy out by the ear, and from that time on condescended himself so religiously to the text that the youngster like to have unjoined himself in his enthusiastic applause.—Free Press.

Santiago de Cuba.

Girls smoke. No trolley cars. Forests of mahogany. No wild animals except dogs. Everybody takes a nap at noon.

Here is the highest land in Cuba. Lottery tickets on sale everywhere. Most of the houses are one-story buildings.

Santiago is the Spanish form for Saint James. Inhabitants 40,000 less than most Philadelphia wards. The belles plaster their faces with powdered egg shells.

The harbor of Nipe embraces 65 square miles of deep water. Copper mines have been worked since the seventeenth century.

Tobago Island was so called by Columbus from its fancied resemblance to the tobacco or inhaling tube of the aborigines. Our word tobacco is thence derived.

Fate has awarded a strangely incongruous fame to the peaceful little town of Santiago, which has been slumbering so long on the sunny southeastern coast of Cuba. The scene of the first encounter of the American troops with the soldiers of Spain is a spot of characteristic tropical beauty, with wooded hills surrounding the placid waters of the harbor, and a typically lazy village resting at the head of the bay.

Harper's Weekly has secured a charming photograph of a view of the town and harbor from one of the neighboring heights; a reproduction of this picture is an attractive feature of the issue of July 9.

THE HERALD and three-week New York World one year for \$1.65.

Our Ladrões.

The easiest of all the jobs we have thus far undertaken in the war with Spain has been the conquest of the Ladrone or Mariana Islands. There is humor in the story that when Capt. Glass, in the Charleston, bombarded the fort in the principal harbor, Gov. Don Juan Marino, who was ignorant of any war between the United States and Spain, "believing that a salute was being fired in his honor, sent a courteous regret that he was unable to respond, being out of powder." Be that as it may, it is said that the Charles ton only threw a baker's dozen of small shells from her secondary battery, hitting Fort Santa Cruz, but eliciting no response and showing that the place was abandoned. It remained only to land, take off the astonished Governor and the garrison of about three score as prisoners and steam away with them for Manila, leaving behind an American as Provisional Governor of the Ladrões, with a detachment of the Fourteenth Infantry to aid him, and our flag floating over the place.

The group of islands which we added to our domain in that brief and businesslike way, without shedding a drop of blood, is worth keeping. There are a score of them, but only a few inhabited, the total population being put at only 8,000. But the Ladrões are fertile, producing rice, corn, cotton, indigo, breadfruit, bananas, and coconuts, and are well wooded. Some of the islands are mountainous and they are plainly of volcanic origin.

The island which is of most consequence to us is Guahan, Guajan, or Guam, the southernmost and largest of the group, is about 13 1/2 degrees north latitude and 145 degrees longitude, having a contour of nearly a hundred miles. It is girt with reefs or shoals, but contains a good harbor, the one, in fact, which the Charleston took by surprise. The chief town is called Agaña, or rather San Ignacio de Agaña, and this is the capital of the group. The Governor, it appears, turned over to Capt. Glass, as the representative of the United States, not only the port, with his troops, supplies and munitions, but the whole island of Guam, and in addition the island of Agaña, and this is the capital of the group. The Governor, it appears, turned over to Capt. Glass, as the representative of the United States, not only the port, with his troops, supplies and munitions, but the whole island of Guam, and in addition the island of Agaña, and this is the capital of the group. The Governor, it appears, turned over to Capt. Glass, as the representative of the United States, not only the port, with his troops, supplies and munitions, but the whole island of Guam, and in addition the island of Agaña, and this is the capital of the group.

That flag is there to stay. We are little concerned yet with the commercial value, present or prospective, of this group, but it is an important foothold for us in the Pacific. Almost directly in line between Honouliuli and Manila, it will be used by us both during and after the present war. With the stirring events in the Antilles and Philippines, our seizure of the Ladrões has excited almost no attention in other countries, and very little even at home. But we shall make an important coaling station and port of call there. The ease with which we have acquired this foothold in the Pacific does not make it the less valuable. The Ladrões are our undisputed spoils of war.—N. Y. Sun.

Porto Rico.

Little yellow fever. One Protestant congregation. Tobacco equal to best Cuban leaf.

No railroad lines of importance. Spaniards control the commerce. Would make great summer resort. Population 814,000; 500,000 whites.

Porto means port; Rico, noble, etc.

In 1892 \$11,000,000 worth of coffee was exported. The President has appointed Senator Shelby M. Cullom, of Illinois; Senator John T. Morgan, of Alabama; Representative Robert R. Hitt, of Illinois; Sanford B. Dole, President of the Hawaiian Republic, and W. F. Frear, an ardent annexationist and judge of the Hawaiian Supreme Court, of Hawaii, to be Commissioners under the Hawaiian Annexation resolution.

UNCLE SAM'S NEW ISLANDS

Some of the Delights of Life in the Pacific.

THE FOLK LORE OF HAWAII.

Only think of it! Now we can indulge in the "climate of Paradise" without departing from the jurisdiction of our own President. Convivial gentlemen in future may substitute poi for cocktails or chew betelnut without losing their reputation as patriots.

And the glorious flora we've adopted! Even the city of Honolulu, the capital of Oahu, is scattered over miles of gardens, orange groves and forest trees. Annuals in Europe become perennials in these blessed isles, where the traveler's palm (just like our specimen in Horticultural Hall) stands ready to quench the thirst, and the banana flourisheth like the bay tree. The gigantic halapepe, with its pandanus-like foliage, is also ours.

HAWAIIAN LEGEND.

The natives think little of the way most of us have of accounting for the existence of these delightful islands, insisting rather that Maui fished them up with a hook from the place Maginy took. Pele is the goddess of volcanoes, and at times has been guilty of gross neglect of her duty. Odd, too, that she hasn't got the hang of them since the gods have existed since the "Time of Night." One of the duties of the priesthood, by the way, was to remember the legends of the gods. They also exercised evil spirits for a consideration. And, speaking of spirits, the earth, sea and sky used to swarm with them, until the poor native hardly dared set his foot down for fear of fracturing the spirit of an ancestor. Judging from an expurgated "folk lore" the Polynesians probably emigrated from Asia 500 years before Christ. During the deluge the ancestors took to canoes instead of the orthodox ark, but woman was made from a rib of the first man.

THE ORIGINAL NAME.

One is glad to know that their original name, Sandwien Islands, was given them, not because of the natives' cannibalistic tendencies, but rather because Lord Sandwich was the patron of their discoverer, Captain Cook, Cook, by the way, discovered them while sent on a voyage to observe the transit of Venus in 1778, so, of course, the Hula dancers came as a surprise to him. Something of a comedown, eh? The chief christened him and his sailors Haulis (white hogs), which wasn't so far off, in view of their subsequent actions, though the chief meant it as a compliment. However, there was a chance for improvement in the natives themselves, which they've embraced. Though above widow murder, patricide, and cannibalism, immorality, war and intemperance were harder to resist. The missionaries who took them in hand in 1820 found they'd already deserted their national gods.

A BAD PLACE FOR FISHERMEN.

If you move to the new part of our territory you must forego sweat fish stories, for though molluscs abound, the streams are destitute of fish. As for birds, though they've forty species, none of them sing. This will be awkward for masculine admirers who have been wont to compliment their songstress friends by saying: "Madame, you sing like a bird." It is the poor oo which has the two exquisite yellow feathers under its wings which have gone toward the making of royal robes. In the line of reptiles there are only three small lizards, and of the indigenous mammals only the bat and the mouse.

A good share of their money came from saadal wood, which

they sold to the Chinese at the rate of 133 1/2 pounds for ten dollars.

LIFE IN HONOLULU.

Those who have been and seen tell us that life in Honolulu is just what it is here (all modern conveniences), only they have the beautiful vegetation which makes the traveler long to return. We are worried about one thing, though. Will our new cousins, ex-subjects of poor Queen Lil, observe native etiquette in case of a national calamity? Would they, if, say, the President died, insist upon wailing, knocking out their front teeth, lacerating their bodies, burning their homes, dancing nude, and otherwise inconveniencing themselves? Timid people had best postpone a visit until they have adopted that sincerest form of flattery—imitation.—Philadelphia Record.

The Population of Manila.

It is difficult even to make an approximate estimate to-day of the numerical population of Manila, but it probably consists of from 270,000 to 300,000 souls. The largest proportion of these, excepting the natives themselves, is composed of Chinese and so-called Chinese natives, exceeding even that of the Spaniards. There is a large colony of Germans and Swiss, who, according to rumor, are mainly responsible for the present and recent uprisings, and also a handful of Scotch-Englishmen; not too small a handful, however, to maintain an "English club" in the suburbs and a "Tiffin club" down town. The saying goes in the far east that if an Englishman, a Spaniard and an American were left upon a desert island the first would organize a club, the second build a church, and the third start a newspaper.

Half a dozen Americans are all that remain in Manila, now in sad contrast to the "old days," when two great American business houses flourished only to go down almost together with a crash that was heard around the world. What is now the English club house was built by one of these great houses for its "junior men," and on its back veranda white—very white—men "lie off" on Sundays and holidays and watch the cocoanut rafts drift by from the "enchanted lake," and read six weeks' old papers and dream of New England pines and Scottish heathen thousand miles away.—Leslie's Monthly.

Gen. Scott Explained.

It is related by an Omaha man who was a Confederate captain during the civil war, that Lincoln was urged from the beginning of the war to take Richmond, but talking of taking Richmond and taking Richmond were two different matters. Gen. Scott, who was not retired until after several futile attempts had been made to take Richmond, was summoned before the President.

"I Ain't Yo' Auntie."

A young girl from the far south, who was making her first visit to Washington, was on the street alone, trying to find the house of a friend. Just then she met a middle-aged, very respectable-looking colored woman, well dressed but carrying a basket of clothes. The sight cheered her; colored people were always so kind to her down home, and she hurried to the woman and said, most sweetly: "Oh, auntie, I have lost my way. Won't you please tell me how to get to K street?" Instead of the expected "Yaas, indeed, chile," the colored woman glared at her, and said, in rasping tones, as she stalked glacially away: "I ain't yo' auntie, I see yo' ekal."—New York Sun.

Why not subscribe for THE SMITHFIELD HERALD?

The Fourth at Santiago.

New York Sun. Our guns upon the main Have thundered forth to Spain The ellet that her tyrannies must cease.

Shot and shells are flying, Gallant heroes dying— Cannon balls shall pave the way to peace.

Let them rip-rip-rip-rip! Let them zip-zip-zip-zip! Let them roar, let them rave, let them rattle!

Let them rip-rip-rip-rip! Let them zip-zip-zip-zip! Let them roar, let them rave, let them rattle!

Let them rip-rip-rip-rip! Let them zip-zip-zip-zip! Let them roar, let them rave, let them rattle!

Oh, sons of men, arise! Proclaim it to the skies That kings no more than peasantry shall be; For manhood's rights we stand Till gun on sea and land Shall thunder out that all the world is free.

Let them rip-rip-rip-rip! Let them zip-zip-zip-zip! Let them roar, let them rave, let them rattle!

Words That Will Be Historic

Although the present conflict with Spain is presumably still young, says the New York Telegram, it has added not a few phrases that seem destined to take their place beside Lawver's famed "Don't give up the ship," and Farragut's "Damn the torpedoes."

Captain Evans, the Iowa's bluff and impetuous commander, first caught the popular fancy, long before war was declared, by his picturesque promise to "make Spanish the court language of hell" if he were allowed to take the Indiana to Havana.

Then came Sigbee's quiet "suspend judgment" on top of the swift calamity of the Maine, and following that Lee's promise as he was leaving Havana that when he came back he would come at the head of an American army.

There is a terribly prophetic ring in that last, now that Lee is really at the head of an army corps and one that is to figure in the army of invasion. But the phrase that meant the most, that most clearly epitomized the fearless deliberateness of the man and summed up the calm reliance in efficient preparation, was Dewey's "You may fire, Gridley, when ready," as the two stood on the Olympia's bridge under the fire of the Spanish batteries. Reams of description and "character sketches" to satiety have added nothing to the insight that that simple phrase gives into the spirit and methods of the man.

Following this came the long search for Cervera's elusive squadron, and finally Commodore Schley's exultant and terribly prophetic words, as his ships blocked the way at Santiago: "I've caught them, and they'll never get home."

How they did not get home is too recent an addition to history to require even a reference here. It is enough to recall Lieutenant Commander Wainwright's words as he stood on the bridge of the Gloucester as the last of the Spanish ships went down, and remarked quietly: "The Maine is avenged."

In a different mood was Commodore Schley's cheery comment, called up to Captain Philip from the former's gig: "It was a nice fight, 'jack,' wasn't it?" Different again, and better, many will find, in the face of the Spanish tragedy and the miraculous escape of the American ships from injury, was Captain Philip's solemn comment as his battleship came out of the thick of the fight. "I want to make public acknowledgment here, that I believe in God, the Father Almighty."

Take Roberts' Tasteless Chill Tonic. It is guaranteed to cure or money refunded. Price 25 cents per bottle at Hood Bros.

HERO HOBSON.

He Tells the Story of the Sinking of the Merrimac.

Lieutenant Richard Pearson Hobson tells the startling story of the sinking of the Merrimac and his wondrous escape as follows:

"I did not miss the entrance to the harbor," he said, "as Ensign Powell, in the launch, supposed I headed east until I got my bearings, and then made for it, straight in. Then came the firing. It was grand, flashing out first from one side of the harbor and then the other from those big guns on the hills, the Vizcaya lying inside the harbor joining in."

"Troops from Santiago had rushed down when the news of the Merrimac's coming was telegraphed and soldiers lined the foot of the cliffs firing wildly across and killing each other with the cross fire. The Merrimac's steering gear broke as she got to Estrella Point. Only three of the torpedoes on her side exploded when I touched the button. A huge submarine mine caught her full amidship, hurling the water high in the air and tearing a great rent in the Merrimac's side."

"Her stern ran upon Estrella Point. Chiefly owing to the work done by the mine she began to sink slowly. At that time she was across the channel, but before she settled the tide drifted her around. We were all, lying on the deck. Shells and bullets whistled around us. Six-inch shells from the Vizcaya came tearing into the Merrimac and crashing into wood and iron and passing clear through, while the plunging shots from the fort broke through her decks."

"Not a man must move!" I said, "and it was only owing to the splendid discipline of the men that we were not all killed, as the shells rained over us and minutes became hours of suspense. The men's mouths grew parched, but we must lie there till daylight, I told them. Now and again one or the other of the men lying with his face glued to the deck and wondering whether the next shell would not come our way, would say, 'Hadn't we better drop off now, sir? But I said: 'Wait till daylight.'"

"It would have been impossible to get the catamaran anywhere but to the shore where the soldiers stood shooting and I hoped that by daylight we might be recognized and saved. The grand old Merrimac kept sinking. I wanted to go forward and see the damage done there where nearly all the fire was directed, but one man said that if I rose it would draw all the fire on the rest. So I lay motionless. It was splendid the way these men behaved. The fire of the soldiers, the batteries and the Vizcaya was awful. When the water came up on the Merrimac's deck, the catamaran floated amid the wreckage, but was still made fast to the boom and we caught hold of the edge and clung on, our hands being above water."

"One man thought we were safer right there; it was quite light, the firing ceased except that directed at the New York's launch, and I feared Ensign Powell and his men had been killed."

"A Spanish launch came toward the Merrimac. We agreed to capture her and run. Just as she came close the Spaniards saw us, and half a dozen marines jumped up and pointed their rifles at our heads."

"Is there any officer in that boat to receive a surrender of prisoners of war?" I shouted. An old man leaned out under the awning and waved his hands. It was Admiral Cervera. The marines lowered their rifles and we were helped into the launch.

"Then we were put in cells in Morro Castle. It was a grand sight a few days later to see the bombardment, the shells striking and bursting around El Morro. Then we were taken into Santiago. I had the court-martial room in the barracks. My men were kept prisoners in the hospital. From my window I could see the army moving and it was terrible to see those poor lads moving across the open and being shot down by the Spaniards in the rifle pits in front of me. Yesterday the Spaniards became as polite as could be. I knew something was coming and then I was exchanged."

An Idyll of the War Time.

The girl was a true heroine. The man in the case was a fair, average young patriot, the glitter on the brass of whose uniform, and the sheen of the pomp and panoply of war had begun to tarnish in the damp weather reports of the rainy season in Cuba.

There was really no reason for his going into the fight when there were thousands fairly stumbling over each other to take his place. He could much better remain at home, preserving his health so that when his beloved country needed strong new men to lead her to final victory he would be in perfect readiness to respond.

It was in such a light he looked upon the question, and hundreds and thousands of men and women are looking at it in exactly the same light. But not so the girl.

She had determined that any man who won her favor must do so in the forefront of battle. The only way to her heart lay through the field of her country's glory.

She came of fighting stock, and a long line of illustrious heroes stretched far back from her to the mystery of the history of beginnings.

There were battle axes and petards, arquebuses and catapults and armor and shields and swords and lances and scimitars and visors and battering rams and ironclads and rapid-firing guns and military tops and torpedoes and dum-dum bullets and breech loaders and all sorts of disagreeable and dangerous things jutting up all over her lineage like quills on the fretful porcupine, and she could not bear the thought of having the record stop with her.

The young man called to see her for the last time and say good by ere he went to the front, but he had not thought of her lineage.

It was possible for him to retire now with honor, and he felt that when the moment for the last good-by had arrived, her woman's heart would ascertify itself and she would not let him leave her side.

A brave man could not ask a woman to go this, but a brave man could make any sacrifice for the woman he loved, and who loved him.

The clock was on the stroke of 12 when he arose from the silken sofa where they had been communing with their infinite tenderness of lovers ever since the sun had sunk to purple rest among the amethystine clouds.

There were tears in her dark brown eyes as she gazed fondly on his stalwart figure, perhaps for the last time—tears of sorrow and tears of pride.

He opened his arms without speaking, and, like a tired bird to its nest, she fluttered to him and nestled her golden hair upon his bosom.

Like powerful hands of velvet steel, soft as spring time and unyielding as frozen winter, she felt those enfolding arms about her and was unspeakably happy in the knowledge that their protection was hers.



PRICE \$2.25—READ ON!

No. 6623, Brass Trimmed White Esmé Bedstead, made in 54, 58, 62 and 66 inch widths—length 75 inches. It has one-inch slats, two-inch brass rods and caps. This bed retails at from 6 to 8 dollars.

Buy of the maker and save the middleman's profits. Our Catalogue is mailed for the asking. Complete line of Furniture, Draperies, Crochery, Pictures, Mirrors, Stoves, Refrigerators, Baby Carriages, Lamps, Bedding, etc., are ready in these books. Our Lithographed Carpet Catalogue showing all goods in hand-painted colors is also free. If carpet samples are wanted mail us 10c in stamps. Drop a postal at once to the money order and remittance here that we pay freight this month on purchases of 5 or more. Large quantities, Posters and Signs manufactured to order.

Julius Hines & Son
BALTIMORE, MD.

Beaver Dam Notes.

Mr. Fred Cox spent last Sunday afternoon down in the Islands.

Miss Nora Stevens of Bentonville, was visiting friends and relatives in our section last week.

Mr. L. A. Thornton was down in the Bizzell section again last Sunday.

Mr. Charlie Grantham, accompanied by Miss Lottie Thornton, spent last Saturday night and Sunday in the Eureka section. That's right, Charlie, always be true to your promise.

Mr. John W. Sanderson, one of Sampson County's hustlers, paid us a flying visit a few days past.

Miss Lena Cox, one of our charming young ladies, was visiting relatives near Dudley last week.

Mr. Will Price gave us a short call Sunday. He was all alone—a miraculous event.

Mr. R. I. Thornton, one of our gallant young men, and Mr. W. E. Rose, of the Bizzell section, was visiting near Walters last Sunday.

Mr. Geo. Edwards and wife attended the funeral service of Mrs. Edwards' grandmother, Mrs. Peggy Price, at Bethany church last Monday afternoon. Mrs. Price was in her 90th year.

READER.

"I think DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is the finest preparation on the market for pills." So writes John C. Dunn, of Wheeling, W. Va. Try it and you will think the same. It also cures eczema and all skin diseases. J. W. Benson, J. R. Ledbetter, Hood Bros.

In the Philippines.

No brooms. No hats worn. Girls marry at 15. No knives nor forks. They sleep at midday. Horses are a curiosity. More women than men. Rice is the chief product. Cattle as small as goats. Manila enjoys electricity. Natives bathe thrice daily. Dewey had a rabbit's foot. The grasshopper is a delicacy. We buy half Manila's hemp. Laborers earn 10 cents a day. Coconuts oil is an illuminant. Manila was founded in 1571. Buffaloes are used for plowing.

Orchids command \$1000 apiece. Manila has 200,000 inhabitants. Annual cigar output, 140,000,000. Weyler was governor for four years. Belles smoke cigars and chew betels. Cigar factories employ 21,000 women. Cigarmakers earn \$6 to \$10 a month.

A yard of cloth is the robe of the poor. Macadamized streets; tin-roofed houses.

Our baby has been continually troubled with colic and cholera infantum since his birth, and all that we could do for him did not seem to give more than temporary relief, until we tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Since giving that remedy he has not been troubled. We want to give you this testimonial as an evidence of our gratitude, not that you need it to advertise your meritorious remedy.—G. M. Law, Keokuk, Iowa. For sale by Hood Bros., J. W. Benson.

Don't forget the 28th—Democratic Convention and opening tobacco sale.