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SMITHFIELD IS READY TO BOOM.

Its Tobacco Market Has Brilliant Future.

OLD TOWN HAS WAKED UP.

The Days of the Court House Council of State Have Given Place to Business, Commercial and Manufacturing Progress.

Staff Correspondence to News and Observer.

Smithfield, N. C., Aug. 2nd.—For years the spirit of Smithfield was like its location, satisfied with its isolated site as the town center of a prosperous community. The railroad, even, which went by at a comfortable distance, failed to fret the town. It was a typical county-site, contented with its big brick court house, set in its ample grove of trees, its few stores, its wide streets and the modest residences of a peaceful and unambitious people. Life in Smithfield up to within the last decade, must have had the raiment of a dream. There was no business to hurt, enough to support life, nothing save the sense of peace and stillness to attract. But it is not the beatitude of the simple life that draws new blood and awakens dormant energy; the magnet in America is restlessness. To-day the town of Smithfield, as it is physically perceived, is still restful; in the people who live there the nervous energy which for so long it eluded is everywhere manifest.

Time was when the court house square always called successfully with its green grass and its cooling shade to an old-time company of easy-going gentlemen who propped their chairs against the walls of the temple of justice, filled their long, reed pipes, blew the blue curls of meditation into the soft air and settled the fate of nations with the easy just and gentle satire which can only be found in those whose fate is pre-ordained to the ways of peace!

Now, the square is just as inviting, the trees whisper above the grass with as much of a lure as ever, but the council of State is missing. Some of the old members have passed away in the quest of the traditions by which they patterned their lives, leaving behind them memories which are restful to turn to. Others that were there recall the times with a smile that holds a regret along with its superiority. Young men who stood at a distance and listened, never thinking that they might never join the circle, feel old to remember it at all. For Smithfield has acutely realized itself to be of the world. It has no time for court house conclaves. Its people are doing and planning. Only, with a dignity such as marks old blood in the newest communities, the town looks its age, is reminiscent of the finer quality of the peace which it has left behind for the fever for results. The residence streets hold this old look, into which is creeping nevertheless the occasional monument to a new prosperity. The houses are mostly white splashes among green trees, wide-sprawling residences with green blinds and well-houses in the yards, moss-covered. But here and there residences rise which look like the fashionable suburbs of a city—cool, airy, in good taste, but "of the century." Satisfactory as this is, it is for a sigh. The times have passed.

The business streets strike the present day note more insistently. Where once a flop-eared mule dozed before the "general store" or the saddle horse champed his bit while his owner tarried to talk the news, there is the action, bustle, business of a modern town, which is already scheming to be a city. The stores have caught the notion of display. Their windows are decked. Their shelves show the latest wrinkles. Along the sidewalks people are in a hurry. In the stores the clerks are on the jump. Every-

body no longer knows everybody else, and one can mind his own business without feeling that he is thereby laying himself open to suspicion. At the same time, "there is a difference." This is no "railroad town." It proclaims itself to be a place with its own deep significance. It is busy but kindly.

Within comparatively few years, Smithfield has gone into the manufacturing business, with the Smithfield Cotton Mills, of which Mr. W. M. Sanders is president, and with Bating Mills, of which Mr. S. S. Holt is the head. Both these enterprises are remarkably successful, employ much labor, sprang from local capital. Another cotton mill is on the point of being organized by Smithfield stockholders, the site wanted having been purchased by gentlemen identified with the enterprise. The traveler, if he comes up the hill by conveyance from Selma, emerges from the fields to alight at a handsome brick hotel, the "Tuscarora Inn," which is modernly appointed and which has proven a success in spite of its accommodations, which critics declared at the start were too ambitious for the place. The main business street is thronged with busy retail establishments, dry goods, hardware and clothing stores and several drug establishments which would do credit to a city; among the last being the newly opened Hudson Drug Company, whose store is one of the most tastefully equipped in the State. Of wholesale establishments there are three large firms: W. M. Sanders, The Austin-Stephenson Company and the Smithfield Supply Company. These all do an immense business with the entire surrounding section, having ample capital and making a success proportionate to the magnitude of their business. Buggy companies and livery and sales stables also meet with much success. The business section of Smithfield shows the importance of the place as a center and indicates the fact that the commercial interests are meeting and profiting by the responsibility and the opportunity.

Just now, however, it seems that Smithfield is destined to become most important as a tobacco market. The section which surrounds it makes the leaf in quantity and of a quality unsurpassed. Like other towns, it has of course suffered from low prices for tobacco, but in a way, the depression in price has proved its best advertisement as a market. For the Smithfield market is known throughout the tobacco section as one of the best that has ever obtained, for prices. It has thus developed in adversity and is prepared to enjoy the prosperity which will come like a wave when tobacco again reaches a normal figure. This season in the tobacco business has started well, the first breaks having occurred on last Tuesday, with average prices of nine cents a pound and with fancy prices in many instances for the higher grades. Although the cultivation of tobacco has fallen off during the period of depression, Smithfield last season handled 4,000,000 pounds and will well exceed that record this year.

The two warehouses which handle the tobacco business are the Banner and the Farmers'. The former is owned and operated by Messrs. Skinner & Patterson, the latter by Boyette Brothers, natives of Johnston and residents of Smithfield. The tobacco business, touch and go as it is in character, when it succeeds acts like magic on a community. With high prices, tobacco money seems endless. It moves more rapidly than "money" of any other sort. What it touches it seems to electrify. Town after town in North Carolina has known the wonders of its genius. And, with this business, Smithfield is waiting, succeeding during hard years, waiting to do a generation's growth in a season when it comes the time to rub the golden lamp for which the leaf is sponsor. It is interesting to watch this old town, waked up and going ahead by sheer determination, gather-

ing momentum for the riches which tobacco holds over her head!

In that day, there will be more of the old, white, sprawling houses to go, and more and more of the modern residences such as have already been erected by Dr. L. D. Wharton, T. C. Jordan, W. L. Woodall, J. D. Underwood, and others, and the streets will lose something else of their old-world charm which must go because, after all, it is outworn. In the meantime the town works, grows and waits with industry.

But one old thing about Smithfield I hope will never go, and that is the Johnston Democratic convention. That is a survival which has lived to be a promise. It seems the ideal arrangement which men have been looking for always, of a really popular representation. Every man comes as his own nominee. He participates in the convention. If things don't go to suit him, he can vote against them. There is no suggestion of a gag-rule. If one has anything to say, he says it. Most of them have something to say, and say it, if their fellow citizens will let them. The risk of silence there is one of the incidents of a Democratic condition, where the majority sits in the saddle with its wrist holding the curb. Therefore, though the convention looks cumbersome, it gets along famously. Speech is permitted only when it is worth something. The way in which the Johnston delegates rode over oratory yesterday was a breath from the green woods to a man who has been listening too many years to set speeches. The convention is an outpouring of all the people. What it does is bound to be satisfactory. It does just what it likes and as suddenly as it likes. The nomination of Mr. Jones for the Legislature was accomplished on impulse, after three ballots had been taken without his name being in nomination. Mr. Jones came down to Smithfield to be one of two thousand or more delegates. He went back home the representative of the people. He was the most surprised man in the crowd, which had not thought of him in connection with the place five minutes before they voted for him. There you have Democracy. You can't "slate" a whole people, make them grist for a machine, or vote them for anybody because somebody else wants him. The Johnston county convention is something which does not obtain elsewhere. Significantly, it will be recalled that Johnston sat tight and refused to fly into fidgets when Marion Butler was ascendant. What use to fret was there for her? She named the men from herself anyway, without dictation and by a convention which was superior in its independence to control.

However much Smithfield may grow let it be hoped it will never become so large as to put the convention habit behind it.

R. L. GRAY.

Blanchard-Duffy.

The following invitation has been received by friends here: "The pleasure of your company is requested at the marriage of Mrs. Hervey Biddle Duffy nee Juliet Anne Core to Rev. Charles Wayland Blanchard on the afternoon of Wednesday, the fifteenth of August, nineteen hundred and six at four o'clock Twenty-eight Pollock street Newbern, North Carolina."

A Mystery Solved.

"How to keep off periodic attacks of biliousness and habitual constipation was a mystery that Dr. King's New Discovery solved for me," writes John N. Pleasant, of Magnolia, Ind. The only pills that are guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction to everybody or money refunded. Only 25c. at Hood Bros' drug store.

Ball's Mason jars preserve. Cotter-Stevens Co.

THREE LYNCHED AT SALISBURY.

Lyerly Murderers Strung Up and Shot.

OFFICERS PLEADED IN VAIN.

Mob of Three Thousand Stormed Jail at Salisbury Monday Night and Wreaked Vengeance on Three Negroes—Two Bystanders Shot.

Charlotte, N. C., August 6.—A mob of three thousand determined men, shortly before 11 o'clock to-night, forcibly entered Rowan county jail at Salisbury, removed therefrom three of the six negroes charged with the murder of the Lyerly family, at Barber Junction, July 13th, and lynched them. Nease and John Gillespie and Jack Dillingham, supposed to be the principals in that crime, were the victims of mob's vengeance. The remaining negroes, Henry Lee, Geo. Ervin and Bella Dillingham, were not molested, and later to-night officers hurried them to Greensboro.

The mob began gathering at sundown. Mayor Boyden promptly ordered the saloons closed, and with other prominent citizens, United States Senator Overman, Judge Long who was holding the special term of court to try the negroes, and Solicitor Hammer, stood on the jail steps and addressed the crowd, which at that time numbered two thousand. There were howls and cat calls from the mob, but for a time there was no move. The mob lacked a leader.

While citizens were appealing to the mob two men slipped through the crowd and were entering the jail with hammers. They were discovered and arrested. The mob continued yelling, but there was still no concerted move. About 9 o'clock Mayor Boyden called upon the local military company, the Rowan Rifles, for aid. They assembled quickly, but were supplied only with blank cartridges, having no orders to shoot to kill. Fireman McLendon, of Charlotte, a Southern railway employe, was shot in the stomach by a bullet said to have been fired by a member of the mob. He was fatally wounded. Will Troutman, a negro drayman, was also seriously shot at about the same time. Both are said to have been accidental, occasioned by shots fired by members of the mob with the evident intention of frightening citizens.

At 10 o'clock there was a stir in the mob. It was augmented by fully 500 men, who came, it is said, from Whitney, where the Whitney Reduction Company is developing the Yadkin Water Power. It was but soon afterwards a crowd of fifty, forming a sort of flying wedge, made a break for the jail doors, overpowered the officers and effected an entrance. The great crowd outside surged in behind the leaders and in a few moments the leaders emerged from the door with their victims.

The negroes were quietly marched northward toward Spencer, but a halt was made at Henderson's ball grounds at the edge of the city. There the negroes were given time to confess the crime. John Gillespie wept piteously and begged for his life.

Tiring of its efforts to secure statements from the negroes the ropes were brought forward and adjusted and three were strung up to the limbs of one tree and with howls and curses the crowd riddled the dangling bodies with bullets. By 12:30 o'clock it was all over and half an hour later nothing remained of the immense throng that had packed the streets but a few groups of men discussing the lynching.

A farmers institute was held here yesterday as per program published in THE HERALD. A full account of it will be given next week.

OVER 300 LIVES LOST AT SEA.

Italian Ship Siro With 800 on Board Goes Down Off Coast of Spain.

Cartagena, Spain, August 6.—A terrible marine disaster occurred Sunday evening off Cape Palos. The Italian steamship Siro, from Genoa for Barcelona, Cadiz, Montevideo and Buenos Aires, with about 800 persons on board was wrecked off Harnigas Island.

Three hundred emigrants, most of them Italians and Spaniards, were drowned.

The Bishop of San Pedro, Brazil, was lost, and it is reported that another bishop is among the missing.

The remainder of the passengers and the officers and crew got away in the ship's boats or were rescued by means of boats sent to them from the shore.

A number of fishermen who made attempts to rescue were drowned.

The Siro struck a rocky reef, known as Bajos Harnigas, and sank soon after, stern first. Harnigas Island lies about two and a half miles to the eastward of Cape Palos.

The captain declared the steamer had 545 passengers on board and the crew numbered 127 men. The Siro had 171 passengers when leaving Genoa, but additional Spanish passengers were taken on board at Barcelona, where the vessel touched a few hours before the disaster.

The disaster occurred at five o'clock Sunday afternoon. The vessel began to settle rapidly immediately after she had struck and a terrible scene of confusion and panic ensued on board. The fishermen along the coast sought to render every assistance in their power and went out with boats which brought many survivors ashore. Most of the officers and crew of the Siro are among the saved.

Miss Woodall Entertains.

Wednesday evening, August 2nd, Miss Dora Woodall entertained a few of her friends and relatives at her home near Smithfield. Although her guests were unexpected she made it very pleasant for them.

Cream, cake, and melons were served abundantly and after satisfying the inner man with good things the young people gathered in the parlor where Mrs. John K. Sanders sang and played several old time ballads, such as "Annie Laurie," "Old Oaken Bucket," "Mocking Bird," and others. Then Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Woodall and Mr. Barnes joined her and sang some of the best old hymns that the writer has had the pleasure of hearing for quite awhile. Uncle Jim and Aunt Bet joined in the fun and did all they could to make all present enjoy themselves. As the midnight hour was drawing near we returned to the dining room and tried to finish up all the goodies, as we were not satisfied to let anything spoil. But to our sorrow it proved too much for us. As the clock was striking twelve we bade Miss Dora good night, thanking her for the pains she had taken to give us a good time. Miss Woodall has been a student of King's Business College for the past year. She will return to Raleigh where she goes to fill a very promising position. We wish her much success in her new work.

J. W. B.

Galveston's Sea Wall

makes life now as safe in that city as in the higher uplands. E. W. Goodloe, who resides on Dutton Street, in Waco, Texas, needs no sea wall for safety. He writes: "I have used Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption the past five years and it keeps me well and safe. Before that time I had a cough which for years had been growing worse. Now it's gone." Cures chronic Coughs, La Grippe, Group, Whooping Cough and prevents Pneumonia. Pleasant to take. Every bottle guaranteed at Hood Bros' drug store. Price 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

HOW OUR SENATOR MUST DRESS.

Sheriff Powell Gives His Views of the Convention—Sanders Chapel Personals.

The biggest thing of all—the great two thousand delegated Democratic convention in Smithfield on the 1st. The previously reported mutterings of discontent, broke into the grandest enthusiastic, electrical, Democratic storm that ever swept the habitation of the children of men. Like the great comet of 1860 that threatened to drag its tail on the earth and sizzle us into a pan of cracklings, it was only a periodical combination of astronomical and mundane non-understandable wonder. We have nominated our candidates and handed them the Democratic banner, and they are all blue ben's chickens. They will scratch away the leaves and we will all have a dance and open the "Jack pot" with a "full hand." The cider and wine muddle will be amicably settled, our amended "Fee bill," and increased school fund assured. We cannot turn Johnston over to the Scalawag Carpetbagger Vultures who reconstructed us and put that infernal "Canby Constitution" on us by sending our votes to Charleston to be counted. We are the same old wood-birds pecking on a limb. We will go "half hammered" and have a regular "hoe down" on election day and forever and eternally scotch old Johnston in the Democratic party.

Every nominee is O. K. Our Senator must rig up a variegated wardrobe. For Johnston, any old clothes, a horny hand, have a (per) Simmons record and a "skint" eye.

Sampson needs see him in a hard hat with quart marks, low quartered shoes that show "zebo" legs through drop-stitched socks, stand tiptoed with a huckleberry stick, recommend bob tailed dogs and know a "big blue" when he sees it. Harnett will expect a wire-grass hat, cow-leather home-made copperas and soot-dressed shoes, tied with "shoe ends" or rawhide squirrel strings, a home-made Jeans Jim Swinger with gourd buttons, a plaid muffler and doubled string of chinquapins around his neck, praise Flora McDonald, eulogize Charles, the Pretender, Swear mutton hash seasoned with pennyroyal, superior to Yarborough House service, never alludes to a doodle and keep that same skint eye.

Miss Sarah Whitley, of Jacksonville, Fla., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Whitley. She is a little tanned, but her averdupois shows climatic and ration(al) surroundings. Dr. R. D. Holt, of the U. S. Hospital service at the Cherokee reservation, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Holt.

Mrs. Jessie Seale, of Ehren, Fla., is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Sheriff Powell.

Miss Rossie Hardee, of Clayton, is visiting her friend, Mrs. James Chesnut, at Ex Sheriff Powell's.

Mrs. Maude Chestnut and Bettie Matthews, of Sampson, are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Powell. We don't know how many grand-children there are but they are making Rome howl.

When Mr. E. H. Woodall goes to church or Sunday School, now, he walks so uprightly that he "sorter" leans back a little. There is a big pumpkin in his garden, and an eleven pound boy on his mind.

C. S. P.

The End of the World

of troubles that robbed E. H. Wolfe, of Bear Grove, Ia., of all usefulness, came when he began taking Electric Bitters. He writes: "Two years ago Kidney trouble caused me great suffering, which I would never have survived had I not taken Electric Bitters. They also cured me of General Debility." Sure cure for all Stomach, Liver and Kidney complaints, Blood diseases, Headache, Dizziness and Weakness or bodily decline. Price 50c. Guaranteed by Hood Bros' drug store.