

## Professor and Dead Letter.

By Nellie Cravey Gillmore.

Copyrighted, 1907, by P. C. Eastment.

Belinda's introduction to the new professor was a distinctly unceremonious one. Tripping lightly across the mud-sogged pavement, she suddenly caught one foot in a tangled heap of wire—flung down from the telephone and telegraph lines by the ravaging hand of a recent hurricane—and stumbled precipitately into the arms of a blond giant, who supported her valorously till she had blushing recovered her poise.

"Thanks, awfully," she said. "You have doubtless saved my life."  
"Your frock, more likely," he replied, lifting his hat. "I am no end glad it happened along at the propitious moment."

Belinda returned him a little combination smile and nod as she lifted her dainty, crisp skirts and pursued her way cautiously across the slippery street.

Hardman restrained his eagerness until a reasonably safe length of time had elapsed before turning to look around. He had gained the opposite sidewalk by this time, and his glance back at the girl betrayed instantly to the casual pedestrians that the professor had been abruptly shaken from his phlegmatic attitude of mind.

Belinda turned into Oak street all unconscious of the scrutiny that followed her, and Hardman continued his way in a tumult of chaotic reflections. He reached his hotel in a state of mind that was quite impossible. The very first look into the girl's face had thrilled him startlingly. The accidental contact of her delicate form against his had finished the job. He told himself that it was a case of love at first sight. So much for the explosion of his lifelong theories! Then a perfect regiment of doubts and fears assailed him. Perhaps after all she was not a girl, but a married woman.

The professor ate his dinner in silence. Afterward he went to his room and for some inexplicable reason exchanged his dark suit for one of lighter and more becoming texture. He brushed his hair painstakingly, placed a soft gray alpaca hat on his head and sauntered forth in quest of fresh air. It was almost dark before he returned, disappointed and oddly depressed. He eschewed supper altogether and went back to his room for a solitary cigar and meditation.

Meanwhile Belinda had reached home, put on a pair of dry boots and settled herself for a quiet afternoon. School would open on Monday, and she would not have many more afternoons to lounge, as they would be given over to outdoor recreation after the trying hours of the morning. The town clock, striking 6, aroused her. She tore up the last letter, old love letters they were, and tossed the bits into the grate. Then she made a careful toilet and went downstairs to dinner. Teddy Everett was coming over that evening, she recollected, but for the first time in many months the prospect of a visit from that individual gave her no particular pleasure.

Sunday morning she selected her most becoming gown and hat. It was a perfect day, and her satisfaction was almost complete. She created the usual stir as she walked up the aisle of the village church and took her seat near the front. Less than five minutes afterward the professor came in and sat down in the pew opposite. He had been waiting outside half the morning, unobserved, but alert. After service Belinda gave him a fleeting smile of recognition and for some reason that was new to her turned and hurried home as fast as her pretty patent leather covered feet could carry her.

When school opened the following day, the first person she encountered on entering the faculty hall was the new professor. She blushed to her ears and tried valiantly to retain her scholarly demeanor, but the dogged crimson showed persistently through the tanned cheeks, and her eyes were puzzled.

Hardman made no effort to conceal his gratification, or, if he did, he was not at all successful. The rest of the teachers looked on in good natured amusement. None of them were old maids.

In a month the acquaintance grew to intimacy. In two it became a serious proposition. After three the only thing lacking were the words and the ring.

The professor had at last made up his mind to propose. He had meant to restrain his ardor till the close of the term, but when it became manifest that the adorable little instructor of grade No. 4 reciprocated his affectional prudence was thrown to the winds. He sat in his study pondering. Suddenly he got to work disposing of his reports in short, but thorough, order. He made a point of never slighting his duties for anything. Then he drew forth a square envelope and sheet of white paper to match. This seemed to him the most direct and final way of settling matters between them. Belinda was a coquette, there was no getting around that fact, even in one's most generous moments, and Hardman was determined to corner her completely. He composed his lines carefully; they were inspirational. And now that he had broken the ice at last he meant to carry things to a rapid finish. The professor was nothing if not businesslike. He fished in a drawer and pulled out a teacher's resignation blank. This he put in a separate envelope and directed both to the dearest girl in the world.

The following morning the postman's shrill whistle brought Belinda herself to the door. She took the mail and

glanced through it hastily, rivers of scarlet flowing over her cheeks as she recognized Hardman's familiar back-hand. She tore open the envelope eagerly and scanned the contents with whitening face. The paper fell from her fingers, and she leaped limply against the banister rail. So she was asked, in the briefest possible way, to resign, and she had dared to dream—she had been so sure—she had been such a fool! She smothered the sob in her throat and in quick scorn of herself dashed the hot tears from her eyes. Then she pulled herself together sharply and went upstairs. With trembling fingers she filled out the blank and directed it to the board.

Drab weeks followed. Every effort the professor made to gain an audience with Belinda failed. He had mortified and insulted her indignantly, and she would see that he got no more chances to repeat the indignity. As to Hardman, he was on the rack. Fool-like, he reflected, he had rushed in and frightened her away with his maudlin, importunate lovetaking, and thus lost her for good. But perhaps, after all, it was not for him that she cared, but the other fellow! What a dolt he had been to presume upon the affection of a matchless creature like that! Life grew to be a bitter struggle to him, and he began all at once to look his thirty-five years.

It was in May, almost the close of school. The day was warm and oppressive, and a lazy breeze was blowing. The professor made his way in absent weariness toward the school-house, stopping on the way to get his mail from the postoffice. There were several circulars in his box and his breath stopped—a communication from the dead letter office. He broke the seal anxiously, an intuitive knowledge of what it contained making his heart thump thickly. Sure enough: "Miss Belinda Maxwell, Greenville, Colo."

And this was Alabama! Unadorned, blue labeled carelessness and stupidity! If living in a place five years could make one responsible for an idiotic blunder of this sort, what else had he not done? He walked out of the postoffice in a daze. All was clear enough now. She had never received his letter at all, only that wretched, confounded blank! No wonder she had frozen the very air about him—no wonder! Out in the open air, he quickened his footsteps. It was already 8:20, only ten minutes before the opening of school, but he turned directly into Oak street and forgot that he had ever been such a thing as principal of the Greenville High school.

In the distance he caught sight of a familiar blue tailor made gown. He doubled his pace and was quite up with Belinda before she realized his nearness. To her haughty glance, her cool drawing away from him, Hardman paid no attention whatever, but thrust the letter into her hands in a determined, masterful way which she could not resist.

Hypnotized, she opened it and read the lines through, the crimson moving in her cheeks:  
My Darling—I want you to give up teaching and let me do it for both. I am not mistaken in thinking that you will come to me? Just a line, giving me the right to speak, and I shall attempt to tell you in a different way, in a thousand different ways, how much I worship you. Most earnestly.  
R. W. H.

Belinda caught her breath in something between a sob and a laugh as she lifted her eyes shyly to his keen, appealing, apologizing and at last commanding glance.  
The professor was tardy, very tardy, that morning, but he gave his excuse of a headache glibly and mendaciously and dismissed pupils and teachers for a holiday.  
This he spent with Belinda.

England's National Color.

Why red should have been selected as the national color becomes intelligible when we look at the cross of St. George. Sir Walter Scott, when he wrote of how "their own sea bath whelmed those red cross powers," was merely anticipating the phrase of today. But Oliver Cromwell, when for the first time he put the English soldier in a red coat, probably did as much as St. George to monopolize red as the national color. The aggressive color has, however, many meanings and has lent itself to many uses. In the days of the Romans when it flared on the head of a slave it stood for freedom; in the days of the French revolution it stood for freedom backed by blows, while in the streets of the city today the red cross stands for succor. So far back as the reign of Henry II. there was a red book of the exchequer, a record of the names of all who held lands "per baroniam," and at this moment persons of consequence in the service of the state find their names entered in a red book.—London Chronicle.

Curious Marriage Customs.  
Wedding customs in Servia, that little kingdom in Europe, are curious indeed from an American standpoint. For instance, neither the bride nor the bridegroom is the most important figure in a Servian wedding, but the best man takes the leading part. He carefully guards the bride all the day before the wedding takes place, and sleeps outside her chamber the night before the girl is to be married. He wears a big stiff sash made of heavy silk, carries a big white staff and a huge bouquet all for himself. There are no bridesmaids, but two godfathers, each of whom presents to the bride a silk dress. After the priest has performed the ceremony the best man takes the bride around the church and she kisses all her girl friends goodbye and is finally carried off to the bridegroom, who at last gets his wife from the hands of the best man. Then the happy couple return to their intended home. Bridal tours are foreign to Servian ideas and only the very rich or the nobility indulge in them.

Death in Bentonsville.

A few days ago Mr. D. A. Jackson died at his home in Bentonsville township, leaving a wife and two children. He was in his 29th year. He was a consistent member of Pauline Baptist church. Three or four days before his death he called his friends to his bedside, said he must die and that he was prepared to go. He then gave some instructions about his business and about his burial. He said he loved the church and every member of it. He then put out his hand and said "I want to shake hands with you as a brother, you have been good to me."  
He was buried at the church he loved and served so well. Nov. 24th. J.

Death in Bentonsville.

A few days ago Mr. D. A. Jackson died at his home in Bentonsville township, leaving a wife and two children. He was in his 29th year. He was a consistent member of Pauline Baptist church. Three or four days before his death he called his friends to his bedside, said he must die and that he was prepared to go. He then gave some instructions about his business and about his burial. He said he loved the church and every member of it. He then put out his hand and said "I want to shake hands with you as a brother, you have been good to me."  
He was buried at the church he loved and served so well. Nov. 24th. J.

## TWO MINUTE SKETCHES

Benjamin Franklin.

By J. A. EDGERTON.



He went without lunches to have more time to read.

TO improve his style as a writer Benjamin Franklin as a boy read passages from Addison's Spectator, then two or three days later tried to reproduce them. He was careful not to memorize the language, but only fixed the thought in his mind, then by comparing his own language with the original was enabled to discover the defects in his style.

To improve his conduct Franklin made out a list of the cardinal virtues, then marked down any infraction of them during each day. He also adopted early in life a set of simple rules for his guidance.

In youth Franklin happened to read Xenophon's description of the Socratic method, and it made a lasting impression on his mind. He decided to drop the dogmatic way of making statements and to follow the plan of the wise old Athenian. To this habit of asking questions and making suggestive and tentative statements rather than being self assertive and positive Franklin ascribed much of his later success as a writer and diplomat.

He ran away from Boston while a mere stripling, yet before he left he had read every book on which he could lay his hands. He even went without his lunches with the twofold object of having more time in which to read and of having more money to spend for books.

Franklin's first notable success was with "Poor Richard's Almanac," the quaint and wise sayings in which attained immediate and worldwide popularity and were translated into almost every known tongue.

In Franklin's electrical experiments, especially the famous one with the kite, he endangered his life, yet so intent was he on discovering the truth that he seemed utterly indifferent to personal peril.

Franklin's moral courage was shown nowhere more than in his treatment of his illegitimate son, William. He took the boy to live in his own home and introduced him everywhere as his son, both in America and Europe.

Officers Capture Distillery in Johnston County.

Revenue officers W. G. Pool and K. W. Merritt returned to the city yesterday afternoon and report the capture of a distillery near Four Oaks in Johnston county. Within three miles of Smithfield they found where a large distillery had been in operation, but the still had just been moved, however the officers destroyed the fourteen fermenters, five buckets and some malt. Some of the fermenters would have held 200 gallons. The officers said that the signs in the woods and old fields around indicated that it was one of the largest blockade distilleries ever located in the woods in Johnston. There were no crevices either place when the officers arrived.—Raleigh Times, Saturday.

A tickling cough, from any cause, is quickly stopped by Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. And it is also thoroughly harmless and safe, that Dr. Shoop tells mothers everywhere to give it without hesitation even to very young babes. The wholesome green leaves and tender stems of a lung-healing mountainous shrub, furnish the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. It calms the cough, and heals the sore and sensitive bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Simply a resinous plant extract, that helps to heal aching lungs. The Spaniards call this shrub which the Doctor uses "The Sacred Herb." Demand Dr. Shoop's. Take no other. Hood Bros.

Death in Bentonsville.

A few days ago Mr. D. A. Jackson died at his home in Bentonsville township, leaving a wife and two children. He was in his 29th year. He was a consistent member of Pauline Baptist church. Three or four days before his death he called his friends to his bedside, said he must die and that he was prepared to go. He then gave some instructions about his business and about his burial. He said he loved the church and every member of it. He then put out his hand and said "I want to shake hands with you as a brother, you have been good to me."  
He was buried at the church he loved and served so well. Nov. 24th. J.

## Vinol

Our delicious Cod Liver preparation without oil. Better than old-fashioned cod liver oil and emulsions to restore health for Old people, delicate children, weak run-down persons, and after sickness, colds, coughs, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles.

Try it on our guarantee. HOOD BROS.

NOTICE!

On the 11th of Dec. 1907 I will sell at public auction at my residence at the J. Ben Howell farm the following property:

Two mules, 6 and 13 yrs old, one iron axle cart, one mowing machine, one Cutaway harrow, all farming implements, corn, fodder, peas, etc. Terms cash. LEVI EDWARDS. This Nov. 12, 1907.

JERSEY BULL FOR SALE.

I have a fine three year old Jersey bull for sale. His father and mother were both registered Jersey. He weighs about eleven hundred pounds and can be bought for fifty dollars. Come quick if you want him. W. B. PENNY, Clayton, N. C.

FOR SALE.

We have for sale 150 acres of cotton, corn and tobacco land, about 65 acres cleared. Fairly good dwelling with three tenant houses. 6 miles South of Four Oaks. Terms easy. See Louis Rayner at his home near Joseph Lee's, or Jas. A. Welions at Smithfield.

FOR SALE.

Two sows and seven pigs each, one nice half Jersey heifer, forty barrels corn, four stacks fodder, three thousand pounds hay, one top buggy and harness nearly new, one dump cart, one horse wagon with tongue and shafts, one stalk cutter and other farm implements. Unless sold privately before, the above will be sold at public auction on Monday, December 16th, beginning at 11 o'clock.

W. R. PATE,

at the Gibson Peterson place.

AUCTION SALE OF LAND.

I will sell at public auction, at the court house door, in the town of Smithfield, on Monday Dec. 2, 1907, at 12 o'clock, the land in Meadow township known as part of the N. T. Morgan land, containing 58 1/2 acres. Parties wanting any information can see me at any time at my shop at Smithfield, N. C. A. H. PHELPS.

NOTICE.

I will offer for sale at Clayton, N. C., the personal property of J. E. Page deceased, on Wednesday December 18th, 1907, to wit: All the tools and fixtures in the wood repair shop, all the tools in the blacksmith shop, the planing mill including all the wood-working machines, boiler, engine, saws, etc., as it stands with privilege of leasing the land it is on, one 25 horse power Erie boiler, all the rough and dressed lumber on the yard, two hearses, two wagons, six buggies, a lot of harness, farm implements, potatoes, a fine lot of Simpkins improved cotton seed etc.

For terms apply to E. R. Gulley, Adm. of J. E. Page, deceased. Clayton, N. C., Oct. 26, 1907.

## Booker's Blacksmith Shop

Opened Wednesday morning, September 11, in the rear of Smithfield Supply Co's Store Will do Wood and Blacksmith work and run a General Repair shop.

Horseshoeing A Specialty

Come to see us. We will treat you right.

O. V. & J. E. Booker, Smithfield, N. C.

## We Are Thankful

FOR MANY BLESSINGS; PROMINENT AMONG them, the FACT that you HAVE INTRUSTED us with PART of YOUR PATRONAGE. We hope TO MERIT A CONTINUANCE OF SAME

## White Star Company

"Goods of Quality"

## Do You Trade at Selma?

If you trade at Selma it will pay you to see us. We keep a first-class line of Clothing, Hats, Shoes and Gents Furnishing Goods. Our goods are for men and boys only. By carrying a stock like that we are much better prepared to serve you in our line. Mr. Thad Woodard is with us this season and will be glad to serve any who may call to see him. Don't fail to see our goods and prices before you buy.

## Vick-Smith Company

SELMA, N. C.

## Up-to-date Hardware

Do not forget that we keep an up-to-date Hardware store. Come and you will find what you want. Hardware for the farmer, the house keeper, the carpenter, and if a man hunts or fishes occasionally we can supply him also.



## Clayton Hardware Co., C. W. CARTER, Prop. & Clayton, N. C.

## THE JOHN A. MCKAY MFG. COMPANY

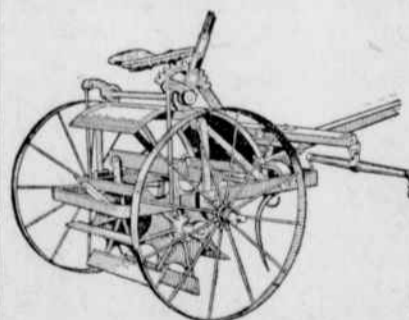
Dunn, N. C.

Founders and Machinists

Mill Supplies and General Machinery

Manufacturers of the "McK." Sulky Stalk Cutter which is sold in Johnston county by W. M. Sanders, Smithfield; Farmers Merc. Co., Selma; Clayton Hardware Co., Clayton; W. B. Oliver & Son, Pine Level; The Adams Co., Four Oaks; Wall Hdw. & Fur. Co., Benson.

The Jno. A. McKay Mfg. Co., Dunn, N. C.



## IF INTERESTED TALK WITH JAS. H. KIRKMAN, SR.,

About Fire Insurance

Being the oldest experienced agent in the county and representing the oldest Companies in the world, he knows his business. And that knowledge is at your command without cost, and probably for your benefit. His insurance rates are right, and his policies are safe and sound—the kind you ought to have. See him at

Smithfield Hardware Company's Store.

He will write your Insurance as low as any and lower than a good many.

Roof Paints for shingles or tin, at H. Watson & Bro., Kenly, N. C.

Leave your orders for Engraved Visiting Cards at THE HERALD office.

NOTICE TO MAGISTRATES.

All Magistrates are requested to send in their papers for court so that I may arrange my docket. W. S. STEVENS, C. S. C.