

The Smithfield Herald

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BEATY & LASSITER,
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THE BIGGERS CASE.

Last week in Mecklenburg Superior court Will Biggers was acquitted of the murder of J. G. Hood on the streets of Charlotte several months ago. To one at this distance the crime was a most horrible one and the culprit should suffer, at least imprisonment to the extreme limit. As it is the murderer goes scot free, being acquitted on the ground of insanity. There are too many people going insane and murdering their fellowman, to become sane as soon as the trial is over. So far as we know Biggers had never been called insane until that morning when he shot down his fellowman on one of the principal streets of Charlotte, without giving Hood a chance to defend himself. It may be true that Hood had wronged Biggers but that did not justify him in going insane and slaying his fellowman. He has killed his man, plead insanity, been acquitted and turned loose upon society. There is a weak place in the law some where when a man can walk down the street and kill another and then get clear because he plead insanity at the time the deed was committed. Homicide in North Carolina is on the increase, and will continue to grow until murderers are punished commensurate with the crime.

FAMILY QUARRELS.

The killing of Mr. Frank Crawford a short while ago shows one of the results of family quarrels. When he and his wife had their first dispute neither of them supposed, we think, that it would lead to so fatal an end. But it must be remembered that one characteristic of evil is that it grows. It is a pity there ever should be such a thing as a family quarrel. The man who does his duty at his work is entitled to peace when he goes to his home. The woman who has to contend with the work and care of the household should not be called on to endure hard words from her husband. Of all places in the world the home should be one of peace and love. If a man must quarrel he should go as far as possible from home to have the fuss. Let it be understood that the home is the place of peace and pleasure for the husband and wife, the brother and sister. When the family assembles in the home let cares and troubles be laid aside as much as possible. Our homes are the bulwarks of our great civilization but they cannot continue to be if family quarrels interfere. In the home as well as elsewhere, we have to make compromises sometimes. Parents are commanded not to provoke even their children to wrath. It seems that some men feel like their wives are compelled to take insults from them and for this reason they say hard things which they would not say to any person else. Certainly a man should have more respect for the feelings of his wife than for other people, but this is not always the case. The man who is kind and helpful to the meanest people around him and is abusing and inconsiderate toward wife is not worthy of a wife. In some States where the laws are different when such conditions arise women enter suits for divorce and get a separation, but that is bad too. We need not expect good citizens from homes where many quarrels occur. Parents should live in peace for the sake of their children if for no other reason. It is a very bad showing for any family when the members fail to get along with each other. Unkind words will be regretted after death has made a victim, if not before. Let kindness and love reign in the home.

GEORGIA HAS NEW GOVERNOR.

The man who is in has a great advantage over the man who is out. While this is true it will not do for the "in" man to throw away his opportunities, unless he wants to be numbered with the "outs." Three years ago Hoke Smith won the governorship of Georgia by an unprecedented majority in the three-cornered primary fight. He assumed the governor's office two years ago with no other thought than that he would succeed himself. But among his first official acts was that of removing Joe Brown as Railroad Commissioner. This made Brown and his friends mad. Then and there Brown determined to defeat Hoke Smith for Governor of Georgia at the next primary. He began his fight in a quiet but earnest way. He never made a speech, nor resorted to any spectacular methods. When the primary was held, to the great surprise of Governor Smith and his friends, Joe Brown had won by a great majority.

Last Saturday Brown was inaugurated Governor without any of the pomp and show so often displayed on such occasions. He arrived at Atlanta from his home, Marietta, 25 miles away, by train, when the people were expecting him by trolley. He walked to the Capitol almost unobserved, with the manuscript of his inaugural address under his arm. His assuming the office of Governor of a great State was characterized with the utmost simplicity. May his administration be characterized with the same degree of quietude and unostentation.

Gigantic Trees.

Our farm lies along the east side of the Wabash river; the old Wabash and Erie canal run through it. About 5 feet from the east bank of the canal stood a sycamore tree—the canal boatman gave it the name of the "Giant of the Wabash," saying that along the whole course of the river, from Evansville to Ft. Wayne, no such tree could be found. At the ground the tree measured 63 feet in circumference. At the height of 15 feet it measured 55 feet. The tree was hollow, having a shell all around it about five feet thick. On the west side of the tree there was an opening 10 feet high and 6 feet wide. The hollow extended up the body fully 20 feet. With a 10 foot rail on the shoulder one could enter this hollow and turn around without the rail touching any part of the shell.

We put a door on the lower part of the opening, and in severe weather sheltered hogs or calves in this hollow for several years.

The tree had a heavy top and in 1870 the winds made the tree dangerous to stock, so we concluded to fell the tree. But how? The matter was left to the writer to determine. The rotten wood inside was as dry as tinder. We removed the door and applied fire to this. Having no outlet above the door top the fire burned slowly but created intense heat within. Our imagination applied it to -ades as a fitting counterpart. It burned for several days and when the fire ceased to burn, the shell was reduced to a thickness of three feet.

Beginning on the south side of the opening we chopped fully half way round the shell before the massive tree came down. In 1875 a high flood on the Wabash carried the last of its body down the river.

On the opposite side of the canal and in a line with the sycamore and about 250 feet from the canal stood a large black walnut tree. For about 25 feet the body was clear. It branched into three branches, each of them fully as large as ordinary trees. The tree stood so nearly on a plumb that when the workmen had sawed it entirely thru (using a number of wedges) it still stood poised on the wedges. It stood thus for several days until a strong southwest wind caused it to fall.

The diameter of the stump was six feet. The first log was cut 10 feet in length, and the small end of this log was 5½ feet in diameter. The second log was sawed 12 feet long and its smaller end measured 5 feet in diameter.

The three branches made six 10-ft. logs. My father sold the tree to a dealer for \$5. That tree today would bring nearer \$500 than \$5; but in those days we burned walnut timber in log heaps. Being too large for us to handle it was sold, the buyer removing the tree.

He afterwards reported that he got from the tree nearly 9,000 feet of lumber.—Indiana Farmer.

COTTER-STEVENS CO sells the best tobacco twine.

The Country Paper.

Amid the piles of papers,
That swamp my desk each day
And drive me weak with clipping
And filling stuff away,
Comes once a week—on Thursday—
The quaint old four page sheet
That's printed up in Pelham,
A drowsy county seat.
You see, 'twas up in Pelham
That first I saw the light,
And—well, my heart grows softer
And I feel my eyes shine bright;
Right reverent my touch is,
It spreads the columns wide,
The patented inside.
Ah, here it is: "The County,"
And "Jottings," "Local News"—
You learn who's traded horses
And who have rented pews;
It tells about the schoolhouse
Where we used to sit and dream,
A-watching dust specks dancing
In the sunlight's shifty beam.
The study names of boyhood
Come tumbling through our thought
Of Tom and Brick and Patsey—
How we loved and how we fought.
The friends when years grow graver,
Called now beyond our ken,
In the type-lines of the paper
They live and speak again.
Oh, toilers in life's workshops,
Are not those dream-mists sweet,
Which memory cast about us
When past and present meet?
And so, I love that paper
From the village in the hills
For the old life that it wakens,
For the weariness it stills.
—Nathaniel S. Olds, in Rochester Post-Herald.

The Beautiful.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was not far wrong when he said, though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not. There are those who carry the beautiful with them. And they find beauty everywhere. Green fields look gay to them; clouds are propitious, and sunshine is joyous to them. Each day brings some new pleasure, and no night is without its solace and comfort.

When the charity relief workers go among the poor and needy of Boston and find somewhere a taste and care for the beautiful, they know that all hope is not gone out of the life. Even a potted plant on the window, a withered flower on the table, has carried immediate help to many a home in that city, because where there is yet a sense for the beautiful there is a soul worth saving, and possible to be saved. The one object of beauty yet held in esteem shows what one would do if one could.

Robert Browning was rightly weighing life when he said that it was not what man does which exalts him, but what man would do. What we strive for lifts us up, elevates, edifies, exalts. Reaching out for the beautiful, striving to create it round about us, see it, feel and realize it, that brings us to find beauty everywhere, and to have in our hearts the beautiful, and to shine, as beautiful souls, to those round about us.—Christian Sun.

COTTER-STEVENS CO sells the best tobacco twine.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Bank of Pine Level, at Pine Level in the State of North Carolina, at the close of Business June 23rd, 1909.

Resources.	
Loans and discounts.....	\$11,983.95
Overdrafts secured and unsecured	963.82
Banking houses, furniture and fixtures.....	1,963.00
Due from Banks and bankers	5,242.58
Gold coin.....	705.00
Silver coin, including all minor coin currency.....	363.83
National bank notes and other U. S. notes.....	650.00
Total	\$21,872.18

Liabilities.	
Capital stock.....	\$5,000.00
Undivided profits, less current expenses and taxes..	400.09
Notes and bills rediscounted	3,500.00
Time Certificates of deposit	3,137.60
Deposits subject to check	9,794.59
Cashier's checks outstanding..	7.90
Accrued interest due depositors	32.00
Total	\$21,872.18

State of North Carolina, County of Johnston, ss:

I, D. B. Oliver, president of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

D. B. OLIVER, President.
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 30th day of June, 1909.

R. L. FITZGERALD, N. P.
Correct Attest:

J. R. OLIVER,
G. TAYLOR,
B. GODWIN,
Directors.

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FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—One small second-hand iron safe of the Barnes make. Good as new. Lock and combination in perfect condition. Just the thing for small merchant or farmer. If interested write or call at our store and examine same. ROSE & CO., Benson, N. C.

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Beaty & Lassiter,

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