

# SMITHFIELD HERALD.

State Library

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**MONEY TO LEND!**  
Come to see me at  
**PEACOCK'S OLD STAND,**  
opposite FULLER'S STABLE, and examine my stock of

**Dry Goods,**  
**Hardware,**  
**Hats, Boots,**  
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**STAPLE and Fancy GROCERIES.**  
I keep on hand water-ground bolted meal, HAXALL'S. Also  
**PATAPSCO**  
AND ORANGE GROVE FLOUR.  
**UPPER AND SOLE LEATHER.**  
Prime Timothy Hay, Seed and Feed Cuts, Wheat Bran and Corn, Harvey's Three Lard. The best grades of Sugars, Coffees and Meats.

I offer to the planters G. Ober & Sons Ammoniated Guano, and the Raleigh Guano Co's Ammoniated Guano, Kainit and Acid Phosphate. A pair of good young Hamilton Mare for sale.  
**Wm. M. Sanders.**  
Jan. 26th, 1886.

**THE CLAYTON BUD!**  
Is one of the best and cheapest weekly Newspapers in North Carolina, and every citizen in Johnston County should subscribe for **THE BUD.** Price \$1.00 per year. Send for a sample copy.  
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## A Drunkard's Lament.

*Atlanta Constitution.*  
I mourn the hours wasted  
Mid revel and wine,  
And all the bitter memories  
That now around me shine,  
Of hopes, and ruined fortunes,  
I've squandered long ago,  
Of friends who have forsaken  
In this my day of woe.  
  
Alas where are the voices  
That used to greet me then?  
And where the boon companions  
Who led me on to sin,  
Some lie in grave dishonored  
A few are living yet,  
The bright star of whose being  
Like mine, forever set.  
  
The tumult of carousals,  
The lewd and leering stare,  
Are present with me ever,  
Like spectres of despair,  
The blood of noble spirits  
Is now upon my head  
For many youths of promise  
I into ruin led.  
  
My good and praying mother  
Long sank beneath the load,  
These bitter recollections—  
Would God, they were not so!  
  
My gentle wife, that loved me,  
Alas, where is she now,  
Her sashes are reposing  
Where weeping willows bow.  
My base and cruel treatment  
Soon drove her to despair,  
Her tender heart was broken,  
By grief it could not bear.  
  
My little angel Agnes,  
Is sleeping by her side  
For there was none to nurse her  
When her loving mother died.  
  
In age alas! forsaken  
By God as well as man—  
No human heart can love me,  
In human if it can.  
The horrifying shadows  
Of a wrecked and ruined past  
Stalks before me in the sunlight—  
Rides on the nightly blast.  
  
Oh! "soul-destroying poison"  
I'm wholly now thy slave,  
And have no other hope—than  
To fill a drunkard's grave.

## Proceedings of the Steep-Hill Farmers Association.

Johnston County N. C., Feb. 6th 1886.  
The Steep-Hill Branch Farmers Association met February 6th 1886, which was well represented by its members.  
Minutes of the previous session read and approved, after which the following subjects were ably discussed, by N. H. Gibbs, cultivator of cane, L. W. Mangum, growing and curing of tobacco; N. H. Lucas, raising of small grain, and Isaac Wheeler on extortions, and time prices.  
This Association was organized November 1885, and since that time great good has been accomplished. And we earnestly solicit the co-operation of the farmers of the county and State, in trying to raise to a higher standard of cultures, and promoting the general good of our country. This Association meets on Saturday evening before the first Sunday in each month.  
Isaac Wheeler, Pres.  
L. M. Ryals, Sec. Protem.

## Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, 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 T. R. Hood & Co.  
  
Specy Paralytic from the "Wilson Mirror."  
While fences do not walk they sometimes have a swinging gate.  
An evening is usually gloomy, when it wears the dismal close of a sombre day.  
Brandy blossoms bloomed beautifully on the face during the cold weather.  
The ship in which we find the greatest comfort and highest delight is good fellowship.  
Before marriage she was dear, and he was treasure; but after marriage she was dearer and he was treasurer.  
The worst of imps is imp-ecuniosity.  
Marriage is no uneven game. It is a tie.  
Real true merit is like a river: the deeper it is the less noise it makes. We don't make a bit of fuss.  
We hear a good deal about the "rage for speculation," but the rage generally comes after the speculation.  
A lady asked a gentleman how old he was. He answered: "My age is what you do in everything!" (XL).  
The most stupid gal in Europe is Portugal.  
The best thing out is an aching tooth.  
The fire of vanity is fed by the fuel of flattery.

## GOOD BILL ARP.

### EXPLAINING HIS SEPARATION FROM HIS WIFE.

Returning Home With His Sick Boy, the Car Containing the Invalid Son and His Mother is Detached and the Husband is Left Behind. A Trip Way Cross Georgia, Etc., Etc.

*Atlanta Constitution.*  
It is home where the heart is, and we are all happy now. Here is the big old family room and the spacious fireplace is crowded with the big back logs, and the front logs and the top logs, and the cheerful genial blaze leaps out at every opening and makes us all sit back in the family circle. I sit near the good old window and look out upon the same pleasing prospect of fields and distant hills and am comforted. The dogs are in the family ring and the canaries are singing in their cage, and the malsese cat is purring in Jess's lap. There is a lively chattering of happy voices all around me, for the long spell is broken and the broken family almost united. I say almost, for the sick boy and his mother are in town at his sister's, and these children have not yet seen them. It was too cold to bring him five miles over a frozen road, and so I came out alone to give them pleasure in broken doses. I hoped to surprise them and peep in at the window, but they were on the look out down the road, and have nearly looked a hole through the window pane in anxious expectation. With a scream and a shout they all came flying down the hill to meet me, and such a time as we all had, hugging and kissing and dancing around with joy. They loaded me down, and I could hardly wag along for their embraces. I don't believe that folks are any happier in heaven, and I don't know that I wish to be.  
We left Sanford last Tuesday, took the boy on a cot over the long wharf that stretches away out into the lake and put him aboard the beautiful steamer, the City of Jacksonville. We sat him down in an easy chair and when the wharf bell was rung, we bade a sweet good by to kindred and friends and soon the engines were unloosed and the big wheels turned and the boat moved down the lake with quivering throbs. The anxious mother watched her boy with watery eyes as he looked out greedily upon the bright waters and feasted his eyes once more upon scenes outside of a sick chamber. The boy has no use of his lower limbs and has to be carried in arms from place to place and it was no small trouble to get him through narrow doors and up and down the stairs and into the cars, but next morning we got him safely on a sleeper at Jacksonville, and then breathed easier, for it was he less transfer until we got to Macon.  
Waycross. I see Waycross now. I expect to see Waycross in visions by day and in dreams by night for years to come. I have memories of Waycross. I like Waycross, for it is a bright and pleasant town, and has good hotels and pleasant homes, and is kept lively with moving trains, but I had an awful time at Waycross. Our train stopped there and had to wait for a train on another road, they said, and I got out with other passengers and walked the broad platform, but keeping an eye upon our sleeper and within easy reach of it. There were two sleepers behind ours that belonged to the train, and so I meandered along down to where a newsboy was selling Savannah morning papers. I gave him a quarter and was quietly waiting for the change when suddenly I heard a darkey say: "Savannah is just a slippin' and a slidin' off." I looked around instantly to see what he meant and sure enough she was already a hundred yards away moving like snake over the ground and getting faster with every moment. The two rear sleepers had been cut off and I did not know it. I will never forget the concentrated misery of that moment when I realized that my wife and helpless boy were gone and I was left. My heart sank down, my voice left me and all my phyllos was gone. I grew weak and faintish and sat down on a bench to collect myself and consider the awful situation. What will they do? When will they find out that I am not somewhere on the train? The boy will soon want me, I know, and his mother will send the porter to hunt me up. The conductor will soon call for our fare, and I have the passes, and my wife no money. By and by she will learn that I am not on the train, and then, ah! then. I could see the tears in her eyes and the quivering lips, and the nervous restlessness of the boy, and there was no help. Arousing myself, I hurried to the telegraph that was clicking near by and asked hurriedly for a dispatch to be sent to Jessup so that the operators there might tell the conductor or my wife that I was safe, and would overtake them at Macon. My anxiety was intense, but I got no sympathy. The youth said all right, and I waited for the assurance from the operator at Jessup that he would attend to it. I

called three times for an answer from him but got none. When for the third time I asked and almost begged for him to ask for a reply, he said with uncivil indifference: "I have got no time, sir. I am busy." Well, he was very busy—smoking a cigar and chatting with a friend. He was not at the instrument. A gentleman near by noted the incivility and told me I had better go up to the Western Union if I wanted attention. This was news to me, for I had thought all the time that this was the Western Union, but suddenly found that it was only a railroad office. I had paid him for a dispatch to Mr. Brown, of Macon, that called for an answer and two hours had passed and none had come. So I went to the Western Union and repeated to Mr. Brown and soon had a reply that he would meet my wife and boy and take care of them. Her desolation and distress was complete when she learned that I was missing—nobody called on her or the conductor at Jessup. The train rolled on and passed Eastman before her fears began, and from there to Macon she imagined I had fallen from the platform or in some way had met my death, and when at last she reached Macon and Mr. Brown came in the sleeper and told her I was all right she and the boy both cried with joy. The Brown house gave them a kind welcome and every attention. They had a good night's rest and were only aroused by a vigorous knock at the door at four o'clock next morning. That was me. The poet says:  
"One glorious hour of crowded life  
Is worth an age without a name."  
And just so we can sometimes live longer and live more in a minute than at any other time in a month. I didn't blame her for slipping off and leaving me and she didn't blame me for stopping at Waycross, but now that the long agony is over we can smile at our mutual woes and fears. My kind and considerate has not told it on me but fourteen times up to this date, and I don't expect to hear of it any longer than I live. She gently hinted yesterday that she didn't suppose that I would ever mention Waycross in my Sunday letter for it was most too personal and was not of a character to interest the public. So you perceive I have taken the hint and told it all just as it was. As General Lee said at the battle of Gettysburg: "It was all my fault. It was all my fault."  
I shall stop off no more trains to buy a paper, and I now warn all travellers to stand by the car, the wife is in and not go fooling down the line. Dick Hargis hollers "All aboard" like a fog horn when his train is ready to move and you can hear him a quarter of a mile, but Dick can't run all the trains and so ever and anon some poor fellow like me is bound to be left.  
Farewell, Waycross. I found some pleasant friends there before I left, and they comforted me, especially the host of the Grand Central, who was an old Gwinnett boy, and we revived many recollections of our youthful days. But still when I think of Waycross, it is with feelings somewhat like those we have when we visit an old-time battlefield, where we fought, bled and died for liberty.

## Good Results in Every Case.

D. A. Bradford, wholesale paper dealer of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes, that he was seriously afflicted with a severe cold that settled on his lungs; had tried many remedies without benefit. Being induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, did so and was entirely cured by use of a few bottles. Since which time he has used it in his family for all Coughs and Colds with best results. This is the experience of thousands whose lives have been saved by this Wonderful Discovery. Trial Bottle free at drug store.

## A Love Letter.

The following is an exact copy of a love letter recently received by one of Johnston's damsels from her adorer:  
"mi dear young friend it is with great pleasure that i seat mi self to write you these few lines an hope they may be gladly Received but great sorroy has been brought on me for you no god has taken away from me mi dear darling wife as he has taken away all mi pleasures in this world.  
now i want some good nice women like you to join mi hand an hart an then mi pleasures will be restored for a good woman is the sweetest flourer that bloomn upon the earth an you are the one mi heart is blooming for. now mi young friend i am speaking very plain to you but you must not think hard of it for i want you to give me your attention for a lital an answer mi question which i am going to ask you kindly  
now i expect to marry again an you are mi first choice and i offer you the first opportunity now will you Received it if you will then present you love to me an i

## An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well."  
Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c. per box by all druggists.

## ENSILAGE-SILOS.

As Cheap Beef and as fine Butter and Milk as can be produced in the United States.  
Progressive Farmer.  
Many are now inquiring in this grand old State of ours, what change can be made to make agriculture pay. Cotton, in the sections best adapted to its growth does not pay; neither does the making of grain, nor the improved grasses. Where the land is adapted to the growth of tobacco, and where all the requirements of its production and curing have been carried out fully, it has been found profitable in a small way, but the difficulties in the way of accomplishing this are so many and great, requiring so much time and trouble, that the probabilities are that only a comparatively small portion of our farmers can be successful in making this important crop.

With these facts fully established, the question arises, what can we raise that will relieve us from the difficulties under which we are laboring, and that has the possibility of getting us out of our troubles?  
I maintain that the stock and dairy business, with the assistance of the silo and ensilage, will meet all the requirements. I insist, and to a certain extent have demonstrated, that by using only the food plants for our stock, natural to the South, without attempting to bring to our aid clover or any of the improved grasses, we can make as fine quality of beef and butter here, and at as low cost, as in any portion of the United States. This, of course, is an advanced position for a farmer in the State of North Carolina, to take; of this, I am fully aware; yet I stand prepared to make the assertion good, and any other farmer can do the same.

And now how to do it: I commenced with a thoroughbred Jersey bull of good butter strain to cross on good native stock. In this way I have obtained good grades, which I have been able to sell at from fifty to seventy-five dollars each when two or three years old, or when they drop the first calf. This calf, if a bull, is worth \$20. if a heifer, \$50. If the grades are nearer up to the pure blood, say 1/2 to 3/4 Jersey, there is a corresponding increase both in the quantity and quality of butter, as well as increase in the selling value. If money can be spared to purchase thoroughbred heifers in the beginning, the profits will be much greater, both from butter yields, and the value of young stock, as thoroughbred Jersey heifers from one to two years old, are worth from one to three hundred dollars, and will sell readily at that price.

To feed this stock well is simple and inexpensive by means of the silo. I have written several articles, giving descriptions of silos, so that it is probably unnecessary

to speak here. The plant for insilage is our field or cow pea (the best I have found for that purpose, being the Whip-poor-will variety). These I plant after wheat—first breaking up the land, then running the rows three feet apart. Then put eight to twelve peas in each hill, about twenty inches apart. After they are three or four inches high, side up with a cotton plow, and if the ground becomes grassy, side up a second time, going over with a hoe and cutting out the largest weeds and grass. No other cultivation is necessary. From four to eight tons of pea vines are made on each acre, making the ensilage cost (including two dollars' worth of manure per acre) from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per ton.

These vines may be put in the silo just as they come from the field, without being cut in a cutter, without injury to the ensilage. From these vines I make the finest quality of ensilage, and also the most inexpensive. This, however, does not average more than one dollar and a half a ton, and two tons of this is worth more, in feeding value than one ton of the best hay. I would ask: Is there any portion of the United States where good hay can be bought for \$3.00 per ton? Then why can we not raise butter and beef as cheaply as any other section?

My cheap made ensilage is from corn stalks cut after the corn is sufficiently mature to gather without injury. I let the ear remain on the stalk a few days later than when we consider the fodder is ripe enough to gather. At this time the grain is well glazed. Then pull the cars from the stalks and throw in small heaps convenient to haul to the barn. Then cut down the stalks at the ground, blades on them, haul and pack in silo, as closely as possible, taking care to have them fit closely to each other, avoiding vacant places and inequalities. Mix in pea vines if need be to fill up. When full cover the whole with inch boards, laid lengthwise the silo: Then put common earth or sand 18 inches deep. This answers the double purpose of excluding the air and weighing the silo, and will be sure to preserve the ensilage. An acre that will make four barrels of corn will make four tons of ensilage, or a ton ensilage to every barrel of corn. To save the stalks and fodder in this way is less expensive than to pull and save in the usual manner, while the ensilage is worth ten times as much as the fodder. Ensilage made in this manner, does not cost \$1.00 per ton, giving a large feeding capacity (the stalks) which would otherwise be lost. These stalks and fodder make excellent food, of which for the past three years I have fed horses, mules and cows over three hundred tons, and from which I have seen no bad effects.

North Carolina, in the tenth census, is put down as making 28,000,000 bushels of corn. One ton of ensilage to five bushels corn would give 5,600,000 tons. Reduce the quantity to 2,800,000 tons which will equal 2,200,000 tons of hay, and we see what an enormous quantity of stock food is thrown away. I consider corn stalks valueless, left on the ground as manure. The same census gives the State 94,000 tons of hay—showing that the corn stalks thus utilized will give over ten times as much of stock food as the entire production of hay.

Now suppose the farmers of North Carolina would make say two tons of pea vine ensilage to the acre after wheat—a very low estimate, but this would give 1,000,000 tons, and 1,200,000 tons of corn ensilage. Can any other conclusion be arrived at than that we can feed stock and raise milk and butter as cheaply as any portion of the country.

## The Original Mugwump.

There are few personal and political feuds of longer standing or of intenser bitterness than that which exists between the Hon. James G. Blaine and the Hon. Eben F. Pillsbury. The two men hate each other cordially. For many years Pillsbury was the brains of the opposition in Maine politics. Smart, shrewd, energetic, full of resources, unflinching in his antagonism to Blaine, he has done more, probably, to make life unpleasant for the Republican chieftain than any other individual in the country.  
The appearance of Blaine's two lieutenants, Senator Hale and Senator Frye, before the Committee on Finance to oppose the confirmation of Mr. Pillsbury as Collector of Internal Revenue for the Boston district, recalls the interesting fact that Pillsbury is the original Mugwump.  
It may be news to Pillsbury's children and grandchildren in Mugwumpery that they owe to his tireless investigations into the secret history of Blaine's public career most of the campaign material used eighteen months ago to convince the voters of Blaine's unfitness to be President. Such is the case. If the cardinal point of the Mugwump faith is distrust of the Hon. James G. Blaine's personal integrity, if

success in thwarting Blaine's schemes is the measure of Mugwump eminence. Hon. Eben F. Pillsbury can claim to be the earliest as well as the greatest of the Mugwumps.

That explains the effort which Mr. Blaine's next friends in the Senate are making to prevent Pillsbury's confirmation. It does not explain, however, the assistance which they are receiving from the Independent Republican newspapers. Instead of libelling Pillsbury, the Mugwump enemies of Blaine ought to praise him and rally to his support. He has done more than any dozen of them to reform the civil service by keeping Blaine out of the White House.

The present Collector of Internal Revenue in the Third District of Massachusetts ought to be confirmed. He is a thorough Democrat, he knows his business and attends to it, and he is an honest and honorable man.—N Y Sun.

## The New Substitute for Lard.

The Housekeeper for February has the first of a series of articles on the use of "cotton seed oil" (which is usually sold as olive oil) as a substitute for lard, which is always unwholesome and sometimes a rank source of disease. The discovery of a vegetable oil equally good for culinary purposes, and equally cheap, will be a godsend to housekeepers. Besides this new lead, this number of the Housekeeper is packed full of good practicable common sense on all home matters. Send for a specimen copy to Buckeye Pub. Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

## PLOWS.

LOW FOR CASH.

- The No. 2, \$2.50.
- " 35, 2.00.
- " 45, 2.25.
- " Dixie, 3.50.
- " I. X. L, 3.00.
- " Boss, 3.00.
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A Full Line of Wards Plows at Factory Prices.  
A big lot of Collars, Harness, Tracer, Plow Lines, Back-bands, Hame-strings, Axes, Hoes, Bush-hooks, Etc. Etc.

## 600 COTTON HOES ON THE ROAD,

and a full and complete stock of Shovels, Rakes and Forks.  
Call and see us.  
E. J. & J. S. HOLT,  
Smithfield, N. C.  
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Mrs. Sallie J. Batty, for exchange only, 74 Kearney street, Newark N. J.

## VALUABLE LAND FOR SALE.

I have for sale a small farm near Smithfield, containing 70 acres, 10 acres cleared, the balance in original growth.  
For further particulars apply at the HERALD office, or see me at my residence on Railroad street.  
W. L. RILEY.

NOTICE By virtue of the authority contained in certain mortgage deeds, executed to me on the 24th day of January, 1882, and 17th of June, 1885, by R. M. Barber and wife Mary A. L. F., and duly registered in the Register's office of Johnston county in books "H" and "R," No. 4, pages 18, 14 and 346 347, I shall sell at public auction, for cash at the court house door in the town of Smithfield, on the 1st day of March, 1886, certain tracts of land in Elevation township, Johnson county, adjoining the lands of T. H. Barber, J. N. Barber, Leroy Byrd and others, containing 242 acres, and fully described in said mortgages. This 20th day of January, 1886.  
J. W. VICK,  
J. H. ABELL, Atty Mortgagee.

## Valuable Town Property

For Sale.  
SITUATED ON THIRD STREET.  
I will sell privately, at a bargain, a valuable lot 62x90, on the western side of Third street in the town of Smithfield, privately owned by Mary A. L. F., and fully described in said mortgages. Terms to suit purchaser. Apply to  
H. J. SMITH,  
Smithfield, N. C.