

THE SMITHFIELD HERALD.

VOLUME 5.

SMITHFIELD, JOHNSTON COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA, FEBRUARY 19, 1887.

NUMBER 36.

"CAROLINA CAROLINA, HEAVEN'S BLESSINGS ATTEND HER."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. | NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FRANK THORNTON

A GRAND MARKED-DOWN SALE!
Amounting to more than a Quarter of a Million Dollars

FOR YEARS PAST IT HAS BEEN MY CUSTOM TO HAVE A GREAT CLEARING SALE prior to my annual inventory. Owing to bad weather and other reasons, the announcement of the beginning of this GREAT REDUCTION in prices has been delayed until now.

—COMMENCING—
JANUARY, 13 '87.
This Offering will Continue
UNTIL FEBRUARY 1, 1887.

The object of this reduction in prices is not to work off old goods, but simply to reduce stock. This may be considered an
EXTRAORDINARY SALE,
From the fact that it includes ZIEGLER BROS' SHOES and other lines of goods that have never before been offered at less than regular prices.

To begin: I make the following prices in

BLACK DRESS SILKS.

- 8 pieces at 49 cents per yard, former price 75.
- 9 pieces at 62 cents per yard, former price 85.
- 11 pieces at 82 cents per yard, former price 95.
- 7 pieces at \$1.05 per yard, former price \$1.25.
- 3 pieces Black Silk Rhadame reduced from \$1.40 to \$1.10.
- 4 pieces Black Silk Tricotine reduced from \$1.75 to \$1.25.
- 3 pieces Black Satin Duchess reduced from \$1.85 to \$1.43.

COLORED DRESS SILKS.

In these goods I show a full line in Solid Colors, Striped, Checked and Brocades, and will sell them at a price that you will be willing to pay. Call and see them.

ALL-WOOL DRESS GOODS.

In this department it will be impossible to give prices of anything like the entire stock, but to give you an idea of how cheap I am offering these goods I will mention: All-wool Tricots 40 inches wide, 42 cents; regular price 60 cents. All-wool Tricots, 54 inches wide, 80 cents; regular price \$1.00. Oriental Silk—something new this season, and a goods that can be worn all the year round, 32 cents; worth 50 cents.

I consider it only necessary to say that the entire stock of Dress Goods including Black Cashmere, Silk Warp, Henrietta Cloths, Camels Hair Cloth, Diagonals, Satin Berbers, Serges, Crape Cloth and all the low priced Dress Goods will be sold at prices reduced in proportion to those I have mentioned.

FLANNELS.

227 pieces White Flannel from 8 cents to the best, 122 pieces Red Flannel, including the very best Medicated Twilled, 16 pieces Gray Twilled Flannel. You may never have another such opportunity of supplying yourself with these goods.

BLANKETS.

The largest assortment ever shown in the State, and while these goods are worth a premium I have marked them down to correspond in price with the balance of the stock.

CARPETS.

A superb line of over 200 pieces in all grades, prices reduced to figures that will astonish you.

LADIES, WRAPS.

A good assortment of New Markets, Short Wraps and Jackets with the price taken off.

UNDER WEAR

The assortment in both quality and sizes has been kept up through the season in this department and I can supply any demand and at the same reduction in prices as in other lines of goods.

HAMBURG EDGING AND LACES.

I have more of these goods than I want. Come and select what you want and I will make a price to suit you.

CORSETS.

A complete line of the best Corsets, in both American and French makes. Prices reduced.

Hosiery.

In this department the stock is complete in all lines. Ladies', Misses', Children's, Men's and Boys'. Prices low.

Ready-Made Clothing.

This sweeping reduction in prices takes in my entire stock of Ready-Made Clothing includes the

CELEBRATED PEARL SHIRT.

NOTHING IS EXCEPTED. THE WHOLE STOCK GOES.

SAMPLES AND ORDERS.

Our facilities in this line of dealing are unsurpassed. Orders by mail and requests for samples have attention the same day they are received, and we solicit both.

FRANK THORNTON, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

WHERE TO BUY YOUR DRUGS

T. R. HOOD, DRUGGIST

THE OLDEST DRUG HOUSE IN SMITHFIELD!

We do remind my friends that his house is now filled with a select stock of

PURE DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES, STATIONERY

TOILET ARTICLES, BOOKS, CIGARS AND TOBACCO,
ICE COLD SODA AND VARIOUS MINERAL WATERERS,

I HAVE THE AGENCY FOR THE CELEBRATED

I. B. SEELEY RUBBER TRUSSES!

I GUARANTEE A PERFECT FIT IN THESE GOODS.

IF YOU ARE THINKING OF PAINTING SOON, CALL AT MY STORE AND GET A COLOR SHEET AND EXAMINE MY LARGE STOCK OF

WHITE LEAD, OILS AND COLORS,

The Smithfield Herald.

F. T. BOOKER, PROPRIETOR.

One Dollar & Fifty Cents per year.

Entered in the Post Office at Smithfield as Second Class matter.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1887.

YOU KNOW YOU DO.

You know you keep your eyes on the clock,
And wish it would jump an hour or two
So that your pa would cease to talk
And go to bed—you know you do.

And when the folks to bed have gone,
And left "some one" alone with you,
And wish the clock would stop its tongue;
Or stop it—you know you do!

If he blushes deep, and looks afraid
To be thus left alone with you,
But your eyes tell him he's no more
But could be woe—you know you do!

You peep at "some one" neath your cards
Until with love you burn him through,
And make him hate all other girls—
In love for you—you know you do!

And when this arm steals round your chair,
You give a smothered scream or two,
As if you didn't want it there,
But oh! you do—you know you do!

You nestle closer up to him,
Your head drops on his shoulders too,
You think it nice to have a "Huts,"
You naughty thing—you know you do!

You let him kiss your blushing cheeks,
Somehow, your lips meet his lips too,
You tempt him, silly thing, to speak,
You wicked flirt—you know you do!

And when he timidly doth press
His wish to make a wife of you,
With happy heart you answer "Yes,"
You darling girl you know you do!

SNOWDROPS.

In a small, quiet island—the Catholic churchyard of the proud, royal city of Drisden—lies a hidden but holy spot for those believing souls who learn to bow in childlike humility before the all-governing powers of sublime music. The cupola of this chapel for pious pilgrims is the infinite sky; the stool upon which they kneel, a simple grey stone; the saintly image, a lyre, wreathed with stars; in their prayer-book others stand written only these words: Carl Maria Von Weber. Yes, in this peaceful a nook rests the famed one. There slumbers he, in dreamless repose, after many a hard battle, after many a glorious victory. Wounded by thorns of life, he sang his swan's song far away from his beloved home—and then was silent forever. The world decorated the inanimate form with laurel and laid it in its native earth; they showered upon the dead the honors they denied the living. Many a bitter tear has doubtless flowed, in gratitude, repentance and sorrow from thousands upon the slumbering one. It seems to us already like a dream that the great master lived, sang and suffered with us, amidst us, and near to us; and yet the number of years that have elapsed since that happy time are so few! His quiet house in a dark, narrow street in Drisden! the magical melodies and sounds which filled his soul, and which will be praised in after ages, rang forth from a little flower-decked window. There, in the quiet night, would listeners congregate, forgetting sleep and weariness, and, allowing the refreshing showers of tones to stream down upon their thirsting souls, would fervently thank him for such heavenly solace. The love of a faithful wife was ever about him, boundless affection shone upon him from out the bright eyes of his children; but their touching, self-sacrificing devotion did not suffice to smooth the rough path through which their beloved one wandered, nor to avert the sharp stings which envy and malice directed towards him. How often did this noble heart bleed! When spring arrived and gave the sombre city innumerable charms; when all nature smiled and flowers arose from out their little graves; when trees with their thousand blossom-eyes gazed without, blinking into the beaming countenance of the sun, a simple lily of the valley, a bunch of violets, charmed and elevated anew the master's soul, and the sweet perfume of the flowers was embodied on his golden lyre, in enchanting spring melodies and the lays of fays.

Above all other flowers he loved snowdrops, whose delicate blossoms appear silvery, pure and unspotted as an infant's soul! Every year, in the first days of spring, a child would bring him a large bunch of these, his white favorites, a pretty child, the daughter of a miller, whose mill lay in the beautiful *Plau enschen Grunde*, whither the master often directed his lonely walks. The little girl would never accept any pay for her bouquet; but, softly and timidly she would say, "Ah! play something for me!" He always complied with her request, and secretly rejoiced at the silent happiness of the listening child. Years thus passed; one day the master noticed that the little girl had grown tall, slender and beautiful—that the child had become a blooming maiden. She returned in the following spring; she was pale—indescribably pale—and death shone forth in her deeply sunken eyes. She wept bitterly as she handed to the honored one the white flowers—and he, as was his wont, played for her sweet, charming, musical fairy tales. "I shall not return next spring," she said, in parting. "Farewell! To-morrow they will weave the bridal wreath in my hair." "And this makes you sad, dear child?" inquired the master, and strove to jest; "I think that my dear little girl commences also to relate fairy tales to me, for a fair bride seldom weeps over her beautiful green bridal garland!" "They do not wed me to my true love," suddenly exclaimed the pale one, sobbing; "alas, a strange man leads me to his home! My beloved journeyed away, at the last Christmas holidays, faraway into the wide world, without leave-taking or parting greeting; how can I be jealous?" She clasped her little hands together, and expression of heart-rending anguish was imprinted upon her charming features. The much-longed-for spring appeared; the bells chimed in the valley; an old careworn man, plainly attired, inquired for the dwelling of the "musician." On being shown into his cosy room, he greeted him with a sorrowful smile, and gave him a large bouquet of delicate snowdrops. "I bring you the last greeting of my child," the old man faltered with difficulty. "Yesterday we buried our Margaret. She died like a flower nipped by the frost—alas, and died so willingly! Love had broken her heart; we, wretched parents, are to blame. Oh! had we suspected that she so dearly loved the handsome journeyman Conrad, we should not have driven him out into the wide world! The worthy lad, with his true, loving heart, was too poor for us; the rich miller, who wished to wed our lovely child pleased us better. Conrad's love was timid, and as Margaret looked out into the world quietly, cheerfully, guilelessly, as an opening rosebud, we dared to tell the desponding lover that our child rejected him; yes, with disdain. And had promised her heart and to the rich suitor. Conrad departed, secretly, proud, and yet so miserable. Endless grief entered our house—Margaret commenced to droop, and we, most unhappy, did then read her heart. She only confessed on her death bed how dearly she had loved the departed one; despite her violent, secret sorrow, she was a good, pious, dutiful wife to her husband; never did she mention her beloved one's name; but we found this little scrip of paper in her prayer-book. Pray keep it in remembrance of her. You often have given my poor child much pleasure; she could scarcely await the arrival of the first snowdrops. Do not forget poor Margaret!" The hot tears of the unhappy, repentant father a most stifled his last words. Then the deeply moved master found himself alone he thoughtfully unfolded the little sheet of paper, and read with difficulty—for the handwriting was tremulous and half effaced by tears:

"My true love has wandered away!
All things are so sad and so dreary!
Perhaps he lies in the cold clay,
And I am so woe-gone and weary."
Gladly to the church I would have gone,
Though false, false tongues stood at the door;
Thus kept they me from my loved one,
Mine eyes with tears run o'er me!

Thistles and thorns, how deep they sting,
But false, false tongues, they sting still more;
Not fire, nor coal such wounds can bring,
As secret love in my heart's core.

Alas! why could not I my parents move?
They for my husband made me take
A noble man, whom I can never love,
Ah, me! my heart will surely break!
Loved one, sadly I beg thee,
In memory of my most tender love,
In the deep, cool grave to lay me,
Beneath the shelter of a shady grove."
J. H. HINES.

THE TOBACCO TAX.

[Louisville Courier Journal, Dem.]
The *Courier-Journal* opposes any interference with the internal taxes because there are taxes which bear more heavily on the tobacco grower himself than does the tobacco tax, and the clamor for the repeal comes not from the friend of the tobacco grower, but from men who are by the tariff robbing the producers of the country of millions annually. In 1886 the tobacco tax yielded \$27,907,363; in 1882 it yielded \$47,591,989. Here is a reduction that it seems to us should make the tobacco planter patient until other producers have had equal relief. We use the argument as it is presented to us; allowing only from courtesy the claim that the repeal of the tobacco tax means any real relief to the growers. As a matter of fact it is not the producer but the consumer who pays this tax. But if the tax does restrict consumption, then, as nearly one-half of the restriction has been removed, the tobacco grower should be willing to wait a while, particularly as he, in common with all others, is concerned in the tariff. If the tobacco tax is repealed the revenues of the Government are reduced to that extent and the people are relieved of that amount and no more.
Instead we would get relief in another direction. For instance, the imports of pig iron in 1886 were less than 400,000 tons; the duty was \$6.72 a ton, or a revenue of \$2,688,000. The domestic production was 5,500,000 tons, to the price of which the producer added the tariff, \$6.72 a ton, or \$37,632,000. Here we have a total consumption of 6,000,000 tons of pig iron. The total tax is \$40,320,000, which is paid by the people. Of this vast sum the Government gets a little over six per cent; the furnace men get ninety-four per cent. If the tax on pig iron were repealed, the Government would sacrifice only \$2,688,000, and yet genuine relief to the extent of \$40,000,000 would be afforded the people.
By the repeal of the tobacco tax the Government pays \$27,000,000 for only \$27,000,000 relief for the people; by a repeal of the tax on pig iron it could get \$40,000,000 of relief at a cost of only \$2,788,000. As between these two measures there should be no hesitation.
Moreover, we are to consider how in one case cheap iron encourages all kinds of enterprises; how it cheapens the cost of railroads, of wagons, of field implements, of household utensils, of building materials, while cheap tobacco is only a slight boon to the man who smokes or chews. Great as is the difference represented by the figures we have given, even these figures fail to measure the vast difference in the good influence these measures would exert on the industries of this country.

IMPORTANT MEETING.

The Mill Creek Drainage Company will meet in special session on the last Friday in February at their usual place of meeting, at the school house near J. B. Hood's, Esq., at 11 A. M., for the transaction of important business.
H. M. JOHNSON, President.

FLUE CURED TOBACCO.

Mr. J. C. Lee, near Rome P. O., has as fine flue-cured tobacco, as I have ever seen in Granville. I think the farming people that aim to raise tobacco would be benefited to visit Mr. Lee, and see the Golden-leaf. Mr. Lee has the finest tobacco land I have ever seen in Johnston county. Why don't Smithfield have a tobacco factory? The tobacco farmers in this county will continue to demand one. Look forward for a happy future?—J. M. G.

STATE LEGISLATURE.

SENATE.

FEBRUARY, 11th
The bill to curtail the expenses of the agricultural department to \$20,000 per annum, to cover its fund into the State treasury, and to reduce the salary of the commissioner \$2,000 to \$1,800 and to fix the chemists at \$2,500, came up on its third reading as a special order. After a long debate, and the refusal of several amendments, the bill passed its third reading.
Mr. Pou introduced a bill to provide against freight discriminations by railroads.

HOUSE.

Bills introduced as follows:
To elect county commissioners by the peoples vote.
The bill to authorize the Board of Education to construct and complete certain roads and canals in eastern North Carolina passed its second and third readings without amendment by a vote of 67 to 18.

SENATE.

FEBRUARY 12, 1887.
The following bills were introduced:
To repeal section 2190 of the Code.
To incorporate the Oxford & Clarksville Railroad Company.
Bill to ratify certain judgments against the University (in favor of Sol. Pool).
Mr. Elias did not want the bill considered today, and moved to postpone till next Wednesday. Motion was lost.

HOUSE.

The bill on second reading passed, 20 to 5.
Mr. Winston moved to suspend the rules and take up the bill for the relief of Mr. W. J. Sutton on third reading. Adopted, 22 to 10.

HOUSE.

Bills introduced as follows:
To establish a printing office in connection with the Deaf and Dumb Asylum.
To amend section 2834 of the Code.
Relating to employees of mines, manufactories, &c.
To establish a house of refuge.
Mr. Pearson introduced a bill to modify the present system of county government Corporations.
Mr. Evans introduced a resolution requesting members in Congress to use their efforts to increase the pay of keepers and crews of Life Saving Service.

SENATE.

FEBRUARY 14, 1887.
Bills introduced as follows:
To incorporate the Northern & Southern Railroad.
To add a section to bill concerning finances.
Relating to purchasing supplies for public institutions.
To strengthen the right of petition.
Bill to provide for completing turnpikes in Johnston county, as amended, passed third reading—engrossed.

Bill to amend the chapter of the Georgia & North Carolina Railroad Company, passed second and third readings—transmitted without engrossment.
Mr. Elias offered a resolution that the General Assembly do adjourn on Wednesday at noon, March 7th, 1887.

A motion was made by Mr. Williams, of Davidson, to take bill concerning the election of members of the General Assembly from the committee, place same on calendar, and make special order for Friday. Lost.

HOUSE.

The following bills introduced:
To allow the clerks of courts in adjoining counties to issue summonses when the clerk is interested. Judiciary.
Mr. King, to appoint weighmasters and regulate the sale of leaf tobacco. Agriculture.
To amend chapter 175, laws 1885.
To amend chapter 164, laws 1879.
To protect fish in Johnston county.
To incorporate the Colored Orphan Asylum at Oxford.
Revenue bill made a special order for 11 o'clock tomorrow.
Bill to incorporate the Roanoke & Southern Railway company. passed second reading.

THE PAINT POT FOR STOLEN HORSES.

[New York World.]
All the horses that are stolen in New York or its vicinity find their way to the horse market, if the dealer is sharp enough to perceive that the horse offered to him is stolen he buys him very cheap. Then he uses all his ingenuity to change his appearance. Painting is frequently resorted to. If the horse has any white markings they are deftly painted over; if not, and his color is dark, a few white spots are painted on. So skillfully is this done that even dealers are deceived. As soon as a case of horse stealing is reported to the police a detective is usually sent to the market. It is the exception for him, however, to recover the horse. The owner himself would not recognize his animal after the paint pot had been used. A detective of the fifty ninth street police station informed the reporter that he knew of an instance in which a livery man bought his own horse from a dealer at the market without knowing it. Although many arrests have been made in such cases the traffic continues. Capt Killilea had a detective in the market for six weeks at one time before he could trace a horse that had been stolen from a stable in West Forty seventh street. Some of the dealers have stables elsewhere in the city. When the stolen horse is of such color that he cannot be painted he is removed to one of these private stables until the affair blows over and he can safely be bought out and sold.

WHY JACOB WEPT AFTER KISSING RACHEL.

[Maine Labor Advocate.]
It still remains an unsettled question why Jacob wept after kissing Rachel. Some writers claim Rachel slapped his face, while others think he wept because he had not kissed her before, and thus lost so much good kissing that he might have had; possibly Rachel bit him, although no mention is made of her being a biter or a kicker. She is reported as being beautiful. If this be true, and she kept her face clean and her hair banged, we don't see what Jacob had to cry about—weeping is sometimes caused by excessive joy, and maybe Jake had one of these spells come over him, hence this shedding of brine. Probably Rachel threatened to tell her mama, but Jacob had no need of being afraid of that, for she would not have told it any more than the girl would now. If it could be shown that Rachel was eating onions, the mystery would be solved at once and Jacob would be justified in telling; but if Jake wept because Rachel couldn't let him kiss her again, he showed himself to be a regular booby, because Rachel's elder sister, who was equally as good looking, was standing on the other side of the pump hankering to be kissed, and Jacob should have wiped off his chin, and gone and doted the square thing by his intended sister-in-law, instead of making a laughing stock of himself for 4,000 years to come. Some have said that Jacob was so anxious to sample Rachel's ruby lips and being of a nervous temperament, that he pounced on her mouth so sudden and unexpectedly that she stuck her nose in his eye and thus started the water, which made Jacob lift up his mouth and say something naughty. We have given the question much study, and inasmuch as Jacob left no sworn statement of the transaction, and all writers thus far have been allowed to publish their own version of the affair without a cent's worth of proof to back up their statements, we propose to give our readers the most reliable solution of this affair, which is this: Probably Jacob had never kissed a fair maiden before, and when their lips met in the first realization of crowding so much deliciousness into one moment of life, he closed his eyes; his heart opened and he rode above the storms and troubles of life; the world shot beneath his feet like the meteor through the evening sky; heaven was in and around him; he saw the golden streets and drank from the fountain of bliss for the first time; and when the spell was broken, Jake lifted up his voice and wept because he had returned to a cold and dreary earth again.