

THE SMITHFIELD HERALD.

VOLUME 5.

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

NUMBER 40.

"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 1/2 cents per yard, former price 85.
- 11 pieces at 82 1/2 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 Pristine 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, 12 cents; regular prices 50 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 Fishnet, 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.

pieces White Flannel from 8 cents to the best, 132 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 tracked 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.

UNDERWEAR

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 and 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 will 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 WATERS,

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 a Second Class matter.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1887.

APPOINTED UNTO ME.

[The following vigorous lines, from an unknown author, will comment themselves to every thoughtful reader. They bring home with great force to each of us the solemn thought—It is appointed unto me to die.]
And I shall die! Tremendous thought! This frame,
So costly in its workmanship, and strange,
Will not last always; but is doomed to break
And fall in pieces, like a common vase
Of perishable clay. Heaven's balmy light,
See all the smiling scenery of earth.
The grand, the bright, the beautiful, alike,
Will perish from these eyes. These ears will sleep
Unconscious of a single sound that stirs
Through the wide range of being. And these limbs,
So active now and full of strength, will lie
As withered branches by the fallen trunk
On which they grew, sapless and dead. The blood,
That urges now its salutary stream
Through the whole man, will stand in its source,
And with it all the play of life will stop
In universal death. The tired lungs will rest
And thought will perish from the slumbering brain.
And then the grave will do its work, remote
From human eyes; by dissolution foul
Breaking the unsightly mass, and turning all
Back to its own dust.

And I shall die! O, can that word be true?
The hour is coming when the voice of death
Shall call for me? I have stood when others
Died.
A sorrowful spectator, and have watched,
As, one by one, life's crumbling prows gave
Way.

Till all were gone and the fair fabric fell;
And it was fearful then, and shook the soul,
Only to see how death did his work,
But 'ere will be a tragedy like this,
In which the action of the dying scene
Will all be mine. Others perhaps may wait
Head by the spot to tell their sympathy
By looks of woe, and stifled sobs, and sighs
That break forth from the troubled deep within
But they will be spectators only; mine
Will be the actor's part. The darkened room,
The couch of pain, the haggard, out-stretched form,
The struggling conflict then, will all be mine.
And when the last convulsive gasp is drawn,
And the ebbing of life's stream dies in the veins,
It will be said that death has come on me.

And I shall die! My years shall have an end;
And I shall pass away from the world's eye,
And perish from the thoughts of living men!
Like the state of those who lived before the flood,
My being will be swallowed up—a thing
Forgotten on the earth—as the light plunse
Of some small pebble dashed from the beach
Upon the bosom of a slumbering lake.
Earth will roll on; the sun will still look
Down,
And all the stars will shine as they do now
On the broad concave of night. The year will
change
And times will hold their ancient order: till
Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, in their
turn,
Will come and go; and months, days and
nights
Will be as now. And men will crowd life's
stages,
As they do crowd it now; and in like style
Will play their several parts, each in his
place.
Cities will have their commerce, and the plow
Will drive its furrow through the rural globe;
The pride of life—the struggle to be rich—
The rush for power—the restless rage of souls,
Laboring to quench their thirst in pleasure's
stream—
The war of passion, and the cry of woe—
All will go on. But I shall have no part
In aught transacted on the mighty globe.
Like some light shadow hurried o'er the plain,
I shall have passed away forever.

AN \$500 DREAM.

Mr. Fred J. Clarke, a draughtsman at the Union Pacific shops, dreamed one night not long ago that he had deposited a small sum in the bank at Charleston, Mass., many years ago, and that it had never been drawn out. The impression of the dream was retained in his mind until morning, and as he could remember that he had at one time a small sum on deposit in the bank, Mr. Clarke wrote to a friend in Boston, asking him to investigate the matter. It was found that the dream had been true, and the money, left at interest for twenty-four years, had increased to about \$800. The necessary preliminaries were gone through with and Mr. Clarke has just received the amount named above, which stood to his credit there all that time.

We fail to see wisdom in sending to foreign markets to purchase anything that can be made at home for one-half the money. Still our farmers do business on just this plan. They purchase provisions and supplies abroad when all such articles should be purchased at home on the farm. Is it any wonder that the cry of hard times is raised when such a system is practiced? Greenville Reflector.

The Richmond State thinks Virginia will lose \$50,000 from her revenue by the decision in the drummer's tax case.

STATE NEWS.

—The Salvationists draw large crowds in Newberne.

—Mr. J. M. Broughton, of Raleigh, has been appointed clerk to the commissioner of labor statistics.

—Mr. Isaac T. Wilson, Clerk of Superior Court of Jones county, died Monday evening at 4 o'clock.

—Rev. Dr. J. W. Ford of La-Grange, Ga., has declined the call extended him by the second Baptist church of Raleigh.

—The Wilmington Star says the farmers in that section feed their families on cabbage raised in Sweden—4,000 miles distant.

—An attempt was made on the 9th inst., by a daring incendiary to burn the colored public school at Wilmington. Kerosene was used.

—The total number of bills passed by the Legislature was 598 and of resolutions 44. This exceeds the usual number considerably.

—The voters of Raleigh will vote in June whether they will continue to sail under local option. The contest promises to be a lively one.

—We learn from the Wilson Mirror, that there is a movement on foot in Methodist circles to erect a monument over the grave of Dr. Cross.

—Stark Simpson, the negro who was concerned in the murder of Alonzo Owens in Washington county, is under sentence to be hanged May 31st. He is in jail, and appears to be entirely unconcerned as to his fate.

—The next meeting of the North Carolina Teachers Assembly will be held at Morehead city June 14 to the 29. This is the first meeting of the Association held in the East and the Western teachers will take this opportunity of visiting our seaside, we are sure.

—The anti-prohibitionists having secured one-fourth of the qualified voters of Kinston township, handed in their petition asking an election June 1. The board of commissioners saw fit to defer action upon it till their meeting in April.—Newberne Journal.

—Col. Paul B. Means, ex-member of the State legislature and a prominent politician, entered the Times printing office at Concord on the 10th inst., and had a difficulty with John B. Sherrill, editor. The difficulty grew out of publications with regard to some local matter.

—Hon. A. M. Waddell has accepted an invitation to deliver the literary address before Oxford Female College, in June next. He excels in efforts of the kind. He has also accepted an invitation to address the Teachers' Assembly next summer.—Wilmington Star.

—Governor Scales has received a magnificent marble bust of the late Gov. Ellis, who was the executive of North Carolina in 1859-'61. It was presented by the wife and daughters of the Governor. It has been placed among the portraits of the Governors of North Carolina in the executive department, and will be transferred to the state library on completion of the new library building.—News & Observer.

—The cotton factory last week shipped 33,636 yards of chambrays and 17,227 yards of bag cloth, and has orders three months ahead. The engineers will complete the survey of the Lynchburg and Durham road in a few days, and steps looking to the early construction of this road will be speedily taken. Capt. O. R. Smith, who was in Lynchburg last week, reports that "everything is lovely."—Plant.

—The new stations and future towns along the line of the Wilson Short Cut are building up rapidly. At Dunns, Kenly, Kirby's Crossing, (now Silverboro) the work of building is going on rapidly, while at Smithfield and Selma the sound of the hammer and the saw is by no means a rare thing. The road will do the section through which it runs great good. The beneficent effects are already felt to no limited extent.—Advance.

GENERAL NEWS.

Gleaned From Our Exchanges in Different Sections of the Country.

—Gen. B. F. Butler has invested \$100,000 in Chicago real estate.

—The woman of Kansas are soon to vote in municipal elections.

—Ex-Governor Hoadly, of Ohio, in a speech at Cincinnati came out in favor of President Cleveland.

—The woman's Suffrage bill was defeated yesterday in the New York Assembly by a vote of 48 yeas to 68 nays.

—The New York City Woman's Suffrage league held a meeting and said hard things about Governor Hill for letting Mrs. Druse be hanged.

—In a suit against the South Pennsylvania railroad, Mr. Vanderbilt and his brother in law settled the case rather than show the books.

—The democrats elected their candidates for mayor at Utica and Elmira and the Republicans carried Auburn in Municipal elections.

—The work of rescuing persons buried beneath the ruins of the earthquake destroyed towns of southern Europe continues. Terrible distress exists.

—Minister George H. Pendleton sailed from New York for Berlin on the steam-ship Allen. Justin McCarty, M. P., was also a passenger on the same vessel.

—Authorities of the Postoffice Department state that the postal receipts this year will be greater than those of any previous year in the history of the government.

—It is officially announced in London that the war office has recommended the Lee-Burton and Lee magazine rifles for trial. Both weapons are of American invention.

—The Charleston churches of all denominations have received large additions to their membership since the earthquakes, the Presbyterians alone having admitted over one thousand new members.

—Democratic members of Congress, and others who have access to the President and who have talked to him about the matter, say there is no possibility of an extra session of Congress this spring.

—Senator Sherman appears to be growing in favor as a Republican candidate for President. He wants the nomination, too, and is working for it. He is shortly to be in Tennessee and has agreed to make a speech.

—It is estimated that not less than 200,000 palmetto branches are gathered in the Sea Islands of South Carolina and shipped from Charleston every spring for use in the Catholic churches of the north on Palm Sunday.

—The north bound passenger train of the Missouri Pacific railroad was thrown down a fifteen-foot embankment on the 9th inst. By a miracle none of the fifty passengers were killed. The list of slightly injured is large.

—Anarchists Braunschweig and Schenck, just released from nine months' imprisonment at Blackwell's island, addressed a mass meeting of sympathizers at New York. Their speeches were brimful of incendiary remarks.

—If the sale of the Baltimore & Ohio road to the Sully syndicate has really been consummated it is the greatest transaction of the kind ever made in America. The Baltimore American, however, says "such a sale is not only improbable but impossible."

—At Louisa, Kentucky, on the 9th inst., Sam. Smith, a sixteen-year old boy, living on Cates Fork, this county, had a slight misunderstanding with a neighbor named Steve Hammond, and shot him dead. Smith then went to Hammond's house with a determination to kill the entire family. He fired three shots at Mrs. Hammond, all of them taking effect and inflicting mortal injuries. The shooting was kept up until the son and daughter fell dangerously wounded, and it is doubtful if they recover. Smith then fled, and has not yet been captured.

TO THE FARMERS.

We hope each farmer in this county will prepare from two to twenty acres of land according to the size of the farm to plant in grasses. Nothing that we plant can pay so well as grass. If you will not sow clover or orchard, then make the lot rich, plow, harrow and roll and leave it alone and you will have such a crop of crab grass as will make your heart glad and your soul rejoice with great joy at a time when you will need joy, comfort and consolation most. One acre made rich will produce you more than one hundred dollars worth of crab grass.

Don't forget now and plant the whole of your land in cotton. Be sure and plant much less than last season, manure much better and make much more cotton on much less land. This is beyond all doubt the true and successful method of farming. Why not adopt it? Dispense with a part of your team, a part of your labor, and a part of your expenses and make larger crops. This can and will be done in the near future. Why not begin now? Make all home supplies at home and let the cotton be the surplus crop. We have got to come to this mode of farming sooner or later, or live in a poor home all our days. Let's farm on business principles. Why be fools all our lives? Why do as daddy did, when we know daddy did wrong? Why follow the foot steps of the blind? Why march to ruin and destruction with both eyes open? Are we mad? Are we fools? Can we not, will we not learn by sad experience? Fools sometimes learn in this school, why can't we? Don't you know that if you let half your land rest this year, it will yield you next year tenfold? You rest, why not rest your land?

Now don't fail to sow oats this spring, now is the time. Don't wait longer. Sow at least two bushels, three is better to the acre. It is a great mistake to sow one bushel, or one bushel and a half per acre. We know you will need oats this summer, plant now. Don't fail to plant corn enough to make what you need on the farm. It is a mistake, you can't buy it cheaper than you can make it. You can make it cheaper than you can buy it. And besides you will not have the money to buy it when you want it, and then you will be forced to give two prices. We came so near starving last year, because we made nothing to eat on the farm that we must be excused for begging the farmer to produce his home supplies, and to work more and spend less money.—W. H. Kitchen, Scotland Neck Democrat.

Owing to the condition in which the Legislature has left the penitentiary there is great difficulty in seeing just what is to be done. The sum of \$150,000 was asked for this year. Only \$100,000 was granted. The number of convicts allowed to the Board of Education is 325, and to the Cape-Fear and Yadin-Valley railway 250. All these are to be maintained by the State—that is their expenses will be chargeable directly to the penitentiary. Then fifty more convicts were granted on the same terms to the county of Madison for the construction of a turnpike. The warden of the penitentiary, a very prudent sensible man, said to your correspondent to-day that he really didn't see how matters could be fixed. The penitentiary authorities are taken at a shameful disadvantage by the Legislature. In one breath that body said that 625 convicts must be furnished free of cost; in the next it said that the convicts in the penitentiary must be so placed as to make that institution as nearly self-sustaining as possible. Now that was blowing hot and cold, with a vengeance.—Correspondent Richmond Dispatch.

BLOWING HOT AND COLD.

The northern preachers say they cannot accept Beecher's theology, but admire his greatness. Who knows what was his theology? He had swung very far off from that held by his father, old Lyman.

Henry Blount's Column.

A Kiss.

A kiss is the visible sign and token of an inner sentiment which no words can express. The eyes and the tongue do a good deal of appreciable work of love-making, but the meeting of the lips is the sign and seal, the chrism, so to speak, which transform the earthly into the divine. Love without a kiss would be like the harp without the hand, the rainbow without its hue; the brook without its babble; the landscape without its colors; the tube rose—sweetest flower for scent that blows—without its odor; the borealis without its variations; poetry without its rhyme; Spring without sunlight, a garden without foliage or marriage without love. The young women whose ideas teach her to recoil from a kiss cheats the lover of the joys of loving, and those good old hours of wooing and cooing would be robbed of that exquisite delight which makes earth wear for a time the glorious semblance of Heaven, and which make mortals dream of the raptures of Paradise regained.

A Picture.

They had been taking a stroll together—a stroll in which all that is tender and touching and inspiring in human nature had been drawn out by the inspiration of the circumstances, and made resonant with the throbbings of deeper and sweeter and holier feeling. And now they were seated on the velvet softness of a mossy seat—she was looking out dreamily upon the glories of sunset, and noticing the clouds as they changed from one color exquisitely gorgeous to another equally so, and he was looking with fond, passionate and pleading entreaties up into her marvelously beautiful and gloriously blooming face,—a face in which loveliness had left its richest tints to feed the spell of rapturous admiration. Intoxicated with such fine rapture, they were lost in the wild delirium of that blessed enchantment distilled in the witchery world of love, while every pulse was thrilled with the quaverings of life's purest and sweetest music. And thus they sat and dreamed of the glorious future in the beautiful realm of Marriage-Land. Every utterance met and mingled in harmonious union. Oh, idle dreamings. Ah, little do you dream now that these honeyed notes of affection's endearing and soothing lullabies will give place to the anger-crested vehemence of stormy argument when deciding on cold winter mornings as to which one shall go shivering across the bare floor to kindle the morning fire. Ah, young dreamers, life hath its realities as well as its dreams, and wise are they who keep an eye to both.

A Comforting Reflection.

Death is the great leveler. The rich and the poor, the high and the low, the great and the small are treated alike, and when its cold clammy clasp is laid upon the brow the same inexorable law is executed for all without one particle of distinction, and the beggar and the tramp and the forsaken sleep in the same sweet hush of repose which bless the everlasting slumbers of the rich and great. Upon the humble graves the myrtle and daisy will grow as beautifully, the stars will drop a radiance as bright and as cheering, the zephyrs will breathe a requiem as sweet and as lulling, Spring time will scatter her fragrant wealth as lavish and as generously, and the icy peltings of wintry storms, will beat as hard, and the chilly winds of borean climes will sweep all graves alike and stop not to count the wealth, measure the purse or estimate the influence of the pale quiet sleepers beneath. And in that Grand Assize, when the records made here on earth shall be inspected by the Judge eternal the same sweet gentle loving Jesus, who was Himself a tramp, and had not where to lay his head, and who did hunger and thirst and suffer will view all with the same compassionate tenderness and clasp a beggar as he would a king.