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While we are always glad to receive bright, new letters from different sections of the county, we request contributors to write legibly and on one side of paper only. The name of writer must accompany all articles. Address correspondence to "THE HERALD," Smithfield, N. C.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING.

Newsy Items Which Are Gleaned From Various Sources And Prepared For Our Readers.

The President is in the South. The Irish evictions still progress.

A Roman Catholic has been elected Mayor of London.

Philadelphia is afflicted with a severe type of typhoid fever.

John Sherman says he is not a candidate for the Presidency.

A Connecticut girl ran away recently and married a negro.

A large vote for prohibition was cast in Tennessee last week.

The negro trouble in Texas is thought to be settled for the present.

England has built a war vessel that cost \$4,500,000. It is 345 feet long.

Rev. Dr. Parker, of London, will not become Mr. Beecher's successor.

An important decision was rendered in the Court of Appeals of Virginia recently.

Timothy Cunningham was shot during a dispute in a Boston saloon by a colored laborer.

A fire at Chicago destroyed one hundred and forty-five thousand dollars worth of property.

The President has commissioned the present incumbents of all offices which became presidential offices.

A big clam-fund agitates the fishermen of Massachusetts Bay, and they have gone to law over their respective claims.

Pastor Day, of the Channing Memorial Church, at Newport, has resigned his charge in consequence of his late marriage with a divorced woman.

A six thousand ton armored battle ship, at a cost of \$2,376,000, is to be built at the Norfolk Navy-Yard; it will be about eighteen months before it is completed.

President Adams, of Cornell University, delivered an oration to the students recently in the presence of an overflowing gathering in the Gymnasium Hall at Ithaca.

A tramp umbrella-mender is in jail at Bridgeport, Connecticut, and is suspected of being one of the murderers of the flagman at Poughkeepsie, New York, a year ago.

Ex-Senator Norwood, of Georgia, has been before the Pacific Railroad Commission, in New York, and explained his connection with the Southern Pacific Company.

A rich ranchero named Juan Garcia Barreas was lately captured by Mexican bandits, and only released on the payment by his son of one thousand and five hundred dollars ransom.

Civil Service Commissioner Oberly declines to address the Illinois Democratic Association of Department Clerks. He claims that such organizations are prohibited by the present Civil Service law.

The President pardoned two men convicted of violating the internal revenue law in South Carolina and Georgia, and makes it the occasion for condemning the manner in which the laws are administered.

William L. Putnam, of Maine, and James S. Angell, of Michigan, have been invited by the President to act with the Secretary of State in the negotiation for a settlement of the fisheries dispute with Great Britain.

The total receipts of the Government for the past month amount to \$33,215,217—an excess over expenditures of \$18,843,774. This does not, however, include the bond purchases, which, if considered, would make a deficit instead of a surplus.

William J. Gentry and Mattie Johnson, who eloped from Richmond, Virginia, was arrested last week at Newark, New Jersey. The woman was charged with stealing six hundred dollars and attempted murder, and Gentry is said to be accessory.

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Carlisle on Federal Taxation.

Ex-Speaker Carlisle, who is likely to be the Speaker of the next House also, presents the democratic policy in the last number of the Forum. He says: "The only debatable question is, in what manner shall the revenue and taxation be reduced? Upon this question the two political parties are divided, although there are some democrats who are inclined to take the democratic view and some democrats who favor the republican policy. It is clear that it is possible to reduce the revenue without reducing the taxation, and equally clear that it is possible to reduce taxation to a certain extent without reducing the revenue."

To reduce both revenue and taxation at the same time is the problem now presented, and the true democratic solution is to abolish, as far as practicable, the taxes on the actual necessities of life and on the raw materials used in their production, and to revise, simplify and in proper cases reduce the duties on the other articles embraced in the tariff schedules. The prime object should be to provide a sufficient revenue for the support of the government at the least possible expense and inconvenience to the people who pay the taxes, and to impose the heaviest burdens upon those who are able to indulge in the use of luxuries rather than upon those who consume only the common necessities of life. The republican solution is, to repeal all the internal taxes upon whiskey, beer and manufactured tobacco, and retain a high rate of taxation on the food and fuel and the clothing of the people, and on building materials, implement of labor, etc."

Don't Croak

Strange as it may appear, it is none the less true that there are actually now in Portsmouth men who may justly be called croakers; men who really see nothing good in their own home and section, and who not only this way, but actually talk this way to strangers, to men of means and enterprise, who come in our midst to invest their funds and thus help to improve the city. The chronic croaker can well be spared out of this and every other city. They are only a hindrance, a serious drawback, who always do more harm than good. It is the strangest thing imaginable, we think, that such a being as a croaker should exist. Men who make this place their home and do business in our midst should join with us, and with us put forth every means to invite capital and capitalists to our section. Look on the bright side. Try to find the good in the community, and if you are so blinded as to be unable to see any good or bright side then, in the name of reason, try some place else. Portsmouth don't want any croakers. We can't afford to have croakers. We want only those who see good in everything. We want men whose eyes are open to take in the situation and who have push and pluck enough to improve it. Old fogies nearly strangled the life out of this city in the earlier and still later history, but most of them have retired, but it will be a miserable exchange if we are to get in their places the chronic croakers. In the name of progress and public spirit, in the name of the good people of this city The Virginian asserts that there is no room in Portsmouth for even an occasional croaker.

Don't Crowd Fruit Trees.

A Western New York fruit-grower avers that most orchards are too much crowded. He declares that for the larger-growing varieties of apple-trees, 40 feet apart in both directions is none too far. Where trees are 30 feet apart each way, every alternate row in one direction should be removed when the tips of the branches of adjacent trees begin to interlock. This leaves the remaining trees 30 by 60 feet apart. A better way, perhaps, is to take out every alternate tree in every row, leaving the remaining ones 42 feet apart diagonally.

THE OLD HERO.

A Noble Tribute Which Should be Echoed by Every Loyal Southern.

(Wilson Mirror.)

The old hero and statesman Jefferson Davis—the noblest Roman of them all—having accepted an invitation to be at the Macon Fair in October, the same old howl has been started and some timorous people at the North have been made to quake over the announcement with agonizing fear, for they see in this invitation to the old Confederate Chieftain another Grecian wood-en horse filled with armed soldiery, and menacing again the covert gates of endangered Troy. And some of our own people, with shame be it spoken, are protesting against it, and are urging him to stay away, and not participate with his fellow countrymen in the enjoyment of their annual festival scene of social reunion and intermingling. It is a shame—yea, a crime that this grand and glorious old man should have his steps thus tracked by the cowardly hounds of spite, malice, hatred, envy and persecution. It is to be hoped that as he was so rapidly approaching the Sunset Land of life that all the storms of malice would end their thunders of malediction, and leave a calm and serene and beautiful sky of perfect reconciliation to bathe his closing moments on earth with its sweet and harmonizing light. But alas, not so. That dream will not break in sweet fruition. Clouds of hatred and malice will still pass over his sky even until the end, but they cannot shut out that brilliant sunshine of admiration and affection which will ever bathe him in effulgent splendor and comfort. His life has been an eventful one. It has been checkered with many a line of vicissitude. It has seen the warmest and brightest sunshine, and it has also groped amid the dampest and darkest clouds. He has been electrified with the thrill of grandest triumphs, and he has endured the probing of the sharpest thorns of disappointment and defeat. He has stood upon the highest mountains of human glory, and listened to that grand chorus of admiration which made every vale resonant with replications of his name and every breeze laden with his praise. And he has heard the hiss of the adder of calumny, and felt the sting of the wasp of vituperation. But he has always been Jefferson Davis—the very mould of honor and chivalry and all those knightly qualities which grace and adorn a well-developed manhood. Whether we take him as soldier on the battle fields of Mexico, or as a statesman in the United States Senate, or as the leader of the confederate cause, or as a captive in the rock-ribbed dungeon of his sea-girt prison—guarded by the waves and watched by the winds, or as a private citizen, amid the untroubled waters of his blessed haven of retirement, he has always been the same Jefferson Davis, and wearing at all times the richly jeweled crown of the Kingly Gentleman.

And despite all the howls that may emanate from malice-lined lips and venomous coated throats, the knightliest figure to-day in American history will attend the Macon Fair, and receive the homage of his people. Yes, his enemies may snarl, they may growl, they may snap and they may howl, but as long as the stars follow the shadows of night, as long as effluence follows the track of the god of the day, as long as the rivers pay tribute to the sea, just so long will the virtues and the memory of Jefferson Davis be nursed in every bosom where patriotism has found a shrine, and chivalry a nursery bed.

The Rioters.

The rioters who stopped the excursion train and raised such a row at Elizabeth City in last August were tried last week. Three were on trial; one was convicted and the others acquitted. The one acquitted of selling liquor without license was afterwards arrested by deputy U. S. Marshal Glover, for trial in the Federal Court.

Deep Plowing.

(Scotland Neck Democrat.)

There is as much danger and more in breaking ground too deep as there is in breaking it too shallow. No man ever ruined any land by plowing shallow, but much land has been killed dead as Julius Cesar by plowing too deep. It depends upon the nature of the land and the depth of the top as to how deep or how shallow land ought to be plowed. If it is pete land or made soil for two or three feet, then you can plow as deep as you please, provided your team can stand it, because such soils can stand any depth of pulverization. But if the land is light and the soil is thin, then you cannot plow deep, without damage to the land. It will not pay to turn the yellow dirt or clay up to the sun and the dark top soil down from the sun and out of the reach of the roots of vegetation. You can increase the depth of your soil by turning up say half an inch of the clay and yellow earth below every year and mixing it with the soil together with vegetable matter, or some kind of manure. But be sure and not turn up much at a time if you do you will be sure to damage the land. Subsoiling is another very dangerous process of farming. Some lands may stand it, but we have never owned any that would. In fact we think we can safely say that subsoiling as a rule ought never to be resorted to. Pete land, that is land that has a top soil of from one to four feet deep will bear subsoiling, but does not need it. The roots that feed plants and manure crops never go deep in the ground. From one to five inches is as deep as tobacco, potatoes, wheat, rye, oats, corn or cotton roots ever go in the soil, and if they should penetrate deeper, it would be from the life and nutriment received near the surface and not from the earth below the depth we have named. What you want is a soft, mellow, pulverized bed for the plant to feed in, and to hold moisture and take in and retain the rains as they fall for future uses. If your land is hard and compact and close, the rain water will stand on the surface and evaporate from the effect of the sun and winds. If the soil is mellow and porous, the rain water is taken in and lodged below the roots of plants and retained there for the plants to live on. So you see a deep mellow soil made open by vegetable matter will stand much more wet weather than a close compact soil; and also much longer droughts. In fact if we could make our top soil about six or seven inches deep and keep it well in life and nicely pulverized and mellowed, we could make fine crops with very little rain. In such a soil a four, six, or eight weeks drought would never damage a crop. Nature has made ample provisions for us to guard against both wet and dry weather, if we will only avail ourselves of her provisions. But don't kill your land and team by deep plowing on thin shallow soils.

Failed to Work.

(Norfolk Ledger.)

Ohio and Kansas are notoriously the hot beds of the negro equality theory, and the former went so far as to abolish the color line in the public schools, by way of showing the South that she could practice what she preached. But the scheme didn't work. In localities where there was a large negro element there was trouble, and in some instances where the schools were not closed altogether, colored pupils were rejected. In Kansas there is likely to be trouble, and a closing of the schools in some locations is probable in consequence of equality judicious legislation. Colored pupils have been refused admission into the white schools of Fort Scott, and the matter has been taken into the courts, which, under the law, must decide for their admission. But Ohio and Kansas are eager for the abolition of the color line in the South.

Secretary Fairchild has returned to Washington, and resumed control of the Treasury Department.

A NEW JOKE ON VANCE.

How Senator Vance Danced For Sixteen Hours on a Hundred Dollar Wager.

Gen. J. M. Leach spends considerable of his time in Washington with his son, J. M. Leach, Jr., who is a chief of division in the Sixth Auditor's office. The General is as full of "reminiscences" and good stories as even Zeb Vance, and one which I heard him relate the other evening will bear repeating. Said he, in effect: "You know that Zeb Vance used to be a member of the National House before the war, and Sion Rogers represented the Raleigh Dist. in Congress. Well, some friends sent Frank Shober, of Salisbury, and me a case of very fine wine one day. Zeb and Sion found it out, somehow, and they used to come around to see us mighty often. In fact they became great friends of ours, sticking closer than brothers—while the wine lasted. "One night, after they had relieved us of a half dozen bottles, more or less, they got to feeling pretty good, and after a while, Zeb remarked that he believed he was just about the best dancer that North Carolina ever sent to Congress. "Now, nobody ever heard of Zeb Vance's virtues as a dancer before. Every one knows that he doesn't in the least resemble a ballet girl. He ain't built right to dance and I didn't believe he had ever had any experience in that direction before that night; but he stuck to his assertion. "Well, Zeb kept repeating the statement until finally Sion says: 'Zeb, I don't count myself any great shakes as a practical exponent of the terpsichorean art, but I allow I can just dance the hind legs off of you.' "Now, Sion Rogers was built like a bean-pole; he was over six feet high and as thin as a wafer, and no living man ever saw him without a big pair of eye glasses adjusted to his long nose. If it was funny to think of Zeb Vance's dancing, it was simply ridiculous to consider Sion Rogers in that connection. But Shober said he believed Sion could dance Zeb; I asserted to the contrary, and Shober bet me \$100. "The room was cleared. Zeb and Sion peeled off their wearing apparel until nothing was left but nocturnal habiliments, and the two contestants took their positions on the floor. It was an ill assorted pair—never were two men more unlike. Shober and I were to do the patting and Zeb and Sion were told that the man who staid on the floor longest was to have half a dozen bottles of our wine. Shober started the old plantation pat; the dancers caught step and went at it. "Go it, Sion!" shouted Shober. "Buckle down to it Zeb!" I exclaimed, and both men began to rattle off a double shuffle back step that would have turned any nigger in North Carolina green with envy. "Time passed. "Midnight came and went; the clock on the mantel struck one. The dancing still went on. "Daylight appeared. Vance was beginning to double like a hunch-back and he was sweating like a draft horse. Sion seemed to grow taller every minute; his head was thrown back, his arms stook akimbo, only his toes appeared to touch the floor, and not a drop of perspiration was visible about him. "The hotel breakfast-bell rang. Shober and I were nearly exhausted although we took turns at patting; but the dancing still went on. Zeb's shirt was sticking to him like a huge court-plaster, but Sion looked as cool as a Christmas snow storm. Zeb was bent over until he had nearly assumed a sitting posture, his bow-legs looking as round as a barrel hoop. Sion continued to grow taller and his eye glasses still preserved their equilibrium on the end of his nose. "When 12 o'clock came, and Congress assembled, we suggested a recess. But no; Sion would not hear to it. Finally I saw that Zeb, who now stood only about 2 feet, 2 inches in his stock, was about to subside, and I gave up. "The artists then once more regaled themselves with our wine, and Zeb went to bed. But

Sion didn't. After danceng 16 hours without a stop, he went to the House of Representatives and made a big speech. I remember Congressman Rogers, although I was a small boy when he died. He again represented the Raleigh district in Congress for one or two terms just after the war, and a very able man and a most fluent and eloquent speaker he was. But he is dead now and buried near Raleigh. And there he lies—as you and I, dear reader, will some day somewhere lie—

"A thing, O'er which the raven flaps his funeral wings." Tax Clothing. New York Star.

What a lot of things are now on the federal statute book which are an odious relic of that war, and among them taxes on clothing, which compel an American workingman to pay 45 per cent. more for the blankets and clothing for himself, wife and little ones than an English workingman need pay for a like quantity and quality! During the last fiscal year the internal revenue system of taxes gave us \$119,136,458, and seaport taxes gave us \$217,403,933: The surplus taxation above all expenditure was \$102,864,704 last year, which is standing proof of bad laws and bad finance. Down with the surplus taxes! Stand not upon the arder or method, Secretary Fairchild, but send to Congress when it meets a bill to put them down! That is expected of you! Don't fail us!

Our Southern Towns.

(Danbury Reporter.)

There seems to be an impression among our Southern towns (and as to that the country too) that if we can just get a railroad and a lot of stores that we will have a town and a big town, an everlasting place. This is very good so far as it goes, but places built on the hope that many or few stores can keep them growing have but a poor foundation. Such places are nearly always of mushroom growth. Any railroad station may do well for a while on stores, provide it is a good back country to support it, but no place, no inland town, can live and thrive long on stores alone. If the back country is good little stores will spring into existence near the consumer until the very foundations of the hopes of our town are sapped. Where is your live, shrewd New England Yankee that would think of purchasing property in a place that depended upon its stores for an existence? If he wants to go into one of our new "store towns" to do business he will only rent, so that when his back country is cut off, he can go to another place, but tell him the place has a good backing, that this man and that one are going at once into the manufacturing business, and he wants to buy property, he knows that the place is at the bottom and is going up, he knows that it is a permanent place. Stores are feeders but they must be fed from the country around. What we want is manufactures, anything from a clay pipe to a stone jug, or an old fashioned horse shoe nail to a steam engine. Manufactures draw their supplies from the country at large, and make their towns permanent places, where the day laborer can get something to pay for his daily bread and buy the merchants' goods. If we succeed we must have more manufacturing towns, and more manufacturing done in the towns we have. There are already enough one-horse cross road store towns that depend upon their stores to build them up.

A Passenger Train Wrecked.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Sep. 27.—The north bound passenger train on the Mobile and Ohio road was wrecked two miles south of Jackson this morning. There were thirty passengers on board, more than half of whom were more or less hurt. It is feared two of the injured will die.

Nervous old lady on fifth floor of hotel—"Do you know what precautions the proprietor of this hotel has taken against fire?" Porter—"Yes, mum, he has the house insured for twice what it's worth."—Baltimore Every Saturday.

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NORTH CAROLINA NOTES.

Choice Items Taken From Our Exchanges And Boiled Down For The Herald Readers.

The recent frost did very little damage throughout the State.

The increase in cotton receipts at Wilmington over last year is very heavy.

The different colleges and schools in the State are being better patronized this year than ever before.

Rev. C. A. Gault, a member of the North Carolina Conference, died in Mecklenburg county one day last week.

Billious dysintery is prevailing in Onslow county. Several have already died from the effects of the disease.

It is said that the Odell Manufacturing Company of Concord has declared a semi-annual dividend of ten per cent.

There are one hundred and fifty cases on the criminal docket to be tried at the next term of Durham Superior Court.

An exchange has come to the conclusion that the man who sits quietly down and waits for business to come to him gets left.

One day last week Mr. Nat. Taylor, an old citizen of Onslow county, was taken with a fit, fell in the fire and burned to death before assistance came.

The Governor has appointed Dr. J. M. Baker, of Tarboro, as Assistant Surgeon General of the North Carolina State Guard. It is considered an excellent appointment.

The Laurinburg Exchange says that Bishop Northrop received seven candidates by the ceremony of confirmation into full membership of the Catholic Church here last Sunday morning.

The merchants of Raleigh have boycotted the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad Company. They were refused car load rates, hence the boycott. They are now having their goods shipped over the North Carolina Road.

On the 24th inst, says the Charlotte Chronicle, Matilda Gibson, wife of W. J. Gibson, living near Davidson College, eloped with David Breedlove, alias Walter Blair. The parties came to Charlotte and here boarded the train for Spartanburg.

The Shoe Chronicle says that the shoe firm of W. H. Wetmore, of Raleigh, during ten days, shipped over two thousand dollars worth of shoes with other orders still on the books. This firm has built up a very large business during its short business career.

In Raleigh, one day last week, Mr. Everett Stephens, who lives near Holly Springs, Wake county, met with a serious accident at Mr. R. L. Johnson's stables. Mr. Stephens was walking around a mare in the stables, when she suddenly kicked him, inflicting a severe blow on his left jaw-bone.

Wilson Mirror: A person at sea is generally in a serious frame of mind.—An engaged Miss is likely to be miss-taken.—Our young friend, Sam Earl, of Nash, having tried Arkansas and Alabama, has come to the conclusion that there is no place like the Old North State, and we are glad to announce that he has returned to stay.—Three negro men stopped Mr. William Peel the other day while he was on his way home from Wilson, and robbed him of forty dollars. They presented pistols, then knocked him down, and robbed him of all the money he had.

The News and Observer says that Governor Seales refused the application for pardon of Alfred Gibson, colored, who was convicted for burning a mill at the fall term of Guilford Superior Court and sentenced to thirty years in the penitentiary.—He also considered the application for pardon from Crawford Walters, who is now in prison for slandering an innocent woman. This is the man who was tried before Judge Clark at August term of Columbus county Superior Court on the above charge, of which he was acquitted, and was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment and fined one thousand dollars.