

State Librarian

# THE SMITHFIELD HERALD.

A. M. Woodall, Editor.

"CAROLINA, CAROLINA, HEAVEN'S BLESSING ATTEND HER!"

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VOLUME 12

SMITHFIELD, N. C., THURSDAY JULY 20, 1893.

NUMBER 12.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

## Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

### DIRECTORY.

**COUNTY OFFICERS.**  
 Sheriff—J. T. Ellington, office in Court House.  
 Superior Court Clerk—W. S. Stevens, office in Court House.  
 Register of Deeds—J. U. Oliver, office in Court House.  
 Treasurer—E. J. Holt, office in the store.  
 Clerk—L. E. Sasser.  
 Surveyor—Rammelsmeyer.  
 Superintendent of Health—Dr. R. J. Noble, office on Second street.  
 Board of Commissioners—D. T. Honeycutt, Chairman, J. J. Young, L. W. Hootch, W. S. Edridge and L. P. Creech.  
 County Board of Education—B. Hardee, W. E. Gerald and H. M. Johnson.  
 County Superintendent of Public Instruction, Prof. Ira T. Furlington.

**TOWN OFFICERS.**  
 Mayor—Seth Woodall.  
 Commissioners—A. Morgan and W. L. Woodall, First Ward; W. M. Ives and W. L. Fuller, Second Ward; W. Smith and Daniel Thomas, Third Ward; P. J. Williams, J. L. Davis and J. B. Hudson, Fourth Ward.  
 Clerk—A. M. Woodall.  
 Treasurer—John E. Hood.  
 Tax Collector—G. N. Peacock.  
 Policeman—J. C. Bingham.  
 Town Constable—D. A. Coats.

**CHURCHES.**  
 Methodist Church—on Second street, Rev. J. Puckett, Pastor. Services at 10 o'clock a. m. and 7 o'clock p. m. on the second Sunday of each month. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9-30 o'clock. Dr. J. M. Beckwith, Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend these services.  
 Missionary Baptist Church—on Second street, Rev. F. E. Boston, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock a. m. and 7 o'clock p. m. on the fourth Sunday in each month. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9-30 o'clock. J. M. Beckwith, Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend these services.  
 Primitive Baptist Church—on Second street, J. M. Beckwith, Pastor. Services at 10 o'clock a. m. and 7 o'clock p. m. on the first and third Sunday in each month. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9-30 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend these services.

**SCHOOLS.**  
 Furlington Institute—Male and female, Furlington, Ph. B., (N. C.) Principal.  
 J. L. Davis, A. M., (Trinity College) Assistant. Prof. T. H. Crockett, (Wake Forest) Latin and Greek. Capt. E. L. Creech, Military Tactics and E. B. Grantham, Penmanship.  
 J. W. Deunzig, Telegraphy. T. J. Lassiter teacher in Primary Department. Mrs. Ira T. Furlington, Music.

**LODGES.**  
 Olive Branch Lodge, No. 37, I. O. O. F., E. S. Sanders, S. W., J. J. Young, Sec'y. Meets in the Masonic Hall every Monday evening at 8 o'clock. All Odd Fellows are cordially invited.  
 Fellowship Lodge, No. 84, A. F. and A. M. Hall on Second street. Meets the second Saturday and Fourth Tuesday night in each month. All Masons are respectfully invited.

**COUNTY FARMERS' ALLIANCE.**  
**OFFICERS:**  
 W. B. Creech, President; Jas. Fuller Vice President; E. D. Sneed, Secretary; B. A. Wel Richardson, Treasurer. Regular time of meeting, the second Thursday in January, April July and October.

**A. M. E. CHURCH.**  
 On Hancock Street, Rev. J. B. McGee, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock a. m. and 8 o'clock p. m. on the first and third Sundays in each month. Prayer meeting on Wednesday night of each week at 8 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday evening at 2:30 o'clock. W. M. Sanders, Sup't.

**Missionary Baptist Church (colored).** Rev. W. T. H. Woodward, A. M. Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock a. m. and 8 p. m. on first and third Sundays in each month. Prayer meeting on Wednesday night of each week at 8 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday evening at 2:30 o'clock. W. M. Sanders, Sup't.

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### RICH CONGRESSMEN.

The New Senate Poorer in Money Than Formerly.

The only very rich man among the new senators is A. C. Beckwith of Wyoming. His wealth is estimated all the way from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000, derived from coal mines and banking. Next to him in point of means comes Murphy of New York, who has accumulated at least \$250,000 in the brewing business. Notwithstanding the acquisition of these fortunes, the upper house as a body is not half so well off in money as it was during Mr. Cleveland's first administration. Three of the greatest capitalists in the world have dropped out of it since then. Hearst of California, who died two years ago, was worth \$25,000,000. When Stanford first escorted him down the middle aisle of the Senate to be sworn, it was remarked that those two individuals could buy out all the rest of the Senate if they wanted to. Payne of Ohio, the Oil magnate, has retired with his \$15,000,000 from service, and the term of Uncle Philetus Sawyer of Oshkosh, Wis., came to an end March 4 of this year. The beginning of the \$22,000,000 which he has got together was \$1,000 lent to him by his brother when he was a youngster. Having rolled this small nucleus into a huge financial snowball by investments in timber lands, he paid back the loan with \$9 interest for every \$1 borrowed.

Two other men of millions—Farwell of Illinois and Palmer of Michigan—have left the Senate since Cleveland's first term. The only great fortunes which have come into it meanwhile are those of Calvin S. Brice, who has made about \$500,000 by speculation in railway and oil stock, and Thomas C. Power of Montana. The latter is worth at least \$1,500,000. He owns railways and steamship lines as well as trading houses all along the Montana border. The Thomas C. Power Cattle Company is one of the biggest enterprises of that kind in the West.

All things considered, the upper house is much poorer than it used to be, though there are still a number of millionaires in it. Stanford of California, though he has given \$6,000,000 to his university, must have at least \$15,000,000. Don Cameron may be set down at \$2,500,000. His money was inherited. Eugene Hale of Maine has \$2,000,000. He got most of it with his wife. John Sherman's means are not overestimated at \$1,000,000. He has been very fortunate in land speculations, and he has invested largely in real estate in Washington. William E. Chandler of New Hampshire has accumulated \$750,000 by manufacturing wool and by lucky speculations. Carey of Wyoming and Teller of Colorado each possess about \$300,000. Jones of Nevada is a very picturesque figure financially, having made and lost more fortunes than any other man in the United States. He still owns one-twelfth of the great Comstock lode and is probably worth \$1,500,000 to-day.

Mining speculations are extra hazardous. Senator Jones' colleague, Stewart, had \$3,000,000 at one time. It was then that he built that monstrosity of architecture called Stewart Castle on Dupont circle, now occupied by the Chinese legation. Probably his wealth amounts to more than a small fraction of that much now. Washburn, the Minnesota miller, has been a great gambler in land. Two years ago he was reduced to comparative poverty; at present he is probably worth \$750,000. The richest member of the House

of Representatives is John L. Mitchell, of Wisconsin. His possessions will foot up at least \$1,000,000, most of which he inherited from his father, who was the great financier and railway organizer of that part of the country a generation ago. The son is president of a gas company and of a bank in Milwaukee.

Not many of our representatives in Congress are rich men. Thomas B. Reed is very well off, though he always "talks poor." Before he was chosen speaker he kept house, but since that time he has lived at Levi P. Morton's great hostelry on Fifteenth street, the "Shoreham." Speaker Crisp puts up at the Metropolitan Hotel. Mr. Carlisle has until recently lived at one hotel or another since he first took up his residence in Washington. The late Samuel J. Randall dwelt in a little house which his wife owned on C. street southeast. Chairman Springer of the ways and means committee occupies a small rented house on B street northeast. These locations, though conveniently near the Capitol, are very unfashionable. Dingley and Boutelle of Maine and Burrows of Michigan board at hotels. Four-fifths of the representatives board.

Much that is said about the difficulty which congressmen find in living here on their salaries of \$5,000 a year is not well founded in fact. A score of representatives could be mentioned off hand each of whom save from \$2,000 to \$3,000 annually out of his pay. Jerry Simpson of Kansas and the eccentric Martin of Texas, who is alleged to have blown out the gas at a hotel when he first came to Washington, have been among the most economical among recent members of the House. Many of them occupy single bed-rooms, dress shabbily and live in no respect better than the average department clerk. There are plenty of boarding houses where meals and lodging can be got at low prices, from \$18 to \$35 a month. Washington has been widely advertised as a very expensive place to dwell in. It is not so at all, if one chooses to be saving. For \$500 a year one can rent a nice little house near the Capitol; a servant can be got for \$10 a month, and the markets are not high.

If a congressman must have a fine house in the fashionable quarter of the town and entertain liberally, \$5,000 will not go very far. The same proposition would apply anywhere else. One trouble with the new member is that he does not know whether he is going to hold office two years or twenty. For furnished dwellings an absurdly high rental is demanded. Many legislators of the nation save by leaving their families at home. Out of three hundred and thirty-odd members and delegates in the House during the last session, only 99 had wives with them. On the other hand, more than half of the senators were accompanied by their wives, and they had 27 daughters with them in addition.—Ex.

### What the Local Paper Does.

An exchange says: A sensible minister has the following to say of the local newspaper, which will bear careful perusal: "Your local paper tells you when to go to church, to county court, and to send your children to school, or anywhere you want to go. It tells you who is dead, who is sick, who is married, and many other things you would like to know. It calls attention to public enterprises, advocates the best law and order in the town. It records the marriage of your daughter, the death of your son, the illness of your wife, free of charge. It sets forth the advantages of your town and invites immigration, and is the first to welcome new comers. Yet, in spite of all these benefits, some people say the home paper is not half so good as some other paper that has no interest in their business or success. The home paper is too often neglected by those whose benefit by it."

The sixth Atlantic cable was laid by the Great Eastern in 1874.

### TOO LONG BETWEEN DRINKS.

#### SENATOR VANCE RELATES THE HISTORIC MEETING OF THE GOVERNORS OF THE TWO CAROLINAS.

In the olden times of our statehood, before the steam engine bullied the earth with thunder-stroke and reduced space to a mere matter of time, when whiskey with sugar was five cents a glass and all backs were turned as that glass was filled, and when a white man was considered as good as the negro if he behaved himself, the Governor of North Carolina took it into his head one day to pay a long promised visit to his neighbor, the Governor of South Carolina. So he put a clean shirt and a pair of socks in his saddle bag, mounted his horse and rode away through the pine forest toward the south. Diligently following his nose in this direction he came in due time to the home of his brother Governor, where he was received with all the honors of genuine Southern hospitality. When asked how he felt his characteristic reply was, "Thank you, Governor, I am tired, sleepy, hungry and sober." The host cordially assured him that he could remedy all these.

Next day dinner was served at twelve o'clock as the lawn blew for the hands to come in. After it was over the two Governors retired to the shade of the long back porch, where corn-cob pipes, with long twists of home grown tobacco awaited them.

There, in the long, soft afternoon, reclining on easy bottom rockers, they lolled and smoked and talked the hours away. Between the twain, on the floor, sat a brimming pitcher of apple toddy, with the mellow, roasted fruit impudently floating on the surface of the divine tippie. From time to time this aided and enlivened the conversation. They talked of the comparative excellences and advantages of their respective States, of the price of cotton, of horse raising and run away negroes, as they talked they smoked and as they smoked they drank. They speculated on the coming glories of the country, they pledged eternal friendship to each other personally, and vowed to preserve all neighborhoodly courtesies between the two Carolina States forever and forever, amen! Now and then they would doze in their easy chairs under the mellow influences of their happy surroundings, and on waking up would indignantly deny having been asleep and take another drink to prove their wakefulness. And thus things went on.

Now it happened that the Governor of South Carolina had a wife—as all good Governors should have, on the principle of the old maxim that he who aspires to govern should learn to obey—and her name was Betsy Jane. She well knew the failing of her Governor and she easily guessed that the visiting Governor was tarred with the same stick. Quietly watching proceedings she at length concluded that these two old cocks were about as full as they could well hold without slopping over, and it was time to stop. Watching her opportunity during a rather protracted doze, she slipped away the pitcher, still half full, and inserted in its place a piggin of cool spring water with a clear, yellow gourd hanging on the handle. But the instincts of nature are infallible. Though sound asleep the Governor of North Carolina felt that something was wrong—a lack of spirit as it were—every nerve in him cried out against the presence of a hostile element, and he awoke. His perturbed soul had not deceived him. The pitcher of toddy was gone. He immediately awakened his host, who courteously inquired, "What is the matter?" "Don't you see what is the matter?" said the guest, looking indignantly at the piggin and the gourd. "Indeed, I see nothing wrong," said the now distressed host. "Please tell me what is the matter, my dear Governor." "The devil you say! Nothing wrong, indeed! I go to sleep with a pitcher of toddy before me, I wake up and find a piggin of spring water, and the Governor of South Carolina tells

me in his own house that he sees nothing wrong in that! Well, well! All I have to say, sir," said the Governor of North Carolina, rising with a very great but rather unsteady dignity, "is that it is a damned long time between drinks." "Oh," said the Governor of South Carolina, as the situation flashed on him, "I see; that's Betsy Jane. She means stop, and we're done for to-day. 'I'm sorry I can't bring the pitcher back. I humbly beg your pardon, Governor, but maybe there's a Betsy Jane at your house and maybe you know how it is yourself.'" The offended dignity of the Governor of North Carolina dissolved slowly into a genial smile of intelligent comprehension, and, solemnly working one eye, he fell—either upon the neck of his host or upon the porch floor, tradition does not say which—exclaiming, "You bet, old boy; you bet."

And that's how it came about! Throughout all that Southern land tradition has wickedly repeated and kept alive the saying of the Governor of North Carolina as a convenient mode of joggling the memory or stimulating the flagging hospitality of a host, but has failed to enshrine in human memory the virtuous prudence and wifely virtues of Betsy Jane, the spouse of the Governor of South Carolina.

For near on to a hundred years the saying has been a faithful one, and worthy of all acceptance in our country—that is to say, it has been faithfully repeated that time and anything offered in response thereto has been universally accepted either straight or with sugar.—ZENNUN B. VANCE, in The New York Herald.

### Man's Marvelous Organism.

In the human body there is about 263 bones. The muscles are about 500 in number. The length of the alimentary canal is about thirty-two feet. The amount of blood in an adult averages 30 pounds, or fully one-fifth the entire weight. The heart is six inches in length and four inches in diameter and beats 70 times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800 times per day, 46,792,000 per year, 2,565,440,000 in three score and ten, and at each beat two and one-fourth ounces of blood are thrown out of it, 175 ounces per minute, 656 pounds per hour, seven and three-fourths tons per day.

All the blood in the body passes through the heart in three minutes, says the Popular Science Monthly. This little organ by its ceaseless industry pumps each day what is equal to lifting 122 tons one foot high, or one ton 122 feet high. The lungs will contain about one gallon of air at their usual degree of inflation. We breathe on an average of 1,200 times per hour, inhale 600 gallons of air, or 24,000 quarts per day. The aggregate surface at the air cells of the lungs exceeds 20,000 square inches, an area nearly equal to the floor of a room 12 feet square. The average weight of the brain of an adult male is three pounds and eight ounces; of a female, two pounds and four ounces.

The nerves are all connected with it directly or by the spinal marrow. These nerves, together with their branches and minute ramifications, probably exceed 10,000,000 in number, forming a "bodyguard" outnumbering by far the greatest army ever marshaled. The skin is composed of three layers and varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The atmospheric pressure being about fourteen pounds to the square inch, a person of medium size is subjected to a pressure of 40,000 pounds.

Each square inch of skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain-pipe one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length of the entire surface of the body of 201,163 feet, or a tile ditch for draining the body about forty miles long. Man is marvelously made. Who is eager to investigate the curious and wonderful works of omnipotent wisdom let him not wander the wide world around to seek them, but examine self.—Toledo Blade.

### KEOCO.

The place, whose beauty led me to attempt to describe it, is situated in a certain part of Johnston county and rejoices in a name, given by the Indians, signifying a "place of meeting." It is a large plain, bounded on the west by a great hill, crowned with noble oaks, on the south, by a forest of pines and surrounded on the east and north by a large stream whose music, as it bounds over the rocks, has kept it company these hundreds of years.

Long years ago, when the crafty Tuscaroras roamed over this part of the state, they met at this place every autumn and spent several days in hunting, fishing and playing games. From this the Indians gave its name and though they have ceased to visit it, it is renowned as a picnic and camp-meeting ground and in the early days of the Republic was used as a voting place and muster ground.

It was on the night of 21st of October 1892 that I last saw this place. It was such a night, I fancied, as it was, four hundred years before when Columbus first saw the light of the New world, shining from San Salvador through the darkness.

As I stood there upon the brow of the hill, I seemed suddenly to have been transported into the days of long ago, the cycle of time "turned back in its flight" and the year was 1492. I saw Indians running and jumping on the plain below me, I saw the ponies, breathing fire, dart across my vision, racing for the goal, I saw the wigwams and the great fire with silent men sitting around smoking, I heard the songs of the maidens and the shouts of exultation as some brave gained a victory in the contest.

The games seemed to be at their height, the shouts of the warriors became more frequent and even the old chiefs were watching the scene with interest when the illusion was dispelled, the moon rose slowly over the pines in the east and cast her rays into every recess of the plain and forest.

The games ceased, the ponies with their riders melted into the thicket, the wigwams turned into bushes, the council fire died out, the singing of the maidens was the songs of the birds singing their evening vespers and the sound of the paddling of a canoe died away as a silent boatman turned the bend in the stream below.

And so, every autumn, between the setting of the sun and the rising of the moon, the scene is enacted and many are the wondrous stories told by the simple country-folks who live near by and the place is not visited by them after nightfall.

The oaks on the hill, lean toward the pines below and in wind like accents, interspersed with sighs, tell the story and weep for the forgotten race and every autumn one more oak lies upon the ground, one more pine has found its way to the saw-mill near by and before many more years shall pass the memory of them and the Indians alike will be lost.

S. S. HOLT.

Whether Pasteur and Koch's peculiar modes of treatment will ultimately prevail or not, their theory of blood-contamination is the correct one, though not original. It was on this theory that Dr. J. C. Ayer, of Lowell, Mass., nearly fifty years ago, formulated Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Seventy cigars and fifty cigarettes for every man woman and child in the United States were manufactured in this country last year.

"I was prostrated with a severe bilious complaint," writes Erastus Southworth, of Bath, Me. "After vainly trying a number of remedies, I was finally induced to take Ayer's pills. I had scarcely taken two boxes when I was completely cured."

Rome is to be illustrated by electricity generated 20 miles away by a cascade of the Tiber.



### KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs. Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance. Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

### STATE NEWS.

A little child died of diphtheria in Raleigh Sunday.

The State Guards are in camp at Camp Bogart, Carolina City, four miles from Morehead City.

Another cotton factory is to be built in Concord—making the fourth one in that town says the Concord Times.

Two prisoners in jail in Stanly county made their escape last week by running over the jailer when he opened the jail door.

The Raleigh correspondent to the Wilmington Messenger says that potato bugs are quite numerous in and around the city of Raleigh.

Messrs. Edwards & Broughton, publishers for the State Printer, have finished the publication of the laws passed by the last General Assembly.

Three negro boys, not over fourteen years of age, are in jail in Raleigh charged with breaking into two stores in that city Sunday night.

The United States Cigarette Machine and Tobacco Company has been organized at Fayetteville with a capital stock of \$100,000. The company will manufacture cigarette machines and smoking tobacco.

The body of a newly-born white infant was seen floating in the water at the wharf at Morehead City some days ago. It was supposed to have been thrown overboard from some vessel at sea by its mother.

The little two-year-old daughter of Mr. Chas. C. Nelson fell from a second story window of the Atlantic Hotel at Morehead City last Saturday. The distance was about fifteen feet and the little girl landed on the floor of a porch quite badly hurt but not seriously.

A man named Snell, a lately removed postmaster at Mackey's Ferry, a small post office near Edenton, has been arrested by the United States government charged with embezzling several hundred dollars of the money order fund while in office before he was removed.

The Railroad Commissioners have completed the assessment of seventy railroads in the state and the total assessment for taxation approximates \$25,000,000. The Raleigh and Gaston road, which has heretofore paid no taxes, is assessed at \$10,000 per mile, making a total of \$1,250,000.

Charlotte News: The Oates Knitting Mills have shut down temporarily. There will be some work going on during the entire time, such as cleaning up, etc. The cause of it is the dull sales of the season.—The Charlotte Cotton Mills have shut down for a few weeks. During the time a general overhauling of the plant will be made. The mills will open up again as soon as the fall trade opens.