

THE HERALD.

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AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

A merry Christmas to all, on this holy morning! A happy day to honest men and sweet women and bright-eyed children.

Christmas, the feast day of Christendom, the joyful celebration of the coming of the Prince of Peace, brings in this fruitful year 1907 more happy memories, more goodness, more prosperity, and more promise than it ever brought before. The world is better than it was last Christmas. Men have turned their thoughts toward peace with greater earnestness than ever before. The nations have not grappled and shed blood. The harvests have been good all over the world. There have been no convulsions, no cataclysms of nature. The thoughts of men have been widened, and they have made new discoveries and inventions, making life longer and more comfortable. Disease, the hideous menace of pain and death, is being mastered by science. Distance, the tyrant, has been conquered by the sightless couriers of the air.

Now, what is the duty of man on Christmas morning? Is it not his duty to thank God for his blessings and to make his thanks real by being better? Is it not a time for giving the heart's warm impulses a little play? Is it not a good season for forgiveness and forgetfulness of wrong? Is it not a time to become like a little child? What is more odious on Christmas Day than the sight of scowls and the clacking of a complaining tongue? What is so shocking as a glimpse into the dark and stony heart of a man who has no use for Christmas? It is like a den of vipers! The influence of such a man is chilling to human nature. He is a blight and a curse to himself and to every one who crosses his path. Whether he hoards up hatred and malice, as a viper hoards up venom, or whether he is a spendthrift of misery, he is an outcast at Christmas time—an outlaw in the dominion of good will!

Why cannot there be, everywhere, one day in the 365 glorious days of the year when peace and good will reigns? If cheerfulness and kindness must wither and droop on other days, let them at least, on Christmas, bloom like the rose of Sharon! Go now, you gloomy and wretched man, you lonely and forsaken man, go and do an act of kindness, or charity, or good will! Do it quickly, before your demon returns! Smile at a child, if you cannot do anything else. You will be repaid instantly, with interest, in the coinage of heaven. Try it, you pessimist! You don't know what you can do until you try. There is hope even for you, you selfish and grasping misanthrope who thinks there is no such thing as untainted generosity in the world. Repent, reform, smile, lend a hand, and see what will happen!

A merry, merry Christmas and a happy New Year to every one!—Washington Post, Dec. 25.

This is the last issue of THE HERALD for 1907. The year has been our most prosperous and we close it with more subscribers than ever before in the paper's history. To our friends and subscribers, one and all, who have made this success possible we extend our thanks and wish for all a most Happy and Prosperous New Year.

RALEIGH DISPENSARY GOES OUT.

Raleigh voted out the Dispensary yesterday by a majority of 547 out of 1,313 cast. The vote shows that the good people of Raleigh are not willing to continue to build schools and roads and improve the city with the proceeds derived from the sale of dispensary liquor. The victory is a great one for the prohibitionists and means much for temperance reform in this State.

In The Olden Times When Liquor Didn't Make Drunk.

Frequently we hear people speak of the good old times when men drank without getting drunk. We have always made considerable allowance for such statements as we know that liquor can be depended upon to do its deadly work in all ages and countries and among all peoples. It may be that in a new country where almost every body works every day on the farm liquor does not seem to do so much harm as in an older country where there are more towns and cities to lead in the drink business, but it has done entirely too much harm all the time.

Some time ago we heard of a case which occurred in the olden times when it is said liquor did not make drunk. A Boon Hill township farmer had the best orchard in all that section. He made brandy and wine to sell to his neighbors and countymen. He sent a wagon load of it to Smithfield one court week by one of his sons to be sold on the court yard. The young man placed his wagon on the grounds with the back end to the street. He took out the tail board and put his faucets to the barrels and began to sell. The people bought readily and drank freely. Some of them got drunk while others did not. Among those who became drunk he noticed one man who drank more than anybody else. A freshet was rising in Neuse river and the water was backing up and getting deep in the road leading out north from here. Next morning the news went out over town that a man was drowned in the road at the Buffalo creek crossing. The people of the town and those who had assembled to attend court, many of them, went to see the drowned man. Among those who went was the young man from Boon Hill township. He at once saw that the dead man was his customer of the day before. After thinking over the matter a little he took his outfit home without making any further sales. He told his father the circumstances and said he would never sell another glass of wine or brandy. The old man was disappointed at not selling all his liquor and said to his son: "Well, you always were a d—d fool." But the young man had made up his mind and would not sell any more.

A Horrible Death.

A horrible death occurred in Boon Hill township last Saturday night. Olin Atkinson, an unmarried colored man about twenty five years old, went to Pine Level Saturday and patronized the dispensary to such an extent that he became drunk. He started home so late that a part of the trip had to be made in the night. When about two miles from home it seems he fell from the buggy and got his legs entangled somehow in the undergearing of the buggy. The mule went on home dragging the man through mud holes and over stamps and roots. After the mule reached home he walked all about the place dragging the man around and around. Sunday morning the mule was at home still hitched to the buggy and the poor negro was near by and presented the most horrible sight ever seen in the neighborhood. Wet, muddy, bruised, bloody, dead! He had lived with Mr. J. M. Woodard several years and was said to be a trusty negro. He did his trading mostly in Smithfield with Austin-Stephenson Co. This is the third man we have heard of who died full of Pine Level dispensary liquor. It will do the business. We do not doubt but that He who rules this world holds the people who established this dispensary and are carrying it on responsible in part for these deaths.

Mr. F. W. Bell, bookkeeper for the American Tobacco Co., at this place, left Monday for University to spend the holidays.

AIRSHIP AHoy! WHAT IS YOUR CARGO?

When first the New Year came to town
Appeared a baby boy
In nothing but a pair of wings
And smiles of dimpled joy.

But, growing fast, the next decade
He wore a wig with curls
And rode a fiery prancing steed
And courted all the girls.

He next arrived in coach and four,
A squire in coat of blue
And snowy stock and buckled shoes
And neatly ribboned cue.



BEHOLD HIS AEROPLANE IN FLIGHT.
Still making progress with the timer,
A dandy with a cane,
Tall hat, tight waist and ruffled shirt,
He made his bow again.

'Twas only one short year ago
We heard a rush and jar.
In dust and smoke before us stopped
A scarlet motor car.

Forth stepped a chauffeur clad in furs
And, mid the mingled din
Of horns and bells, invited us
To take a twelvemonth's spin.

But now above the chimneys, behold,
We listen in the night
To hear the whirling fans that bear
His aeroplane in flight!
—Minna Irving in New York Times.

Watching the Year Out.

Throughout the world the practice of watching the old year out and the new come in has been a common observance for many centuries. In the monasteries and convents of various religious orders it has always prevailed, and several Protestant denominations observe it as a beneficial institution, promoting, as it does, piety and the formation of good resolutions. Resolves for the future are not limited to our own time, for nearly 1,900 years ago Pliny, the scrapbook maker, noted in his quaint fashion the return of the Saturnalia; made a memorandum that during the coming year he must make sacrifices to certain gods whom he had neglected and that in other ways he must amend his life. There is no record that he did, so his New Year resolutions were probably forgotten as quickly as those made nowadays.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Ducking the Drunkard."

In Herzegovina "ducking the drunkard" is a New Year's practice by the common people, and if no drunken man can be found a prisoner from the nearest jail is borrowed, then ducked, soundly kicked and set at liberty. In Oman it was until lately the custom to celebrate all marriages on the first day; hence during the last month of the year business was good with the go-betweens. In Dalmatia any man whose conduct had not been what it should be expected to go before the priest of the neighborhood and put good resolutions in writing, a certified copy being given to his wife, or, if unmarried, to his mother.—Boston Herald.

Why We Call It January.

The Romans called the first month of the year January in honor of the god Janus. At dawn of the year the people robed in white, sacrificed elaborate offerings to their gods, especially to Janus. Fraternal greetings, benevolent gifts and exchanges of costly presents marked the day. All evil speaking, quarrels or excesses were for one day laid aside, and the ideals of a nobler future were brought to mind by parables enacted in public places. The soldiers renewed their vows of loyalty to Caesar and put on new uniforms.

New Year's In the Alps.

Among the many time honored customs of the Alps none is more interesting than that of New Year. The village pastor delivers his sermon, which is listened to by people who have come a distance of many miles over snow frequently thirty feet deep. When midnight comes the bells ring out upon the frosty Alpine air, and as they re-echo far and wide over the hills and valleys there are mountain villages where the melody of other village church bells chords in harmony; producing a concert no city could afford.

Scotch Kisses.

A highly popular custom of the young Scots of past years was for young men to go about the streets ringing doorbells, and theirs was the right to kiss the girl who answered the ring. In case the girl proved elderly or unattractive there was no evading the expected salute, however much it might go against the grain of the bell ringer.

Buck's Stoves - they save fuel

This is Quite an Item to Consider Now

THEN, TOO, THERE ARE OTHER FEATURES ABOUT THE BUCK STOVE WHICH YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO MISS LOOKING INTO BEFORE YOU BUY :

THE GREAT WHITE ENAMEL LINE

THE COTTER-STEVENSON CO.

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THE SMITHFIELD HERALD
BEATY & LASSITER, Proprietors SMITHFIELD, N. C.

THAT ALWAYS PLEASES

May This be The Happiest Christmas

Of your life, is our sincere wish. Now would it not add to your home and its happiness to have a good piano?

If so, write us to day for particulars about special prices and terms on the Exposition Pian-s.

Don't Delay. Write Today.

Every sale fully guaranteed. We sustain the reputation of over 65 years making and selling Stieff Pianos. Traveling expenses credited if you buy in Norfolk. All instruments delivered free. Let us tell you more about it by mail.

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Mention The Herald when writing

Horses and Mules Coming

Mr. Robertson is now in the West buying Two Solid Car Loads of Mules. All sizes, all weights, all colors and all will be young and sound, fresh from the stock farms. Will arrive January the 1st. Wait for them, you will be pleased. Terms easy as heretofore.

B. M. Robertson & Company
Smithfield, N. C.

Seasonable Merchandise In Car Load Lots

We offer one car Tennessee wagons for sale next 30 days, one horse for \$30, two horse \$50.00.

We offer for sale next 30 days one car high grade buggies. Top buggy \$55.00 open buggy \$45.00. We are over stocked and they must go. Several second hand buggies and wagons at your own price.

One car full patent flour just received.

For shipstuff, bran, C. S. meal and hulls we are headquarters.

One car Michigan hay now on hand.

Several young mules and horses on hand we will sell cheap. While in town call to see us.

The Austin-Stephenson Company

W. R. LONG HAS RETURNED with a Car of the Finest Young Mules

Ever shown on Smithfield market. Anyone needing a young Mule or Horse come to see Will Long. He has any kind you want. Don't fail to see Will Long's mule pen while in town.