

DAILY REFLECTOR.

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WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent)

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 1, 1895.

Vice President Stevenson is as mild-mannered a gentleman as ever presided over the United States Senate, but he this week demonstrated to the Senate as well as the public that there is a wide gulf between mildness and weakness. When the excitement, which has been a marked feature in the Senate all the week, culminated in the greatest uproar ever remembered to have been seen on the floor of the Senate, brought on by the attempt to prevent the Gorman amendment authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue 3 per cent loan certificates whenever ready money was needed, being laid before the Senate, he proved himself equal to the occasion, by ordering the Sergeant-at-arms to restore order, although he must have seen from the faces of the older Senators that he was trampling upon tradition and dignity by so doing. He even went further, by refusing to allow business to be resumed until perfect order was restored, and then to add force to the object lesson in good manners that he was giving to unruly Senators he directed the Sergeant-at-arms to insist upon order being maintained and to place a sufficient number of assistants upon the floor to enforce the order. When you might have heard a pin drop the Vice President calmly said: "The Senator from Maryland will now proceed." Afterwards the Gorman amendment was withdrawn to prevent the Sundry Civil appropriation bill being talked to death.

Senator Brice has been unmercifully gayed for attempting to secure appropriation from Congress of \$100,000 for experimenting in aerial machines, but the Senator insists that the wheels in his head haven't slipped any cogs, and further that the government ought to assist in hastening the era of aerial navigation, which is

bound to come sooner or later.

It will not be positively known until the Fifty-third Congress dies by limitation, next Monday, whether failure of one or more appropriation bills will force the calling of an early session. There is little doubt that the appropriation bills can be put through in time by hard work, but there are several pending amendments—among them that repealing all laws for the issue of bonds—either of which will bring out a Presidential veto, if they are not dropped.

THE ENGLISH LIKE THEM.

Our Western Stories Please the British People Immensely.

Stories of our frontier life seem to have a peculiar fascination for the English. Following Bret Harte's success, a recent book, entitled, "Elder Conklin and Other Stories," by Frank Harris, has attracted the favorable comment of many of the English critics. One of them picks out the following blood-curdling paragraph to discourse upon: "Like many civilized and constitutionally cowardly people," he begins, "I am very fond of blood. Violence at a reasonable distance fascinates me, and I am recklessly indifferent to human life. If our theaters were given up to gladiatorial combats I should like to be a dramatic critic. When, therefore, I read of scenes in the 'saloons of the far west' of men potting one another out of their trousers' pockets, throwing glasses in one another's faces and that sort of thing, I feel my bosom swell."

Williams spoke first: "Sam Johnson, you sent for me, and I've come." The sheriff answered, firmly: "I did!" Their hands went up, and crack! crack! crack! in quick succession, three or four or five reports—I don't know how many. At the first shots the sheriff fell forward on his face. Williams started to run along the sidewalk; the groups of men at the corner, through whom he must pass, closed together; then came another report, and at the same moment he stopped, turned slowly half round and sank down in a heap like an empty sack. * * * "A good shot! Took him in the back of the head. Jarvis kin shoot." Now that was an interesting interview."—Chicago Post.

Sensitive.

An excited individual climbed three flights of stairs in great leaps and yelled:

"Where's the editor?"

Nobody owned to the distinction.

"Show me the editor!" he demanded, shaking a paper in his hand at arm's length.

"He's in there," piped an indiscreet office boy, who had been hired to answer the telephone.

The man with a grievance belted into the room designated without knocking. He shoved the paper under the editor's nose, and, pointing to a marked portion, exclaimed:

"Read that!"

The editor read: "Mrs. R—"

"That's my wife," interrupted the angry visitor.

"Mrs. R—," continued the editor, "gave a violet luncheon to her friends yesterday."

"What's the matter with that?" asked the editor.

"What's the matter? Look at that!" and he indicated the word.

The editor with sinking heart read "violet luncheon." Apologies were not enough. The man could only be assuaged by a present of a yearly subscription, which included the weekly colored supplement.—Indianapolis News.

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S. M. Schultz

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Respectfully,

S. M. SCHULTZ,
Greenville, N. C.