

LOCAL DIRECTORY.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Superior Court Clerk, E. A. Moye.
 Sheriff, R. W. King.
 Register of Deeds, W. M. King.
 Treasurer, J. L. Little.
 Coroner, Dr. C. O'H. Laughinghouse.
 Surveyor
 Commissioners—O. Dawson, chm'n.
 Leonidas Fleming, T. E. Keel, Jesse L. Smith and S. M. Jones.
 Sup't. Health, Dr. W. H. Bagwell.
 Sup't. County Home, J. W. Smith.
 Board Education—J. R. Congleton, chm'n, F. Ward and R. C. Cannon.
 Sup't. Pub. Ins., W. H. Ragsdale.

TOWN OFFICERS.

Mayor, J. L. Fleming.
 Clerk, G. E. Harris.
 Treasurer, J. S. Smith.
 Police—W. B. James, chief, T. R. Moore, asst.; J. L. Daniel, night.
 Councilmen—J. S. Smith, B. C. Pearce, L. H. Pender, W. J. Cowell, T. A. Wilke, Dempsey Ruffin.

CHURCHES.

Baptist. Services every Sunday (except fourth) morning and night. Prayer meeting Thursday night. Rev. C. M. Billings, pastor. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. C. D. Bantree, Sup't.

Catholic. No regular services.

Episcopal. Services every fourth Sunday morning and night. Rev. A. Groves, pastor. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. W. B. Brown, Sup't.

Methodist. Services every Sunday morning and night. Prayer meeting Wednesday night. Rev. G. F. Smith, pastor. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. A. B. Ellington, Supt.

Presbyterian. Services every third Sunday morning and night. Prayer meeting Tuesday night. Rev. R. W. Hines, pastor. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. B. D. Evans, Sup't.

LODGES.

Covenant Lodge No. 17. I. O. O. F., meets every Tuesday night. Dr. W. H. Haywell, N. G.

Greenville Lodge No. 281 A. F. & A. M., meets first and third Monday nights. W. M. King, W. M.

A SEA-GOING PORKER.

Fed on Plum Pudding Twice Across the Pacific.

He Grew Fat on Food That Would Have Killed Ordinary Infants—His Last Voyage Did Not Promise to Be So Interesting.

Some months ago Capt. Morse, of the Alameda, was charged by a stock-raising friend in Sydney to bring him over an aristocratic pig to improve the blood of the plebeian Australian swine. The steamer captain found the pig and brought him on board the Alameda two months ago. He was a dainty little thing, with a pink nose and a confiding way that won the hearts of the passengers before the steamer had crossed the bar. He squealed so pathetically when the time for seasickness came that the captain yielded to his passengers' intercession and took him out of his box on the deck. They tied a blue ribbon around his neck, and presently the curl came back to his dear little tail, and he warmed his cold pink little nose in the hand of the prettiest passenger in the cabin. There was a baby on board, but the child did not get half the attention that was bestowed on the dainty little pig that squealed so delightfully whenever the rolling of the vessel tumbled him off his doubtful little legs.

On the third day out they had plum duff for dinner on the steamer, and seven women and four men surreptitiously slipped the pudding from their plates into their napkins and stole away from the table. They met at the little pig's box and began to feed the sweetmeat to the infant porker. An alarmed cry checked the feeding.

"You'll kill that poor little thing!" shrieked a mother; "plum pudding, and he only three weeks old!"

She had some soft bread soaked in sweet milk, but that willful pig hardly noticed it. After that there was a regular procession from the cabin table to the box on deck. No women and few men left that table without something for the little pig. The mother waited gloomily for the fulfillment of her dire prophecy, while the pig got so fat that his little legs bowed under him.

On the tenth day out the door on the pig's box was enlarged, as he could no longer pass it. On the fifteenth day one end of the box was knocked out for the same reason. At Samoa they built a new and larger box. The daily pilgrimages with delicacies from the cabin table continued and the foreordained sire of a noble line grew in popularity as well as size. There were jealousies among the passengers over the pig and charges that he was getting things that were not good for him. The blue ribbon had long ago be-

come too small and he ate it with some blanc mange one afternoon. The ship's physician said it would not hurt him.

At last the Alameda reached Sydney and the passengers fed their pet for the last time.

But when it came to sending him ashore a stern man in uniform stood in the way. He did not dispute that this was the sweetest pig in the world, but the Australian law was strict and quarantine regulations could not be disregarded. The officer insulted everybody by speaking of the pig as "pork on the hoof." It would take a special act of parliament or an order of court, or something of that sort, to get the pig through the regulations, and while the man who sent for the pig was trying to arrange matters the Alameda sailed for home and the pig on her.

The up trip was the same as the down trip for the pig, and on the arrival of the Alameda here Capt. Morse received a cablegram advising him that the difficulties had been overcome and that there was no longer any bar to the pig's entry into Australia.

They opened the door of the box to give the pig an outing on the dock, but he could not even get his head through, and they had to knock the box to pieces to get him out.

On Saturday the Alameda sailed for Australia, and in a large pen on deck was a huge hog. The cabin passengers sniffed disdainfully when the wind blew their way and made remarks about a steamship company that permitted swine on deck.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Said by Aubrey Beardsley.

Beardsley, he that has imitators; Beardsley, the English artist that revels in the outlandish but interesting, is coming over to talk to us in the spring. He will first finish a book, "Venus and Tannhauser," that he expects will make a stir. Beardsley is twenty-two, a consumptive, and was first an architect's clerk, and then tarried in an insurance office. But the great Burne-Jones and the great Puvie de Chavannes pulled the boy out of such uncouth environment, and made him take up art as a profession. He claims that black and white used with feeling and art can be made to express almost anything. He allows his technique to be as old as Botticelli, but claims recognition of his idea of the value of the line. He explains that if some of his pictures are offensive he has nevertheless seen such people, and that if the sensual face has been dominant that is the face prevailing in the place he has been studying life. It was the Madonna the artists once painted, he says; now it is the new Magdalen. "The French adore her."

WILMINGTON & WELDON R. R. AND BRANCHES. AND FLORENCE RAIL ROAD. Condensed Schedule.

Dated Mar. 25, 1895.	No. 23 Daily		No. 35 Daily		No. 41 Daily.
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	
Leave Weldon	11 58	9 27			
Ar Rocky Mt	12 57	10 20			
Lv Tarboro	12 20				
Lv Rocky Mt	1 05	10 20			6 00
Lv Wilson	2 03	11 03			
Lv Selma	2 58				
Lv Fayetteville	4 30	12 53			
Ar Florence	7 15	3 00			
	No. 47 Daily.		No. 30 Daily.		No. 40 Daily.
	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	
Lv Wil-son	2 08				6 35
Lv Goldsboro	2 55				7 20
Lv Magnolia	4 02				8 29
Ar Wilmington	5 30				10 00
	M.				A. M.

Dated Mar. 25, 1895.	No. 78 Daily		No. 32 Daily		No. 30 Daily.
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	
Lv Florence	8 15	7 35			
Lv Fayetteville	10 55	9 35			
Lv Selma	12 32				
Ar Wilson	1 20	11 28			
	No. 48 Daily.		No. 32 Daily.		No. 30 Daily.
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	
Lv Wilmington	9 20				7 00
Lv Magnolia	10 58				8 31
Lv Goldsboro	12 05				9 40
Ar Wilson	1 00				10 27
	No. 78 Daily.		No. 32 Daily.		No. 30 Daily.
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	
Lv Wilson	1 30		11 32	10 32	
Ar Rocky Mt	2 33		12 07	11 15	
Ar Tarboro	2 48				
Lv Tarboro					
Lv Rocky Mt	2 33		12 07		
Ar Weldon	3 48		12 50		

Train on Scotland Neck Branch Road leaves Weldon 5.40 p. m., Halifax 4.00 p. m., arrives Scotland Neck at 4.55 p. m., Greenville 6.37 p. m., Kinston 7.35 p. m. Returning, leaves Kinston 7.20 a. m., Greenville 8.22 a. m. Arriving Halifax at 11:00 a. m., Weldon 11.20 am daily except Sunday.

Trains on Washington Branch leave Washington 7.00 a. m., arrives Parrale 8.40 p. m., Tarboro 9.50; returning leaves Tarboro 4.50 p. m., Parrale 6.10 p. m., arrives Washington 7.35 p. m. Daily except Sunday. Connects with trains on Scotland Neck Branch.

Train leaves Tarboro, N. C., via Albemarle & Raleigh R. R. daily except Sunday, at 5.00 p. m., Sunday 3.00 P. M.; arrive Plymouth 9.20 P. M., 5.20 p. m. Returning leaves Plymouth daily except Sunday, 5.30 a. m., Sunday 9.30 a. m., arrive Tarboro 10.25 a. m., and 11.45 a. m.

JOHN F. DIVINE,
 General Supt.
 J. R. KENLY, Gen'l Manager.
 T. M. EMERSON, Trade Manager.

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