

THE EASTERN REFLECTOR.

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GREENVILLE, PITT COUNTY, N. C. WEDNESDAY, JULY 1, 1891.

NO. 24.

D. J. WHICHARD, Editor and Proprietor.

TRUTH IN PREFERENCE TO FICTION.

TERMS: \$1.00 Per Year, in Advance.

Special Notice.

In adopting the Cash in Advance System for this year THE REFLECTOR will be continued to no one for a longer time than it is paid for. If you find stamped just after your name on the margin the paper the words:

"Your subscription expires two weeks from this date"

It is to give you notice that unless renewed in that time THE REFLECTOR will cease going to you at the expiration of the two weeks.

Poetry.

"A WAIT."

The author of the following lines was said to be a tramp, and as the printer they contain recalls childhood's happy days, we give them place in THE WATCH TOWER:

Near the campfire's flickering light,
In my blanket bed I lie,
Gazing through the shades of night
At the twinkling stars on high;
O'er me spirits in the air
Silent vigilance keep,
As I breathe my childhood's prayer,
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"

Sadly sings the whippoorwill
In the boughs of yonder tree;
Laughingly the mountain rill
Swells the midnight melody,
Women may be looking near
In the canyon dark and deep;
Lo! I breathe on Jesus' ear,
"I pray thee Lord my soul to keep."

Mild the stars one face I see,
One the Saviour called away,
Mother, who, in infancy,
Taught me how to lips to pray;
Her sweet spirit hovers near
In this lonely mountain break,
Take me to her, Saviour dear,
"If I should die before I wake."

Fainter grows the flickering light,
As each ember slowly dies;
O'er me the birds of night
Fill the air with sadened cries;
Over me they seem to cry:
"You may never more awake!"
Lo! I sleep, if I should die,
"I pray thee Lord my soul to take."

One of the best qualifications possible to possess is that of usefulness. Young man, young woman, you are worth but little without it. You will occupy but small space in memory, and lose in history when you are gone, if you have not been useful. It does not take towering intellect or multifaceted wealth to secure the unending benedictions of a people benefited by your having lived. The ability to smile away a sorrow, to touch away a burden, to ease an aching heart, to change fear to joy, despair to hope, and restore to a blighted life a purpose, are gifts of usefulness which will gladden your life by bringing joy into that of others.

A man going home from his work at a late hour in the night saw that the occupants of a house standing flush with the street had left a window down, and he decided to warn them and prevent a burglary. Putting his head into the window he called out, "Hullo! Good good!" That was all he said. A whole pile of water struck him in the face, and he staggered back a woman shrieked out, "Didn't I tell you what you'd get if you wasn't home by ten o'clock?"

Malaria and Broken-Down Constitution.

Dr. W. H. Whitehead:
Dear Sir:—At your request I will state my case. Some years ago I contracted malaria in its most violent form while living at Newark, N. J. I consulted various physicians and took numerous preparations recommended as "sure cures," but it stuck to me like a brother or more in fact, better. I finally came South, and while here tried new remedies, said to always cure malaria, and it still stuck to me and you know the broken-down condition I was in when I came to you. You put me on the P. P. P. (Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium), and I improved rapidly, and am to-day in as good health as I ever was in fact, better. As a remedy for a broken-down constitution it has no equal.

Yours etc.

T. P. COTTELL.

Take! Take? Take? Knight's

Cure for Dyspepsia and Constipation, it will cure you.

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opposite Photograph Gallery.

NEW YORK LETTER.

A Theatre for the Insane—A New Play Ground—Struck Dead and Dumb.

Regular Correspondence.

New York, June 25th, 1891.

The theatre of the Blackwell's

Island Insane Asylum is proving

quite a success. Some time ago the

city put up a \$10,000 structure in

which performances are given by

the inmates of the asylum, some of

whom have considerable talent. "I

am always sure of getting a full

house," says Superintendent Deur,

"and I have no difficulty in getting

patients who prove acceptable as

actors. The plays selected are all

light comedies. We want to make

our patients laugh and our theatre

is proving a great success in this

respect." Twice a week perform-

ances are given, to which all the

patients look forward with great

interest. It is surprising how read-

ily and quickly these afflicted ones

learn their parts. They give a per-

formance that would compare favor-

ably with many professional exhibi-

tions given in a regular theatre.

The city's liberality in providing

such a play house should be hearti-

ly commended.

HELPING THE LITTLE ONES.

A diminutive play ground has

been established in one of the crowded

portions of the city, which will no

doubt be of great benefit to the

little people in those quarters. The

play ground, or "scuppern school,"

as it is called, is the work of a few

young women of the neighborhood,

who are trying to accomplish as

much good as their limited oppor-

tunities will permit. Their back-

yard, 40 x 50 feet, is said to be the

largest piece of unoccupied ground

in the tenth ward. It is covered

with sand and fitted up with scups

swings, which the children are al-

lowed to enjoy, each in turn one

hour. There is such eagerness

among these little ones for a place

to play that every Saturday they

sit for two or three hours on the

front stoop awaiting their turn.

This is the only play ground in that

great neighborhood, and the sug-

gestion is made that the city should

extend the idea, and, if necessary

tear down a whole block of houses

in order to furnish the children a

suitable play ground.

A MYSTERIOUS AFFLICTION.

David Molloy, aged nineteen, and

son of Mr. William Molloy, agent

for David Dudley Field's estate,

left his father's office in possession

of all his faculties, last Monday to

go up town to collect some rent.

He did not return, and as foul play

was suspected a general alarm was

sent out on Wednesday, which re-

sulted in the finding of the young

man in Pell street, in a battered

and bruised condition, his money

and hat gone, his clothes torn, and

he unable to talk or hear. Further

investigation showed that he had

been robbed of \$300 on Monday

night. The robbers have all been

arrested. At first it was thought

that perhaps the young man was

shamming, deaf and dumb, but he

has been examined by expert phy-

sicians who agree that his affliction

is genuine, but are wholly at a loss

to account for it. Young Molloy

writes an account of his being rob-

bed which agree with the facts

gathered by the police. He became

deaf and dumb before he was rob-

bed, and is wholly unable to give

any account of himself during

Tuesday. The case is certainly a

great mystery.

EDWIN ARLINGTON.

Condition vs Theory.

Those who are in ill-health are

confronted by a condition, not a

theory, although there are num-

bers of people ready and anxious to

theorize about it. In ninety-nine

cases out of a hundred S. S. S. will

do the work of renovation. In case

of indigestion, loss of appetite and

general debility, this wonderful

NORTHERN PRISON HORRORS.

Richmond Times.

A few weeks ago there appeared

in these columns an article calling

attention to a request from Dr.

John A. Wyeth, of New York, that

surviving Confederate prisoners

furnish him with accounts of their

treatment to Northern prisons dur-

ing the war so that he might pub-

lish them. The request was made

because he had already published

in the Century an article showing,

from personal experience, that Con-

federate prisoners in the North

were treated worse during the war

than were Northern prisoners in the

South, which publication had called

forth upon him bitter denunciation

from Northern writers, who also

questioned his veracity.

In response to this appeal Dr.

Wyeth has received a number of

communications fully substantiating

his statements, and one of these re-

cently published is sufficient to show

that he was more than justified in

his charges. It is from Captain P.

A. Chisholm, of Oakland, Maryland,

and is enough to make the blood

creep with horror. Says Captain

Chisholm:

"I do not know whether the pris-

oners who were confined in Camp

THE EASTERN REFLECTOR, Greenville, N. C.

ANNE BISSELL.

By AUGUSTA LARNER.

CHAPTER VI.



"They've caught the thief who stole your money."

Anne went off in a hurry by rail next morning, about an hour before Dr. Tibbets came home from the city to find her gone. The house seemed strangely cold and empty and ungenial, and he was glad to be called away to a scarlet fever case at Deadman's Hollow. At ten Mrs. Bissell awoke and discovered to a petrification of her former self, the Holmes family had crept back into their inexpressive, flat featured shells, and Miss Carver was furtively watching the scene and drawing her own conclusions about Anne's sudden flight. Evidently the Bissells had discovered something unfavorable to their paragon. She communicated her suspicions to the Widow Harkaway, and they waited impatiently for an explosion that did not come. There were no more jokes at table about the doctor's growing practice, no more fun or life or active sympathy. Without Anne's cheerful and bright presence the house had suddenly turned into a vault.

The change in Mrs. Bissell struck cold on the doctor's heart. He suspected that she blamed him for not having traced the stolen money or captured the thief, and speculated as to what further steps he could take to show his zeal. He was under a cloud, and he fell into the way of entering and leaving the house stealthily, shutting himself in his office and smoking more cigars than were good for him. He watched the smoke wreath about his head by the light of the lamp, and his face grew daily of a deeper indigo hue. He noticed as a significant sign that the floral offerings that once adorned his office table had ceased to appear. Once he thought seriously of asking Mrs. Bissell what he had done to forfeit her esteem, and then his pride rebelled, and he concluded to fall into the business attitude of boarder and landlady. He did not even dare to inquire after Anne or when she was coming home, for all his questions were met with polite but frigid discourtesy.

He could see that Mrs. Bissell suffered silently, but the loss of her interest money, the shiftlessness of Bissell and the worries of poor help were sufficient to account for her low spirits. Only Miss Carver threw in the changed attitude of affairs. He was firmly believing the doctor was a thief, and that the Bissells had found him out, and for some reason were hushing matters up; but she was willing to indulge in scientific conversation even with a man of his suspicious character, now that she had the field all to herself and was relishing the beauty of her longer burning on the opposite side of the table. In spite of her belief in his turpitude she was half disposed to go over to the little pill theory, for the doctor was very generous in his medical opinions he gave gratis on her pet diseases. Miss Carver had tried her best to fathom the mystery of Anne's absence and Mrs. Bissell's freeing up toward the doctor, but without very brilliant success.

"They've found out something pretty black about him, you may be sure," she said to the widow, "for I never saw a girl make a bolder protest than she did after that man, and they were all just ready to eat him up."

A month had gone by and Mrs. Bissell showed no sign of relenting toward the young doctor. She was more and more polite and formal and ceremonious, and it came to her that she would soon be looking out for a fashionable boarding place, where the climate was more salubrious, for the spread of scarlet fever in Deadman's Hollow had given him plenty of hard work, and it was no uncommon thing to have the doctor bell brooked twice a week by the insistence of night messengers. One autumn evening she was sitting in her own room with a great pile of stockings before her, fresh from the wash and awaiting the darning needle, when the doctor burst in without stopping to knock. He held a long official looking document in his hand, and his face was flushed with eager, happy excitement.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Bissell, for forgetting my manners. I hurried in to tell you that I have just had great news from the Boston chief of police. They've caught the thief that stole your money, and got back all those marked bills but one that has mysteriously disappeared. But it is sure to come to light in time."

"What do you say?" Mrs. Bissell asked sharply, clutching the arm of her chair and looking up bewildered through her glasses.

"They've caught the thief," said he, raising his voice with the impression that she had suddenly gone deaf. "He was an old state prison bird, but he had just been discharged from the penitentiary. He pretended to be a plumber and roofer by trade, and was engaged here with Fraser, carpenter in the summer. He intended, it seems, to clean out Littlefield, but got scared after he had robbed you and left town suddenly."

"Why, that's the very man that pretended to mend my roof!" cried Mrs. Bissell.

"Yes," said the doctor, smiling, "and it seems the fellow took the opportunity to go through your bureau drawers."

A hot flush burned on Mrs. Bissell's thin cheek, and she put her hand before her eyes for very shame. "Oh, doctor," she cried in a stifled, choked voice, broken with sobs, "I ought to go down on my knees and humbly beg your pardon."

The doctor looked startled and mystified. "What in the world do you mean, Mrs. Bissell?"

gray hair, and tinged even the tips of her ears. "Don't you know, Dr. Tibbets, you gave it to me for board," she said slowly. "I gave it to you?" He said he had handed through his light locks and sat dumb for a moment, stricken with surprise. Then a light broke in on him. "I see now," he exclaimed. "It was that scandalous Doyle, whose thief's name is Shifty Mike. He called me in to look after the baby, the first night call I had in Littlefield. I see now it was all a trick to pass this bill off on me and save himself from suspicion, for there really wasn't anything serious the matter with the child. When he offered to pay me I remember at first I thought I could not make change for so large a bill, but then I did manage, and then I stuffed it into my pocket, and thought no more of it—never looked at it, in fact, until that day I gave it to you."

Mrs. Bissell did not look up. Her face was still scarlet, and she was trembling like a leaf. The doctor rubbed his forehead, still perplexed. "It has just occurred to me," he said, smiling a little wistfully, "that you might have thought—but no, you did not think I was a thief; his frank, sunny smile broke out all over his face; 'the thing is too absurd. You couldn't suppose that I had sneaked up there into the attic and taken your money on the sly from a bureau drawer.' The poor woman looked so distressed he wanted to spare her. "And Miss Anne," he stammered, "did Miss Anne—could Miss Anne really think I had stolen?" The words choked him and he stopped short.

"No," protested Mrs. Bissell, stretching out her hands. "She could never think anything to your injury. She believed you were a perfect gentleman, and as honest and true as the sun. She said she would stake her life on it, and she got down on her knees and made me promise I never would let you know, would never breathe a word to harm you in this town. She knew if it once got wind such as she, motioning toward Miss Carver's room, 'would soon tear your reputation piecemeal. She said she'd go away and not come back until you were cleared, and she knew you would be in some way, and the poor girl has been sick waiting, but she never lost faith.' Mrs. Bissell paused, and then went on in a low, broken voice, "I was to blame, doctor, and I ask you to forgive me, though I don't know as you ever can, and now I guess I must go by telegraph to Anne to come right home," and she rose from her chair.

"No," said the doctor, quite pale, and putting his hand on her arm. "Let me go to Dr. Bell's Cove. I have something to say to Anne. If we come back together to-morrow afternoon, shall I come back pledged to each other for life?"

"Oh, doctor!" and Mrs. Bissell began to cry. "I always did say you were the only young man I ever should care to have for a son. But we are poor, humble folks, though I wish say for Anne, she's a good girl."

The doctor and Anne came home together the next day, and now Dr. Tibbets has the largest practice in Littlefield. He has paid off the mortgage on the Bissell place, and Bridget O'Neil has been living with the family for several years. The Littlefield people have long ago forgotten that the doctor's wife was ever outside the pale of the best set. Miss Carver has enthusiastically adopted the little pill practice, and now speaks of Mrs. Tibbets as "dearest Anne," implying that she has always lived with her on terms of the closest intimacy.

New York Times.

First Temple of Vesta.

Orid tells us that the first temple of Vesta, at Rome, was constructed of wattle and daub and roofed with thatch, like the primitive huts of the inhabitants. It was little other than a circular, covered fireplace, and was tended by the unmarried girls of the infant community. It served as the public hearth of Rome, and on it glowed, unextinguished throughout the year, the sacred fire, which was supposed to have been brought from Troy, and the continuing of which was thought to be linked with the fortunes of the city.

WITHOUT THE KINK.

A Discovery That Produced a Sensation in Boston Colored Society.

The colored women of this city have learned that it is possible to take the kink out of their hair, and there is quite a sensation over the discovery. The rush to have crisp locks straightened is becoming general, although but few of those who have successfully been smoothed out are willing to admit that their hair was ever otherwise than straight and glossy. The fact as yet has not reached the male sex, and at the Sunday evening meeting of the A. M. E. church one of the deacons warned the sisters against their sinful pride in attempting to improve on the Lord's handiwork. He was followed by a sister, who said:

"If God had intended us to have straight hair he would have given it to us in the beginning. God never intended it, and I, for one, shall be content with what I've got. It's a sin before the Lord, and a vanity to have your hair straightened."

The idea was introduced by a young colored woman from Virginia. She herself has a glossy bang and black hair straight as that of the late Shirley Bull. She says her own hair was formerly crisp and kinky, but that an old Canadian woman told her how to make it straight, and this information she is now imparting for a consideration. The customer is told first to wash her hair and comb with it well dried. She does so, and then the operation begins.

A preparation that is amber colored and of the consistency of cream is taken from a large jar and rubbed thoroughly into the hair, and where it was curly turned before it begins to assume a gloss. This is rubbed so thoroughly into the scalp that none of the hairs can fall to have received a portion. Then vigorous brushing is resorted to, and the short hair begins to lengthen.

If it were an inch long before, it is now fully two inches long, and it before it had been done up in what old fashioned, southern people term "plaits," it is now ready to be rolled into a loose twist or a loose coil at the back. The operation takes about four hours and is permanent in its effects. It gives the colored woman a very Indian like appearance, and the few who will admit having been treated claim they did it merely to make the labor of combing their hair so much the easier. One of them said:

"One thing I know, and that is that it is terribly convenient to have straight hair. I never before realized what a blessing it was. Before I drew the thick brows away from the roots of her

Our Old-Fit Company.

"That was a ray old country that we belonged to, Joe, away back in '88, when you and I ran with the machine." Do you remember that big fire in Hotel Row, one freezing night, when fifteen people were pulled out of the burning rooms, and came down the ladder in their night clothes; and how 'Dick' Greene brought down two 'kitts' at once—one in his arms, the other slung to his back? Poor 'Dick'! He got the catarrh dreadfully, from so much exposure; and suffered from it five years or more. We thought once he was going in consumption sure. But, finally he heard of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and tried it, and it cured him up as sound as a fiddle. I tell you, Joe, that catarrh remedy is a great thing. It saved a good man and as brave a fireman as ever trod shoe leathers."

Red Pepper at a Church Social.

The small boy worked off a stock of fun at the parish social of Holy Innocent's church, which was held at the rector's residence one evening. The boy in question was on hand early, and was deviously seated in a corner, where his elders arrived. One by one, as they approached the amiable rector and his wife, to extend the greetings of the evening, they were seized with a violent sneezing and coughing. Finally the whole room was in an uproar. A general panic of influenza seemed imminent. It was only when a suppressed giggle from the corner was heard that suspicion pointed in that direction. The urchin was hastily summoned before a judge and jury, and, amid a burst of sobs and tears, that showed his pleasure to be at the obb, he confessed to having sprinkled the floor with red pepper.

After a lengthy lecture from the pastor he was handed over to the members of the church who were present as a special subject for prayers.—Indianapolis News.

Two Natives of the Island.

St. Helena is picturesquely situated at the foot of a huge hill of sheer rock, on top of which is the fort where the garrison is stationed, and there is a most warlike ascent by hundreds of steps to the summit. The interior of the island is full of luxuriant vegetation and many are the birds of bright plumage that flit from tree to tree. The impregnable natural walls that surround St. Helena are grandest on the earth, where the precipitous cliffs are full of caves and giant figs. Through little known, this is a scene of lonely grandeur. Down hundreds of feet below the jutting crags lies a stretch of sand inclosed by the sea and a semicircle of impassable rocks, but when the tide is in no bay is seen.

My hostess showed me among other curios two silver hairs that were once part of a lock out of Napoleon's head after death. The precious relic had dwindled down to two solitary hairs, scarcely by seeing was for the frequent and pathetic requests from old French veterans, who with tearful eyes had begged for "just one hair," and who left their medals and orders on the hero's grave, had always overcome the generous chateleine of Maldivia, for had she not herself been carried in her nurse's arms to see his first internment, and years afterward had she not watched the ceremony when his remains were taken in triumph to France?

Little Girl's Experience in a Light-house.

A Mr. and Mrs. Loren Treccott are keepers of the Gov. Light-house at Sand Reach, Mich., and are blessed with a daughter, four years old. Last April she was taken down with measles, followed by a dreadful cough and turning into a fever. Doctors at home and at Detroit treated her, but in vain, she grew worse rapidly, until she was a mere "child of bones." Then she tried Dr. King's New Discovery and after the use of two and a half bottles, was completely cured. Her recovery is worth its weight in gold, yet you may get a trial bottle free at John L. Wooten's Drug Store.

The fire in the Lester house was a sad blow to the social ambitions of the family. With one daughter in the height of bellehood and another having just made her debut, the Leiters had arranged a social campaign of great splendor. On the very day that rehearsal in the short season of nine weeks the home was damaged by fire. The most pathetic thing about the disaster was the destruction of a part of the Parian wardrobe of the young ladies, recently imported at a cost of \$4,000.

Poor Nanette Lester, lashed out of bed and the house in great haste, caught a glimpse of a number of her blackened and burned Worth gowns, and straightway went into hysterics. At the house of Mr. Rock, a neighbor, who lost all control of herself for a time and filled the air with her lamentations. Her grief was short lived, however, and she knew as gay and charming as ever in the full whirl of Washington society. The rental paid by Mr. Lester to Mr. Blaine has been generally overrated. When Mr. Lester took the house he did pay \$11,500 a year, but when the lease was renewed some time ago the rental was fixed at \$8,000 a year, and the taxes and insurance, or \$8,500 in all.—Washington Cor, Chicago Herald.

The First Step.

Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into Nervous Prostration. Buy a bottle of Nerve Tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprise! You will follow the use of these two Nerve Tonic and Alternative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the liver and kidneys resume healthy action. Try bottle. Price 50 cents at John L. Wooten's Drug Store.

AGAIN HERE.

I have again opened a BARBER SHOP in Greenville and invite my old friends and former patrons to give me a call. I can supply all your wants in the way of a clean shave, a stylish hair cut, a delightful shampoo, or anything else in the tonsorial line. Patronage solicited.

A Broad Assertion.

We have invented a hanger suitable for curing tobacco in the leaf and take the privilege of announcing that we believe it to be the best and cheapest arrangement for hanging tobacco leaves in barns and that as much tobacco can be put in the barn by using our hangers as by any other plan now before the public. By using our hangers you can use any kind of stick from a round pole to a common split lat with perfect convenience.

We will furnish a hanger free to any person who will apply. Price 45 cents per hundred.

Any person wishing information concerning hangers or tobacco sticks will do well to call on us at the C. E. Forten, of Greenville, N. C.

A Household Remedy FOR ALL BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES.

B.P.P. Botanic Blood Balm.

It Cures SCROFULA, ULCERS, SALT RHEUM, ECZEMA, every form of malignant SKIN Eruptions, becoming efficacious in treating the poison and restoring the constitution, when impaired from any cause. Its almost supernatural healing properties (acting in a matter of days) are directions are followed.

SENT FREE "Illustrated" BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Jno. L. Wooten.

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10 PAIRS NO ILLUSTRATE YOUR BUSINESS.

Portraits, and cuts of colleges, hotels, factories, machinery, etc., made to order from photographs.

Price Low—Send stamp for specimen sheet.

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KNIGHT'S Blood Cure.

A standard household remedy in successful use more than 40 years. A positive cure for Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Nervous Prostration, Constipation and all diseases of the blood.

Unsurpassed for Treating a Clear Complexion. Aches and pains, rheumatism, neuralgia, and all other ailments of the blood. Large packages, sufficient for a course, \$2.00; smaller packages, sufficient for a single dose, 50 cents; sample packages, 10 cents.

KNIGHT BOTANICAL CO., 522 Broadway, N.Y.

HIRE'S ROOT BEER DRINK.

The Great Health Drink.

Package makes a gallon. Delicious, sparkling, and tonic. Sold by all druggists. Address: H. H. Hires Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Leading COMPANIES EXTRACT OF BEEF

is known around the world and has lately been carried to the farthest corners of Africa," by Stanley. It is unsurpassed for purity, flavor and beneficial effects. As BEEF TEA, delicious and refreshing. Indispensable in Invalid and Economical Cookery.

ADVICE TO WOMEN

If you would protect yourself from Painful, Profuse, Scanty, Suppressed or Irregular Menstruation you must use

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

THIS WILL CURE TWO MEMBERS OF MY IMMEDIATE FAMILY, after having suffered for years from irregular menstruation, and been treated without benefit by physicians, were at length completely cured by one bottle of Bradfield's Female Regulator. The effect is truly wonderful. J. W. STANLEY.

Book of "WOMAN" mailed FREE, which contains full and complete information of all female diseases.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

WILMINGTON & WELDON R. R. and branches—Condensed Schedule TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

April 6th, '91.	No 23, No 27, No 41	daily	at Mail, daily	at Mail, daily		
at Weldon	12:30 pm	5:43 pm	6:20 am	at Rocky Mount	1:40 am	7:24
at Rocky Mount	2:17			at Tarboro	7:05 am	7:40
at Tarboro	7:05 am	7:40		at Weldon	2:18 pm	7:00 pm 7:53 am
at Weldon	2:18 pm	7:00 pm 7:53 am		at Selma	2:30	
at Selma	2:30			at Fayetteville	3:30	
at Fayetteville	3:30			at Weldon	3:30	7:40 8:40 am
at Weldon	3:30	7:40 8:40 am		at Warsaw	4:10	9:34
at Warsaw	4:10	9:34		at Magnolia	4:24	8:40 9:40
at Magnolia	4:24	8:40 9:40		at Wilmington	5:30	9:55 11:20

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

No 14, No 78, No 40	daily	at Mail, daily	at Mail, daily		
at Wilmington	12:30 am	9:15 am	at Selma	12:30 am	9:15 am
at Selma	12:30 am	9:15 am	at Fayetteville	1:11	5:53
at Fayetteville	1:11	5:53	at Weldon	3:05	12:05 6:53
at Weldon	3:05	12:05 6:53	at Selma	11:18	
at Selma	11:18		at Weldon	3:43 am	12:58 pm 7:47 pm
at Weldon	3:43 am	12:58 pm 7:47 pm	at Rocky Mount	1:30	8:18
at Rocky Mount	1:30	8:18	at Tarboro	7:05 am	7:40
at Tarboro	7:05 am	7:40	at Weldon	11:25 a. m.	daily except Sunday

Daily except Sunday.

Train on Scotland Neck Branch Road leaves Littlefield at 8:30 P. M., Greenville 6:02 P. M., Kingston 7:10 P. M., Returning, leaves Kingston 7:00 a. m., Greenville 8:10 a. m., arriving Littlefield at 9 a. m., Weldon 11:25 a. m., daily except Sunday.

Local freight trains leave Weldon Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 7:00 a. m., arriving Scotland Neck at 11:30 a. m., Greenville 2:10 a. m., Kingston 4:25 p. m., Returning leaves Kingston Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 10:00 a. m., arriving Greenville 12 noon, Scotland Neck 3:20 p. m., Weldon 6:20 p. m.

Train leaves Tarboro, N. C., via Albemarle and Raleigh R. R. daily except Sunday, 4:05 P. M. Sunday 3:00 P. M., arrive Weldon 5:30 P. M., 6:20 P. M., 6:30 P. M., 7:00 P. M., 7:20 P. M., 7:40 P. M., 8:00 P. M., 8:20 P. M., 8:40 P. M., 9:00 P. M., 9:20 P. M., 9:40 P. M., 10:00 P. M., 10:20 P. M., 10:40 P. M., 11:00 P. M., 11:20 P. M., 11:40 P. M., 12:00 P. M., 12:20 P. M., 12:40 P. M., 1:00 P. M., 1:20 P. M., 1:40 P. M., 2:00 P. M., 2:20 P. M., 2:40 P. M., 3:00 P. M., 3:20 P. M., 3:40 P. M., 4:00 P. M., 4:20 P. M., 4:40 P. M., 5:00 P. M., 5:20 P. M., 5:40 P. M., 6:00 P. M., 6:20 P. M., 6:40 P. M., 7:00 P. M., 7:20 P. M., 7:40 P. M., 8:00 P. M., 8:20 P. M., 8:40 P. M., 9:00 P. M., 9:20 P. M., 9:40 P. M., 10:00 P. M., 10:20 P. M., 10:40 P. M., 11:00 P. M., 11:20 P. M., 11:40 P. M., 12:00 P. M., 12:20 P. M., 12:40 P. M., 1:00 P. M., 1:20 P. M., 1:40 P. M., 2:00 P. M., 2:20 P. M., 2:40 P. M., 3:00 P. M., 3:20 P. M., 3:40 P. M., 4:00 P. M., 4:20 P. M., 4:40 P. M., 5:00 P. M., 5:20 P. 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