





# THE EASTERN REFLECTOR.

## SUPPLEMENT.

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### A Woman's Game of Conversation.

"The women at our boarding house have taken up a little game," said a New York wife the other day, "from which they derive considerable amusement. The men at our house I am sorry to say are not very entertaining. Our husbands are deeply engrossed in business and are generally too tired when they come home to dinner to engage in small talk without a manifest effort. There are two or three unmarried men who are talkative enough, often too talkative in fact, but their conversation is not half as entertaining to us as it is to themselves.

"So six of us hit on this plan: We gather in the parlor before going down to dinner, and there we agree upon some well known proverb or familiar quotation. Our object is to bring the conversation of these talkative young fellows around to a point where we can introduce this quotation appropriately.

"Whoever succeeds in getting off the quotation first is the winner, and when each tries to win she also tries to head off the others, if she sees an opportunity coming. It is rare sport and affords us plenty of fun. To drag the quotation in badly, inappropriately, does not count; it must come in aptly so as not to excite the suspicions of these youths that we are playing with them instead of at them; as they fondly imagine. Take, for instance, the quotation: 'A primrose by the river's brim, a simple primrose was to him, and it was nothing more,' and try to bring around to that connection the conversation of a young man which begins with 'shop,' takes a slight into flirtation, and ends with the theaters or horses.

"It takes some ingenuity, I tell you, and the little mystery underlying all our remarks, which is known only to ourselves, gives the game additional interest for a woman, of course."—New York Tribune.

### Life in Creeds Is Expensive.

Living in Creeds is about 50 per cent. higher than in an ordinary town. No meal fit to eat can be obtained for less than one dollar. A cot in a room with fifty or 100 others costs from fifty cents to one dollar per night. The water that courses through the town looks clear and sparkling, but as it is used as a sewer the doctors warn every one not to drink it. Beer costs fifteen cents a glass, or thirty or forty cents a bottle. Whisky that will not kill cannot be got for less than twenty-five cents a drink, and the bartender is careful that your libation is not too large at that. Horses and burros to ride over the mountains are hired at fifty and twenty-five cents an hour.

The streets are so terribly muddy that one dares not walk around much, and a ride to any part of the city will cost you fifty cents. Cabmen have driven over from Pueblo, a distance of twenty-five miles, with their rigs, and are reaping a richer harvest than the prospectors. Labor is high. Any man who can drive a nail can command four dollars a day, and in some extreme cases they are paid one dollar an hour. Boss carpenters get eight dollars a day, and are talking of raising the scale of wages. Laundry costs three times as much as in St. Louis, and no Chinamen are allowed in camp.

### Not a Bigger Man.

Eustis Russell, the heir apparent of Massachusetts, is a strict constructionist.

He took a very lively interest in the last state campaign, and, although he is not yet old enough to read the political news in the daily papers, he asked questions enough of his father and other members of the family to form a comforting, if somewhat biased, opinion of the situation.

His interest and excitement culminated on election day, and it was only after a good deal of persuasion and by whispering some mysterious sentence into his ear that his nurse could induce him to go to bed at all.

The morning after election Eustis was up very early. He came down into the dining room and sat there very quietly all alone. By and by his gubernatorial dad appeared.

He said, "Good morning, Eustis," but the heir apparent made no answer. Instead he got gravely up and circled about his astonished father, surveying him from head to foot.

"What is the matter, Eustis?" asked the governor uneasily. "Is there anything wrong with my coat? Is my tie coming up behind? Do you see any smut on my nose?"

"No, pop," said the son, in a disappointed tone. "But you ain't any bigger today than you were yesterday. Nurse said last night if I went to bed early I'd wake up this morning and find you the biggest man in Massachusetts. I think she fooled me."—Boston Herald.

### Double Decked Cars for Philadelphia.

A traction official who has recently been to Boston, brought back with him a model of a double decked street car, a sample of the kind made in that city. The upper deck is intended for the use of smokers and that portion of the female community who do not object to the use of tobacco. The official who brought the model said that it would not be many months before Philadelphia would have a few double decked cars running on one or two of the principal lines.—Philadelphia Press.

### Play the Morphine Victim.

The victims of the liquor habit, or disease, are royal compared with the sufferers from morphine. They look down from an admitted height on the slave of drugs. They do not want to be classed with them. They are above them. The morphine victims, by the way, are the greatest sufferers. There is not a chamber of horrors in all the world so terrible as that dim hall at Dwight where the morphine patients are waiting for their injections. Spanish men, strong physiques, fair faces, but such hollow, hungry eyes; such roving, restless eyes; such fearful, mindless eyes. The face is wan and pinched, the features are twitching, the feet are constantly moving, the thoughts distracted. You cannot talk with them. They will not follow you two minutes. They will move away and walk with frightened haste up and down the hall. They will hurry and prepare for the injection. They will crowd and quarrel for first place in the line. They are unstrung and shattered.—Cor. Chicago Herald.

### Indian Tradition of the Flood.

There was not, if early historians, missionaries and theologians are to be believed, a single tribe of American Indians who had at the time of the white man's advent in the western hemisphere the least smattering of tradition concerning the life, ministry and sufferings of Jesus. But this does not hold good in regard to the story of creation, the Tower of Babel and the flood, many of them having traditional history which almost exactly corresponds with the stories of these great events as related in the Bible.

One day Major Davenport, the government agent for the Musquakies, was telling some chiefs about Noah, the flood and the ark, when one of them interrupted him with "Hum! We know that long time. We was in canoes all tied together. We float on heap water. We send muskrat down one, two—many time. He dive, come up. Last he go down and come up with mud in his claw. We know water going down." This was all the information Mr. Davenport could elicit from the dusky seer.—St. Louis Republic.

### The Books Boys Read.

The truth is that it is not the boys who read "bad books" who swell the roll of youthful criminality. It is the boys who do not read anything. Let any one look over the police court of a busy morning and he will see that the style of youth gathered there have not fallen into evil ways through their depraved literary tendencies. They were not brought there by books, but more probably by ignorance of books, combined with a genuine hatred of books of all kinds. There is not a more perfect picture of innocence in the world than a boy buried in his favorite book, oblivious to all earthly sights and sounds, scarcely breathing as he follows the fortunes of the heroes and heroines of the story.—Kansas City Star.

### England a Vampire.

It is many years ago since Baron Liebig wrote:

England is robbing all other countries of the condition of their fertility. Already, in her eagerness for bones, she has turned up the battlefields of Leipzig, of Waterloo and of the Crimea; already from the catacombs of Sicily she has carried away the skeletons of several successive generations. Annually she removes from the shores of other countries to her own the manurial equivalent of 3,500,000 men, whom she takes from us the means of supporting, and squanders down her sewers to the sea. Like a vampire, she hangs upon the neck of Europe—nay, of the entire world, and sucks the heart blood from nations without a thought of justice toward, without a shadow of lasting advantage to, herself.

### Several Dollars.

Ward McAllister's daughter was visiting not long ago in Philadelphia, and at a luncheon given in her honor remarked in an affable tone to a bright girl on her right, "Ah, have you any one here who fills the somewhat important place in society that papa does in New York?" "Oh, yes, several," sweetly replied the girl addressed, "but they're all colored men."—Chicago Tribune.

### Education and Ethics.

From the side of religion many protests have been made against the present system of popular education. The clergy of the different churches cannot help thinking that at least the more important doctrines of the Christian faith should be officially taught; and they draw most discouraging pictures of what the moral future of the youth of this country will be if their counsels are not heeded. All sound and successful moral teaching, they contend, must repose upon a basis of theology, and to confine ethical teaching to the region of the natural is to deprive it of all warrant, of all authority, of all coercive power.

If these views were correct, it would be difficult to see how the weakness of our schools on the moral side could ever be remedied, for nothing is more certain than that any attempt to teach theology in them would be predestined failure. The people (or some people) will pay for theology in the pulpit, but they are not willing to pay for it in the schools, and have shown in most unmistakable ways that they do not want it there. The question, then, is: Shall all attempts at moral teaching in the public school be abandoned, seeing that it cannot be administered as an adjunct of theology, or shall a brave effort be made to give it an independent status of its own and a fair chance to show what it can accomplish when conducted on purely natural lines?—Popular Science Monthly.

### Getting Rid of an Office Seeker.

Alexander H. H. Stuart, who lately died at Stanton, Va., secretary of the interior under President Fillmore, used to tell the following good story of how he got rid of an office seeker shortly after assuming the office. Said he: "I was very much annoyed by a persistent applicant for the post of messenger. The man came in regularly every day for several weeks, until he became an unbearable bore. Finally one day after the man had gone out I asked the messenger then in office if he knew what that man was after. He said 'No, sir.' 'Well,' said I, 'he wants your place, and if I ever see him again he shall have it.' I never saw the man again."—Washington Post.

### One Merchant's Bold Stroke.

This story is told of one of the leading dry goods men of New York: He was carrying a heavy stock of fine millinery goods when the round topped derby hat for women became suddenly fashionable. The market was flooded with them, and they were regarded as the only thing to be worn on the head. This merchant foresaw a great loss on his stock of millinery, and decided to prevent it. He first bought up all the derby hats he could and then advertised them extensively, offering them for sale at ridiculously low prices.

The result was that the derby fell into disfavor among fashionable women at once, and he saved his market for his more expensive goods. It is by strokes such as this and the careful watching of the market and feeling of the popular pulse that fortunes are made by the few extremely successful merchants.—Brooklyn Life.

# POOR PRINT

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