

The Eastern Reflector--Supplement.

DEPTHS IN THE OCEAN.

Facts About the Saucer-Like Bottom of the Atlantic.

It seems that the hollow of the Atlantic is not strictly a basin whose depth increases regularly toward the center, the latest investigations showing that it is rather a saucer, or dishlike one, so even is the contour of its bed. It is found that proceeding westward from the Irish coast the ocean bed deepens very gradually—in fact, for the first 230 miles the gradient is but six feet to the mile, though in the next twenty miles the fall is more than 9,000 feet, so precipitous being the sudden descent that in many places, depths of 1,200 to 1,600 fathoms are encountered in very close proximity to the 100-fathom line. With the depth of 1,800 fathoms to 2,000 fathoms the sea bed in this part of the Atlantic becomes a slightly undulating plain, whose gradients are so light as to show but little alteration in depth for some 1,200 miles; the extraordinary flatness of these submarine prairies, therefore, renders the familiar idea of a basin rather inappropriate. The greatest depth in the Atlantic is claimed to have been found some one hundred miles to the northward of the island of St. Thomas, where soundings of 3,875 fathoms were obtained. The seas around Great Britain, instead of forming a part of the Atlantic hollow, as heretofore generally regarded, are now alleged to be rather part of the platform banks of the great European continent which the ocean has overflowed.

Multum in Parvo.

BORN to good luck—that is born with tact.—Anon.

LOGIC works, metaphysics contemplates.—Joubert.

THINKING is the talking of the soul with itself.—Plato.

TO KNOW how to suggest is the great art of teaching.—Amiel.

THE half wise and the half foolish are the most dangerous.—Goethe.

WHAT a hell of witchcraft lies in the small orb of one particular tear.—Shakespeare.

THE drying up of a single tear has more of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.—Byron.

GARNER up pleasant thoughts in your mind, for pleasant thoughts make pleasant lives.—Wilkins.

A Bright Youth.

A little boy was playing with a couple of nickel five-cent pieces the other evening, which a friend had given him, and putting his finger on one of them, said: "This one I am going to give to the heathen." He kept on playing, till at last one of the nickels rolled away, and he could not find it. "Which one have you lost?" asked the friend. "The one I was going to give to the heathen," replied the cherub.

PRETTY PEARLS.

What They Are Made of and Where They Are Found.

The Shells Are of Far More Value to Those Engaged in Pearl Fishing Than the Pearls—Products of the Gulf of California.

Very few people are aware that the pearl-oyster is not in any way like the oysters which we eat. It is of an entirely different species, and, as a matter of fact, the shells of the so-called pearl-oyster are of far more value to those engaged in "pearl-fishing" than the pearls. There are extensive pearl fisheries in the Gulf of California, and some of the finest pearls have been taken from these waters. In 1881 one pearl, a black one, was sold for ten thousand dollars, and every year since that time many pearls have been taken from the beds in the California gulf valued at over seven thousand five hundred dollars each. But such "finds" are very rare, and, as a rule, the pearls which are brought up are of very little value. The shells, however, are very valuable; most of them are shipped to Europe, where they are manufactured into ornaments, knife-handles, buttons, and the hundreds of other articles for which "mother-of-pearl" is used.

Another fact concerning the pearl-oyster and the pearl itself is very little understood. I have seen in books of instruction both in this country and in England the statement that "the formation of the pearl in the oyster-shell is caused by a disease of the oyster;" and this statement is more or less generally believed, as is also the erroneous inference to be drawn from it that the oyster referred to is the edible oyster. The mother-of-pearl is nothing more than a series of layers of nacreous matter deposited by the oyster upon the interior of the shell, and the pearl itself is a perfectly accidental formation. It is caused by a similar deposit of nacre around some foreign object. This foreign substance may be a grain of sand, a parasite or some similar object; but most authorities agree that it is more usually an undeveloped egg of the oyster around which this natural deposit is thrown.

The largest pearl ever found measures two inches long and weighs three ounces. This is of eastern origin. The largest found in the Gulf of California did not exceed an inch and a quarter long and was somewhat larger than the egg of a bluebird. Many of the Californian pearls are black and speckled. These are considered more valuable than the white pearls in Europe, but the most highly prized pearls of all are pink.—Robert F. Walsh, in Harper's Young People.

A HOUSEHOLD GENIUS.

The Philosophical Mother Whose Boy Had Ruined His Sunday Clothes.

Geniuses are developed in every walk in life, and exceptional characters are found, not only in conspicuous places, but in the more humble sphere of domestic life. Who does not number among her acquaintances some "wonderful woman," for instance, whose pie crusts never fail, whose milk of human kindness never turns sour, who provides her household with a maximum of food and raiment on a minimum of outlay, and who rules her little kingdom with so much love and wisdom that no wonder her children in after years call her blessed? Such a calm, motherly, delightful person was Mrs. X.; there was nothing that that woman could not do if she willed to do it.

"Only fancy," said one of her admiring neighbors. "I happened to drop in to see her about something last Saturday morning, and found her looking over the children's Sunday clothes. Poor Jack, a harum-scarum lad of twelve, had just ruined the last suit he possessed, and his mother was holding it up, viewing the ruins with the composure of a philosopher. 'He certainly can not wear such ragged affairs as these to church,' she remarked, holding up a very disreputable pair of trousers; 'I shall have to make him a new suit this afternoon;' and she said this as if it were a mere bagatelle! And after we had lunched—for I accepted her invitation to stay, curious to see whether a suit of clothes could be created by even Mrs. X. in so short a time—she produced a big roll of pretty gray homespun, and with as little hesitation as I should have felt in cutting out an apron, she cut and basted together as good looking a suit of clothes as her tailor produced."

"I wish to try them on him when he comes home," she said, putting her things away, after a couple of hours' work, "and machine them up and press them with my tailor's goose this evening." And, sure enough, Master Jack appeared at church next morning in as well-cut and stylish a suit of clothes as one would wish to see! It was a tour de force which I considered truly remarkable."

The Dog's Sense of Smell.

It has often been proved that dogs are able to track their masters through crowded streets where it would be impossible to attribute their accuracy to anything except the sense of smell alone. A naturalist once made some interesting experiments as to this power as exhibited in his own dog. In these tests the naturalist found that his dumb friend could follow in the tracks of his master, though he was far out of sight, and that, too, after no less than eleven persons had fol-

Quite a Different Thing.

The Wife—Well, what do you suppose I saw last night?

The Husband (complacently reading his magazine)—I don't know, I'm sure. It's seldom I see anything at a reception but a lot of women's backs. What was it?

"Three tiaras precisely like my own."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and a dress that was simply copied from mine."

"Imitation is the sincerest flattery—that's good."

"And as for Mrs. Brown-Jones, why she simply makes it a business to look as much like me as possible."

"I knew I'd get even with Brown-Jones some day for those four acres he held against my king full—"

"Therefore what good does it do me to go to Europe twice a year for the fashions? I simply give them to these other women for nothing, and the first thing I know I'll be accused of copying them."

"That's so," said the husband, seeing a chance for economy; "I wouldn't do it any more."

"I'm not. I'm sick and tired of it. I'm going to Paris next week, and—"

"What!"

"I shall have my toilette entirely renewed, give my present outfit to young Mrs. Poorley. I'll show them that two can play at that game. I shall have to get some new diamonds and have my old ones reset, and hereafter I shall wear my toilettes only as long as it is necessary to demonstrate the fact that Worth created them for me, and for me alone. By the way, Henry, I wouldn't smoke so many cigars. They're awfully expensive."

The husband faints.—Tom Hall, in Brooklyn Life.

What's in a Name.

Great Editor—It beats all how every fool that can't do anything else thinks he can write! Now this story! Silly, weak, utterly pointless and without meaning. Send it back and tell the writer to go and saw wood for a living. Such stuff makes me tired!

Critic—But, sir, that story is by the great writer N. Large Think-tank!

Great Editor—What! Great Scott! Send him a check immediately and write out a lot of big display ads announcing that this magazine will next week give its readers the greatest treat of the year. A magnificent story, thrilling, of breathless interest, full of pith, originality and point, by the world-famed author, N. Large Thinktank, Esq., written in that great writer's happiest vein. And don't fail to again call attention to the fact that this periodical spares no expense in providing its readers with the finest literary feasts obtainable.—Truth.

SINGING MICE.

Their Voices Are Clear and the Music They Make Quite Interesting.

It is a fact that mice can and often do sing. A writer in *La Nature* tells of two singing mice which he observed for several months. One mouse learned to sing from a canary, but the other was taught by its companion. A correspondent of *Forest and Stream*, writing from Indianapolis, tells of his observation of a singing mouse:

One Monday evening, as I sat reading by the fire, I heard what I at first thought was a boy passing along the street, imitating the warble of a canary bird. Presently, however, I discovered that the noise was not in the street, but in the room where I was sitting, and further, that it was made by a mouse.

The little fellow was evidently upon a foraging expedition, and was, if one might judge from his song, as light-hearted as the canary whom he so perfectly imitated.

I listened in wonder, and then proceeded to arouse my family, who had retired, telling them that I wanted them to hear what they had never heard, and what they might never have an opportunity of hearing again.

The little fellow seemed very tame, and for upward of an hour played around my feet, and at hide and seek under my chair, and then, probably thinking that it was time for serenaders to be in bed, vanished.

I listened very attentively during the whole time to see if the singing might be attributable to any disease of an asthmatic nature, but the tones were as clear as those of a bird, and, from the fact that the song was intermittent, I came to the conclusion that mousey sang because he wanted to, and not because he could not help it.

Raised with Hops.

"Well," said Sir Frog to his neighbor, Squire Turtle, "life may be slow, as you say, and times hard, but I never have any trouble to raise my bread."

"I wish I could say as much," replied Squire Turtle, sadly. "Pray tell me how you do it?"

"Why, with hops, of course!" responded Sir Frog, as with a spring he bounded over his companion's head and secured a bluebottle fly on the wing.

It was all so sudden that Squire Turtle jerked his head in, terrified for a moment, and when presently he ventured to look out again Sir Frog was out of sight.

"What did he mean, I wonder?" said Squire Turtle, scratching his head against his tortoise-shell collar, "by 'raising his bread with hops?' I wonder if there is a joke in it. Yes, now I begin to see—ha, ha, ha!"—*Harper's Young People.*

HAD 'POSSUMS TO SELL.

Trainmen's Experience with a Diligent Georgia Negro.

A Southern Passenger Train Held Up for a Queer Reason The Conductor Was No Match for the Thrifty Son of Africa.

The regular passenger train was going west from Griffin, and was about forty minutes late, and the engineer was trying to make up lost time and consequently running about fifty miles an hour, says a Georgia paper. He was horrified to see just about two hundred yards ahead of him, just as he turned a curve before he got to Whitewater creek, a man on the track waving his coat across the track and over his head, and seeming to be very much excited.

The engineer, thinking, of course, that the bridge had been burned or fallen in, applied his airbrakes, reversed his engine, and shouted for his fireman to jump. They both landed safely and the train came to a halt so suddenly that it nearly unseated all the passengers.

"For God's sake, what the matter?" asked the almost breathless conductor of the fellow who had stopped his train.

Sam—for that was his name—answered:

"I jes' wanted to know ef you wanted to buy some 'possums?"

The engineer fainted, the fireman flew back to the engine and the conductor looked all about him for a rock or a fence rail to kill Sam with, and finally reached in his hip pocket, fully intent to kill him on the spot, but he did not have his pistol and could not find anything to hit him with.

He saw he was in it, and after a moment's reflection he told Sam he would take his opossums. The conductor intended to take all Sam's opossums and leave Sam standing, without paying for them. So the conductor asked Sam where they were. The engineer had recovered himself. The fireman and about two-thirds of the passengers had got up to the engine by now and eagerly looked for Sam to bring in about a dozen fat opossums, but Sam simply said to the conductor:

"Wall, I hain't got um here, but these here woods up here is just chuck full of um, and I'll ketch you three or four and bring um down some time."

Four strong men lifted the limp and almost lifeless form of the conductor on the train.

The Ocean's Tides.

The tides are caused by a great wave, which, raised by the moon's attraction, follows her in her course around the earth. The sun does somewhat in producing this effect, but as the moon is four hundred times nearer the earth, her influence

WHAT THE *Electropoise* IS

(TRADE MARK)
"Cures when all else fails."

CONVENIENT, because you can carry it in your pocket.
SIMPLE, because it is a home remedy.
SURE, because it aids nature to cure.
SAFE, because it leaves no bad effects.
EASY, because you take no medicine.

WHAT IT DOES: It causes the body to absorb ATMOSPHERIC OXYGEN, and draws from nature's laboratory the agent of its curative effects.

Governor THOS. M. HOLT says:
"I always got good results from the Electropoise."

Write us,
ATLANTIC ELECTROPOISE CO.,
Washington, D. C.

Down on the Farm.

Farming is one of the noblest occupations known to man or to woman. The first man was a farmer, his occupation, God chosen, and the first wife was a farmer's wife. If the employment has become distasteful to young people, so that it is difficult to keep the old homestead in the family, the fault lies in the conditions which the farmer imposes on himself and on his family. The great world of art, science and literature should be open to the farmer's sons and daughters and the courtesies and refinements of life shared by them as well as by the families of the men of affairs in the town; and until the farmer's life broadens to meet the requirements of the times he must not expect to detain at home the wide-awake boys and girls who are needed there.

In Man's Attire.

Miss Eugenia de Forrest, an actress who makes her home at San Jose, Cal., has received the sanction of the authorities of San Jose to wear men's clothes in public, and proposes to obtain a legal right to appear in the same garb all over the country. She made her appearance on the streets of San Jose a few days ago in a double-breasted sack coat and waistcoat of dark material, trousers of a striped pattern and a derby hat of the latest style; in her hand she swung an ebony cane. She says she is realizing the dream of her life. She is tired of skirts, and as her stage appearances are mostly in male parts she knows the greater comfort of male attire.

Nice For Luncheon.

Grated cheese on hot wafers makes a very nice relish for luncheon. Dry a slice of good cheese, firm and not flabby and full of holes, and grate it fine, to be ready when it is needed. Place the thin water crackers, or, if you prefer, the salted cream flakes, on a platter, and upon each one heap a teaspoonful of the grated cheese. Set the platter into the oven for 10 minutes, and send to the table very hot. If you like quite a rich dish, butter the crackers before adding the cheese.

PEOPLE ARE DESTRUCTIVE.

Man Who Objects to the Mutilation of His Counters and Wall.

"It is remarkable how destructive the average grown person is," said a man in an office which had just been repapered and newly furnished.

"Perhaps I had better say the average man, for I do not believe women have such tendencies to demolition. You would be surprised if you could see the furniture I have just turned out of here; the chair were whittled and hacked until they were simply disgraceful—even the varnished top of my desk was scratched and jagged by penknife vagaries—and look at the counter—couldn't afford to throw it aside—and the top of it is a sight.

"Every man that comes in to business leans on that counter, digs it with his knife as he talks to me. I hate to appear old-fashioned and fussy, but once in awhile I get impatient and say: 'Stop Jack;' and Jack stops only until he forgets what I said, which is in a few seconds.

"Then the wall paper around the telephone offers another source of childish amusement to such fellows. Every man that comes to use the telephone takes out his pencil and sticks holes in the paper or makes figures on it while he talks.

"You see, I have a sign up there—'Please do not punch holes or mark on this new paper'—but I do not suppose it will do any good. I suspect I'm something of a crank, but I do like to keep a neat office."—*Courier Journal.*

Cycling in France.

Cycling is reported to be growing rapidly in popularity with the French women of all classes. They were much slower in taking to it than their English sisters, who have long ago adopted the tricycle as a ladies' machine. The French women, however, have gone beyond them. They scorn the tricycle and take to the bicycle at once. Moreover, they usually wear some sort of a suitable gymnastic costume for riding, an innovation which the English and American women have not ventured to adopt to any great extent.

DOLLARS AND SENSE!

Brain and Bullion

are the wheels upon which rest and run the business of the world. Some have one, some the other, and on the favored few have both. Not to take the trouble to see and buy our bargains is to prove one of the three things: * * *

Either you have the sense without the dollars, or—The dollars without the sense, or Neither the dollars nor the sense.



NOW LISTEN!
We have just returned from New York with the largest and—most select line of—

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, Notions, Boots & Shoes
ever shown in Greenville. Come and look at our Goods and we will send you home rejoicing.
Respectfully,
HIGGS BROS.
Leaders of Low Prices.
Greenville, N. C.

BRIGHT SPARKS.
The tobacco buyers have come to the Greenville market in the past week.

There is rather a streak of inconsistency running through the argument which some of our business men use in arguing patronage for their various businesses. They cry "stand up to your home folks" and then turn around and send their "pitt" "away from home."

Trade at Home.
If you desire to be known as a good citizen, do not send your money out of town to buy goods which are handled by home merchants. Let Gold-boro firms have the profit; the money then stays at home and you, or your husband, may capture it again.—Goldboro Argus.

We wonder if the Argus is rewarded for this kind of talk in behalf of the home merchant by seeing the latter send away from home to get his printing done.

TAXES—Important Dates.
State and County Taxes are now due. The taxpayers of Pitt county are notified that I will attend at the following times and places for the purpose of collecting such taxes. The law compels me to collect, account for and settle for the same at once and I hope every body who have not paid the same will meet me and do so. Those who prefer will find me in my office in the Court House, they can settle with me provided they come in the month of October:
J. C. Cobb & Son's Store, Tuesday, October 24th, 1893.
Keelsville, Wednesday, October 25th.
Penny Hill, Friday, October 27th.
Farmville, Saturday, October 28th.
Grimesland, " " " "
Falkland, " " " "
Bethel, " " " "
Burney's Roads, " " " "
Pactolus, " " " "
Ayden, Tuesday, October 31st.
Grifton, Saturday, November 4th.
After November 1st I shall proceed to enforce collection by law. Pay in time and save cents. Take Warning.
R. W. KING, Sheriff Pitt county.

High Prices Have been Unconditionally Repealed at LANG'S.
And everything is being sold Cheap for CASH.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

THE REFLECTOR.

Local Reflections.

A. CARD.—On account of our selling out our entire stock of Merchandise at cost, a good many people are under the impression that we have stopped buying Cotton, Peanuts and Rice. That is a mistake. We are still buying, these things, and it will pay you to see us before you sell your Cotton, Peanuts or Rice elsewhere. We want them and will pay you the highest market price for them. **YOUNG & PRIDDY.**
Greenville, N. C. October 9 1893.

It is dry and dusty this week. The weather is just splendid. See Cobb's Stock of dry goods. The mosquito is giving us a rest. If you want a rice Hat call at J. C. Cobb & Son. Tobacco breaks good and the weed is selling well. J. C. Cobb & Son are in shape to meet competition in all lines. See what Mrs. Cowell says about her millinery. Parties paying their taxes by the first of November will save cost. **R. W. KING, Sheriff.**

The State fair will be held at Raleigh next week. The Best Flour on earth \$4.40 at the Old Brick Store. You can see the new moon to-night if you look for it. F. G. James, commission-er, advertises sale of land. J. C. Cobb & Son have the prettiest Shoes in town. See our Carlowan Men's Bluechers. Several new large advertisements are in this week's paper. Just received a car load of Bagging and Ties at J. C. Cobb & Son. See them before buying. Cotton is coming in quite freely but the prices are too low. A large stock of nice Furniture cheap at the Old Brick Store. Remember Oct. 31st is the last day you can pay taxes without cost. **R. W. KING, Sheriff.**

Cotton market declined some yesterday. It sold here at 7 1/2. C. T. Munford gives a peep at his immense stock of clothing to-day. Remember I pay you cash for Chickens Eggs and Country Produce at the Old Brick Store. Wiley Brown has a large lot of shoes and other goods that he will dispose of at reduced prices. Remember you can get the REFLECTOR free by getting us five subscribers. Farmers your attention is called to the fact that Ellington & Brown are ready to fill orders for peanut diggers to fit Atlas and Dixie Plows.

When it comes down to the matter of dollars and sense you will want to read Higgs Bros advertisement. Sheriff King advertises his appointments for collecting taxes. The dates are important and should be given attention. The Legions of Honor was last week paying the annual dividends to members of the order. These dividends are about five per cent. of amount paid in to the order. The taxes for the year 1893 will be collected according to law, pay at once. **R. W. KING, Sheriff.**

The Primitive Baptist Association at Galloway's from Friday to Monday was very largely attended. A great many people went out from Greenville on Sunday. The town of Princeville just across the Tar river from Tarboro was visited by quite a severe conflagration on Monday night of last week, destroying from \$3,000 to \$4,000 worth of property. Only one house was insured. Fresh arrival New Buckwheat, Mountain Butter, Rolled Oats, Prunes, Macerels, Cabbage, Raisins, at the Old Brick Store. Gov. Carr has appointed the following gentlemen to represent North Carolina at the Southern Inter-State Association at Chicago on October 11th: Dr. R. H. Lewis, T. K. Brewer, R. H. Speight, J. J. Pittman and N. B. Broughton. The James grape is now ripe. We put them up in 5 and 10 pound baskets. Price 25 and 50 cents per basket. Orders solicited. Address, Allen Warren & Son, Greenville, N. C. As an exchange aptly says, when you have a job of work that you want done hunt up your unemployed neighbor, the man whose permanent home is here, who votes and pays taxes here, and give him a chance to keep his family. That is the way to help your town.

NOTICE.—This is to state that I have engaged Mr. Joe Blow as collector for me. His receipt will hold good. All parties indebted to me will oblige me by an early settlement. I must make several large payments by November 1st, 1893. **FRANK W. BROWN, M. D.** Next Sunday will be an interesting day in Tarboro. On that day Rev. Joseph Cheshire, D. D. will be consecrated to the office of Bishop, having been previously elected as assistant to Bishop Lyman in the West Diocese. There will be a large attendance of Bishops, clergy and visitors on this occasion. The Third party had a regular do-around yesterday out at Pollard's Grove three miles from town. A big crowd was there and they had such lights present as Marian Butler, and the Rev. T. W. Babb to do the talking for them. We had heard but little from the meeting up to the time of getting the REFLECTOR in press. H. F. Keel has connected himself with the well known Coopers' Warehouse of Henderson and will be glad to have his friends give him a trial, believing that Coopers' Warehouse is the place to get the very best prices for their tobacco. Hogsheads furnished free on application.

Personal.

Mr. G. B. King went to Washington City Saturday. Mr. D. B. Evans spent part of the past week in Tarboro. Rev. R. L. Warlick is conducting a meeting at Shady Grove, six miles above town. Mr. S. K. Corbin, of Baltimore, has been spending a few days among his friends here. Rev. T. W. Babb, editor of the Record at Hertford, was a caller at the Reflector office Monday. Rev. A. A. Watson, Bishop of this Diocese, will preach in St. Pauls church here on the 18th. Rev. J. A. Cunningham, who was expected to preach in M. E. Church on Wednesday night will not do so. Presiding Elder R. B. John visited this station and preached in the Methodist Church Sunday night. The quarterly conference was held last Thursday night. Rev. P. D. Gold, editor of Zions Landmark, Wilson, stopped in Greenville on his way from the association at Galloways and preached in the Baptist church Monday night. Rev. J. H. Lamberth returned to Greenville Saturday and occupied his pulpit in the Baptist church Sunday morning and evening. The church and his host of friends in the community are rejoiced at his return. Mr. Allen Warren, the senior proprietor of the Riverside Nurseries, Greenville, Pitt county, is in town this week, exhibiting specimens of his celebrated James grapes and other fruits of which he makes a specialty, and taking orders for nursery stock. There is no finer grape than the James, and every person who owns a piece of ground should purchase and plant out a few vines.—Henderson Gold Leaf.

October Weather.

The weather bureau, in a statement of the weather during October for twenty two years, says the warmest October was that of 1887, with an average of 63 degrees; the coldest that of 1876, with an average of 51 degrees; the highest temperature was 92 degrees in 1879, and the lowest 16 degrees in 1873. The average date on which "killing" frost occurred was October 22.

Taxable Value of Town Property.

Mr. Henry Sheppard, list taker and clerk of the Board of Councilmen of Greenville, tells us that his abstracts for the year 1893 make the following showing of taxables for the town:
Number white polls 147. Number colored polls 135.
Real and personal property of white citizens \$123,151.
Real and personal property of colored citizens \$28,693.
He has also listed as back taxes for 1892 the amount of \$27,575 worth of property and 27 polls. These figures show an increase of \$87,956 in property and 50 polls for 1893 over what was listed for 1892.

Sunday School Convention.

The Pitt county Smiley School Convention will convene in the Baptist church in Greenville, N. C., Oct. 26th, at 11 o'clock A. M. Each Sunday School in the county is entitled to three delegates including the Superintendent. Committee on securing homes for delegates, H. Harding, D. J. Whichard, A. B. Ellington, Misses Bettie Warren, Alma Sagg, and Belle Green. The superintendants of the different schools will please furnish the chairman of the committee, H. Harding, the names of delegates. The delegates as they come in on the 26th will report to D. J. Whichard at the REFLECTOR office, who will assign them homes. The programme for the convention will be published in next week's REFLECTOR. The executive committee desires to see a full attendance at the convention. **E. A. MOYR, D. D. HASKETT, Ex. Com.**

Tar River Baptist Association.

The editor attended the sixty-third annual meeting of the Tar River Baptist Association, which was held last week with Philadelphia church in Nash county. This association embraces seventy churches situated in the counties of Franklin, Vance, Warren, Halifax, Nash, Edgecombe, Wilson, Pitt and Beaufort, and represents a membership of nearly seven thousand. Mr. W. E. Bowers, of Halifax county, was elected Moderator, making the fifth time he has been chosen to that position. Rev. A. G. Wilcox, of the same county, was made clerk. He has filled that position for fourteen years consecutively. The association was largely attended and the sessions interesting. While there the writer was the guest of Maj. L. M. Conyers, of Nashville, who is Superintendent of Education for Nash county. He is a most excellent and entertaining gentleman and made our stay exceedingly pleasant. The next session of the association will be held in Scotland Neck.

The Farmville Entertainment.

On Friday night, the 6th, as was announced in the REFLECTOR, the young ladies of Farmville assisted by Misses Simmons and Kinsey, of LaGrange, and Miss Forbes, of Greenville, gave a musical entertainment which was highly enjoyed by all. Everything was done for the pleasure of the audience and spoke well for those interested in the entertainment. The programme was arranged with taste and rendered with talent. The recitation of Miss Worthington, whose soft, pleading voice and earnest tender glances made one almost wish he had "Archie Dean" by the neck, and Miss Kinsey, whose fine elocution received the tribute of a tear from nearly every one present, were especially good. Miss Simmons had scarcely finished singing, when "o from the assembled crowd there arose a shout prolonged and loud," which told unmistakably of their appreciation. Miss Lona May won applause as Isabella and the thanks of all as director of music. Specialty pleasing was the instrumental playing of Miss Lorraine Forbes and Mr. Bruce Cotten. Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women" was more of a realization and was well received. After the programme was finished an hour or more was spent very pleasantly in eating program and playing out. **ANITA WILSON.**

Johnson's Mills Items.

JOHNSON'S MILLS, N. C., Oct. 9.
Mr. Herman Johnson is on the sick list this week. Miss Mary Newborn returned to Kinston last Wednesday. Mrs. Maggie Dawson of Maple Cypress is visiting Miss Annie Brooks. Mrs. Laura Hoiges of Kinston is visiting her father Mr. L. B. Cox. Mr. L. J. Chapman went to Newberne last Wednesday on business. Mr. Clarence Newborn lost a colt last week from staggers. Messrs Fred and Durward Johnson made a trip to Greenville last Thursday. Quite a number of our citizens attended the Association near Proctors last Sunday. Mrs. M. E. Tripp left for Kinston last Saturday where she will spend a few days. **Grifton Items.**
GRIFTON, N. C., Oct. 9th.
Mrs. L. A. Cobb who has been spending a few weeks with her father Mr. John Patrick in Green county arrived home to-day. Mr. C. P. Gaskins is spending a few days in Newberne. Rev. J. R. Tingle filled his appointment at the Christian Church Sunday and at night. Mr. Allen Johnson and wife spent last Friday with relatives near Grifton. Rev. E. S. Hanes will preach at the Disciple Church to-night. He is a blind evangelist. Prof. Dail of the Grifton Institute went home last Friday evening. Mr. C. P. Gaskins has been confined to his room for several days. Cotton is selling at 7 1/2 cts. Mr. D. V. Dixon the largest merchant of Hookerton shipped fourteen bales of cotton to-day by rail.

Bethel Items.

BETHEL, N. C., Oct. 9, 1893.
Dr. E. D. Barnes, dentist of Tarboro, spent most of last week here practicing his profession. Mayor J. L. Fleming, of Greenville, made a flying trip to this town on last Wednesday on professional business. Mr. S. H. Newberry, of Williamson, was in town last Thursday on business. Mr. J. H. Grimes, of Robersonville, spent last Thursday in town. Dr. S. D. Bullock expects to open store soon here. Mr. J. D. Bland left for New York last Wednesday to purchase goods. He expects to locate in Jamesville. Mr. T. A. Carson left for the northern markets Saturday morning to purchase goods and will open store in this place at an early day. Mr. Jodie M. J. is quite sick with slow fever. There was quite a large crowd in town Saturday and business seemed to be lively. Walter Hoggard, a colored preacher, was up before Justice D. C. Moore on Monday on a charge of obtaining goods on promise to work to pay for the same and was found guilty. Henry Scott (col) a notorious chicken thief was also before Justice Moore on a charge of larceny and in default of bond was committed to jail. Little George, infant child of Mr. and Mrs. George Blount, aged nine months, died at their home in Williamson on Wednesday, the 4th inst. It was brought here for burial Thursday morning by the A. & R. train, accompanied by its parents and was taken to the residence of Mrs. S. A. Garner, brother of Mrs. Blount, on James street. The funeral services were conducted there at 2:30 o'clock P. M. by the Rev. Mr. Harney and concluded at the grave.

Parmele Items.

PARMELE N. C., Oct. 9th, 1893.
Parmele is situated in Martin county, where the S. N. & K. R. crosses the A. & R. R. and used to be known as the A. & R. Junction. It is said to be the highest point between Tarboro and Plymouth. Its inhabitants number about 300, most of whom are operatives in the large lumber manufacturing interests here, composed of two saw mills and one planing mill. There are in the place four stores, two hotels, also twelve dwellings. All of them are occupied. There are two large store houses in course of erection. The town has been granted a charter by the legislature and has a full corps of officers. The Atlantic Coast Line has erected a large and convenient depot which adds very much to the appearance of the town. The Parmele-Eccleston Lumber Co. has completed their office, which is said to be the nicest of any lumber company in the State. Miss Verna Little returned from Pactivus last Wednesday where she spent the last two weeks visiting Miss Hattie Fleming. Miss Allie Little left here Saturday for her home after spending a few days with her brother, Mr. W. J. Little. Mr. and Mrs. F. Tollen have arrived with their furniture and are occupying the Parmele Club house where they will remain until their new residence is completed. Messrs. F. U. Samuels and C. R. Speight are both victims of the prevailing epidemic—sore throat. Mr. D. S. Powell left on yesterday's train for Hoper City where he and Miss Ella Craft were united in matrimony last night at 9 o'clock. Messrs. John Gallagher and John Rieou arrived here last Friday from Edenton where they have been putting in a system of automatic fire extinguishers. They are here to perform similar work for the Parmele-Eccleston Lumber Co. Messrs. T. F. Whitley and J. C. Proffman left here on Saturday's train to spend a few days in Williamson. Mr. Hattie Purvis, who was quite sick last week is again able to attend to his business. Our vocalist sings "After the Fall." Our poet sings after the light. Our dode sings (sic) confound it all. He don't (sic) understand how to get light.

C. T. MUMFORD, GREENEVILLE, PITT CO., NORTH CAROLINA.

DRESS GOODS

DRY GOODS

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, NOTIONS

COST Don't Cut No Figure with Us, Our GOODS Must go. Don't Forget the Place.

GETTING INTO GETTING

