

JOB PRINTING

The Reflector is prepared to do all work in this line

NEATLY, QUICKLY, and IN BEST STYLE.

Plenty of new material and the best quality of Stationery.

THE EASTERN REFLECTOR.

D. J. WHICHARD, Editor and Owner

TRUTH IN PREFERENCE TO FICTION.

TERMS: \$1.00 per Year, in Advance.

VOL. XIV.

GREENVILLE, PITT COUNTY, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 31, 1895.

NO. 29

You Need
The Reflector this year
It will give the news
every week for
\$1 a year.

GENERAL NEWS.

A flood almost wrecked the town of Silver City in New Mexico.

Three men were instantly killed by a premature dynamite explosion in Illinois.

A tornado struck a camp meeting near Zanesville, Ohio, and killed two people.

A plant to cure horse meat for foreign consumption has been started at Lebanon, Ore.

The State Board of Medical Examiners will hold an extra session at Wrightsville, August 26th.

A five-story brick factory and 35,000 pounds of tobacco was destroyed by fire at Winston Sunday.

The Massey-Pilot libel suit at Norfolk is nearing its end after occupying the court for several weeks.

Yellow fever is increasing at an alarming rate in Havana, and cholera is epidemic at Hiogo, Japan.

Salisbury will have a double hanging to-morrow, when two negro murderers will pay the penalty of their crime.

Dolph Edwards and Sam Harris had a fight at Gadsden, Ala., over a debt of 5 cents. Edwards was stabbed to death.

Southern California's orange crop this season has brought to the growers about \$1,850,000. Bartlett pears are selling at \$25 a ton.

Jersey's cranberry crop promises to be unusually large and excellent this year, equaling the enormous crop of 1893, the largest ever known.

Another fool, Patrick Callihan has jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge. He was picked up alive but badly hurt. He made the jump for \$1,700.

Sunday night two Italian steamers collided at the entrance of the Gulf of Genoa. One of the steamers sank and 145 passengers were drowned.

Col. G. G. Luke, formerly of Elizabeth City, died in Berkeley, Va., on Sunday. He was well known in this district as an active Democrat.

A motion to prevent its school teachers wearing bloomers was voted down by the Toronto School Board, and the women are happy over the result.

Four acres of the Mississippi River's banks, just below New Orleans, have caved in, and carried a number of houses into the river. Other losses are feared.

Mr. George Hattaway, of Beau fort county, took his wife and children fishing, one of the children fell overboard and the father jumped to the rescue and they were drowned. The last time he came up the child was in his arms.

President Cleveland or some member of his family, possibly Baby Marion, will start the machinery at the Cotton States Exposition. The directors have arranged for a wire into the grounds and another into Gray Gables on opening day, September 18th.

From present outlook, a tobacco warehouse for Goldsboro is an assured fact. The amount sufficient to build has already been raised and the committee have now the selection of a suitable site under consideration.—Goldsboro Herald.

An exchange says: The quickest way to dig your financial grave is to let up on advertising. It will dig itself then—you simply sink out of sight of everybody but your creditors and a few old fossils who love the dead smell of the past.

Grinch bugs have done great damage to crops in Tennessee, making a clean sweep in some localities, and the Commissioner of Agriculture has decided that the only remedy is to infect them with some deadly disease. Infected bugs are to be brought from other States and distributed.

There is a \$1,200 place vacant in Washington. All that is required of the applicant is that he understands chemistry, physiology, bacteriology, histological anatomy, and is able to tell what he knows about these and other things in English, French and German, and remarkable to say there isn't a jam of applicants.—Wilmington Star.

Weather Crop Bulletin.

The reports of correspondents of the Weekly Weather Crop Bulletin, issued by the North Carolina State Weather Service, for the week ending Saturday, July 20, 1895, indicate, on the whole, a favorable week, though more than usual reports are received of damage by dryness and local storms. The temperature was above normal, with abundant sunshine. A large number of cherries had good showers. In some places drought is beginning to prevail, though no great damage is reported as yet. Violent rain, hail and wind storms occurred on Friday in several counties in the Central and Eastern Districts. Curing tobacco progressing with good results. Fall Irish potatoes being planted. Melons coming in slowly, seem to be late and poor.

EASTERN DISTRICT.

The past week was warm with plenty of sunshine, and on the whole favorable for crops, though as is usual at this season the rain fall was unevenly distributed. At many places it is very dry, though no real damage results as yet. Heavy rain and wind storms Friday injured crops, especially tobacco at Farmville, Pitt county, and Nashville, Nash county. Cotton getting plenty of weed; in fact, reported as growing too fast in the south; but blooms and squares short; rice seem to be disappearing in many sections. Tobacco fine; cutting and curing going on with excellent results. Fall crop of Irish potatoes being planted. Melons coming in, and shipments begun. River rice fields well worked and rice promising. Much complaint of cholera among the hogs.

A Spider Marked with a Human Face.

Mr. Geo. Henderson, jr., has a veritable curiosity in an extraordinarily marked common garden spider. On the back of the hinder half of the spider (the large rounded or oval part) are markings which distinctly outline a human face, eyes, nose and mouth; even to little indentures at the proper places to resemble nostrils. Each feature is in regular and natural position. To get the best view of the face the spider must be looked at with his head toward the spectator, as the mouth is about the middle of his back and the eyes and the upper part of the face farther towards the rear. The shape of the body is not unlike a human head, and in color it is a dull white and thus makes the resemblance still more striking.

Mr. Henderson is keeping his pet in a little box and supplying him with insects and leaves to keep him alive as long as possible. He takes pleasure in showing him to visitors.—Newbern Journal.

Dr. W. T. Spruill, a prominent citizen and practicing physician of Hilliardston, in Nash county, committed suicide Wednesday at his home with a pistol shot in the brain. It is alleged that on Sunday, Spruill attempted a criminal assault on a respectable married lady in the neighborhood, and yesterday papers for his arrest were placed in the hands of the county sheriff for service.

The State printers in publishing the lists of magistrates changed 85 names in 269 cases and added 85 names not shown on the certified list. The terms of office of magistrates have been changed in 39 cases. Six names on the certified list have been dropped by the State printers. If all these 49 changes were errors the State printers are very incompetent; if the changes were intentional the State printers acted unlawfully. How is it?

On Wednesday Mrs. Harvey, a sister of Mrs. Sneddes, was entering the main gate at St. Mary's school, a negro boy approached her and snatched from her hand a purse containing \$22. The boy was chased for some distance by a young man from that neighborhood who got stuck in the mud and thus it was that the thief escaped.—Raleigh News and Observer.

One hundred dollars in gold was offered in Charlotte last week to any colored base ball club in the State which would beat, the best two out of three games, the "Quicksteps" of that city. The "Blueshirts" of Greensboro accepted the challenge and the games were played Thursday and Friday. The "hard money" stays in Charlotte by a score of 9 to 8 in the first game and 6 to 1 in the second.

An Ear Full of Flies.

A correspondent of the Charlotte Observer, writing from Mangum, Richmond county, N. C., says: To people not familiar with the many strange phenomena and mysterious ills to which the human body is subjected, there is in this neighborhood a most wonderful case of ear trouble. Living on the river plantation of Col. O. H. Duckery is a little negro girl, 9 years old. For about a week she had been complaining of pain in one of her ears. Her father's attention was paid to it by her parents, until the child came to her mother holding a common house fly in her hand and telling her that it had flown from her ear. Upon looking into the left ear her mother was horrified to find the cavity in a perfect work, and swarming with flies. A doctor was sent for, and for three or four days they have been taking flies out of the ear, and up to five hours ago, the number had reached 169. Some come out alive, others dead—old ones and young ones—but all fully developed house flies. For a day the child has been having spasms, and her sufferings seem to be intense. She will be carried to Dr. George Graham, in Charlotte to-morrow. The case has baffled the skill of our best local physicians.

The mystery is: How did so many flies get into the ear, and is there cavity enough outside of the drum of the ear to hold them? Is it possible for them to remain in there from eggs deposited? And why, after four days of various applications of medicine do they continue to come out alive? If the reader knows of a similar case we would like to know it, and hear this explained.

Wrinkles.

Worry and the grave digger set on well together. When we go out to meet trouble we never have a long walk. When the devil can't get behind the preacher in any other way he sometimes joins the choir. Anyone can be pleasant to pleasant people, but it takes grace to be pleasant to unpleasant people.

If you want to get in a crooked path, just follow the direction of a corkscrew. There are people who hate a thief, who borrow books and never return them.

He who is hunting for a wife without a fault should remember that the spouse he is seeking may be searching for a husband of the same sort.

The man that is only concerned to speak the exact truth is not apt to be garrulous. It is as well to take warning from the sily as counsel from the wise.—Ran's Horn.

A novel prize has been offered by the Great Northern Steamship Company, whose gigantic vessels ply on the Great Lakes. The official announcement has been made that the company will give a prize of \$250 in gold to every baby born this season aboard of either of its two palatial steamers Northland and Northwest. Five hundred dollars is the prize for twins, and \$1,000 for triplets. The only condition is that the officers of the company shall name the babies.

About twenty-four million, five hundred thousand dollars is the total valuation of railroad property given by the Railway Commission for the year 1895; an increase of nearly five hundred thousand dollars. The Seaboard property increased most, being from six thousand to nine thousand per mile. The assessment of steamboat lines is two hundred and ninety-three thousand dollars, against two hundred and forty thousand dollars.

Deafness Cannot be Cured. By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 7c.

Odd Fellows.

Idaho is building a Home. Oregon has a Home started; value of property, \$37,500.

Minnesota has incorporated a Home (191) and raised \$6,000 for it.

Kansas has a magnificent property given to it by DeBoissiere, worth \$100,000.

New Hampshire has a Home built about eighty years ago; it is located at Concord; value of property \$54,000.

New Jersey's Odd Fellows' Home is at Trenton; been in operation ten years; property worth \$20,000; cost per inmate \$2.42 weekly.

The Missouri Odd Fellows' Home will be dedicated in May, in connection with the session of the Grand Lodge.

California has purchased a magnificent site and the Grand Lodge by recent legislation provided for its future permanence and maintenance.

Texas has a Widows' and Orphan's Home at Corsicana; property valued at \$25,000, fifty inmates are maintained; average monthly cost of each \$5; it is maintained by the Grand Lodge.

Connecticut has a Home at Fairview worth \$25,000, acquired since July 1892; a per capita tax of \$2 per member is levied for maintenance and to create a permanent fund.

The German Odd Fellows of New York have a Home for their aged brethren, at Unionport; also an Orphanage; very fine buildings. There is an Odd Fellows' Home at Hollis, L. I., with seven inmates. It was incorporated in 1891, and has property worth \$25,000.—Ex.

Do Not Judge by Clothing.

Boys do not judge a man by his clothing. A little incident occurred on one line of street cars a few days since which is worthy of notice. A poorly clad woman entered the car carrying an infant in her arms. As she sat opposite I observed she seemed trouble about something. When the conductor passed through the car for the fares she said in a very low voice: "Please sir, I have no money left me ride this time and some other time I will pay you." "I can hear that story every day," said the conductor, in a loud, rough voice. "You can pay or get off." "Two fares, please," said a pleasant voice, as a toiled and sunburned hand passed her conductor ten cents. "Heaven bless you sir," said the woman, and long and silently she wept; the language of the heart so eloquent to express our hidden thoughts. This man in worn and soiled garments was one of God's noblemen. He possessed a heart to feel for the woes of others, and although the act was but a trifle, it proves that we cannot, with safety, judge a man by his clothing. "For many a true heart beats beneath a ragged jacket."—Our Dumb Animals.

Men who are all the time trying to get out of business or out of town will never build up either. One of the two things must be done—run the town for all it is worth, get up steam and keep it up, or quit the whole thing, slide out and let nature take its course. Do you want trade? Bid for it. Do you want business to come to your town? Encourage those who do come. Do you want a prosperous town, where people can come who are disposed to make homes? Then do away with, bury from sight, all spite work; work no more for a few individuals, but all work together for a common good.

The National Harness Review declares that wide-awake advertisers don't know anything about dull times. Bradstreet's says that nearly 80 per cent. of the concerns that failed in business were those that didn't advertise. May it be so? Don't you think that is authoritative statement.

University Catalogue.

The University Catalogue for 1894 '95 shows 471 students, as follows: 512 in the college, 78 in the law school, 26 in the medical school and 59 in the summer school for teachers. The faculty embraces 35 professors and 114 pages, is carefully indexed and gives full information about the University. Write for copy to President Winston, Chapel Hill, N. C.

The man who is afraid to put his money in any enterprise and still expects it to increase ought to be yoked to the fellow who expects to raise a crop of corn without putting his seed corn in the ground. Money like muscle grows by use and not by lying still.

We notice that several towns in the State are taking steps to establish new cotton factories. Why not Greenville do something along this line?

Hoo Culture in North Carolina.

Mr. A. L. Jones, of Hamilton, N. Y., an experienced hop grower, visited the Department of Agriculture yesterday. He informed the department that he had settled in North Carolina, near Warrenton. He comes for the purpose of growing hops in this State. He has two five acre fields now growing in hops near Rockingham, where he went on the 3-40 train to look after his interests. Mr. Jones is of the opinion that there are sections in the hop industry as well adapted to the hop ripens here in August (which they do) that an acre here is worth three or more in his native State. So if the hop is profitable (as it is) in New York, it should be more so here.—Raleigh News and Observer.

Bill Nye's Advice.

Bill Nye in his advice to a young lady, "says it is quite proper to take a young man's arm after dark, but you should return it to him afterwards. Never let a young man take your arm however. He might criticize your muscles afterward, and it is one way to live. Should he attempt it, do not brain him on the spot, for the odor of escaping gas would be disagreeable, but tell him to try and be self-supporting, rather than to lean upon the arm of a timid girl. Should he be afraid of the dark, and again clutch wildly at your arm, call a cab and send him home. The cost will be slight, and you will never regret it."

Some months look like peaches and cream and some like a hole chopped into a brick wall to admit a new door or window. The mouth is a hub of toothaches, the banghole of oratory and a baby's crowning glory. It is the patriotism's fountain head and the politician's pie. Without it the face of the earth and the coronetist would go down to an un-honored grave. It is the grocer's friend, the orator's pride, and the dentist's hope.

A man living near the Johnston and Wilson line, in Wilson county, made his wife out fourteen biscuits at one sitting because she had burned them in cooking. He made her do this by threats. The next night a mob went to his house, and the man began to cry out for his friends. He was told that all the neighborhood was there. He was whipped and the crowd left him.

Mr. George F. Thomason has a new ground, in corn, 2 acres of which are cultivated, the remaining 6 acres being sowed. The two acres cultivated are in the richest part of the field, while the other is in the poorest, and yet the sowed corn is much the best, being a great deal larger. Why is this? Can some one explain?—Lenoir Topic.

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Cannot Disguise Himself. "I am endeavoring to become quite English," writes a Boston man in London, "because it will save me from the tips of the first magnitude which servants expect from Americans. I have mounted a perfectly hideous Derby. I carry my right glove in my left glove and hand and swing a walking stick in my right. I wear an English collar, and an English scarf with an English pin in it; my English cuffs are spacious. I am having more clothes made at the Prince of Wales' tailor's. And when I go outside the Abbey—the first cabman says: 'Drive my first American gentleman, sir, know where they want to go, sir! Such is the vanity of ambition!'"—Boston Transcript.

A WHITE POODLE.

How the "Second Midnight Run" Found a Mascot.

The "second midnight run" train on the Third avenue elevated road, while whirling down Forty-second street to the South ferry station at four-fifteen o'clock one morning came to a sudden stop at Thirty-eighth street. The butcher, green grocers and other early birds who sleep on the train most of the way from Harlem to the markets, woke up with a start and craned their necks anxiously from the car windows to see what the trouble was.

Ahead a gasoline truck bobbed up and down in the darkness like a jack-o-lantern on the track. The locomotives breathed and chafed impatiently, awaiting the return of the freman.

A little way further he was seen in the light of his torch to bend over and take a bundle of something white up in his arms. He turned and came back with it.

A hundred heads protruding from windows watched him come.

"It is a baby," burst from them in one breath, and the entire lot scrambled for the engine, on the track and through the train.

Fireman Back met them with his white bundle hugged close. They fell upon him, a perfect mob, with: "Chimp! Chimp!" The little darling, how did the poor—

"Wow!" said the dear thing, and snapped at the nose poked nearest. It was not a baby, but a puppy, a little white poodle dog trotting all alone down the elevated track from heaven knows where, in the small hours of the morning, when the engineer saw him and stopped the train just in time.

They took him into the cab, while the excited passengers went back to sleep, feeling that they had been imposed upon. Fireman Back and the engineer didn't feel that way. They got the pup some milk down at South ferry and took him back with them on the home run.

The "second midnight run" has a mascot now, the only elevated dog in town.

But how he got on the track where he was, and where he was, that hour are mysteries.—N. Y. Sun.

AT THE BATTLE OF GÖPPENHAGEN

Sensations of One on Ship During an Awful Scene of Death.

Toward the close of the action, Col. Hutchinson reported to me that the guns wanted quill or tin tubes (which are used as more safe and expeditious than loose priming) and wanted me to send some, adding: "His own men were too ignorant of the ship, or he would have sent one before my return," says a writer in Macmillan's magazine. I told him: "I knew no one who could so well be spared as myself." He, however, objected to my going, and as I was aware of the dreadful slaughter which had taken place in the center of the ship I was not very fond of the jaunt, but my conscience would not let me send another on an errand I was afraid to undertake myself, and away I posted toward the fore magazine.

When I arrived on the main deck, along which I had to pass, there was not a single man standing the whole way from the mainmast forward, a distance containing eight guns on a side, some of which were run out ready for firing; others lay dismounted, and others remained as they were after recoiling. In this dreary scene, I shall be excused for shuddering as I walked across the body of a dead soldier. I hastened down the fore ladder to the lower deck and felt relieved to find somebody alive; from thence I reached the fore cockpit, where I was obliged to wait a few minutes for my eargo, and after this pause I felt something like regret, if not fear, as I remembered the ladder on my return. This, however, entirely subsided when I saw the sun shining and the old blue ensign flying as lofty as ever.

I never felt the genuine sense of glory so completely as at that moment, and if I had seen anyone attempt to haul that ensign down I could have run aft and shot him dead in as determined a manner as the celebrated Paul Jones. I took off my hat by an involuntary motion and gave three cheers as I jumped on to the quarterdeck. Col. Hutchinson welcomed me as if I had done some great feat, and had on a hazardous and successful mission.

Mr. Yelland also expressed great satisfaction at seeing me in such high spirits and so active.

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"I am endeavoring to become quite English," writes a Boston man in London, "because it will save me from the tips of the first magnitude which servants expect from Americans. I have mounted a perfectly hideous Derby. I carry my right glove in my left glove and hand and swing a walking stick in my right. I wear an English collar, and an English scarf with an English pin in it; my English cuffs are spacious. I am having more clothes made at the Prince of Wales' tailor's. And when I go outside the Abbey—the first cabman says: 'Drive my first American gentleman, sir, know where they want to go, sir! Such is the vanity of ambition!'"—Boston Transcript.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report



LEAVING OUT WASHING.

What May Happen When There Comes a Blow in the Night.

Scenes That Are Familiar to Dwellers in City Flats—An Early Morning Call to Shorten Sail on the Clothes Line.

"Whether to leave the washing out-doors or not," said Mr. Flatdweller to the New York Sun man, "may easily be a question of importance. Why it is thought of leaving it out is simple enough; it may have been a damp or drizzly day and the clothes may not be dry when night comes; they are to be left out to blow dry in the night. The question in the suburbs or in the country, where clothes would be left on lines stretched between posts set in the ground, is one mostly of safety, for there they must be left where they could easily be stolen by anybody that might take a fancy to them. In the city if you live in a flat the principal question is: Will it be too windy? For if it is: clothespins, when they work off the line, don't fall upon the grass but into the fathomless abyss of the rear area, and if the washing drops from the line it goes there, too, or off over some neighboring roof, or it whips against the poles or the mounds or the fire escapes, or it winds itself around the pulley line so that there the washing is out in the air and you wonder how you are going to get it. So that it may easily be seen that in a flat it is really a question of some importance whether the washing shall be left out or not, and if the wind rises it is of still more importance to get it in."

"What do you think?" says Mrs. Flatdweller. "Do you think it is going to blow any harder than it does now?"

"And you look out at the cold stars and glance around generally, and then you say, you don't think it is, and after a little further deliberation Mrs. Flatdweller decides to leave 'em out. It's pretty breezy and you can hear 'em pretty and then snapping in the wind, but if it doesn't blow up any more they're all right. So you leave 'em out and go to bed."

"And about four o'clock you begin to dream of the sea story you had read the night before. Off Cape Horn is a howling gale in winter; cold and snow and ice; rolling seas and tempest and danger every where; it's your watch below; suddenly you hear somebody pounding on the companion slide with a handspike, and a moment later you hear a voice shouting down the fore's ladder: 'All starboardlines ahoy!'

"That means you; it's all hands to shorten sail. As you jump from your bunk you feel somebody pushing on your shoulder and you hear Mrs. Flatdweller say: 'Ezra, I guess you'll have to take in the clothes.'"

"You're awake now and are getting into your boots and garments, not forgetting your tarpaulin and your sou'wester, and a minute later you're on the fire escape, with Mrs. Flatdweller standing inside to take the things as you hand them in."

"Wind a-blowing, sheets a-flapping, shirts snapping, pillow cases cracking, everything cast loose and whipping itself into ribbons, or getting ready to. Rain in torrents and general uproar everywhere. Whi-ppi! comes a sheet across your face and away goes your sou'wester, but you grab the sheet and fist it as you would a sail until you come to the line; you grab off the clothespins and the sheet and hop in to Mrs. Flatdweller. No foot rears here, so you must bring the sail to you; you overhaul the pulley line, blocks a-creakin' under the strain and adding to the weirdness. Say at last you get in till you've got it all, and she's just a-carin' along under her own weight."

"Clew garnets and rattlin' stuff! Topping lifts and bowlines! In these degenerated days of tackettes instead of clipper ships, if a man really wants a snuff of the salty ocean let him ship in a flat!"

An Unmistakable Exception.

"Remember, my son," said the prudent father, "that politeness doesn't cost anything."

"Yes," was the reply. "I've heard that."

"Well, it certainly costs me about seven dollars a week to get any politeness out of the waiters at our hotel."—Washington Star.

Related.

The traveler shaded his eyes with his hand and looked anxiously about him.

"Is there a man in the village," he asked, "who can shoe a horse?"

"Yes, sir," said a boy in the crowd, "but he's busy mendin' a horseless carriage, and there's six broken bicycles ahead of you, besides. You'd better go to the next town, mister."

Whenever you see good roads in a county you can rest assured that county is a prosperous one. Good roads are an index to the prosperity of any section.—Lenoir Topic.

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—C. Dawson, chm'n, Leonidas Fleming, T. E. Keel, Jesse L. Smith and S. M. Jones.
Supt. Health, Dr. W. H. Bagwell.
Supt. County Home, J. W. Smith.
County Examiner of Teachers.—Prof. W. H. Ragsdale.

TOWN OFFICERS.
Mayor, O. C. Forbes.
Clerk, C. A. Forbes.
Treasurer, W. T. Godwin.
Police—J. W. Perkins, chief, Fred. Cox, ass't.; J. W. Murphy, night.
Councilmen—W. H. Smith, W. L. Brown, W. T. Godwin, T. A. Wilks, Dempsey Ruffin, Julius Jenkins.

CHURCHES.
Baptist. Services every Sunday (except second) morning and night. Prayer meeting Thursday night. Rev. C. M. Billings, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 A. M. C. D. Rountree, Sup't.
Catholic. No regular services.
Episcopal. Services every fourth Sunday morning and night. Rev. A. Greaves, Rector. 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. P. Smith, pastor. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. H. B. Elington, Sup't.
Presbyterian. Services every 1st and 3rd Sunday morning and night. Prayer meeting Tuesday night. Rev. Arnie McLauchlin, 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. Bagwell, N. G.
Greenville Lodge No. 281 A. F. & A. M. meets first and third Monday nights. W. M. King, W. M.

Professional Cards.

D. B. D. L. JAMES, DENTIST, GREENVILLE, N. C.

DR. H. A. JOYNER DENTIST, GREENVILLE, N. C.
Office upstairs over S. E. Pender & Co's Hardware store.

JAS. E. MOORE, L. I. MOORE, Greenville
MOORE & MOORE,

The Reflector is prepared to do all work in this line

NEATLY, QUICKLY, and IN BEST STYLE.

Plenty of new material and the best quality of Stationery.

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A motion to prevent its school teachers wearing bloomers was voted down by the Toronto School Board, and the women are happy over the result.

Four acres of the Mississippi River's banks, just below New Orleans, have caved in, and carried a number of houses into the river. Other losses are feared.

Mr. George Hathaway, of Beau fort county, took his wife and children fishing, one of the children fell overboard and the father jumped to the rescue and they were drowned. The last time he came up the child was in his arms.

President Cleveland or some member of his family, possibly Baby Marion, will start the machinery at the Cotton States Exposition. The directors have arranged for a wire into the grounds and another into Gray Gables on opening day, September 15th.

From present outlook, a tobacco warehouse for Goldsboro is an assured fact. The amount sufficient to build has already been raised and the committee have now the selection of a suitable site under consideration.—Goldsboro Herald.

An exchange says: The quickest way to dig your financial grave is to let up on advertising. It will dig itself then—you simply sink out of sight of everybody but your creditors and a few old fossils who love the dead smell of the past.

Chinch bugs have done great damage to crops in Tennessee, making a clean sweep in some localities, and the Commissioner of Agriculture has decided that the only remedy is to infect them with some deadly disease. Infected bugs are to be brought from other States and distributed.

There is a \$1,200 place vacant in Washington. All that is required of the applicant is that he understands chemistry, physiology, bacteriology, histological anatomy, and be able to tell what he knows about these and other things in English, French and German, and remarkable to say there isn't a jam of applicants.—Wilmington Star.

THE EASTERN REFLECTOR.

D. J. WHICHARD, Editor and Owner

TRUTH IN PREFERENCE TO FICTION.

TERMS: \$1.00 per Year, in Advance.

VOL. XIV.

GREENVILLE, PITT COUNTY, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 31, 1895.

NO. 29

You Need

The Reflector this year

It will give the news

every week for

\$1 a year.

Weather Crop Bulletin.

The reports of correspondents of the Weekly Weather Crop Bulletin, issued by the North Carolina State Weather Service, for the week ending Saturday, July 20, 1895, indicate, on the whole, a favorable week, though more than usual reports are received of damage by dryness and local storms. The temperature was above normal, with abundant sunshine. A large number of counties had good showers. In some places drought is beginning to prevail, though no great damage is reported as yet. Violent rain, hail and wind storms occurred on Friday in several counties in the Central and Eastern Districts. Caring tobacco progressing with good results. Fall Irish potatoes being planted. Melons coming in slowly, seem to be late and poor.

EASTERN DISTRICT

The past week was warm with plenty of sunshine, and on the whole favorable for crops, though as is usual at this season the rain fall was unevenly distributed. At many places it is very dry, though no real damage results as yet. Heavy rain and wind storms Friday injured crops, especially tobacco at Farmville, Pitt county, and Nashville, Nash county. Cotton getting plenty of weed; in fact, reported as growing too fast in the south, but blooms and squares short; rice seem to be disappearing in many sections. Tobacco fine; cutting and curing going on with excellent results. Fall crop of Irish potatoes being planted. Melons coming in, and shipments begun. River rice fields well worked and rice promising. Much complaint of cholera among the hogs.

A Spider Marked with a Human Face.

Mr. Geo. Henderson, jr., has a veritable curiosity in an extraordinarily marked common garden spider. On the back of the hunder half of the spider (the large rounded or oval part) are markings which distinctly outline a human face, eyes, nose and mouth; even to little indentures at the proper places to resemble nostrils. Each feature is in regular and natural position. To get the best view of the face the spider must be looked at with his head toward the spectator, as the mouth is about the middle of his back and the eyes and the upper part of the face further towards the rear. The shape of the body is not unlike a human head, and in color it is a dull white and thus makes the resemblance still more striking.

Mr. Henderson is keeping his pet in a little box and supplying him with insects and leaves to keep him alive as long as possible. He takes pleasure in showing him to visitors.—Newbern Journal.

Dr. W. T. Sprull, a prominent citizen and practicing physician of Hilliardston, in Nash county, committed suicide Wednesday at his home with a pistol shot in the brain. It is alleged that on Sunday, Sprull attempted a criminal assault on a respectable married lady in the neighborhood, and yesterday papers for his arrest were placed in the hands of the county sheriff for service.

The State printers in publishing the lists of magistrates changed the names in 269 cases and added 85 names not shown on the certified list. The terms of office of magistrates have been changed in 89 cases. Six names on the certified list have been dropped by the State printers. If all these 449 changes were errors the State printers are very incompetent, if the changes were intentional the State printers acted unlawfully. How is it?

On Wednesday Mrs. Harvey, a sister of Mrs. Smedes, was entering the main gate at St. Mary's school, a negro boy approached her and snatched from her hand a purse containing \$22. The boy was chased for some distance by a young man from that neighborhood who got stuck in the mud and thus it was.

One hundred dollars in gold was offered in Charlotte last week to any colored base ball club in the State which would beat the best two out of three games, the "Quicksteps" of that city. The "Blueshirts" of Greensboro accepted the challenge and the games were played Thursday and Friday. The "hard money" stays in Charlotte by a score of 9 to 8 in the first game and 6 to 1 in the second.

An Ear Full of Flies.

A correspondent of the Charlotte Observer, writing from Mangum, Richmond county, N. C., says: To people not familiar with the many strange phenomena and mysterious ills to which the human body is subjected, there is in this neighborhood a most wonderful case of ear trouble. Living on the river plantation of Col. O. H. Dockery is a little negro girl, 9 years old. For about a week she had been complaining of pains in one of her ears. Little attention was paid to it by her parents, until the child came to her mother holding a common house fly in her hand and telling her that it had flown from her ear. Upon looking into the left ear her mother was horrified to find the cavity in a perfect work, and swarming with flies. A doctor was sent for, and for three or four days they have been taking flies out of the ear, and on two hours ago, the number had reached 163. Some came out alive, others dead—old ones and young ones—but all fully developed house flies. For a day the child has been having spasms, and her sufferings seem to be intense. She will be carried to Dr. George Graham, in Charlotte to-morrow. The case has baffled the skill of our best local physicians.

The mystery is: How did so many flies get into the ear, and is there cavity enough outside of the drum of the ear to hold them? Is it possible for them to remain in there from eggs deposited? And why, after four days of various applications of medicine do they continue to come out alive? If the reader knows of a similar case we would like to know it, and hear this explained.

Wrinkles.

Worry and the grave digger set on well together.

When we go out to meet trouble we never have a long walk.

When the devil can't get behind the preacher in any other way he sometimes joins the choir.

Anyone can be pleasant to pleasant people, but it takes grace to be pleasant to unpleasant people.

If you want to get in a crooked path, just follow the direction of a corkscrew.

There are people who hate a thief, who borrow books and never return them.

He who is hunting for a wife without a fault should remember that the spouse he is seeking may be searching for a husband of the same sort.

The man that is only concerned to speak the exact truth is not apt to be garrulous.

It is as well to take warning from the silly as counsel from the wise.—Ran's Horn.

A novel prize has been offered by the Great Northern Steamship Company, whose gigantic vessels ply on the Great Lakes. The official announcement has been made that the company will give a prize of \$250 in gold to every baby born this season aboard of either of its two palatial steamers Northland and Northwest. Five hundred dollars is the prize for twins, and \$1,000 for triplets. The only condition is that the officers of the company shall name the babies.

About twenty-four million, five hundred thousand dollars is the total valuation of railroad property given by the Railway Commission for the year 1895; an increase of nearly five hundred thousand dollars. The Seaboard property increased, most being from six thousand to nine thousand per mile. The assessment of steamboat lines is two hundred and ninety-three thousand dollars, against two hundred and forty thousand dollars.

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists.

Odd Fellows.

Idaho is building a Home. Oregon has a Home started; value of property, \$27,500.

Minnesota has incorporated a Home (191) and raised \$6,000 for it.

Kansas has a magnificent property given to it by DeBoissiere, worth \$100,000.

New Hampshire has a Home built about eighty years ago; it is located at Concord; value of property \$54,000.

New Jersey's Odd Fellows' Home is at Trenton; been in operation ten years; property worth \$20,000; cost per inmate \$2.42 weekly.

The Missouri Odd Fellows' Home will be dedicated in May, in connection with the session of the Grand Lodge.

California has purchased a magnificent site and the Grand Lodge by recent legislation provided for its future permanence and maintenance.

Texas has a Widows' and Orphans' Home at Corsicana; property valued at \$25,000, fifty inmates are maintained; average monthly cost of each \$5; it is maintained by the Grand Lodge.

Connecticut has a Home at Fairview worth \$25,000, acquired since July 1892; a per capita tax of \$2 per member is levied for maintenance and to create a permanent fund.

The German Odd Fellows of New York have a Home for their aged brethren, at Unionport; also an Orphanage; very fine buildings. There is an Odd Fellows' Home at Hollis, L. I., with seven inmates. It was incorporated in 1891, and has property worth \$25,000.—Ex.

Do Not Judge by Clothing.

Boys do not judge a man by his clothing. A little incident occurred on one line of street cars a few days since which is worthy of notice. A poorly clad woman entered the car carrying an infant in her arms. As she sat opposite I observed she seemed troubled about something. When the conductor passed through the car for the fares she said in a very low voice: "Please sir, I have no money; let me ride this time and some other time I will pay you." "I can hear that story every day," said the conductor, in a loud, rough voice. "You can pay or get off." "Two fares, please," said a pleasant voice, as a toiled and sunburned hand passed the conductor ten cents. "Heaven bless you sir," said the woman, and long and silently she wept; the language of the heart so eloquent to express our hidden thoughts. This man in worn and soiled garments was one of God's noblemen. He possessed a heart to feel for the woes of others, and although the act was but a trifle, it proves that we cannot, with safety, judge a man by his clothing. "For many a true heart beats beneath a ragged jacket."—Our Dumb Animals.

Men who are all the time trying to get out of business or out of town will never build up either. One of the two things must be done—run the town for all it is worth, get up steam and keep it up, or quit the whole thing, slide out and let nature take its course. Do you want trade? Bid for it. Do you want business to come to your town? Encourage those who do come. Do you want a prosperous town, where people can come who are dispersed to make homes? Then do away with, bury from sight, all spite work; work no more for a few individuals, but all work together for a common and mutual benefit. Wake up, rub your eyes, roll up your sleeves and go to work. Don't work with fear and trembling, but take it for granted that blood will tell. Leave results with themselves; borrow no trouble, but all unite to make it the best kind of a city.

It is Mr. Gladstone's latest statement, that the older a man in good health becomes the greater his mental activity ought to be. He declares that the mind grows stronger and clearer as the body's vitality dwindles, and he does not see how anything except disease of the latter can prevent intellectual progress from continuing almost to the end of a man's life.

Hoo Culture in North Carolina.

Mr. A. L. Jones, of Hamilton, N. Y., an experienced hop grower, visited the Department of Agriculture yesterday. He informed the department that he had settled in North Carolina, near Warrenton. He comes for the purpose of growing hops in this State. He has two five acre fields now growing in hops near Rockingham, where he went on the 3:40 train to look after his interests. Mr. Jones is of the opinion that there are sections in this State as well adapted to the hop industry as in any part of New York State. He says if the hop ripens here in August (which they do) that an acre here is worth three or more in his native State. So if the hop is profitable (as it is) in New York, it should be more so here.—Raleigh News and Observer.

Bill Nye's Advice.

Bill Nye in his advice to a young lady, "says it is quite proper to take a young man's arm after dark, but you should return it to him afterwards. Never let a young man take your arm however. He might criticize your muscles afterward, and it is one way to live. Should he attempt it, do not brain him on the spot, for the odor of escaping gas would be disagreeable, but tell him to try and be self-supporting, rather than to lean upon the arm of a timid girl. Should he be afraid of the dark, and again clutch wildly at your arm, call a cab and send him home. The cost will be slight, and you will never regret it."

Some mouths look like peaches and cream and some like a hole chipped into a brick wall to admit a new door or window. The mouth is a hotbed of toothaches, the bungalow of cratery and a baby's crowning glory. It is the patriot's fountain head and the poet's chest for fire. Without it the politician would be a wanderer on the face of the earth and the oratorist would go down to an un-honored grave. It is the grocer's friend, the orator's pride, and the dentist's hope.

A man living near the Johnston and Wilson line, in Wilson county, made his wife eat fourteen biscuits at one sitting because she had burned them in cooking. He made her do this by threats. The next night a mob went to his house, and the man began to cry out for his friends. He was told that all the neighborhood was there. He was whipped and the crowd left him.

Mr. George F. Thomason has a new ground, in corn, 2 acres of which are cultivated, the remaining 6 acres being sowed. The two acres cultivated are in the richest part of the field, while the other is in the poorest, and yet the sowed corn is much the best, being a great deal larger. Why is this? Can some one explain?—Lenoir Topic.

The National Harness Review declares that wide-awake advertisers don't know anything about dull times. Bradstreet's says that nearly 80 per cent of the concerns that failed in business were those that didn't advertise. May be there isn't a big-sized moral in that authoritative statement.

The University Catalogue for 1894-95 shows 471 students, as follows: 514 in the college, 78 in the law school, 26 in the medical school and 59 in the summer school for teachers. The faculty embraces 35 professors and 33 instructors.

The catalogue contains 114 pages, is carefully indexed and gives full information about the University. Write for copy to President Winston, Chapel Hill, N. C.

The man who is afraid to put his money in any enterprise and still expects it to increase ought to be yoked to the fellow who expects to raise a crop of corn without putting his seed corn in the ground. Money like muscle grows by use and not by lying still.

We notice that several towns in the State are taking steps to establish new cotton factories. Why not Greenville do something along this line?

A WHITE POODLE.

How the "Second Midnight Run" Found a Mascot. The "second midnight run" train on the Third avenue elevated road, while whirling down Forty-second street to the South ferry station at three-fifteen o'clock one morning came to a sudden stop at Thirty-eighth street.

The butchers, green grocers and other early birds who sleep on the train most of the way from Harlem to the markets, woke up with a start and craned their necks anxiously from the car windows to see what the trouble was.

Ahead a gasoline torch bobbed up and down in the darkness like a jack-o'-lantern on the track. The locomotives breathed and chuffed impatiently awaiting the return of the fireman.

A little way further he was seen in the light of his torch to bend over and take a bundle of something white up in his arms. He turned and came back with it.

A hundred heads protruding from windows watched him come.

"It is a baby," burst from them in one breath, and the entire lot scrambled for the engine, on the track and through the train.

Fireman Buck met them with his white bundle hugged close. They fell upon him, a perfect mob, with: "Chirp! Chirp! The little darling, how did you do?"

"Wow," said the deer thing, and snapped at the nose peaked nearest.

It was not a baby, but a puppy, a little white poodle dog trotting all alone down the elevated track from heaven knows where, in the small hours of the morning, when the engineer saw him and stopped the train just in time.

They took him into the cab, while the excited passengers went back to sleep, feeling that they had been imposed upon. Fireman Buck and the engineer didn't feel that way. They got the pup some milk down at South ferry and took him back with them on the home run.

The "second midnight run" has a mascot now, the only elevated dog in town.

But how he got on the track where he was, and where he was going at that hour are mysteries that may never be explained.—N. Y. Sun.

AT THE BATTLE OF GOPENHAGEN

Sensations of One on Ship During an Awful Scene of Death. Toward the close of the action, Col. Hutchinson reported to me that the guns wanted quill or tin tubes (which are used as more safe and expeditious than loose priming) and wanted me to send some on an errand.

"His own men were too ignorant of the ship, or he would have sent one before my return," says a writer in Macmillan's magazine. I told him: "I knew no one who could so well be spared as myself." He, however, objected to my going, and as I was aware of the dreadful slaughter which had taken place in the center of the ship I was not very fond of the jaunt, but my conscience would not let me send another on an errand I was afraid to undertake myself, and away I posted toward the fore magazine.

When I arrived on the main deck, along which I had to pass, there was not a single man standing the whole way from the mainmast forward, a distance containing eight guns on a side, some of which were run out ready for firing; others lay dismounted, and others remained as they were after recoiling. In this dreary scene, I shall be excused for shuddering as I walked across the body of a dead soldier. I hastened down the fore ladder to the lower deck and felt really relieved to find somebody alive; from thence I reached the fore cockpit, where I was obliged to wait a few minutes for my cargo, and after this pause I felt something like regret, if not fear, as I remounted the ladder on my return. This, however, entirely subsided when I saw the sun shining and the old blue ensign flying as lofty as ever.

I never felt the genuine sense of glory so completely as at that moment, and if I had seen any attempt to haul that ensign down I could have run aft and shot him dead in as determined a manner as the celebrated Paul Jones. I took off my hat by an involuntary motion and gave three cheers as I jumped on to the quarterdeck. Col. Hutchinson welcomed me as my quarters as if I had been a hero.

I returned on a hazardous errand and had returned in triumph. Mr. Yelland also expressed great satisfaction at seeing me in such high spirits and so active.

Cannot Disguise Himself.

"I am endeavoring to become quite English," writes a Boston man in London, "because it will save me from the tips of the first magnitude which servants expect from Americans. I have mounted a perfectly hideous Derby. I carry my right glove in my left gloved hand and swing a walking stick in my right. I wear an English collar, and an English scarf with an English pin in it; my English cuffs are spacious. I am having more clothes made at the Prince of Wales' tailor's. And when I go outside the hotel—it is directly opposite the hotel—it is direct to say: 'Drive—any American gentleman, sir, know where they want to go, sir?' Such is the vanity of ambition!"—Boston Transcript.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

LEAVING OUT WASHING.

What May Happen When There Comes on a Blow in the Night.

Scenes That Are Familiar to Dwellers in City Flats—An Early Morning Call to Shorten Sail on the Clothes Line.

"Whether to leave the washing out-doors or not," said Mr. Flatdweller to the New York Sun man, "may easily be a question of importance. Why it is thought of leaving it out is simple enough; it may have been a damp or drizzly day and the clothes may not be dry when night comes; they are to be left out to blow dry in the night. The question in the suburbs or in the country, where the clothes would be left on lines stretched between posts set in the ground, is one mostly of safety, for there they must be left where they could easily be stolen by anybody that might take a fancy to them. In the city if you live in a flat the principal question is: Will it be too windy? For if it is the clothespins, when they work off the line, don't fall upon the grass but into the fathomless abyss of the rear area, and if the washing drops from the line it goes there, too, or off over some neighboring roof, or it whips against the poles or the tin cans or the fire escape, or it winds itself around the pulley line so that the line won't budge either way, and there the washing is out in the air and you wonder how you are going to get it. So that it may easily be seen that in a flat it is really a question of some importance whether the washing shall be left out or not, and if the wind rises it is of still more importance to get it in.

"What do you think?" says Mrs. Flatdweller. "Do you think it is going to blow any harder than it does now?"

"And you look out at the cold stars and glance around generally, and then you say no, you don't think it is, and after a little further deliberation Mrs. Flatdweller decides to leave 'em out. It's pretty breezy and you can hear 'em now and then snapping in the wind, but if it doesn't blow up any more they're all right. So you leave 'em out and go to bed.

"And about four o'clock you begin to dream of the sea story you had read the night before. Off Cape Horn is a howling gale in winter; cold and snow and ice; rolling seas and tempest and danger everywhere; it's your watch below; suddenly you hear somebody pounding on the companion slide with a handspike, and a moment later you hear a voice shouting down the fo'c'sle ladder: "All starboardlines ahoy!"

"That means you! It's all hands to shorten sail. As you jump from your bunk you feel somebody pushing on your shoulder and you hear Mrs. Flatdweller say:

"Ezra, I guess you'll have to take in the clothes."

"You're a wake now and are getting into your boots and garments, not forgetting your tarpaulin and your sou' wester, and a minute later you're on the fire escape, with Mrs. Flatdweller standing inside to take the things as you hand them in.

"Wind a-howling, sheets a-flapping, shirts snapping, pillow cases cracking, everything cast loose and whirling itself into torpedos, or getting ready to rain in torrents and general uproar everywhere. Whiplash comes a sheet across your face and away goes your sou' wester, but you grab the sheet and fist it as you would a sail until you come to the line; you grab off the clothespins and the sheet and hand it in to Mrs. Flatdweller. No fog ropes here, so you must bring the sail to you; you overhaul the pulley line, blocks a-crankin' under the strain and adding to the weirdness. Sail at! you get in the wind, and she's just a-crankin' along under bags o' wind."

"Clew garnets and rattlin' stuff! Topping lifts and bowlines! In these degenerate days of teakettles instead of clipper ships, if a man really wants a sniff of the salty ocean let him ship in a flat!"

An Unmistakable Exception.

"Remember, my son," said the prudent father, "that politeness doesn't cost anything."

"Yes," was the reply, "I've heard that."

"You don't doubt it, do you?"

"Well, it certainly costs me about seven dollars a week to get any politeness out of the waiters at our hotel."—Washington Star.

Belated.

The traveler shaded his eyes with his hand and looked anxiously about him.

"Is there a man in the village," he asked, "who can shoe a horse?"

"Yes, sir," said a boy in the crowd, "but he's busy mending a horseless carriage, and there's six broken bicycles ahead of you, besides. You'd better go to the next town, mister."

Whenever you see good roads in a county you can rest assured that county is a prosperous one. Good roads are an index to the prosperity of any section.—Lenoir Topic.

LOCAL DIRECTORY.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Superior Court (Clerk, E. A. Mays. Sheriff, R. W. King. Register of Deeds, W. M. King. Treasurer, J. L. Little. Coroner, Dr. C. O'H. Laughinghouse. Surveyor. Commissioners—C. Dawson, chm'n, Leontias Fleming, T. K. Keel, Jesse L. Smith and S. M. Jones. Sup't. Health, Dr. W. H. Bagwell. Sup't. County Home, J. W. Smith. County Examiner of Teachers.—Prof. W. H. Ragsdale.

TOWN OFFICERS.

Mayor, Oia Forbes. Clerk, C. C. Forbes. Treasurer, W. T. Godwin. Police—J. W. Perkins, chief, Fred. Cox, asst.; J. W. Murphy, night. Councilmen—W. H. Smith, W. L. Brown, W. T. Godwin, T. A. Wilks, Dempsey Ruffin, Julius Jenkins.

CHURCHES.

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

Catholic. No regular services. Episcopal. Services every fourth Sunday morning and night. Rev. A. Graves, Rector. 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. Elington, Sup't.

Presbyterian. Services every 1st and 3rd Sunday morning and night. Prayer meeting Tuesday night. Rev. Archie McLaughlin, pastor. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. B. D. Evans, Sup't.

LODGES.

Governor Lodge No. 17. I. O. O. F., meets every Tuesday night. Dr. W. H. Bagwell, N. G. Greenville Lodge No. 281 A. F. & A. M., meets first and third Monday nights. W. M. King, W. M.

Professional Cards

D. R. D. L. JAMES, DENTIST, GREENVILLE, N. C. DR. H. A. JOYNER, DENTIST.

JAS. E. MOORE, L. I. MOORE, Williamston, Greenville MOORE & MOORE. ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, GREENVILLE, N. C. Office under Opera House, Third St.

F. G. JAMES,

THE REFLECTOR

Greenville, N. C.

D. J. WEICHAED, Editor and Proprietor

Entered at the postoffice at Greenville, N. C., as second-class matter.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 31st, 1895.

The fourteen wealthiest counties in North Carolina are given in the following, according to property; the largest counties are named first: Wake, ten millions; Buncombe, ten millions; Mecklenburg, nearly ten; New Hanover, eight and three-fourths; Forsyth eight; Durham and Guilford nearly five each; Wayne and Rowan, each seven; Rockingham, Robeson, Granville, Iredell and Johnston each have a little over four millions.

Secretary of State, Coke, hits the correspondent in the Progressive Farmer a hard lick about his certificate to the copy of the laws as furnished Stewart Bros., Public Printers. He says he only certified to the copies as he gave them to these gentlemen and not to the copies after they had been changed by the Public Printers. Mr. Coke intimated very strongly that this correspondent shows that he hasn't sense enough to know what a ratifying clause at the end of each Act means.

The efforts of the New Orleans and other Cotton Exchanges in the direction of securing better bagging and baling for cotton for shipment have already it is said, been productive of good results. It is reported that the coming crop, will be put in better bagging than heretofore, and attempts will also be made toward greater uniformity in baling. There has been much complaint especially from Liverpool, of poor bagging and baling of American cotton, and the change for the better that is now being made will prove advantageous in several quarters.

The North Carolina Press Association discussed two very important questions pertaining to the present laws in our State. One was a reform in the present jury system relative to criminal cases. A resolution was adopted with this end in view. The idea is to give the State an equal chance in a murder case with the defendant—something like the same number of challenges in the selection of a juryman as is now given the defendant. This will open up an interesting and important discussion upon the jury system and no doubt bring about some improvements along this line. The other question was upon our present libel law, which is a sweeping measure, and needs remodeling so that justice may be given both sides. These are very important questions, and concern the whole people.—Durham Sun.

The directors of the Thomasville Orphanage elected Rev. J. B. Bown Superintendent of that Institution at their annual meeting this week. We don't know what causes led to his election instead of J. H. Mills who is the founder of the Institution and who has been the Superintendent since its organization, and until we do—we will not criticize the action of the directors. We know this, that Mr. Mills has to all appearances been the right man in the right place, that no man in the State has done what he has for the orphans within its borders, that the history of all the orphan institutions in the State rests upon the unselfish work of this bighearted christian man, that the State owes him a debt of gratitude it can never repay, and that the people of North Carolina so feel towards him. These things being true we can say that the causes which led to his removal ought to be all sufficient, and unless they are the friends of Thomasville Orphanage will not be slow to openly disapprove the action of the Board in displacing Mr. Mills from the place which he seems to have filled so admirably from the beginning of the Institution.

Upon our recent visit to Greensboro to attend the Press convention held there, we could but look with admiration upon the enterprises of that city, her various factories, mills, banks, educational institutions, magnificent hotels, numerous industries and splendid mercantile establishments. But there was nothing in the way of a retail store that more impressed us than the large chinaware headquarters of E. M. Caldwell & Bro. We had the pleasure of being shown through their immense establishment by one of the proprietors and found the stock simply marvelous. It

would have done credit to a city that contains many times more than Greensboro's 10,000 inhabitants. There was nothing in the line of china, and house furnishing goods generally that they did not have. They are extensive importers of the very finest wares. This firm enjoys a trade that reaches almost over the entire State and extends to neighboring States and as far away as Alabama.

The jury in the case of John E. Massey, State Superintendent of Public Instruction against the Norfolk (Va.) Pilot and others, for libel, Saturday afternoon rendered a verdict giving Mr. Massey \$1,600 damages against the Pilot Publishing Co., Sam W. Small and R. E. Byrd. The jury before leaving their room, took a pledge not to divulge the individual standing, consequently nothing is known as how they stood except that ten of the members were for heavy damages, ranging as high as \$30,000. One was for giving Mr. Massey 1 cent, and another was in favor of the defence. Judge Heath, of counsel for the defence, moved to set aside the verdict which was refused by Judge Prentiss. It is said that the defence will not take an appeal. Mr. Massey's attorneys appear to be satisfied. One of them said that so far as the matter of money was concerned that \$1,600 was as good as \$16,000 as nothing could be made out of the Pilot Co., Small or Byrd, and that all Mr. Massey desired was vindication before the country.

The splendid quality of extra dry or some other equally fruitful producer of high hopes and glowing prospects, forming part of the menu at the Press banquet at Greensboro last week, got in happy effects upon editor Marshall. In his remarks, Mr. Marshall predicted that sometime in the future we people in North Carolina would see windmills all over the State generating electricity for farming operations and that all night electric plows would turn furrows under the glare of electric lights.—Clinton Democrat.

If our good brother of the Democrat had been present at the Press Convention he would not have been stumbling into such a blunder as the above reference contains. He would have known that, much to the gratification of a large majority of the editors present, the banquet was strictly a cold water one, every form of "extra dry" and other "producers of high hopes" being entirely absent. Mr. Marshall needed none of these to help him look with prophetic eye into the future and point out some of the possibilities of so great a State as North Carolina. If editor Bethune lives a hundred years he will see more startling things than plows running at night by electricity.

Science, Dear Lady Betty, has diminished hope, knowledge destroyed our illusions and experience has deprived us of interest. Here, then, is the authorized dictionary of discontent.

What is creation? A failure.
What is life? A bore.
What is man? A fraud.
What is woman? Both a hand and a bore.
What is beauty? A deception.
What is love? A disease.
What is marriage? A mistake.
What is a wife? A trial.
What is a child? A nuisance.
What is the devil? A fable.
What is good? Hypocrisy.
What is wisdom? Detraction.
What is evil? Selfishness.
What is happiness? A delusion.
What is friendship? Humbug.
What is generosity? Inebriety.

What is money? Everything.
What is everything? Nothing.
Were we, perhaps, not happier when we were monkeys?

It hurts the ears on the feet of some people much more to go to church than to market.

People with brains are careful to educate them; those without sometimes educate the feet.

Many people use an oath to try and cover up a lie.

The collection plate is one of the best tests of a man's religion.

Sorrow is but the blackboard upon which God writes his most precious promises.

Quineraly Items.
QUINERALLY, N. C., July 20th, '95.
There are from one to four sick members in every family in Centreville.

Mrs. S. E. Sutton returned home last week after spending some time in Lenoir county.

Some very fine tobacco cures were made here last week.

After an illness of five days Miss Lovie Batter died yesterday of hemorrhagic fever. She leaves a mother and several brothers and sisters to mourn their loss.

Oakley Items.
OAKLEY, N. C., July 29th, 1895.
Mr. R. F. Gainer returned home Saturday.

Mrs. Bettie Keel, of Robersonville, spent the day here Friday.

Rev. J. L. Winfield filled his regular appointment at Oak Grove Sunday.

Mrs. J. H. Highsmith made a business trip to Parmele Saturday.

Tobacco curing is the order of the day in this section.

Misses Lillian Nobles and Hattie Fleming returned home Sunday accompanied by their little brothers.

Many of the railroad men are glad to know that Mr. W. W. Freeman, who was three years past section master at Grifton, was appointed last week road master on the M. & A. railroad in South Carolina.

Bethel Items.
SHERIFF R. W. KING was in town to-day.

Mr. F. C. Harding was here to-day on legal business.

Rev. W. A. Forbes went to Wallace Monday to perform two marriage ceremonies in that section.

Rev. Mr. Underwood, of Rocky Mount, spent Tuesday night in town.

The Colored Missionary Baptist are building a church here. We hope they may soon complete it.

The following returned from Ocracoke on this morning's train: Misses Lula Peal, Lena Jenkins, Effie Grimes, Mattie Grimes, A. B. Cherry, Mrs. Julius Rosenbaum, Mr. and Mrs. M. O. Blount and Mrs. Albert Ward.

BETHEL, N. C., July 29th '95.
Mr. Claude Keith, of Williams, was here to-day on business.

Mr. F. S. Gardner has moved into the Gray Carson house on Pleasant street.

Mr. Mc. G. Butlock has rented the brick Hotel and moved his family in it.

Miss Cornelia Manning returned from Hamilton this morning where she had been visiting relatives.

Mrs. Maggie Floyd, of Hamilton, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Fannie Manning this week.

Rev. G. A. Oglesby will hold quarterly meeting in the Methodist church here next Friday evening.

Rev. Mr. Cotton, of Concord, will preach in the Methodist church here next Sunday night.

A Very Old Gender.

Deputy Sheriff George Teer, who lives on Chapel Hill street, has a gender that is getting along up in years. Mr. Teer who was married 20 years ago, says that the gender was owned by his wife when they were married and was then 12 years old, which would make it 32 years old now. He was hatched in 1863 and has been owned by Mrs. Teer all his life. Mr. Teer says, that notwithstanding his age, he is a good fighter yet and often whips out geese, chickens and sometimes children when they get too near him. Score this one for Durham.—Durham Sun.

Greenville Market.
Corrected by S. M. Schultz.

Butter, per lb	17 to 25
Western Sides	6.80 to 7.4
Sugar cured Hams	11 to 12
Corn	10 to 10.60
Corn Meal	30 to 30
Flour, Family	5.25 to 5.50
Lard	6 to 10
Grais	50
Sugar	4 to 6
Coffee	10 to 25
Salt per Sack	80 to 200
Chickens	20 to 50
Eggs per doz	10
Geese, per lb	12 to 10
Kerosene	12 to 10
Pease, per bu	1.00
Hulls, per ton	6.00
Cotton Seed Meal	20.00
Hides	5 to 6

Cotton and Peanuts.
Below are Norfolk prices of cotton and peanuts for yesterday, as furnished by Cobb Bros. & Co., Commission Merchants of Norfolk:

Good Middling	7.5-16
Middling	6.5-16
Low Middling	6.5-16
Good Ordinary	5.5
Tone—steady.	
PEANUTS.	
Prime	3
Extra Prime	3 1/2
Fancy	3 3/4
Spish	\$1 bu.
2 lbs—steady.	
Eggs—10 ct.—Firm.	
B. E. Pease—best, 2.50 to 2.75 per bag, damaged, 1.50 to 1.75.	
Black and Clay, 90 to 1.00 per bushel	

The Tobacco Department.

Conducted by O. L. Joyner, Proprietor Eastern Tobacco Warehouse.

TOBACCO UNION.

Spoken by little six year-old Frank Harris at Hurdle Mills school house, January 12th, 1895:

Come old and young and hear me tell how strong tobacco smokers smell. Who love to smoke their pipes so well. That for tobacco they would sell Their right to Social Union.

They always sent the atmosphere, And you may know when they are near, 'Tis not a word from them you'll hear. Their breath grows stronger every year. In this Tobacco Union.

Off the fumes and smoke will rise Like morning mist toward the skies, And woe to them who have weak eyes. Unless they take their leave and fly from a Tobacco Union.

Often within the church you view Some persons there who sit and chew. And spit on carpet, floor and pew. Until it spreads a fog or two. And sing of Heavenly Union.

Sometimes the quid is large within. The juice runs out and stains their chin, And then I always have to grin, And think there is no little sin. In this Tobacco Union.

The ladies, they are sweet, 'tis true, But they have learned to use it too. 'T would almost make a monkey laugh To see them spit upon the "hearth," And talk of Marriage Union.

Sometimes you'll see five or six Out in the woods during sticks. The sticks are cut, the swabs are made, And in a group they now parade. And now for Slobbering Union.

And now the snuff box is pulled out, And with their sticks they dip it out. And rub their teeth inside and out, And smear their faces all about. And talk of Snuff Communion. From Person County, N. C., Courier.

The Warehouse business not a Paying One.

The Danville Tobacco Journal of the 20th inst. says: The three warehouses, Hodnett's, Exchange and Star, are for rent after October 1st next. The remaining eight warehouse firms came to an agreement among themselves to rent the three above named houses, use the forces in their employ in conducting them and sustaining the losses, if any, or dividing the profits, if any, equally among the eight warehouse firms. The property has been leased and will be run according to agreement outlined above after October 1st, when the leases of the present occupants expire. This move is just what it purports to be, and nothing more than an effort to curtail warehouse expenses to a degree at least that will enable those interested to derive a profit sufficient to support their families.

It is no secret that competition for trade among the warehousemen, not only of Danville, is so strong that the warehouse business has become a losing business to most of those engaged in it, and if some steps are not taken very soon to break up the cut competition, this large and important business which should prove a lucrative one, will have to be relegated to irresponsible and adventurous persons, for no man of means, as the business is now being conducted, can afford to embark in it.

These leading warehouses closed down because there was not money enough in the business to make them sustaining, and they on the largest tobacco market in the world, the same tobacco market that was taken as a model and by whose rate charges the late North Carolina legislature regulated the warehouse charges of all the tobacco warehouses of North Carolina.

The Bunsack Company's Suit Against Winston Cigarette Manufacturers.

The suits of the Bunsack Cigarette Machine Company and the American Tobacco Company against five manufacturing firms of Winston, and one of Thomasville, N. C., was opened before Judge Simonton, at Asheville, N. C. last Tuesday, with the stipulation that the result in one case shall govern all.

The plaintiffs allege that the Briggs cigarette machine is an infringement of the Bunsack patents, and in this suit they seek to have it declared an infringement and to have a perpetual injunction issued. The main claim of infringement is upon the endless belt used in the formation of cigarettes, upon which device the plaintiffs claim a patent.

The defendants claim that the Briggs machine is constructed on an entirely different principle from the Bunsack and the patents it controls, and that there has not been anything on the market like it. The Briggs machine makes 300 cigarettes a minute.

The parties to the defense are W. S. Smith & Son, the Brown Bros. Company, the Winston Cigarette Machine Company, the Liberty Tobacco Company Works and J. A. Vance, all of Winston, J. A. Leach & Co., of Thomasville, N. C.

All the testimony has been taken, and appears in a large bound volume on the attorney's desks

A Briggs machine is set up ready for action, and is to be operated during the hearing.

A decision is not looked for this week.

"Children Were Obligated to Smoke."

In a report of the Proceedings and Debates in the House of Commons in 1821, while James was still on the British throne, we are told that Sir William Stroud moved that "Tobacco be banished wholly out the kingdom and that it may not be brought in from any port, nor used among us."

While Sir Guy Palmer argued that "if tobacco be not banished it will overthrow one hundred thousand men in England, for now it is so common that he hath seen ploughmen take it as they are at the plough."

One authority says that "at the last Great Plague in London none that kept Tobaccoist shops had the Plague. It is certain that smoking it was looked upon as a most excellent preservative, in so much that children were obliged to smoke. And I remember that I heard Tom Rogers, who was yeoman-beadle, say that where he was that year when the Plague aged a school boy at Eaton, all the boys at that school were obliged to smoke in the school, and that he was never whipped so much in his life as he was one morning for not smoking." This of course, was before the invention of the cigarette, which school boys think is "smoking," and head masters in our days do not order smoking as a preventive of plagues of any kind.—Lawrence Hutton in Harper's Weekly.

Connecticut Tobacco Crop Damaged By Hail.

Latest accounts of the damage to tobacco in Connecticut by hail stones last Saturday state that in Gastonbury alone 500 acres of tobacco was ruined. The greatest damage was done in that vicinity.

It was calculated that the weight of the hail stones on a four acre tract was sixty four tons. The hail was gathered from a section 8 by 16 feet and weighed, and it was found that the fall was 200 pounds to the square rod, or 32,000 pounds to the acre.

On the east side of the river the tobacco crop from north of east Windsor Hill to Gastonbury is ruined, except a few acres of small plants recently set out.

COTTON FOR A HUNDRED YEARS.

The Prices and Fluctuations.

The bulletin on "the prices of cotton for 190 years," which the Department of Agriculture has had in course of preparation for some weeks, has been issued. The period considered begins and ends with two of the most important events in the history of cotton culture: the introduction of Whitney's saw gin (1795) and the production of the largest crop the world has ever seen, 1844 '95.

The highest and lowest average prices of the crops of the United States, and the exports to foreign countries, the supply and consumption in the United States, Great Britain and continental Europe are given for each year, as well as the chief causes that have led to the rise and fall in prices from year to year.

In addition to a series of tables in which these facts and figures are presented the bulletin contains numerous data relating to the progress made from time to time in the production and consumption of cotton in this and foreign countries. These are so arranged as to present a brief historical sketch of cotton production and consumption in the United States during the past century. The tables show that prices of cotton have not been so low during the past season as they were during the decade from 1840 to 1850.

The object of the Department has been to make this bulletin a valuable work of reference as to the production, consumption and prices of cotton and other numerous facts relating to cotton, for all who are interested either in cotton planting or in the cotton trade.

Referring to the conditions of the market and prices in the decade from 1840 to 1850, the bulletin says:

"In 1840, the largest crop ever made up to that time, and the largest accumulation of stocks ever witnessed in Liverpool, caused a decline to the lowest average for ten years. This was the beginning of the heavy accumulation of stocks in Europe during the next five years, which

led to an extraordinary decline in prices."

The highest price per pound in New York that decade was 13 1/2 cents, in 1850, and the lowest, 5 cents, in 1842 and 1844. Sheperdson quoted middling in that year as low as 4 cents.

"In 1842," continues the bulletin, "middling to fair cotton reached as low as 5 1/2 cents in New Orleans, and there is on file in the Department of Agriculture a letter showing that a Marengo county, Alabama, planter sold this year 17 bales of cotton in Mobile at 3 1/2 cents. The price currents of the day quote middling to fair cotton in New Orleans in 1845 as low as 4 1/2 cents, and in Mobile the same year, 3 1/2 cents per pound."

With respect to the lustrum ended with 1895, it is shown that the highest price per pound in New York was 10 1/2 cents in 1891, and the lowest 5 9-16 cent, the present year.

A table of the fluctuation in prices shows that in 1825 it amounted to 18 cents per pound; in 1837 to 1 1/2 cents; in 1845 to 1.21; in 1865 to 1.47, and in 1886 to only .86 of a cent, the smallest on record.

Keeping Everlastingly At It

Genius is really only the power of making continuous efforts. The line between failure and success is so fine that we scarcely know it when we pass it—so fine that we are often on the line and don't know it. How many a man has thrown up his hands at a time when a little more effort, a little more patience, would have achieved success.

As the tide goes clear out, so it comes clear in. In business, sometimes, prospects seem darkest when really they are on the turn. A little more persistence, a little more effort, and what seemed hopeless failure may turn to glorious success. There is no failure except in no longer trying. There is no defeat except from within, no really insurmountable barrier save our own inherent weakness of purpose.—Electrical News.

Meeting of Physicians.

There will be a meeting of the Physicians of Pitt County at the Court House in Greenville on the first Monday in September, at 2 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Superintendent of Health, and other business.

A Strong Fortification, Fortify the body against disease by Tutt's Liver Pills, an absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, malaria, constipation, jaundice, biliousness and all kindred troubles.

"The Fly-Wheel of Life" Dr. Tutt; Your Liver Pills are the fly-wheel of life. I shall ever be grateful for the accident that brought them to my notice. I feel as if I had a new lease of life.

J. Fairleigh, Platte Cannon, Col. Tutt's Liver Pills

GREENVILLE

Male Academy.

The next session of this school will begin on

MONDAY, SEPT., 2, 1895.

continue for ten months, and will cover all the branches usually taught in an Academy.

Terms, both for tuition and board reasonable, and equipped for business, by taking the academic course alone. Where they wish to pursue a higher course, this school guarantees thorough preparation to enter, with credit, any College in North Carolina, or the State University. It refers to those who have recently left its walls for the truthfulness of this statement.

Any young man with character and moderate ability taking a course with us will be aided in making arrangements to continue in the higher school. The discipline will be kept at its present standard.

Neither time nor attention nor work will be spared to make this school all that parents could wish.

Send in your boys on the first day. For further particulars see or address

W. H. RAUSDAL, Principal.

July 30, 1895.

TOBACCO FLUES!

Truck Barrels, Pumps

AND—

All Kinds of Machinery.

We have opened at the old Marcellus Moore store and are prepared to furnish any kind of Machinery you may want.

Special attention given to putting down and repairing PUMPS.

All kinds of Pipe work done and satisfaction guaranteed. Please your orders for Flues with

HARDING & ELLINGTON, Greenville, N. C.

MAKING ROOM.

Enterprise--Integrity.

GOVERNS every movement, every idea, every transaction at "The King Clothiers." It is the pulse of the great business. Its vibrations are felt in every department, every aisle, and on every shelf. For every cent expended Frank Wilson returns full value. No discrimination is made between the small purchaser or the great, the rich or the poor, the experienced or the inexperienced. All have the same advantages, and no one is given special concession, commission or discount. I must make room for my fall stock and will put prices down to a low notch so as to clean them out. My stock of Fine

CLOTHING,

must be cut down as I intend to have a beautiful line this fall and do not want to carry a suit over. In

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, SHOES, BOOTS HATS

Cents Furnishing Goods.

I have knocked the bottom clean out and will sell you if you will come and look.

FRANK WILSON,

THE KING CLOTHIER.

To the Farmers

I have rented the old Greenville Warehouse and prizes and with Messrs. R. D. Evans and A. H. Cletcher, under the firm name of Evans & Co., will be in the warehouse business the coming season. We earnestly solicit your patronage with the best light in the State for showing your tobacco, polite and competent assistants, plenty of prize room, experience and ample means to successfully conduct the business. We know we can get as much for your tobacco as any house on market in the State. Give us a trial and we will try to please you. Respectfully,

L. F. EVANS, Greenville, N. C.

TOBACCO

Flues are Now Ready for Delivery

BY

S. E. Pender & Co.,

Prices greatly reduced. Same price to all Terms Cash.

S. E. PENDER & CO.

Opposite Wooten's Drugstore.

ESTABLISHED 1853.

J. A. Andrews, Wholesale and Retail GROCER, GREENVILLE, N. C.

Just Received 2 Cars Rock Lime.

50 KEGS S STEEL NAILS, ALL SIZES.

30 Cases Sardines, 1 " Meat, 2 " Hay, 50 Tubs Lard, 100 Bbls Granulated Sugar, 50 " P. Lorillard Snuff, 50 " Gall & Ax Snuff, 50 " R. K. Mills Snuff, 25 " Three Thrift Snuff, 200 Boxes Tobacco, 100,000 Dukes V. M. P. Cigarettes, 50,000 Old Va. Cheroots, 100 Cases Oysters.

J. L. SUGG,

Life and Fire Insurance Agent!

GREENVILLE, N. C.

OFFICE AT THE COURT HOUSE.

All kinds of Risks placed in strictly

FIRST-CLASS COMPANIES

At lowest current rates. I AM AGENT FOR FIRST-CLASS FIRE PROOF SAFE

H. C. HOOKER.

What It Takes to Make Up a Good Dish—Served Without Sauce.

From five to ten loads of tobacco have been coming in daily for the past week.

See notice of meeting of physicians of the county to be held this Monday in September.

All four of the tobacco warehouses are being placed in readiness for the opening of the season.

The mud hole in front of the foundry on Dickerson avenue has enlarged until it takes in the sidewalk as well as the street.

Good roads and facilities are commanding much attention throughout the State. Greenville should feel interested in both.

Lumber is being hauled preparatory to building a large prize house for Forbes & Moyer, adjoining the Planters Warehouse.

It is easy enough to grumble and find fault with what somebody else does, and at the same time make excuse for what is done by self.

The editor is pleased and obliged to Mr. W. G. Lamb for a very handsome tie from his samples. He carries a beautiful line.

Odors at night in some quarters of the town are so offensive as to be almost nauseating. Such dangers to health should be looked after.

The fall session of Greenville Male Academy, W. H. Rusdell, Principal, opens Monday, Sept. 2d. Announcement appears in another column.

Every time a business man talks hard times he loses a trade by frightening some ready that they will hide their ready money instead of spending it.

We hear that a severe storm passed the Latham X Roads section, between Pactolus and Washington, Tuesday afternoon, and did much damage to crops.

Carolina Christian College opens Sept 2. L. T. RICHTELL, Ayden, N. C.

Mr. W. S. Bernard, of Greenville, lectured in St. Peter's church yesterday. We have heard the lecture complimented very highly this morning.—Washington Messenger.

Mr. George Vandever, a tenant on Sheriff B. W. Edwards' place near Ballard's X Roads, lost a tobacco barn by fire on Saturday. The barn was full of tobacco.

Capt. J. T. Smith tells us the Pitt Rifles cannot join the encampment at Ocracoke next month. The tobacco season is keeping many of the boys so busy they cannot get off.



H. C. HOOKER. THE REFLECTOR

Local Reflections.

There were several loads of tobacco in market to-day.

Watermelons getting more plentiful, but the price is still way up.

A string completes the attachment between the snail boy and the June bug.

The farmers are so busy curing tobacco that very few of them are seen in town.

Mr. Charles Cobb is building a store near the depot on the line of Tenth street.

Agent J. R. Moore has just had his residence near the depot handsomely rearranged.

Only two marriage licenses have been issued in this county in the last two weeks.

An interesting paper called the News has been started at Bath, N. F. Haskett is editor.

The tobacco fine manufacturers are having to work until late at night to keep up with orders.

A King will be in Greenville at the King House this Thursday, August 1st, for the purpose of treating and examining diseases of the eye.

Saturday evening J. B. Cherry & Co's store that it looked like somebody was moving.

Work is now in progress upon seven different buildings in the tobacco quarter, and two others have just been completed.

Bring your cotton seed to Henry Sheppard, and buy your Meal and Hulls. Car load of each just received for sale cheap.

Several companies of the first regiment of the State Guard are preparing for an encampment at Ocracoke early in August.

BRUNSWICK STEW.

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JULY FLIES.

The Reflector Has Wings, Too, and Caught Up With These People.

Mrs. W. H. Rogdale is sick. Dr. C. J. O'Hagan went to Littleton Friday.

Mr. W. P. Hall left Wednesday for Goldsboro.

Dr. R. L. Carr, of Snow Hill spent Sunday here.

Mr. T. L. Tornage, of Dongola, spent Friday in town.

Mr. J. W. Higgs returned to-day from Scotland Neck.

Mrs. C. T. Munford is visiting relatives in Wilcox.

Miss Lucy Cox has gone to Wilcox and Morehead City.

Mr. H. W. Wheelbee is on a visit to his parents at Hertford.

Mr. Peter Smith, of Scotland Neck, came in Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Edwards left Wednesday for Darby.

Rev. A. McLaughlin left Wednesday to return to the Seminary.

Mr. D. S. Smith returned Friday from his visit to Greene county.

Mr. W. J. Stem, a prominent leaf dealer of Oxford, has located here.

Mr. S. J. Dixon, of Littleton, is visiting his sister, Mrs. J. B. Latham.

His many friends were glad to see Mr. J. E. Starkey out Sunday.

Mr. R. W. Ward, Deputy Register of Deeds, went to Ocracoke Saturday.

Go to Guessing.

Talking about puzzles, a man tells us that another man told him that he saw a new method of cultivation in operation on a farm.

The cultivation was done by means of a plow that required the services of neither man nor horse in its management. No power was it operated? No premium for correct answers.

Club Rates Withdrawn. Our offer of THE EASTERN REFLECTOR and Atlanta Constitution both a year for \$1.50 is now withdrawn.

After working up a good list for it, the Constitution has advanced the rate at which that paper was furnished us. However, the price of the REFLECTOR remains the same—\$1 a year—and you can get the news for that amount.

Married. At the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Turner Glisson, by the Rev. R. W. Hines, on July 23, 1895, Mr. Nathaniel Warren and Miss Viola Glisson, both of Parmele, N. C.

Near Scotland Neck, on July 10th, 1895, at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Martha Harris, by the Rev. R. W. Hines, John Hale and Miss Lucy Harris, both of Halifax county, N. C.

New Houses. Building goes on so fast in Greenville that new houses assume shapes almost before one is aware of it. Friday evening we noticed the frame of a building standing near the Greenville Warehouse, when we did not remember seeing even a piece of lumber there when passing the same way during the morning.

Inquiring about it disclosed the fact that this building is to be used for a restaurant.

Who Go That Melon? Mr. K. M. Starkey has a nice melon patch in his front yard. Friday morning he went out early pulled two fine melons, took them on the front porch and placed a walk down town. Upon his return one of the melons had disappeared. He thinks the cause of this disappearance lay between four, but which of the four is the question. At any rate he is minus a melon, and says he would return it, as his better half will be home Saturday and he wants a melon for her.

His Arm Amputated. On Monday, 15th, Mr. Nelson Warren, a young man of Carolina township, got his hand badly cut by an edging saw at Waddy's mill. The cut was so bad that mortification resulted, and Thursday Dr. B. Chears and F. W. Brown amputated his arm below the elbow. Last summer both parents of young Warren died, leaving several small children to be provided for by him, and it was while trying to make a support for these that he met with the accident that cost him his arm. It is a sad case.

News for Ken into. Thursday night some one got into Thor's restaurant by breaking a glass from a window and removing a bolt, and then tried to break through the partition door leading to O. H. Hooker's lar room. Failing to get in another effort was made at the back end of the bar room which was cut considerably, but without an entrance being effected. The thief then went to Steve Gorham's place near by and broke through a pane of the door. Nothing was missed from Steve's but some cakes, from the place he was trying to get in, we judge the thief was both dry and hungry and wanted to feast at the expense of others.

Out in Beggar Days. A gentleman who does not get out in the country often tells the Reflector that in the Beaver Dam section: The splendid growing crops were a revelation to him, especially tobacco. A great many new barns were noticed going up and old ones being repaired. He stopped at Mr. William McArthur's and went over his farm. Mr. McArthur is a model young farmer and has his place fully up to date. He also visited Mr. T. A. Nichols and was very much impressed with the crop of pretty young ladies he found gathered there, Pitt, Greene and Wayne counties being represented. It looked like a good opportunity for the right young men to reap their golden harvest. The gentleman in question was very much impressed with his trip and says he is going again.

E. B. Aiken, who has made Durham his home for some time left today for Greenville, N. C., where he will reside in the future. He goes there to engage in the tobacco business. His family will join him next week.—Durham Herald.

He will auctioneer to the Greenville and Star Warehouses.

DOUBLE HANGING. Anderson Brown and Whit Ferrand Pay the Penalty of Their Crimes in the Presence of 5,000.

(Special to Reflector.) SALISBURY, N. C., July 25.—Notwithstanding the heavy rains last night and this morning there were about five thousand people here to witness the execution of Anderson Brown and Whit Ferrand, who were sentenced last May to be hanged to-day for murder.

The drop fell at 11:45 and both were dead in fifteen minutes. Brown and Ferrand both confessed their crimes previous to execution. Brown's crime was the killing of his paramour, and Ferrand's was killing an officer who had gone out to arrest him.—Ed.]

JUMPED OFF THE TRAIN.

People who have occasion to be noticed the annoyance caused by boys, most of them colored, jumping on and off the train, of them water tank near the river and getting off there. Wednesday morning the newsboy of the train, Mr. L. R. Carter, in a spirit of fun caught hold of a colored boy named Andrew Moyer, who was getting a ride, and prevented him from getting off the train at the tank. The train passed on across the river and trestle, and when out beyond the embankment the boy jumped off. The boy was shocked in the fall and one side of his face badly hurt. He came back into town and reported that the newsboy held him on the train until it was running at a high speed and then knocked him off. Upon application to Esquire B. S. Sheppard a State warrant for assault was issued against Carter and when the train came in Wednesday evening an officer arrested him. The case has been set for a hearing Saturday morning. We learn that persons seeing the occurrence say Carter did not push the boy off the train, but the boy jumped off of his own accord when the train was going at about eight miles an hour, after being advised to stay on the train until the house station was reached. In the first place, the boy had no business on the train.

What a delightful time! was the exclamation of every one as the R. L. Myers steamed slowly up to her wharf, at 8:30 Friday afternoon, laden with the happiest, merriest party of pleasure seekers ever gathered on her much frequented decks. It was the occasion of the annual summer outing of the Baptist Sunday school. But through the courteous kindness of teachers and children, the Sunday school did not compose the entire personnel of the party and visitors, of whom your reporter was one, have many thanks to return for a most enjoyable evening. The boat left the wharf at 4:30 making her way of the general Capt. Parvia to Yankee Hall, while children and grown folks gave themselves up to "unstrained pleasure free" and all that innocuous and youth know so well how to enjoy on such occasions. Refreshments under the efficient management of Mesdames Jarvis, Rountree and Whichard were distributed by fair hands in the form of refreshing saucers piled high of ice cream. Quality was not its only merit as this fact goes to prove. "Tell that person"—there were several on deck—said one of the chaparones, "that eight saucers is enough to freeze him as stiff as the mere de freeze." Let your reporter here explain that he heard his own name used many times surreptitiously around the freezers in demand for saucers which he never got.

The editor, as he handed us our ticket, stipulated for many jokes, so with pencil in hand we made the rounds earnestly requesting jokes, but in vain. The nearest we came to finding one was the response to look at lawyer Fleming. Well, we saw many more such, but submit we were not artful enough to do them justice. The party just in front of the pilot house, it is true, seemed engaged in some "white hand" episode, but there was an absence of billings and coolings to add flavor. Prof. W. F. Harding who was in command of the joke boat, will supply others on application.

Among sundry ear-splitting yells and cheers of we don't just know what from the protons, the Myra greeted her pier much too early by unanimous agreement. We would have seen more of the moon a'd more of each other under its sympathetic rays. W.

Board has been made \$1 per day at the Atlantic Hotel, Morehead, for the remainder of the season.

The Agricultural and Mechanical College for the Colored Race, at Greensboro, N. C.

The Fall Term will begin Wednesday, October 2nd, 1895. Examination for admission will be held Wednesday and Thursday, October 3rd and 4th. Examination of county students will be made in each county by the county examiner on the first Saturday in September next.

Instruction is given in Agriculture, Horticulture, Entry Management, the Mechanical Arts, the English Language, and various branches of Mathematical, Physical, Natural and Economic Science, with special reference to their application in the industries of life.

A limited number of girls will be admitted for whom in addition to the regular course of study, instruction will be given in Music, Sewing, Cooking and Laundry work.

This School is endowed by the United States, and the State of North Carolina. It is not sectarian, and is not controlled or influenced by any particular denomination.

COUNTY STUDENTS. Tuition, per session \$10.00. Board, per week \$1.00. Lodging, use of room, bedding, &c. per session \$1.35. Instruction in piano, two lessons a week, per month 2.00. For use of piano per session 1.00.

For additional terms see catalogue, which can be had by addressing, THE AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL COLLEGE FOR THE COLORED RACE, Greensboro, N. C.

Gave Leg Head.

The trial of M. L. Carter, the newsboy, which was set for this morning did not take place, Carter being conspicuous by his absence. He went up to the depot Thursday presumably to arrange his bond and has not been seen here since. It is supposed that he was so badly frightened over being arrested that he left on foot at first opportunity. From what can be gathered there was not much of a case against him and no need of his being afraid to stand trial.

Scanning our State exchanges for last week and noting their accounts of the late Pross Convention and trip to Morehead has afforded a deal of interesting reading.

Monday Mr. Jos Quinorly, of Boynton, brought two negro prisoners to Greenville and turned them over to the Sheriff for safe keeping. They stole a horse Saturday night from Mr. George Gardner.

The Only Great and thoroughly reliable building-up medicine, nerve tonic, vitalizer and Blood Purifier.

Before the people today, and which stands preeminently above all other medicines, is HOOD'S Sarsaparilla.

It has won its hold upon the hearts of the people by its own absolute intrinsic merit. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story:—

Hood's Cures. Even when all other preparations and prescriptions fail.

As a blood purifier we cannot find the equal of Hood's Sarsaparilla. When any of our family complains of headache or tired feeling we get Hood's Sarsaparilla, and in a short time we are in good health.

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North Carolina COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE AND MECHANICAL ARTS.

The next session of this college will begin September 5th. Examinations at county seats first Saturday in August. Young men desiring a technical education at an unusually low cost will do well to apply for a catalogue to A. Q. HULL, N. C.

PORTER'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OINTMENT.

For Barb Wire Cuts, Scratches, Saddle and Collar Galls, Cracked Heel Burrs, Old Sores, Cuts, Boils, Bruises, Piles and all kinds of inflammation on man or beast. Cures Itch and Mange.

Prepared for accidents by keeping it in your house or stable. All suggestions sent in a guarantee. No Cure, No Pay. Price, 25 cents. In postage stamps and we will send it to you by mail. Paris, Tenn., January 25, 1895.

Manufactured by PARMET MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO. Sold & Guaranteed by J. L. WOOLLEN.

PLAIN FACTS.

DRY GOODS. Ladies' Shirt Waists. Our 35-cent Shirt Waist, now 23c. Our 60-cent Shirt Waist, now 45c. Our \$1 Shirt Waist, now 75c. Our \$1.50 Shirt Waist, now 98c.

STRAW HATS. Our Dollar Hat, now 50c. Our 74c. Hat, now 38c. Our 49c. Hat, now 25c. Our 34c. Hat, now 20c. 200 styles to select from. Shirts, Collars and Cuffs, Gauze Underwear, Sox and Suspenders at panic prices.

CLOTHING. Men, Youth and Boys Clothing must go to make room for fall stock.

PANTS GOODS. Our 74-cent Goods, now 49c. Our 49-cent Goods, now 30c. Our 34-cent Goods, now 23c. Our 24-cent Goods, now 16c. Our 20-cent Goods, now 11c.

Remember to get these goods it takes the Hard Cash down and don't you forget it. Yours for business, C. T. MUNFORD.

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FRUIT JARS, LANTERNS, Jelly TUMBLERS, Tobacco Knives.

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J. B. CHERRY & CO. Scotland Neck Male School.

The only High-Grade Boarding School in Eastern Carolina for Boys and Young Men.

Excellent Literary Societies—Complete Business Course. Good barracks, healthy location, course of instruction thorough. Only the better class of patronage solicited. Session begins AUGUST 28. Our Catalog will show what education means for a boy's life. Send for one.

PRINCE & WILSON, Principals. Scotland Neck, N. C.

Wilson Military Academy. In consequence of the removal of the LaFayette Military Academy from FAYETTE to Wilson, the name of this popular institution of learning will hereafter be Wilson Military Academy. The FALL TERM BEGINS WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1895. With greater facilities, better accommodations and equipments, and, if possible, brighter prospects, the school enters upon its third year with every indication of a much larger patronage and more general usefulness. The most thorough instruction is given in literary and commercial branches; and moral culture and physical training receive due attention. The Third Annual Announcement, containing full particulars, will be mailed to any address upon application. Address Maj. J. W. YEREX, Supt., Wilson, N. C.

WALL PAPER. I have removed my Wall Paper to the Marcellus Moore store and have added a lot of new samples. Come to the prettiest ever selected. The best opportunity you ever had to beautify your house at a small cost. Prices as low as three cents a roll of eightyard.

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always on hand and sold at prices to suit the times. Our goods are all bought and sold for CASH, therefore, having no risk to run, we sell at a close margin.

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Greenville, N. C.

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Wire and Iron Fencing

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

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.					
Dated July 31st 1895.	No. 72 Daily.	No. 73 Daily.	No. 74 Daily.	No. 75 Daily.	No. 76 Daily.
Leave Weldon Ar. Rocky Mt.	A. M. 11:55	P. M. 2:27	A. M. 12:05	P. M. 3:37	A. M. 11:55
Lv Tarboro	12:20				
Lv Rocky Mt. Ar. Weldon	1:05	10:20	2:02	11:03	6:11
Lv Selma	2:33				
Lv Fayetteville Ar. Florence	4:30	12:53	7:13	3:00	
No. 77 Daily.	No. 78 Daily.	No. 79 Daily.	No. 80 Daily.	No. 81 Daily.	
Lv Weldon	P. M. 4:14	A. M. 6:25			
Lv Goldsboro	5:10	7:20			
Lv Magnolia	6:16	8:20			
Ar Wilmington	P. M. 5:45	A. M. 7:50			

TRAINS GOING NORTH.					
Dated July 31st 1895.	No. 72 Daily.	No. 73 Daily.	No. 74 Daily.	No. 75 Daily.	No. 76 Daily.
Lv Florence	A. M. 10:55	P. M. 4:35			
Lv Fayetteville	12:32				
Lv Selma	1:20	11:28			
Ar Weldon	1:20	11:28			
No. 82 Daily.	No. 83 Daily.	No. 84 Daily.	No. 85 Daily.	No. 86 Daily.	
Lv Weldon	P. M. 1:30	P. M. 11:37	P. M. 10:32	P. M. 11:16	
Ar Rocky Mt.	2:33	12:00	12:00	11:16	
Ar Tarboro	2:48				
Lv Tarboro	2:53	12:27			
Lv Rocky Mt. Ar. Weldon	3:45	12:50			

Train on Scotland Neck Branch leaves Weldon 3:40 p. m., Halifax 4:05 p. m., arrives Scotland Neck at 4:55 p. m., Greenville 6:37 p. m., Kinston 7:25 p. m., returning leaves Kinston 7:20 a. m., Greenville 8:22 a. m., arrives Halifax at 11:00 a. m., Weldon 11:20 a. m., daily except Sunday.

Trains on Washington Branch leave Washington 7:00 a. m., arrives Farmville 8:40 p. m., Tarboro 6:50, returning leaves Tarboro 4:50 p. m., Farmville 6:10 p. m., arrives Washington 7:35 p. m., daily except Sunday.

Trains on Nashville Branch leave Rocky Mount at 4:30 p. m., arrive Nashville 5:05 p. m., Spring Hope 5:30 p. m., returning leaves Spring Hope 8:00 a. m., Nashville 8:35 a. m., arrives at Rocky Mount 9:55 a. m., daily except Sunday.

Trains on Latta Branch, Florence E. R., leaves Latta 6:50 p. m., arrive Dunbar 6:30 a. m., returning leaves Latta 8:00 a. m., daily except Sunday.

Train on Clinton Branch leaves Warsaw for Clinton daily, except Sunday at 1:00 p. m., returning leaves Clinton at 1:00 p. m., Warsaw at Warsaw with main line trains.

JOHN F. DEWEY, General Agent.
T. M. EMERSON, Traffic Manager.

THE NEW SOO CANAL

It Compares Favorably with the American Sault Route.

The almost utter silence and total lack of ceremony with which the Canadian parliament has treated the completion of the new Soo canal is in striking contrast with the value of the great engineering work in its relation to the dominion's vast chain of artificial waterways. The rapidity with which the enterprise has been accomplished has been notable.

Canada did not seriously conceive the idea of this canal around the falls of St. Mary's river on her own side until seven years ago, and on September 25 last the water was admitted to the lock for the first time. The size of the new shipway may best be appreciated by comparison of this lock with the latest lock of the American Sault route. The Canadian chamber is nine hundred feet long and sixty feet wide, and is deep enough for vessels of twenty-five hundred tons.

The American lock is eight hundred feet long, one hundred feet wide and twenty-one feet deep.

The exact value of this new Canadian Soo depends upon its relation to the chain of Canadian canals from Lake Superior to the St. Lawrence. The extent of rivalry between the United States and the dominion for the immense traffic of the great lakes—one-fourth of all the seaport tonnage of the United States—will be determined by the average depth of continuous ship channel.

By the engineering improvement of St. Clair Flats and the Lime Kings, near Detroit, the American lake route will have a rough depth of twenty-one feet. It will be a long time before the Canadian system shall possess throughout accommodation for vessels of twenty-five hundred tons burden. Nevertheless, the day is not far distant when Canada will make a desperate struggle for the carriage of the commerce of the great northwest.—Philadelphia Record

NEW SECRET ORDER.

Oklahoma Commercial Men Organize for Mutual Protection.

The traveling men who journey through Oklahoma and Indian territory selling goods and making friends for their employers have a hard enough time without any extras, says the Kansas City Star. Trips of the line to small interior towns, living on the lean of the land in a country where there are few hotels and no baths, is not any fun to speak of. But when straggling members of the Cook and Dalton gangs and all sorts of Dick Turpins get into the habit of stopping them on the road at the point of their pistols, and drinking up all their samples and dividing their expense money, they thought it time to do something or other. So they formed a society called the Oklahoma Commercial Men's Mutual Anti-Robber-Drunk-All-the-Samples-Ourselfers association, with a secret ritual and signs and passwords.

No one outside the organization knows the ritual or the passwords, but the signs are frequently seen by persons who are closely observant. The hailing sign is given whenever a traveling man meets a customer. It is given by raising the hands opposite the shoulders and extending the hands in a horizontal position; the hands are then waved back and forth. The signal of distress is also known and frequently seen on the road in that country. It is very simple. The arms are suddenly raised at full length above the head with palms empty and to the front. The ritual not being known, it would be difficult to say in what manner they propose to stop the division of the samples.

A RADICAL CHANGE.

King's Chapel Swaps Episcopal Doctrine for Unitarianism.

As long as the British occupied Boston, King's chapel was the ruling power in religious circles. The British officers, who had been bisterous members of the riding school in the Old South church during the war, would throng to the King's chapel on Sunday for reverent worship. But this very sacrilege to the puritans Old South proved the ruin of the aristocratic worship in King's chapel. It was brought about in this way: The members of King's chapel courteously invited the members of the old Old South church to worship with them while the damage caused by the riding school was being repaired. This invitation was grudgingly accepted. But this ill-mated union brought about a startling change in the belief of the King's chapelites. They became dissatisfied with Episcopal doctrines, yet continued to favor Episcopal forms. The result was, the adaptation of the Church of England service to Unitarian doctrines, and the First Episcopal church became the First Unitarian church of Boston. So the Puritans squared their accounts at last with the haughty old governor, who must have squirmed uneasily in his tomb at the hybrid metamorphosis his pet church had undergone.

ELECTRICITY AT SEA.

Tests Prove That the White Light is the Most Easily Seen.

Some interesting experiments have been made on the visibility of the electric light at sea by the governments of the United States, Germany and the Netherlands. The word "visible" in the report on the tests means visible on a dark night with a clear atmosphere. The result of the experience of the German committee was that a white light of 1 tailow candle power was visible 1.4 miles on a dark, clear night, and 1 mile on a rainy night. The American tests resulted as follows: In very clear weather a light of 1 candle power was plainly visible at 1 nautical mile; one of 3 candle power at 2 miles; one of 10 candle power was seen by the aid of a binocular at 4 miles; one of 20 candle power faintly at 5 miles, and one of 33 candle power plainly at 5 miles. On an exceptionally clear night a white light of 3.2 candle power was readily distinguished at 3 miles; one of 5.6 candle power at 4 miles; and of 17.2 candle power at 5 miles. In the Dutch experiments the results were almost similar, but a 10 candle power light was plainly visible at 5 miles. For a green light the power required was 2 for 1 mile, 15 for 2 miles, 51 for 3 miles and 106 for 4 miles. The results of tests with a red light were almost identical with those with green, but it was conclusively proved that a white light was better than the most easily seen.

BATHS WANTED

Fortune Awaiting the Man Who Will Invent a Portable Bath Tub.

The excursions of the bicyclist into every civilized corner of the land have brought out for the first time a very important industrial fact, namely, that a fortune is awaiting the inventor who can put upon the market a cheap, compact bath, preferably of tin, just large enough to hold sufficient water for a washdown, but of convenient shape for handling and stowing away. To the wheelman there is no greater luxury than a bath at the end of his long spin, and he is comparatively seldom able to get one. Although our American cities are, on the average, far ahead of European cities in provisions for promoting hygienic conditions, and the personal cleanliness of their inhabitants, our rural districts are far behind. In many villages there is not a single bath to be found, and many of the inhabitants are not even as conscientious in the matter of ablutions as the village who maintained that "he took a bath once a year, whether he needed it or not." With the spread of athletic sports the practice of "tubbing" is growing in this country. It would be a boon that most wheelmen would be ready to show their appreciation of to be able to rely on the use of the bath tub in the farmhouse to which their wanderings might lead them. Such a tub as that suggested, which could hold, say, a couple of pails of water, would cause the minimum amount of trouble. It would entail but slight expense, and no great stretch of mechanical ingenuity to run pipes from the well to the bathroom and to make arrangements whereby the bicyclist could hitch on his wheel and with a few turns pump up the water for himself direct to the bath.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

PATTY'S PRIVATIONS.

A Thrifty Prima Donna Before the Concert.

Pity the privations of the prima donna. Here is a story of Mrs. Patti which may be appropriately enough recalled. Once, when she returned from her daily drive, she was exceedingly thirsty, and asked Mrs. Nicolini to have procured for her a glass of water. Nicolini was horrified. "What!" she shrieked. "Ma mignonna, you know that you are going to sing to-morrow night, and the water will chill your blood. Oh, no! I forbid water." "They give me a taste of wine," pleaded the thirsty Patti. "Wine!" roared Nicolini. "Ma mignonna, you are going to sing to-morrow night, and you know that wine will heat your blood. No, I cannot permit wine." "Give me, cannot I have something wet?" pleaded Patti, with piteous looks. Nicolini pondered long and deeply, and at length with his own hands carefully prepared for the great singer a soothing draught of magnessia.

How He Secured a Liberal Musical Education.

Eight years ago New York city went wild over little Hoffmann. He created an excitement the like of which we did not see until Paderewski appeared here in 1892. He was such a little fellow that it looked almost as though he could be carried away in the pocket of a greatcoat. He was only ten years of age, but he played the piano marvelously. Gerry tried to stop his playing in the public, claiming it was injuring the boy's health. The father said: "But what am I to do? I am poor and I am earning this money to complete little Josef's education."

Commodore Gerry then said: "Will you take him off the stage for six years if you receive money enough to support yourself, his mother and him, and to give him the best instruction for that length of time?"

The father replied that he would gladly do so, and Commodore Gerry with a week raised a sum of money sufficient to yield a yearly income of five thousand dollars. This he placed in the hands of trustees, who were bound to remit to Mr. Hoffmann in quarterly sums for six years. The Commodore then said to Gerry, "I have secured a liberal musical education for your son, and you know that wine will heat your blood. No, I cannot permit wine." "Give me, cannot I have something wet?" pleaded Patti, with piteous looks. Nicolini pondered long and deeply, and at length with his own hands carefully prepared for the great singer a soothing draught of magnessia.

REFLECTOR

JOB OFFICE.

It will be done right, and it always suits. These points are well worth weighing in any sort of work, but above all things in Your Job Printing.

IT IS A DISEASE.

Dr. Berillon's Idea of the Nail Biting Habit.

The famous Frenchman says it cannot be cured by punishment: Any More Than Can Croup or Measles.

That the habit of nail biting is a disease among children, and not merely a naughty trick, to be cured by punishment, is the scientific opinion of the famous Frenchman, Dr. Edgar Berillon, who was at one time associated with Charcot and is at present secretary of the French Society of Hypnotism and inspector of state lunatic asylums.

Berillon names this so-called disease "onachophagie," which at once gives an air of importance to the discussion, and he states as the results of nine years' study and experimenting that it is an unerring sign of incipient degeneration of the nervous system. He holds that a child displaying any tendency toward nail biting should at once be put under a physician's care, instead of being teased and punished.

The habit is more prevalent among girls than boys, and is probably due to the fact—although this is not brought out by Berillon's recent papers—that boys are permitted to live healthier lives, with more exercise and out-of-door sports. In the report, made from an examination of one of the average mixed schools of Paris, the percentage of nail biters among the girls was found to be fifty, while among the boys it was only twenty. This habit was usually observed among the poorer students. Several instructors in the Paris schools for manual training have pronounced the habitual nail biters hardest to teach, and often totally unfit for technical education. On rare occasions nail-biting children were found to be "infant prodigies," but with a superficial cleverness, invariably outgrown.

Although the disease is frequently inherited, it is more often the result of imitation, which practically renders it contagious. In English schools the habit is considered so harmful and so easily contracted that the nail-biting children are isolated and taught in separate classes, besides being subjected to severe and public reprimands. The idea of punishing a nail biter Berillon regards as showing about as much judgment as would be manifested in scolding or whipping a child for having a group of measles, but that the habit demands careful and intelligent treatment cannot be doubted, for not only is it on the increase, but in many cases it is accompanied in the second and third generations by marked signs of physical degeneration.

The extent to which it prevails in England can be estimated from the fact that in one school of thirty children whose parents were of the middle class, at least fifty per cent. were nail biters. In America the disease is prevalent to a marked degree. It may be noticed at every turn on the streets, in the schools and on the street cars. Wherever there is a group of school children of any size, some of the boys and girls will be found devouring their nails, and sometimes fingers as well.

The fact that after a time the habit becomes automatic makes the curing of it a difficult undertaking; but Berillon believes that it can be done, and advocates the grouping of these children into classes, where they may be subjected to special discipline and hygienic treatment. As, however, the habit is the result of nervous degeneration, it can be as easily treated at home. A nerve tonic, good food and plenty of exercise, are all the physical treatment necessary. For curing the "after habit" with children, which may linger after the cause is removed, Berillon suggests that the child's resolution should be appealed to, and that he be taught to regard the habit as unworthy.—N. Y. Recorder.

THE GREAT LOG STRUCK A ROCK AND BOUNDED OVER HIS HEAD.

"We were rolling logs down a bluff into the St. John river, below Grand Falls," said a lumberman. "The bluff was about forty rods up from the river, steep and worn pretty smooth by the log rolling. A log started over the brink would roll with a tremendous velocity down that sharp descent. Towards the foot of the hill there was a slight ridge and now and then a log would strike it and go bounding into the air and land well up the river. "It was a dry time that May and the rolling logs made dusty work. The dust was so thick sometimes that we almost lost sight of the logs before they reached the bottom. If a log was started right it generally followed a pretty straight course down the bluff, but once in awhile it would get the edge of the rollers and slide off and back and so roll on a curve, and generally go right to the bottom, but he began to Tim Field would then have to go down and dislodge it. One day a crooked log slowed and lodged. Tim Field went down to straighten it and send it on its course. While he was engaged thus two men came along with a log. They stopped on the brink and waited for Tim to get of their way, balancing their log with their 'peevies.' "Tim, Oh, Tim! Look out!" "There was no time for the poor fellow to jump aside, and no human power could save him from being crushed by that huge descending log. We stood, horror-stricken, peering over the edge of the bluff. "Downward rolled the log, a cloud of dust rising in its wake. For a dozen rods it rolled, gaining velocity as it descended, and then it suddenly struck a rock or some obstruction, and gave a loud bound high over Tim's head, and struck to the ground below, whence it rolled and tumbled to the foot. "Tim was untouched. "Although we rolled thousands of logs down the same bluff, I never saw a second one bound into the air like that one. It seemed to us that the hand of Providence had interfered."—Boston Standard.

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ALFRED FORBES, GREENVILLE, N. C.

TIM'S MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

The Great Log Struck a Rock and Bounded Over His Head.

"We were rolling logs down a bluff into the St. John river, below Grand Falls," said a lumberman. "The bluff was about forty rods up from the river, steep and worn pretty smooth by the log rolling. A log started over the brink would roll with a tremendous velocity down that sharp descent. Towards the foot of the hill there was a slight ridge and now and then a log would strike it and go bounding into the air and land well up the river. "It was a dry time that May and the rolling logs made dusty work. The dust was so thick sometimes that we almost lost sight of the logs before they reached the bottom. If a log was started right it generally followed a pretty straight course down the bluff, but once in awhile it would get the edge of the rollers and slide off and back and so roll on a curve, and generally go right to the bottom, but he began to Tim Field would then have to go down and dislodge it. One day a crooked log slowed and lodged. Tim Field went down to straighten it and send it on its course. While he was engaged thus two men came along with a log. They stopped on the brink and waited for Tim to get of their way, balancing their log with their 'peevies.' "Tim, Oh, Tim! Look out!" "There was no time for the poor fellow to jump aside, and no human power could save him from being crushed by that huge descending log. We stood, horror-stricken, peering over the edge of the bluff. "Downward rolled the log, a cloud of dust rising in its wake. For a dozen rods it rolled, gaining velocity as it descended, and then it suddenly struck a rock or some obstruction, and gave a loud bound high over Tim's head, and struck to the ground below, whence it rolled and tumbled to the foot. "Tim was untouched. "Although we rolled thousands of logs down the same bluff, I never saw a second one bound into the air like that one. It seemed to us that the hand of Providence had interfered."—Boston Standard.

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