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THE EASTERN REFLECTOR.

D. J. WHICHARD, Editor and Owner

TRUTH IN PREFERENCE TO FICTION.

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VOL. XV.

GREENVILLE, PITT COUNTY, N. C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1896.

NO. 11

Two Papers for \$1.50.

We have made arrangements to furnish the REFLECTOR and North Carolinian for the above amount. This is campaign year and you should take the two leading papers.

HE LOVES HER STILL.

Don't Worry. We violate no confidence in stating at this time that the Recorder will appear next week. We deem it highly necessary to make a cheerful statement of this kind in order to assure those who take such deep concern in our welfare, the paper's welfare, that they need not wonder if it will appear. For a great many weeks the paper has appeared, and from all appearances it will continue its frolicking reckless manner for several weeks and months and years.

Pat Could Not Differentiate Two Pains so Contemporaneous.

Pat came to a dentist's office one day with his jaw very much swollen from a tooth which he desired to have pulled. But when the suffering man of Erin got into the dentist's chair and saw the gleaming forceps, he positively refused to open his mouth. The dentist hit upon an efficient scheme, however. He got his office boy to jab Pat with a pin, and when he opened his mouth to yell he grabbed the tooth and out it came.

Hydrophobia From Polecats.

"Is the skunk a dangerous animal? I should say so," remarked Mr. E. P. Glize of St. Louis. "I know very many people will be surprised at the assertion, but there is one species of this unpopular tribe that is so much to be dreaded as a rattlesnake, as I learned one year while sojourning in western Texas. One night in midsummer a party of us were camping out on the prairie of Llano county when we were awakened by the screams of a colored boy who had been taken along to look for the outfit. He said that something had bitten him, and examination showed that his hand was pretty badly torn. There were unmistakable evidences of a skunk in the vicinity, and there was no doubt that it had done the deed.

Something for Nothing.

There is certainly more than merely poetic justice in the experience of the many who part with their hard-earned cash on the seductive representations of peripatetic swindlers. Whether it be the bunco man, the portrait fiend, the greengoods dealer or the lightning rod shark, it seems to matter but little. The man who has a glib tongue, unlimited assurance and no conscience whatever starts out upon the broad and enticing thoroughfares of this great country and seeks victims in every hamlet and cottage. It might be questioned whether people who are taken in this way deserve sympathy. Very much of this trouble arises from the desire to get something for less than its actual worth, a laudable enough ambition if exercised in the right direction, but when it means the promise on the part of the seller to furnish some valuable article for a mere fraction of its accredited value, that fact alone ought to be proof enough that there is something wrong in the transaction.

A Reporter's Abbreviation.

In a paper on "Some Humors of Parliamentary Reporting" in Macmillan's is the following: "There is a well authenticated story current in the reporters' gallery of a strange freak of a telegraph clerk in a parliamentary speech by Mr. Forster to a daily paper in Bradford. The subject of the speech was education. The word 'children' was frequently used, and for the sake of brevity, the clerk substituted 'kids,' trusting that the alteration would be corrected by the operator at the other end of the wire. The message, however, was not only written, but printed, just as it was transmitted. Imagine the faces of the right honorable gentleman's constituents when they read the next morning: 'You know of Wordsworth's profound saying, 'The kid is father to the man.' I need not dwell on the vital importance to the community of imparting a sound moral and secular education to kids in their impressionable years. It is for the kids that this bill is introduced, and asking the house to remember that the kids of this generation will be the fathers and mothers of the next, I confidently appeal to it to support our proposals.'"

A Poor Motorman.

A motorman's life is not a happy one. While the satisfied conductor is chinking the coin in his pocket, jangling the register, pulling the bell cord or blithely mispronouncing street names, the motorman is silently grinding out his life at the brake, his mind strung to its utmost tension, and his hands and arms never for a moment idle. Yet he's the one to be blamed whenever an accident happens, without a thought being given to the many calamities which have been avoided through his alertness and precaution. —Boston Transcript.

Awful.

The man upon the bicycle, The man upon his feet, Collide, and quickly both of them Lie down upon the street. The man upon his feet has gone Under a rest eternal; The man who scorch'd is scorching yet, In the regions called infernal. —Detroit Tribune.

THE COAST-GUARD.

Do you wonder what I am seeing In the heart of the fire glow, Like cliffs in a golden sunset, With a summer sea below? I see, away to the eastward, The line of a storm-beat coast, And I hear the tread of the hurrying waves, Like the tramp of a mailed host. And up and down in the darkness, And over the frozen sand, I see the men of the coast-guard Pacing along the strand, Heaten by storm and tempest, And drenched by the pelting rain, From the shores of Carolina, To the wind-swept bays of Maine. No matter what storms are raging, No matter how wild the night, The gleam of their swinging lanterns Shines out with a friendly light. And many a shipwrecked sailor Thanks God, with his gasping breath, For the sturdy arms of the coast-guard, That drew him away from death. And so when the wind is wailing, And the air grows dim with sleet, I think of the fearless watchers Pacing along their beat. I think of a wreck, fast breaking In the surf of a rocky shore, And the life-boat lurching over To the stroke of the headlong oar. I hear the shouts of the sailors, The boom of the frozen sail, And the creak of the ice-halcyons Straining against the gale. "Courage!" the captain trumpets, "They are sending help from land!" God bless the men of the coast-guard, And hold their lives in His hand! —St. Nicholas.

A Frank Witness.

In Henry county, this State, some years ago, a young woman who was suing her former sweetheart for breach of promise, was put on the witness stand, and the lawyers, as usual, began making all sorts of inquisitive interrogatories. "You say," remarked one, "that the defendant frequently sat very close to you?" "Yes, sir," was the reply, with a hectic flush. "How close?" "Close enough so's one chair was all the sittin' room we needed."

Verdict of Not Dead.

Gus Williams, a colored man who lives near Four Oaks, one evening not long ago drank more liquor than he could carry and so decided to spend the night in town. He did not go to a house but stretched himself out on the ground. It was one of the cold nights we have had this winter. Next morning he was found stiff and, as every one thought, dead. The matter was reported to the coroner and a jury in quest was summoned. But when they went to the place where he died he was gone. They followed him up and found him in a house drinking coffee. There was no verdict made out but if it had been it would have been a verdict of "not dead." —Smithfield Herald.

A Heroic Girl.

A few months past Mr. Moulton Beck was confined to his bed for six weeks, and as he had no boy to attend to the stock his daughter, Miss Ori, did that work. He had a vicious mule that would allow no woman to go near it, and as the mule needed water and milking was to be done, there was a dilemma as how to manage the mule. Miss Ori at last solved it. She put on her father's clothes, walked bravely into the stable, bridled the mule, put a bushel sack of corn on it and rode to mill; and aid this continuously during her father's illness. —Morganton Herald.

Dr. Abernethy, the famous Scotch surgeon, was a man of few words, but he once met his match in a woman. She called at his office in Edinburgh one day and showed a hand, badly inflamed and swollen, when the following dialogue, opened by the doctor, took place:

"Burn?" "Bruise?" "Poultice?" "The next day the woman called again, and the dialogue was as follows:

A 2nd Ward Possom Hunt.

Yesterday morning as a pious member of our county government was on his way to church, his dog, treed a possum on Russell Street, and immediately the said pious gentleman forgot all about church and commenced hallooing and cutting divers gymnastic capers. He started for an axe, but remembered that he was in the city, skinned up the tree instead and brought down a well grown possum. Who says that a city had no charms? Think of the possibility of stepping out into the street in the morning, treed a possum and then sitting down to possum and taters for dinner. —Fayetteville Observer.

The Lumberton Robesonian relates of Mr. Absalom Biggs, of Robeson county, that "he has taken the Biblical Recorder and the Robesonian from their earliest existence; never used tobacco or drank whiskey, and never voted anything except the straight Democratic ticket." Good for Mr. Biggs. These old brethren who stand by their Church papers and their county papers and vote the straight Democratic ticket are the very salt of the earth. The pity is that there are not more of them. May their tribe increase. —Statesville Landmark.

The Iowa legislature has a bill before it that proposes to restrict the privilege of buying and drinking liquors to persons who have taken out a license for that purpose. A drinker's license is to cost two dollars, and the saloon keeper who sells a drink to an unlicensed person will be liable to a fine of ten dollars. The holder of a license who becomes intoxicated shall forfeit his license. That seems to be putting the shoe on the other foot. —Dem. and Chron.

Fully Armed.

A good story is told of a young recruit who enlisted in a regiment stationed at Aldershot. One day he was on guard duty, and was slowly stepping up and down when an officer approached. After the usual salute, the officer said: "Let me see your rifle." The raw recruit handed over his rifle, and a pleased expression stole over his face. As the officer received the weapon he said in a tone of deepest disgust: "You're a fine soldier! You've given up your rifle, and now what are you going to do?" The young fellow turned pale, and putting his hand in his pocket, drew out a big knife, and, preparing for business, said in a voice that could not be misunderstood: "Gimme that rifle, or I'll bore a hole through you in a minute." The officer instantly decided not to play any further with the raw recruit, and the rifle was promptly surrendered. —Pearson's Weekly.

Frowning.

Don't do it. Stand on the street and watch the passing throng. You will be astonished to see how many people will pass with scowling foreheads. It seems that most of us get the idea that we have to make up a face whose features look as threatening as loaded weapons when we walk the busy thoroughfares. We scowl at our fellow pedestrians, and they reflect the look until sometimes it seems that one half the world was suspecting the other of high way robbery. A writer in the Atlanta Constitution says she watched the passing people in that city, and that little bits of girls went scowling along the street. There wasn't a child without a knitted brow and no wonder that young women look old and wrinkled at twenty-five when they begin scowling by the time they can toddle. This high dry, windy American atmosphere makes furrowed skin, anyway, but don't add to these unavoidable ills those creases that tell not only of a furrowed skin, but also of a furrowed heart.

Brevity Brought Its Reward.

Sir Henry Spellman neglected his sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time he became a most learned antiquarian and lawyer. We could cite thousands of examples of men who commenced a new study either for a livelihood or amusement, at advanced age. But every one familiar with the biography of distinguished men, will recollect individual cases enough to convince them that none but the sick and indolent will ever say, "I am too old to learn."

House Cleaning.

"Father, dear father, come home with me now, for ma has some carpets to beat; she's got all the furniture out in the road, from the front porch clear down to the street. The stove must come down and be put in the shed and the yard must be cleared of dry grass, for it's time to clean house and the ducies to pay, and the front window needs a new glass. Father, dear father, come home with me now, and bring some bologna and cheese; it's most twelve o'clock, and there's nothing to eat. I'm so hungry I'm weak in the knees. All the dinner we'll have will be scraps and such, and we'll have to stand and chair, are all out in the yard. Oh, I wish spring house cleaning was through! Father, dear father, come home with me now, for ma is mad as a Turk; she says you're a lazy old thing, and that she proposes to put you to work. There's painting to do, and paper to hang, and windows and casing to scrub, for it's house cleaning time, and you've got to come home, and revel in suds and cold grub."

Thinks Sunday Marriages Not Legal.

A couple who applied to the Rev. J. J. Blackburn, of Cincinnati, on Sunday evening to marry them were refused on the ground that he never performed a marriage ceremony on Sunday. Mr. Blackburn said he considered a marriage a business transaction, and he could not conscientiously solemnize the ceremony on Sunday. He said no other legal transaction could be made on Sunday and stand the test of the courts, and every marriage performed on Sunday must be an illegal one. He said he had never heard of a case being tested on this point, and does not know that the courts would take his view of the subject, but he decided to be on the safe side, and has never, and will never perform this ceremony on Sunday. —Baltimore American.

TELL ME SO.

If you love me, tell me so, Wait not till the summer glow Fades in autumn's changeful light, Amber clouds and purple night; Wait not till the winter hours Heap with snowdrifts all the flowers, 'Till the tide of life runs low— If you love me, tell me so. If you love me, tell me so, While the river's dreamy flow Holds the love-enchanted hours, Sleep in music, crowned with flowers; Ere the summer's vibrant days Vanish in the opal haze; Ere is hushed the music— If you love me, tell me so. If you love me, tell me so, Let me hear the sweet words low! Let me now, while life is fair, Feel your kisses on my hair; While in womanhood's first bloom, Ere shall come dark days of gloom, In the first fresh dawning glow— If you love me, tell me so. —Lillian Whiting.

Never Too Late to Learn.

Cato, at eighty years of age, learned the Greek language. Socrates, at an extreme old age, learned to play on musical instruments. Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, began the study of Latin. Doctor Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death. Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year. Ludovico Monaldi, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memories of his own times. Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the Iliad, his most pleasing production. Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was not acquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past fifty. Boccaccio was thirty-five years of age when he commenced his studies of light literature; yet he became one of the greatest masters of the Tuscan dialect, Dante and Petrarch being the other two. Sir Henry Spellman neglected his sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time he became a most learned antiquarian and lawyer.

Salve Is Legal Tender.

Salve is legal tender in the village of Adams, a small town among the hills of Jefferson county, this state, is frequently styled the "salve town." It makes salve, lives on salve, speculates in salve and corners the salve market when it wants to. This product is put up in two sizes in round tin boxes, one size selling at 50 cents and the other at 25 cents. When money is scarce these boxes of salve pass as legal tender in the village. One of the large boxes will purchase one-fourth dozen of three-for-a-quarter cigars and entitle you to a small box as change, or will buy drinks at the hotel bars, or will pass as one "ante" in a well-lit game. There are probably more than 100 different brands of salve made in Adams. There is a salve for rheumatism, salve for eczema, salve for tan and sunburn, salve for scratches and bruises, salve for consumption, and so through a long catalogue of ailments, a separate and distinct salve for each complaint or group of diseases. H. O. Brown was the first to make a success of the business, and his neighbors and then the entire population of the town decided to try their hands. These new manufacturers started in humbly, however. They all met in conference, and a plan was perfected to prevent clashing competition between makers. An organization was perfected, to be known as the Salvemakers' Protective league, and the agreement provided for the allotment of a certain number of diseases and ailments to each manufacturer. The manufacturer was permitted to make salve for the healing of burns, scalds, tetter, itch and eczema; another for wounds, bruises, cuts, sores and ulcers, and another for croup, diphtheria, lumbago, jaundice and rheumatism. The growth of the salve business opened up a new field of employment to the idle persons of Adams, which they were not slow in taking advantage of. All successful healing remedies are strongly endorsed by testimonials from those who have been cured or healed. The Salvemakers' league solved this matter in a novel way. The manufacturer of the salve for burns would himself write, and have each member of his family write, testimonials for each of the other members of the league, in exchange for testimonials from such members and their families. This custom has been followed by all the regularly employed testimonial writers, who earn good sums writing for the league. These testimonials are paid for according to merit, and are passed upon by an expert jury chosen by the league for that purpose. —N. Y. Herald.

Brittle Finger Nails.

Many women who have pretty hands are constantly mortified in cold weather by the rough appearance of their finger nails, caused by the fact that they break and split. The intense cold causes the nails to become so brittle that it seems impossible to trim them so as to make them smooth. The remedy is to have the nails smoothed out with a file, except well-sharpened manicure scissors, and the nails must never be cut or filed unless the fingers have first been soaked in warm water. The brittleness may sometimes be lessened by rubbing almond oil thoroughly into the nails and finger ends on retiring at night. An old pair of kid gloves must then be pulled on. The housekeeper whose nails break easily should never stir anything on a loose globe, as the dry heat from the fire will make her nails more brittle than ever. Neither must she allow herself to stay out of doors for a moment without having her hands protected from the cold, which is even more injurious than the heat. All these precautions may seem to be a bother, but in the end are worth while. —Harper's Bazar.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"Isn't this rather too generous?" said the clergyman, looking at the \$20 gold piece in his hand. "It's what I always pay," loftily replied the Sioux Falls man who had just been married. —Chicago Tribune. "An Unbiased Opinion."—"Now, professor," said the ambitious young man, "you have tried my voice, I want you to tell me frankly what it is best adapted to." And without a moment's hesitation the eminent musician responded: "Whispering." —Tit-Bits. "Learning the Lesson."—Hubby—"When I first got married I determined to have no large items of expense in housekeeping, but I have after all that it is the little things that count." Hubby—"How many have you?" "Hubby—"I have four." —Detroit Free Press. "Don't try to deceive me, Mabel," said Mrs. Point Dreeze to her daughter, in a severe tone. "Mr. Bellefield took a kiss when he left, I heard him." "Oh, well, mamma, it's all right," replied the girl. "I took it back from him immediately." —Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph. "The member for North-South Blankshire," gentlemen, you twit me with having turned my coat. Years ago I supported this measure. Then I had a reason. But now, gentlemen, I have lost my reason." And he wondered at the deafening smile that pervaded the meeting. —Household Words. "I suppose that it would take a great deal of observation and experience to enable a man to pick the fastest horse entered for a race," she remarked. "Yes," replied the man of mournful experience, "but that isn't what you are trying to do. What I want to pick is the horse that is going to win." —Washington Star. "Mrs. Watts—"There! We have cleared off the last of that church debt, and it never cost you a cent. See what women can do." Mr. Watts—"I don't know about the other fellows, but I know you have made me spend more than \$100 for extra work in the town while you were out monkeying around." —Indianapolis Journal. "History."—Mr. Figg—"What did you learn at school to-day?" "Tommy—"Teacher told us how the cruel Emperor Nero used to amuse himself when he was a boy by pulling the legs off the flies." Mr. Figg—"This state is frequently called the 'salve town.' It makes salve, lives on salve, speculates in salve and corners the salve market when it wants to. This product is put up in two sizes in round tin boxes, one size selling at 50 cents and the other at 25 cents. When money is scarce these boxes of salve pass as legal tender in the village. One of the large boxes will purchase one-fourth dozen of three-for-a-quarter cigars and entitle you to a small box as change, or will buy drinks at the hotel bars, or will pass as one "ante" in a well-lit game. There are probably more than 100 different brands of salve made in Adams. There is a salve for rheumatism, salve for eczema, salve for tan and sunburn, salve for scratches and bruises, salve for consumption, and so through a long catalogue of ailments, a separate and distinct salve for each complaint or group of diseases. H. O. Brown was the first to make a success of the business, and his neighbors and then the entire population of the town decided to try their hands. These new manufacturers started in humbly, however. They all met in conference, and a plan was perfected to prevent clashing competition between makers. An organization was perfected, to be known as the Salvemakers' Protective league, and the agreement provided for the allotment of a certain number of diseases and ailments to each manufacturer. The manufacturer was permitted to make salve for the healing of burns, scalds, tetter, itch and eczema; another for wounds, bruises, cuts, sores and ulcers, and another for croup, diphtheria, lumbago, jaundice and rheumatism. The growth of the salve business opened up a new field of employment to the idle persons of Adams, which they were not slow in taking advantage of. All successful healing remedies are strongly endorsed by testimonials from those who have been cured or healed. The Salvemakers' league solved this matter in a novel way. The manufacturer of the salve for burns would himself write, and have each member of his family write, testimonials for each of the other members of the league, in exchange for testimonials from such members and their families. This custom has been followed by all the regularly employed testimonial writers, who earn good sums writing for the league. These testimonials are paid for according to merit, and are passed upon by an expert jury chosen by the league for that purpose. —N. Y. Herald.

THE TYING SOLDIER.

[Colonel Christie, of North Carolina, fell mortally wounded at the battle of Gettysburg while gallantly leading his men against the enemy's breastworks. He was taken to Winchester, Va., where he was nursed tenderly until his death. He longed to see his young wife, his darling Lizzie, but when she reached Winchester he was dead. His last words were: "Kiss me for Lizzie."]

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

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE. The bravest are the tenderest; The loving are the darest; I am dying; is she coming? Throw the window open wide. Is she coming? Oh, I love her more than all the world beside; In her youth and tender beauty, must she must she feel this loss? Savior, hear my poor petition; teach her how to bear the cross. Help her to be calm and patient when I moulder in the dust; Let her say and feel, my Father, that Thy ways are true and just. Is she coming? Go and listen; I would see her face once more; I would hear her speaking to me, ere life's fevered dream is o'er; I would fold her to my bosom; look into her soft, bright eye; I would tell her how I love her; kiss her once before I die. Is she coming? Oh! 'tis evening, and my darling comes not still. Lift the curtain, it grows darker; it is sunset at the hill; All the evening dews are falling; I am cold—the light is gone. Is she coming? Softly, softly come, dear'st, silent footsteps on me; I am going; come and kiss me; kiss me for my darling wife; Take for my parting blessing; take the last warm kiss of life. Tell her I will wait to greet her where the good and lovely are, in that home, untouched by sorrow; tell her she must meet me there; is she coming? Lift the curtain; let me see the falling light. Oh! I want to live to see her, surely she will come to-night. Surely, ere the daylight deth, I shall fold her to my breast; With her heart upon my bosom, calmly I could sink to rest. It is hard to die without her. Look, I think she's coming now; I can almost feel her kisses on my faded cheek and brow; I can almost hear her whisper, feel her breath upon my cheek. Hark! I hear the front door open. Is she coming? Did she speak? No! well, drop the curtain softly; I shall see her face no more. 'Till I see it smiling on me on the bright and better shore. Tell her she must come and meet me in that Eden, land of light; there is no death—no night. Tell her that I called her darling, blessed her with my dying breath. Come and kiss me for my Lizzie, tell her love outliveth death.

STANLEY AND THE CONGO.

The Great Explorer Tells of His First Journey Into the River. The geographical world was anxious to know what was this mysterious river the quest of which had occupied Livingstone's declining years. The London Daily Telegraph joined with the New York Herald in defraying the cost of this second expedition. The story of how I set out a second time from Zanzibar, circumnavigated the Victoria Nyanza, discovered Lake Albert Edward, voyaged around Lake Tanganyika, and reached Livingstone's farthest point—Nyangwe—on the banks of the Luabala, has been told in detail in my book "Through the Dark Continent." It also relates how, after a tedious land journey parallel with the river, I made ready my English boat, collected about a score of native canoes, embarked my followers, and how, after a course of nearly 1,800 miles, we reached the Atlantic ocean at the mouth of the Congo. By this river voyage the question which had puzzled Livingstone for 11 years was solved. It is a noticeable fact that when I began my descent of the Congo I was the only white man—excepting my companion, Frank Poocoo—to be found between the mouth of the Congo and the Lower Congo. It may easily be understood why, on returning from the discovery of the great African waterway, I should be anxious that England should avail herself of it. In 1816 England had dispatched a naval expedition under Capt. Tuckey to ascend the Congo, but it terminated disastrously 200 miles inland. In 1873 Capt. Grandy, another English officer, had attempted the task. In 1875 Admiral Hewitt's expedition had suppressed the pirates of the Lower Congo. For over 60 years England had kept watch over the Congo slavers. Half of the expenses of my expedition had been contributed in England. She was also rich, tender and just toward the natives, and her people were the best colonizers in the world. All these facts were, in my opinion, claims that might justify England in stepping forward and taking possession. —Henry M. Stanley, in Century.

Observation in many parts of the country say recently that if the cigarette habit continues to grow on the boys for the next generation as it has for the past few years, there will not be brains enough left to run the Government. He said that nothing is so supping to the very vitals of the youth of the land as cigarettes, and that character and whikeys may well be classed as co-evils. —Sootland Neck Democrat.

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE. THE TYING SOLDIER. HIGHEST OF ALL IN LEAVENING POWER.—LATEST U. S. GOV'T REPORT.

THE FAMILY BATHROOM. An Indispensable Adjunct to a Well-ordered Household. It is one of the most surprising things in the world why people who have the ordinary comforts of life should build houses without bathrooms. The farmer needs the bath much more than his city neighbor, and could have it at a small cost. A bathtub is not expensive, and with a good force-pump and a barrel or two of head water, can be arranged without the aid of skilled labor. If the house is already built and there is no room for the bathtub, it might be put into the kitchen, or even into the family living room. A heavy curtain or a strong screen could conceal it, and when not in use, a cover could be closed down over it, and it would be quite out of the way. But a little ingenuity and work will fix it in fine running order in any ordinary dwelling. There are many houses where there is a range, with hot and cold water, but no bathtub. This is an omission that should not be tolerated. A small tank, with force-pump and drainage, can be supplied for a very little money, and if the house is not warm enough to keep this without freezing, it is time some measures were taken to insure anti-freezing conditions. A well-equipped bathroom, with closet, can be arranged in any dwelling where there is even a tolerable supply of water. The kitchen sink can drain through the pipes, the water from the weekly wash will clear them out, and the cold water can be run into a suitable outlet there will be nothing unsanitary in the outfit. Of course, the more water the better, but as every house is, or should be, supplied with a never-failing well, the muscle expended in pumping is very little. A well-equipped bathroom, with closet, can be arranged in any dwelling where there is even a tolerable supply of water. 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New Spring Styles.



FOR HIGH SPRING NOVELTIES you cannot find a more complete stock in the State. Everything needed for high dress and prices that are surprising. They

ANK WITH THE BEST that the country affords. For durability and wear I defy competition. I have just returned from the northern markets

ND PURCHASED A COMPLETE STOCK OF SPRING CLOTHING which for assortment, style and fit cannot be equaled in a first class store anywhere.

OT A SUIT IN STOCK that is out of style. I sold very close last season and have no shelf worn goods to offer you. Everything up to date. I

NOW I CAN SUIT YOU. I have a number of years experience in the clothing business and understand the taste and wants of you all. Give me a call.

WHEN IN NEED OF anything in GENTS' FURNISHINGS look over my stock and you will buy. The line is complete and nobby.

IN THE DRY GOODS LINE I am up-to-date and have the latest PRIZES to select from. I was careful in my selections and can show you some beautiful effects. My

INE OF HATS ARE UNSURPASSED. I have a Hat for every man and boy in Pitt county. Every shape and shade imaginable. I have a hat chart of styles.

HOES YOU CAN BE suited in my make, shape or quality. I make a specialty of fine Shoes for both Ladies and Gentlemen and will make close figures.

ONLY THE LATEST IN NOTIONS are kept in stock and they are of the highest order. A call will convince the most skeptical of this fact. Remember

NOW IS THE TIME TO have a Suit Made to Order. My samples are all in and are beautiful. Fit guaranteed and satisfaction given in every case.



The King Clothier.

THE REFLECTOR.

Local Reflections.

The stores are putting on spring attire. According to the almanac spring has begun. He who has no faith in himself is doubted by everybody else. They are having "Tom Thumb" weddings all over the State. Friday the warehouses had nice breaks of tobacco for the time of year. Mayor Forbes receives a number of letters by every mail in regard to water works.

Water works, electric lights, telephone—street cars next. Ain't we humming? At S. M. Schultz, Link Sausage and Mountain Butter. A steel and iron bridge is to be constructed across Tar river at Tarboro at a cost of \$15,000.

Something New and Sweet, Peanut Flakes at S. M. Schultz. Housekeepers complain that they never saw a worse time than now to get anything for the table.

We notice that several towns in the State some of them nearby, are being troubled by burglars again.

At its last meeting the Town Council again prohibited the riding of bicycles on any of the sidewalks.

That was a sudden change in the weather which came Monday night.

Canned Deviled Crabs and Shells at the Old Brick Store.

Within two blocks on main street work is progressing on five different buildings. That looks like it.

If you want the very latest styles in Millinery wait for my return from the North. Mrs. M. D. Higgs.

The little donkey that has been seen on the street here for a day or two was sent by express to Suffolk Friday.

It is said that no one ever saw a white colt; that white horses are not born white.

Try the Sporting Club, Havana Filler, when you want a good 5 cent smoke, at the Old Brick Store.

Mr. W. T. Godwin, who purchased the old Methodist parsonage building, is moving it to his lot on Pitt street.

I am now in the North selecting Spring Millinery. Will have the very newest styles. Mrs. M. D. Higgs.

Our neighbor, King's Weekly, shows enterprise in enlarging from a four to a five-column paper. We wish it success.

April term of Pitt Superior Court commences next Monday. Don't forget the REFLECTOR when you come to town.

The Southern Railway Company will establish a line of steamers between Baltimore and Norfolk about the first of June.

J. A. Smith is moving his barber shop into the rear room of L. Hooker's new bar building.

I am off after more horses. Wait my return if you want a good animal. My customers are always satisfied. ADRIAN SAVAGE.

Hugh, what do you want for a birthday present? Oh! papa, get me a savings bank that mamma can't get nickels out of with a hairpin.

Miss Hortense Forbes gave a very pleasant musicale this morning at her music rooms on Evans street which was highly enjoyed by all present.

Cod Fish, Irish Potatoes, Prepared Buckwheat, Oat Flakes, Cheese, Macaroni, P. R. Molasses, at S. M. Schultz.

"Darling, did you sing any pretty songs at Sunday School?" "Yes, mamma, we sang a lovely one, about 'Greenland's ice-cream mountains.'"

The Democratic State Executive Committee will meet in Raleigh April 9th at which time the date for holding the State Convention will be named.

Mrs. M. A. Jarvis has decided to rebuild her three stores that were burned. The lot is being cleared up and the contract will be let at once.

The petition to the railroad authorities, asking for a better train service on this road, was sent in Monday. A letter from Kingston tells us that a similar petition will be sent from that town.

Quite a large crowd was out on the Court House square, Monday night, to witness the concert of the Cornell Advertising Company. They give a good entertainment.

The REFLECTOR office now has another man in it, Walter Whichard celebrating his twenty-first anniversary Monday. He says Billie did not suggest any "chill tonic" to help on the celebrating.

Winterville Brick Co., has put in a large machine for making pressed brick and has begun work. Those wishing to buy good brick will do well to place their orders at once with A. G. Cox, general manager, Winterville, N. C.

Messrs. Speight & White received a letter Thursday night from Elliott Bros., saying they would re-build the burned district just as soon as the water protection is secured. Hurry up Mr. Committee, let the good work go on.

Sam Jones got so warm while whacking the devil in Atlanta Sunday night that he not only called some of the church members "damnable scoundrels," but pulled off his coat and finished his sermon in his shirt sleeves.—Wilmington Star.

The hen that leaves her nest after a few days' sitting because she does not hear the chirp of chicks, is so something like the merchant who quits advertising after the first few "throws" because his first calls haven't filled his store with clamoring customers.—Fed Scarborough.

IN THE REFLECTOR.

People See Their Faces and Straightway Forget What Manner of Men They Are.

A little child of E. M. Check is critically ill.

We are glad to see Maj. H. Harding out again.

B. E. Farham left Monday morning for Baltimore.

Mrs. D. J. Whichard has been sick since Saturday.

Mayor Ola Forbes left Monday morning for Richmond.

Leslie Rawls, one of the REFLECTOR boys, is on the sick list.

Walter Pender returned Monday evening from Henderson.

James Brasswell, of Rocky Mount, spent Thursday night here.

H. G. Jones came down from Scotland Neck Monday evening.

W. S. Rawls was out to-day after a week's confinement with grip.

Edgar Bacon has been sick for a week at Hotel Mack but is out again.

Hughes Mayo, of Parmele, was here Saturday to see his best girl.

Mrs. F. G. James returned Friday evening from a visit to Wilmington.

J. S. C. Benjamin returned from Robersonville Wednesday evening.

Solicitor C. M. Bernard came home Friday evening from Williamston court.

L. C. Bagwell, of Raleigh, spent Sunday with his brother, Dr. W. H. Bagwell.

Mrs. W. M. King returned Friday evening from a visit to her daughter at Rocky Mount.

Mrs. Georgia Pearce and little Blount returned Saturday evening from Baltimore.

Miss Lelia Shields, of Scotland Neck, arrived Thursday evening to visit her sister, Mrs. E. B. Higgs.

Ex-Treasurer John Flanagan has been kept at home with rheumatism for several days, but is now getting out again.

J. Feldenheimer and wife, of Philadelphia, (formerly of Tabor), and L. Heilbroner, of Tarboro, arrived Monday evening to visit the family of M. R. Lang.

L. D. Ames and wife, who spent the winter here with their daughter, Mrs. W. B. Brown, left Saturday morning for their home near Portsmouth, Va. Mr. Ames goes home to look after his truck farms during the coming season. We hope to see them back in Greenville after the season is over.

Fire at Kinston. When the passenger train left Kinston this morning the fire alarm had just sounded there, and Capt. Hawks tells us he could see volumes of smoke rising. The REFLECTOR tried to get some particulars but as there was trouble with the telegraph wire between Ayden and Kinston we could not learn anything further. It is to be hoped there was no serious fire.

A Pastor's View. Pastor E. D. Wells, of Greenville, N. C., writes: "Yes sir, I believe you are right. These certainly impress me as being an excellent people. They gave us such a warm welcome, and are so cordial and so generous, so active in the work, and so ready for renewed efforts, that we cannot but be hopeful and happy. We are here for work, and together with them, hope to be used of the Lord for the accomplishment of much good. We appreciate the many expressions and good wishes from brethren, and hope that we may have their prayers and co-operation in our work."—Biblical Recorder.

HE FOOLED THE GIRL. And Her Father Takes Revenge on the Young Man.

We learn that in Farmville township a wedding was in contemplation for one day last week. The prospective groom spent the night preceding the day set for the marriage at the home of the prospective bride to arrange the preliminaries. Early next morning he assisted her father in killing the fatted pig and barbecuing the same for the feast. About 11 o'clock the young man suggested that he would go home to get his Sunday clothes and return by 3 o'clock, the hour set for the wedding. By the appointed hour the preacher and guests had arrived but the young man failed to put in an appearance. They waited for some time and took their departure without seeing any marriage.

It is now reported that the father of the girl met the young man on the street in Farmville, Tuesday, and took revenge by falling on him and giving him a thrashing.

This is good weather for colds and pneumonia.

Greenville Market.

Corrected by S. M. Schultz.

Butter, per lb	15 to 25
Western Sides	8 to 7
Sugar cured Hams	10 to 12 1/2
Corn	40 to 60
Corn Meal	50 to 65
Flour, Family	4.25 to 5.00
Lard	8 1/2 to 10
Oats	35 to 40
Sugar	4 to 6
Coffee	15 to 25
Salt per Sack	80 to 75
Chickens	10 to 25
Eggs per doz	10 to 11
Beeswax, per	20

Good Middling	7 15-16
Middling	7 11-16
Low Middling	7 8-16
Good Ordinary	6 1/2
Tone—dull.	

PEANUTS.	
Prime	3 1/2
Extra Prime	3 1/2
"Jany"	3 1/2
Spanish	4 1/2
Yone—firm.	4 1/2

Cotton and Peanut.

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

Something to Be Thankful For. A distant friend in writing a personal letter to the editor takes occasion to say before closing: "Am glad the fire did not scorch you and singe that red head of yours."

Only Two. This week Register of Deeds King issued only two marriage licenses, one for white and for colored couples. The whites were R. M. Kennedy and Bertha L. Hardy, the colored Noah Moore and Delia Fleming.

Married. On Tuesday, March 17th, at 3 o'clock at the residence of Mr. Isaac C. Hardy, two miles from Greenville, Mr. R. M. Kennedy and Miss Bertha L. Hardy were married by Rev. N. H. D. Wilson.

Good Authority on Tobacco. As an evidence that the REFLECTOR has a good tobacco department, we note the frequency with which the tobacco journals and papers that publish anything about tobacco copy articles written by Mr. O. L. Joyner for this paper. You seldom find a better informed tobaccoist than Mr. Joyner.

Good Work Tells. The John Flanagan Buggy Company is now disposing of new buggies at the rate of ten a week. That is the number sold last week. The reputation of this firm for fine work extends far beyond the borders of the State. Their name plate on a buggy carries with it the guarantee that none better are made.

More Mail Boxes Needed. The business of Greenville has increased until it has outgrown the capacity of the postoffice. In other words there are a number of persons who would like to have boxes for their mail but can not get them because none are vacant. Cannot Postmaster King take some step that will secure enough extra boxes to meet the business needs of the community?

Are They Wanted? If Greenville secures this year one or two tobacco stemmeries and a good factory of some kind it will add several hundred wage earners to the population of the town. Something in this sort of our business men to be thinking about. They can be secured, and if we sit still other towns will be taking off what Greenville ought to have.

Another Capsizing. Saturday evening Messrs R. W. Ward and C. L. Wilkinson went out to try their skill skimming for shad in the river. When just below the bridge they managed in some way to overturn their boat and both were thrown out. Ward is a good swimmer, and grabbing Wilkinson by the after part of his pants kept him afloat until another boat could go to the rescue.

Badly Scalded. Saturday evening little Mary Lucy Dapree, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Dapree, met with a very painful accident. A basin of hot water had been left on a table, and the little girl reaching up to see what was in the basin turned the water over on herself. She was badly scalded about the face and neck. The little girl has suffered intensely but is getting along as well as could be expected.

Leave Them Off. Now that the rebuilding of the lately burned district is starting in earnest, the REFLECTOR has a suggestion to make to the property owners: Don't let any more of the unsightly wood sheds be placed in front of your buildings. Such sheds mar the looks of the buildings and greatly increase the danger from fire. If the occupants of the buildings must have shade in front let folding awnings be put up.

Had Better Watch Out. Sheriff B. W. Edwards, of Greene county, with a party of friends, spent several days last week in Washington City. Congressman Woodard was taking them around to various places of interest, and with them called upon President Cleveland. When Sheriff Edwards was introduced the President remarked, referring good naturedly to his own career as sheriff: "You had better watch out or the people will be patting you in the White House first thing you know."

Of Interest to Wheelmen. Mr. L. H. Pender has been appointed Local Consul of the League of American Wheelmen by Mr. P. Hensberger, Jr. of Wilmington, who is the Chief Consul of the North Carolina Division of the L. A. W. This organization is sixteen years old and now has over 42,000 members. It was through the efforts of the L. A. W. that the bicycle was classed in court as a vehicle and accorded all the rights on public roads that other vehicles have. It has been of invaluable benefit to the farmer by leading in the agitation for good roads. Every bicycle rider in the county should call on Mr. Pender and apply for membership in the L. A. W.

OUTRAGEOUS ASSAULT.

Through a letter to the REFLECTOR from Winterville we learn of an outrageous assault upon Elder Fred McLawhorn on Saturday night. After he had retired somebody knocked at his door. He got up and upon opening the door was knocked down and dragged on into the yard where he was beaten into insensibility. The letter gave no further particulars.

From another source we hear that Mr. McLawhorn while speaking of the assault on Sunday, said he did not know who the assailant was or whether more than one assaulted him. The first blow at the door stunned him, and when he regained consciousness he was on his bed and a fire had been kindled in the fire-place. He did not know how he got on the bed or who made the fire. Mrs. McLawhorn was away from home visiting a daughter at the time, and two other daughters were asleep in another part of the house but were not aroused by the disturbance and knew nothing of it until next morning. Our informant said Mr. McLawhorn also stated that he had had no trouble with any one to provoke such an assault, unless it was some words he had with a hand on his farm, Saturday evening, because the hand was cruelly kicking a horse.

This was a dastardly crime, calling a citizen from his bed in the dead hours of night and beating him into unconsciousness. It ought the assailants should be punished severely. Pitt county ought to have some blood hounds to run down criminals of this character.

Elder McLawhorn is a minister of the Free Will Baptist church, and was one of the Representatives from this county in the Legislature of 1893.

Don't let the hotel talk die out. Greenville needs a modern hotel building.

A Good Company. Smithfield, N. C., March 12, 1896. Mr. Carey J. Hunter, Superintendent Union Central Life Insurance Company for Virginia and North Carolina, Raleigh, N. C.:

Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your company's check for \$2,000.00, it being for policy No. 62,941 in your company for \$2,000.00 on the life of the late Dr. L. L. Sasser, my beloved husband.

That the most vigorous and healthful should promptly provide life insurance, which is the cheapest and surest means of creating an estate and protecting one's loved ones, is plainly illustrated in Dr. Sasser's case. The wisdom of his insuring cannot be doubted by anyone now.

He regarded no company the superior of the Union Central, and I am glad to say, that while he had policies in two other old life companies, the Union Central is the first to pay the claim.

The proofs of death left Raleigh the 8th inst., the check is dated in Cincinnati the 10th, and I am in possession of it the 12th.

Each insurer would like to know that his policy would be promptly paid to his loved ones at his death, that being the time of need and object of the insurance.

I most cheerfully recommend the Union Central to those desiring or needing life insurance.

(Signed) JULIA W. SASSER. —News and Observer.

A Merited Success. Some time ago the Union Central Life Insurance Company issued a policy contract which claimed to give the insured the greatest possible guaranteed advantages, and we are glad to note the great prosperity with which it met, being evidenced by large gains in business in North Carolina, as well as elsewhere.

Their State Agent, Mr. Carey J. Hunter, of Raleigh, N. C., is now Superintendent for Virginia, New Mexico and North Carolina, and we rejoice at his splendid success.—News and Observer.

White & Speight will take pleasure in showing you any of those latest desirable policies used by the Union Central Insurance Co. They make a specialty of the 20 payment guarantee which is the very latest on record. See them and do well to yourself in old age or to your family in case of death.

Tobacco Flues. Our tools were destroyed by fire but we have ordered more and will be ready to furnish all the tobacco Flues you want. They will be made of Steel and you may depend on it our flues will be made right as heretofore. For the present you will find us near our old stand, in the warehouse formerly used by J. C. Cobb & Son, first floor. S. E. PENDER & CO. Mar. 1st, 1896.

Nervous. People find just the help they so much need, in Hood's Sarsaparilla. It furnishes the desired strength by purifying, vitalizing and enriching the blood, and thus builds up the nerves, tones the stomach and regulates the whole system. Read this: "I want to praise Hood's Sarsaparilla. My health run down, and I had the grip. After that, my heart and nervous system were badly affected, so that I could not do my own work. Our physician gave me some help, but did not cure. I decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Soon I could do all my own household. I have taken

Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has cured me. I worked as hard as ever the past summer, and I am thankful to say I am well. Hood's Pills when taken with Hood's Sarsaparilla help very much." Mrs. M. M. Messersmith, Freehold, Penn. This and many other cures prove that

Hood's Sarsaparilla. Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills act easily, promptly and effectively. 25 cents.

Easter Greeting!

DO YOU WANT A PAIR OF GLOVES TO MATCH THAT NEW DRESS.

Lang's Gloves ARE THE BEST ON THE MARKET.

Correct as to Fit. Correct as to Style. Correct as to Quality. Correct as to prices.

An endless variety of Gloves, Hosiery, Neckwear and other fixings for your EASTER TOILETS.

Lang's Cash House LANG SELLS CHEAP.

Mrs. Hornes' old store, postoffice corner.

Knocked Out on the First Round, But we have come again.

The late fire caught us just as we were opening business in Greenville, but we have built a new store next to the Reflector office, below Fives Points, and are now ready to serve the public.

HARDWARE IS OUR SPECIALTY.

—But we also carry a complete line of—

WOOD AND WILLOW-WARE, TINWARE, STOVES

Paints, Oils and Farming Implements

We buy for CASH and sell for CASH, consequently can defy competition on all goods in our line. Come to see us.

BAKER & HART

NEAR FIVE POINTS.

OUTRAGEOUS ASSAULT.

Through a letter to the REFLECTOR from Winterville we learn of an outrageous assault upon Elder Fred McLawhorn on Saturday night. After he had retired somebody knocked at his door. He got up and upon opening the door was knocked down and dragged on into the yard where he was beaten into insensibility. The letter gave no further particulars.

From another source we hear that Mr. McLawhorn while speaking of the assault on Sunday, said he did not know who the assailant was or whether more than one assaulted him. The first blow at the door stunned him, and when he regained consciousness he was on his bed and a fire had been kindled in the fire-place. He did not know how he got on the bed or who made the fire. Mrs. McLawhorn was away from home visiting a daughter at the time, and two other daughters were asleep in another part of the house but were not aroused by the disturbance and knew nothing of it until next morning. Our informant said Mr. McLawhorn also stated that he had had no trouble with any one to provoke such an assault, unless it was some words he had with a hand on his farm, Saturday evening, because the hand was cruelly kicking a horse.

This was a dastardly crime, calling a citizen from his bed in the dead hours of night and beating him into unconsciousness. It ought the assailants should be punished severely. Pitt county ought to have some blood hounds to run down criminals of this character.

Elder McLawhorn is a minister of the Free Will Baptist church, and was one of the Representatives from this county in the Legislature of 1893.

Don't let the hotel talk die out. Greenville needs a modern hotel building.

A Good Company. Smithfield, N. C., March 12, 1896. Mr. Carey J. Hunter, Superintendent Union Central Life Insurance Company for Virginia and North Carolina, Raleigh, N. C.:

Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your company's check for \$2,000.00, it being for policy No. 62,941 in your company for \$2,000.00 on the life of the late Dr. L. L. Sasser, my beloved husband.

That the most vigorous and healthful should promptly provide life insurance, which is the cheapest and surest means of creating an estate and protecting one's loved ones, is plainly illustrated in Dr. Sasser's case. The wisdom of his insuring cannot be doubted by anyone now.

He regarded no company the superior of the Union Central, and I am glad to say, that while he had policies in two other old life companies, the Union Central is the first to pay the claim.

The proofs of death left Raleigh the 8th inst., the check is dated in Cincinnati the 10th, and I am in possession of it the 12th.

Each insurer would like to know that his policy would be promptly paid to his loved ones at his death, that being the time of need and object of the insurance.

I most cheerfully recommend the Union Central to those desiring or needing life insurance.

(Signed) JULIA W. SASSER. —News and Observer.

A Merited Success. Some time ago the Union Central Life Insurance Company issued a policy contract which claimed to give the insured the greatest possible guaranteed advantages, and we are glad to note the great prosperity with which it met, being evidenced by large gains in business in North Carolina, as well as elsewhere.

Their State Agent, Mr. Carey J. Hunter, of Raleigh, N. C., is now Superintendent for Virginia, New Mexico and North Carolina, and we rejoice at his splendid success.—News and Observer.

White & Speight will take pleasure in showing you any of those latest desirable policies used by the Union Central Insurance Co. They make a specialty of the 20 payment guarantee which is the very latest on record. See them and do well to yourself in old age or to your family in case of death.

Tobacco Flues. Our tools were destroyed by fire but we have ordered more and will be ready to furnish all the tobacco Flues you want. They will be made of Steel and you may depend on it our flues will be made right as heretofore. For the present you will find us near our old stand, in the warehouse formerly used by J. C. Cobb & Son, first floor. S. E. PENDER & CO. Mar. 1st, 1896.

Nervous. People find just the help they so much need, in Hood's Sarsaparilla. It furnishes the desired strength by purifying, vitalizing and enriching the blood, and thus builds up the nerves, tones the stomach and regulates the whole system. Read this: "I want to praise Hood's Sarsaparilla. My health run down, and I had the grip. After that, my heart and nervous system were badly affected, so that I could not do my own work. Our physician gave me some help, but did not cure. I decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Soon I could do all my own household. I have taken

Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has cured me. I worked as hard as ever the past summer, and I am thankful to say I am well. Hood's Pills when taken with Hood's Sarsaparilla help very much." Mrs. M. M. Messersmith, Freehold, Penn. This and many other cures prove that

Hood's Sarsaparilla. Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills act easily, promptly and effectively. 25 cents.

Easter Greeting!

DO YOU WANT A PAIR OF GLOVES TO MATCH THAT NEW DRESS.

Lang's Gloves ARE THE BEST ON THE MARKET.

