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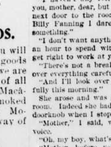

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THE MISSES E. WIN

A Desperate Remedy

[Original]

It happened when I was attending medical lectures. One day I went from a clinic to my room, sat in my easy chair and lighted a pipe. I expected my mother, who was coming to town, at any moment.

"Great Scott! What's that?"

From my bedroom came a clear, mischievous whistle, the air was, "Listen to the mocking bird" and after the chorus came an excellent imitation of the bird's notes. When it was finished, a sweet feminine voice said:

"Why don't you do your part, Billy?"

My name is not Billy, and I never did any part in the song of "The Mocking Bird."

What occupied my mind was who had taken possession of my bedroom to give such a concert. I got up from my chair and proceeded to find out. The door between the two rooms opened, and there stood a very pretty girl.

We stood looking at one another for a moment equally astonished. Then she executed the feminine device, talk on doubtless from the bird which lurks in bed in the mouth and twiddling her feet, or clapping her hands to her face.

"There is evidently some mistake," I remarked.

"An awful mistake."

"How did you get into my bedroom?"

"I thought it was Billy's."

"Who is Billy?"

"My brother, Billy Fanning."

"Why, he's my chum. His rooms are next to mine."

"There was a knock at my sitting room door. The girl shrank back into my bedroom, and I closed the door. Turning, there was a head looking in to the room—my mother.

"Dear boy!"

"Dear mother!"

Oh, if there were only a door opening from my bedroom into the hall! But there was no such door. The girl could not leave my room except by the one we were in.

"You are tired, mother, at climbing the stairs. Sit in this chair and rest."

I put her in the chair and listened to and asked the usual questions after a separation.

"I haven't any refreshment to offer you, mother, dear, but if you'll just step next door to the rooms of my friend Billy Fanning I am sure I can find something."

"I don't want anything. I have only an hour to spend with you and must get right to work at your linen.

"There's not a break in it. I looked over everything carefully last night."

"And I'll look over everything carefully this morning."

She arose and was going to my bedroom. I followed and had her hand on doorknob when I stopped her.

"Mother," I said, with a trembling voice.

"Oh, my boy, what's the matter?"

"Mother, before you go in there I have something of importance to communicate."

"Do tell me, quick! Has anything happened?"

"Mother, I'm engaged."

"Engaged and without consulting your best mother! Oh, Roger, how could you?"

"And, mother, my fiancee is in that room now attending to my linen."

"Your fiancee in there! Then I'll never speak to her!"

"But, mother, it's worse yet. I haven't told you all. I'm married. It's my wife who is in there."

Poor mother sank into my arms and groaned.

"Mother, when you see her you'll be delighted. She's lovely. She's Billy Fanning's sister."

"I don't care who she is. I'll have nothing to do with her."

Now, I had purposely talked sufficiently loud for the girl in the next room to hear. She did hear and had herself to my desperate makeshift. She opened the door and stepped boldly out.

"Mother, this is Miss—I mean my wife. I know you will love her and she will love you."

The girl walked up to mother, kissed her and asked in a voice into which she contrived to throw a tremolo, "Can you forgive us?"

"You are a very sweet looking girl," said my mother, somewhat appeased.

"Yes, mother, and when you've known her as long as I have you'll adopt she's as lovely as she looks."

The girl turned away suddenly. Mother supposed it was to hide her blushes at my encomium. I caught a glimpse of her face in a mirror and saw that it was to hide laughter.

"Well, Roger, you've been a very bad boy to do this clandestinely, but I dare say when I hear the explanation I'll understand it all and feel thankful."

"Yes, mother." Then I said to my supposed wife, who was looking at the sitting room door, "Must you go so soon, dear?"

"Yes, but I've not touched your linen. Your mother won't have to give that up for some time yet."

When I got mother off, I went next door, where I found Miss Fanning.

"This is a serious matter," I said to her, "and I see but one way out of it. I offer you my heart and hand and ask you to consider my proposition as long as we can deceive my mother. Then we must be married or suffer the consequences."

We kept mother quiet for thirty days and told several lies each day. Then there was an announced engagement, followed by a public wedding.

Billy Fanning and my wife then whistle "The Mocking Bird" together to piano accompaniment, but my wife invariably fails to keep the required pucker.

F. A. MITCHEL.

FOUR LETTERS AND A POSTSCRIPT

[Copyright, 1901, by A. S. Richardson.]

Miss Patricia Douglas to her dearest friend, Miss Nellie Taylor:

Longhurst-on-the-Sea, July 13.

Dear Girlie—To think that just one year ago you and I were having such times together and now you are actually working in noisy, dusty New York! Perhaps you are somewhat consoled by the fact that every one thinks you tremendously clever and good to help pray father in his hour of trouble, but I should think my dear, that business and all that sort of thing would be such a bore to a woman.

Of course you want to know about everything and everybody. Well, it's the same old place and very nearly the same old crowd, particularly the men, who are distressingly few and far between. You remember that great Miss Jimmy Burnes, he enjoyed soubbing last season? He's quite the go this year. Even the shape of his nose has changed a bit, and he has a perfect love of an automobile. I've had several spins with him already. I'm so glad I bought that red coat. It makes a stunning contrast to his dark green auto.

It was lucky I brought my golf clubs and suit, for the links are in splendid form, and Jack Perrie, the crack golfer, is down for a month's stay. Isn't he fine? I'm not sure about the shoes, but I know that little frilled nonsense is so becoming. And Jack Perrie has eyes for something above golf balls.

I found that out last night when we got out two waltzes in the turret corner of the porch. Remember the turret corner, Nell? I thought you would. You've been there often enough, dear knows, if you've my green crape. It might have been made for moonlight on the sea, and I love of the moonlight on the water, or the Mexican waltzes the orchestra plays, but I'm afraid I did lose his head. I was so shocked, for of course he knows I'm engaged to Ned. But then, men who are perfectly sane in town forget, we women are swayed with such things under a summer moon, especially if the eyes behind a cloud.

By the way, in his letter today Ned mentioned that he would be down for a week. I know the dear fellow is so disappointed. He had planned on being here the day I got away. Well, it's kind to him. Ned, as you can be sure, is quite in the swim of things. You'll find he is the least of company on all occasions. Yours ever,

PATSY.

Miss Nellie Taylor to her dearest friend, Miss Patricia Douglas:

Fifth Building, Wall Street,
New York, July 13.

My Dear Patty—Your newsy letter did make me think longingly of old times for a minute or two, but, after all, New York is not half bad in summer. For one thing, I'm sitting at a bee hive of life. The offices during the day are breezy and jolly, and at night mother has all sorts of delicious surprises concocted for me. She has turned the roof into a miniature summer garden after the household contents of my old home journal. There are easy chairs, tables, shadowy cozy corners, palms and rubber-leaved French plants. I am becoming shockingly stuck up. I take down on the street. We spend most of our evenings on the roof. Oh, Patty, it's so romantic, and you know that the bright little gentleman never talks of me be played—and what with his music and my singing the popular songs of the real roof gardens and mother making delicious punch, we imagine we are quite giddy.

Last evening Ned took mother and me to one of the ornithonus houses. Such a lark! And tonight we are going to Manhattan Beach. It is great fun, after all, to be a little free from the old stuffy manners, and, dear, I confess I like it and can see how it is that people do it. Of course I will do my best to console Ned while you are away. But you must remember this is not Longhurst-on-the-Sea. I have only evenings. Saturday afternoons and Sundays are the only days. Write me all the news. I do enjoy it, and so does mother. Yours lovingly, NELL.

Miss Patricia Douglas to her fiance, Mr. Ned Goodfellow:

Longhurst-on-the-Sea, July 15.

Dear Mr. Goodfellow—I am sending you today your letters, rings and photographs. I am convinced that our engagement has been a mistake. I have always held that people to be happily married must have congenial tastes—in fact, must be perfect chums. Clearly you and I do not come in the above class. You will believe, I am sure, that the engagement for your happiness as well as my own. There are so many charming girls, and not an so really congenial. Yours sincerely,

PATRICIA DOUGLAS.

Sent by messenger from Mr. Ned Goodfellow to Miss Nellie Taylor:

Room —, Bowling Green, Aug. 1.

My Darling Nell—My Nell! How truly good that sounds! I'm sending you a few things. Put them on your desk, where they will remind you of me every minute in the day. I shall be up early this evening to bring—can you guess what? It's a surprise. Answer, the least I dared to buy but not half good enough for the bravest, sweetest — in the world. Over and over I catch myself wondering how I could ever think of any other girl in the world. Nell, the happiest year in your life is ahead of me. The greatest treasure in the world my affect. Imagine finding one's affinity in Wall street! How ridiculous—and how delightful! Yours always,

NED.

Special correspondence to the Comet from Longhurst-on-the-Sea:

Aug. —

The golf links are responsible for the romance of the season at this popular resort. Today every one is talking of the engagement of Jack Perrie, the crack golfer, to Patty Douglas, who for two seasons has been a belle at Longhurst. Jack Perrie holds not only some enviable golf scores and trophies, but he also has the music back for the Roxanne mansion on his mother's side. Miss Douglas, though enthusiastic golfer, has made no particularly good scores until she engaged this distinguished golfer to be the company called hearts.

JANE MEDEDITH.

Waterproof Glue.

To make waterproof glue, soak it in water until softened thoroughly, but not quite the shape. Heat slowly in linseed oil until dissolved, then mix thoroughly. To make fireproof glue, pour water over good glue and let it remain over night, then slowly melt and add white lead to make the right consistency. This will withstand fire, but not boiling water. To fasten leather to tin, take good yellow glue, break it into small pieces, cover with water and leave three or four hours. Pour off the water, place the glue in a wide mouthed bottle or pint can and cover with acetic acid. Set in warm water until dissolved and incorporate the two by stirring.

LYDIA F. PERKINS.

Seemed to Have Got Out.

A Chicago man on a summer vacation went to a Wisconsin lake resort and one day became engaged in conversation with the proprietor. He commented on the attractiveness of the surroundings and finally asked the hotel keeper how many acres there were in the property.

"About forty," replied the proprietor. "I see there is another resort a short distance north of you. Who owns that?"

"The Widder Simmons."

"You and she join, do you not?"

"Well, sometimes when she turned a shade or two redder.

"We're expecting to next October," he said, "but I didn't think anybody'd found it out yet."

French Coffee.

The delicious flavor which all travelers in France discover in the coffee of that country is got, it is said, by the addition of a little butter and sugar during the roasting process. To every three pounds of roasting berries a tablespoonful each of butter and powdered sugar is added. These is melting spread over the beans in a thin coating, which holds the aroma and contributes a caramel flavor that is delicious and distinctive.—Harper's Bazar.

THE PROVIDENTIAL MULE

[Copyright, 1901, by T. C. McClure.]

"That mule is a clear gift of Providence," said Aunt Rachel stoutly, her eyes twinkling.

The children by common consent turned their faces toward the open kitchen window, through which a double looking mule had poked his head, watching the breakfast table expectantly.

"Well, you just wait till you see in the county paper in the 'Sting' notices: 'Lost—Medium sized dark bay mule, with black ears and mane and a brand on the left side'"—

"There!" his sister interrupted triumphantly. "Who's brand is it?"

This being a flash of almost masculine sagacity, her brother was silenced for the time.

If the mule was not a clear favor of Providence, at least he seemed such to this humble family. It was just at cotton planting time that their only ox died, that sturdy of the poor farmer of the south—gentle, patient, long enduring, poorly fed and tended, yet relentlessly laying down the yoke worn smooth by years of faithful service rather to them, for on their cotton crop depended their livelihood.

In the darkest hour, which is said to precede dawn, the mule had come. Aunt Rachel saw him for the first time at the kitchen window, blandly looking in, and, as the yard gate was shut and the palings were high, it seemed to her simple soul that he had been dropped from the clouds.

Aunt Rachel and the children stood around while the mule was being put into the shabby harness. He seemed to take it all as a joke, and he started off toward the field at a gay, mincing gait that kept the farmer sawing at the lines, and when he reached the end of the first row he shook off the frail harness and vaulted neatly over the fence. Then, with a wise grin at the farmer, he knelt down slowly, rested his head on the ground and turned a complete somersault.

Suddenly the mule vaulted back into the field, and, rising later on his hind feet, advanced on the farmer, and when he defensively raised his whip with a bright look of relief the mule retreated, still upright, and began circling around in excellent waltz time. He seemed to become excited with the motion and indulged in polkas and two steps of all kinds and wound up with a spirited gallop twice around the field, then came cantering up to the dumfounded farmer and looked trustingly into his face. But, finding he was only wanted as a plowing implement, he turned about and hoped to the house. Arriving at the closed gate, he stretched his neck and, noting up the latch, sauntered in. So when Aunt Rachel, washing dishes, looked up she saw the providential mule antricing amicably at the window.

Though her brother Jonas had completely soured on him that first day, with a woman's persistence Aunt Rachel still looked on the mule as a gift. On succeeding days matters were no better. The mule did everything imaginable that was useless and very little that was useful. The children, with the pathetic inconsequence of childhood, were delighted at his tricks. He was a constant source of amusement to the poor little dark. Living as they always had lived in a small, dull neighborhood, never having seen a circus and deprived by poverty of the usual childish playthings, they soon learned to love the good natured, clever animal. Even Baby Joe toddled fearlessly at his heels though the mule had nearly frightened him out of his senses the first day by picking him up by his dress and setting him on his broad back. But this was now understood to be a mark of special favor, limited only to the baby, and with the little fellow on his back the mule would trot around the yard while Joe shrieked with delight.

Their father, with the rancor of poverty, endured impatiently the added expense. Certainly the mule, considered materially, was no profit. He would not work. This had been proved beyond a doubt. His favorite trick when harnessed to the plow was to pick the harness to pieces at the knots then shake it off playfully, looking around for the approval which never came.

He was eating up the fodder provided for his predecessor, the ox, and there would be no cotton crop for want of proper attention. The mule had been a week with the family when the county paper came. The farmer looked eagerly for the "Sting" notes, but found instead this astonishing insertion:

"Six hundred dollars reward for information leading to the recovery of dark bay mule, with black ears and mane. Fifty dollars more will be added if this valuable trick mule is returned by the finders in good condition. Address J. Oldham, manager circus "Greatest Thing on Earth."

And when the mule had been turned over in excellent condition to his proper owners and the money promptly paid to the farmer Aunt Rachel said:

"I told you so, Jonas. Now, wasn't that a clear gift of Providence?"

"But the children, little impractical mites that they were, wept at the loss of the providential mule.

LYDIA F. PERKINS.

He Had Learned It.

"I heard a good story the other day," began the grocery man, "about a certain politician."

"That will do," interrupted the disappointed officeseeker. "In the first place, there are no certain politicians."—Chicago News.

A Bad Breath

A bad breath means a bad stomach, a bad digestion, a torpid liver. Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache.

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HEALTH INSURANCE

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The man who insures his health is wise both for his family and himself.

You may insure health by guarding it. It is worth guarding.

At the first attack of disease, which generally approaches through the LIVER and manifests itself in innumerable ways TAKE

Tutt's Pills

And save your health.

A DOOMED DESERTER WHO PLAYED POKER AND WON.

As a Preliminary to His Execution He Had His Winnings Distributed Among the Members of the Squad That Shot Him to Death.

"It is a matter of fact," said a member of Company A, Third Maryland, "that military execution has a peculiar fascination for men who were daily accustomed to see hundreds slain in battle. Men who shovel a breastwork in on a trench full of slain comrades and chew hardtack or eat salt pork while at the job with a callousness which only such frequent scenes or occurrences would make possible in the human heart. This was a very impressive and alive to the solemn parade and formalities of a military execution.

"In our regiment we had a private soldier sentenced to be shot for desertiing to the enemy. His name was Thompson, and he belonged to Company K. This man Thompson had deserted off redette post one night and some two months afterward came into our lines, where members of his own company happened to be on picket duty. Thompson did not circulate on this. His idea is coming in was to surrender as a Confederate soldier and he sent north. It happened near to the Weldon railroad, where our division of the Ninth corps was then posted. Of course, on being recognized, he was taken to headquarters, and a court martial immediately convened. It lasted one morning and Thompson was not the humble soldier he seemed, but a Confederate officer and spy. He had been an officer in the United States navy before the war. He resigned and went south, where he secured the commission of colonel of infantry.

"Being a Marylander of family, efforts were made to save his life, but in a quiet way, as his relatives feared to disclose his real identity for fear he would be hanged as a spy instead of shot as a deserter. Friday, the day set for execution in the Army of the Potomac, came around too soon for Thompson and his relatives. The night previous he had been informed that all efforts had failed at Washington. I was on guard duty over him, and my brother was one of the detail of twelve men selected as the firing squad. My brother didn't like the job, and came to the tent where I was on guard to consult with me how to get out of it. Thompson overheard our conversation, and, knowing my brother by name, he broke in: 'Say, Tip, you must not back out. I want you in the squad, as I know you are a dead shot and will take me from the sergeant.'

"It was the practice for the sergeant if the firing squad failed to kill the condemned man with a volley to place the muzzle of his rifle against the temple of the victim and blow out his brains.

"After Tip had consented the officer of the guard permitted us to play cards with the prisoner. He had a roll of bills, and we were soon in a stiff poker game. Two guards, including myself, my brother Tip and Thompson, composed the quartet. We played until long daylight, and Thompson won almost the party of every collar. He had phenomenal luck and watched the cards like a hawk.

"In the afternoon he was to die, and about noon he asked to see the lieutenant of the firing squad. Handing the officer $500, he asked him to divide it equally among the men detailed to shoot him.

"The division was drawn up and formed three sides of a square, the fourth side being open, where the grave of Thompson was freshly dug. The band played the dead march in 'Saul' and Thompson, at the head of the firing squad, marched around the three sides of the square, with the coffin in which he was to be inclosed carried immediately behind him. Reaching the open space, the coffin was set down, Thompson seated himself on the end of it, facing the firing squad, about twelve paces distant. The death warrant was read, and the chaplain led his handkerchief for the prisoner's eyes. I watched Thompson, curious to note if he would hear the reports of the muskets that killed him. Presently I heard the lieutenant's low voice: 'Ready! Aim! Fire!'

"In the next instant Thompson toppled back into his coffin a dead man. The reports of the muskets he never heard, as I saw him swiftly fall over before I heard the guns crack, and so I settled this disputed point to my own satisfaction, and to that extent the execution of Thompson interested me and no more."—Washington Post.

To Thread a Hair Through a Waistcoat.

To pass a hair through a waistcoat without boring a hole seems an impossibility, but the feat has often been done. The hull of the walnut when examined with a strong glass is seen to have innumerable small openings, some of which lead entirely through the nut. The trick consists in using a very fine hair and an infinite amount of patience. Pass the hair into one of these minute crevices and urge it gently along. Sometimes it will appear on the other side at the first trial, but if it comes out at the hundred and first you will be very lucky.

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$5.00 REWARD.

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Yours truly, W. H. BAYD, *Steward State Blind Institution.*

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Classification and Grading.

[Essay read by Miss Bertha Dawson before the Pitt County Teachers Association.]

The time was when the country school was considered a matter of small importance and one worthy of little consideration But the fact is now being realized that in the country school lies the life and power of our nation, and a feeling is springing up that there is no better field in which to labor nor scarcely one capable of more improvement.

Statistics show that three fourths of the children in the public schools of the south today are enrolled in the country schools. Upon these children depends, in great measure, the future of the state, more important, then, that the training received should be such as to benefit them in every respect. The instruction given should not be imparted in a desultory, disconnected way, as is often the case, but in an orderly, systematized manner calculated to develope in these pupils a desire for more and more learning.

In our cities, educational matters have been long considered, and consequently the city schools are more efficient. But it is only of late years that the country school has been a subject of much thought; so the rural school problem is still of the present.

In the city, the question how best to classify and grade children has been solved to some extent by a system of graded schools, where all children are classified and graded according to age, ability, and knowledge possessed by them. Forty or more children, all of the same grade, are placed, under the charge of one teacher. As these forty children all study the same subjects, and the same branches in those subjects, the teacher has few recitations each day and a large amount of time to devote to each recitation. This system can be used very successfully in a city where the schools have at least 400 or 500 pupils and thereby require the services of a dozen or more teachers.

But our country schools are necessarily of an altogether different order. Here we find each county divided into districts of about fifty or more pupils being in each district. For these fifty children of all grades and ages, only one teacher is employed. Can one be surprised when it is the unsatisfactory results achieved by our rural schools? If only those fifty children could be gotten in one, or even three grades! But generally among these pupils, there is every variety of progress from the little tots in ignorant of "A B C's," to the student almost ready for college.

How does small the teacher best set to work about classifying and grading his school? How can any system or order be obtained? Our very good idea to keep in view is this. Have as few classes in any one subject as can possibly be gotten without gross injustice to the majority of the school. By this means there will be fewer recitations and more time for each And only those who have had experience in teaching a country school work, can realize how hard it is to get a small number of classes in any branch. For instance in geography, there will be primary geography, elementary geography, manual geography, in arithmetic there will be classes in division, classes in common fractions, decimal fractions, percentage &c., and so on through all the subjects taught There will be scholars in spelling who will insist that they cannot keep up with other pupils a few pages ahead, and who will ask that a separate class be made for them. There will be the small boy whose parents want him to advance too rapidly, the dull girl who is backward and needs constant coaching. All of these difficulties are to be met but generally by reasoning tactfully with pupils and by encouraging them, they can be brought to look at things as the teacher would have them, and made ready for any change that seems good

The system of few recitations and more time to each will prove a great benefit to any school. But how to get this system is the question. In many public schools the teachers hear at least thirty recitations per day. This number, with the average school day of six hours gives about ten minutes for a recitation. What can be done by any teacher with any lesson in ten minutes? Suppose for instance it should be an exercise in reading. There is no time to bring out any special thoughts which may be suggested by the lesson, no time to interest the child by asking his idea about any passage he reads more to the reading degenerates into a jumbled word calling, the principal object being to get through with this lesson so as to be ready for the next. No wonder such classes becomes dull, the teacher worried and the room in evil disorder. The teacher could do away with as many classes as possible by following some carefully considered plan Take for instance the pupils in reading. After they have thoroughly mastered the mechanical part of reading from some good second reader, the third and fourth reader classes may be united by letting them read such books as Robinson Crusoe, Old Greek Stories, Hiawatha, &c. These books are so difficult but that all grades above second reader will find both pleasure and profit in their reading.

In arithmet c, it might be well to have three divisions: those studying the four fundamental operations, secondly those who study fractions and thirdly those in percentage. For studying out some plan for doing away with classes, particularly suited to his own school, the teacher will be well repaid. The advantages of this system are many. There will be a large number in recitation and so few left at their seats to create disorder. Thus the teacher will be enabled to give his whole attention to the recitation, and the other pupils alike will be interested in each other and the subject matter of the lesson, and by comparison of ideas the pupils will be led to discover thoughts of which they were not judged capable.

The question of grading pupils is also a puzzling one. Here comes a scholar who studies advanced arithmetic and history and is just beginning geography and grammar, indeed the reverse is also seen in those who think that arithmetic is the only necessary part of a boy's mental equipment. And fully in accord with this idea the boy comes into school with the intention of studying arithmetic to the exclusion of almost everything else. The only thing to be done is to attempt to show him the error of his way and to encourage him to do what were time to the studies in which he is lacking until there is greater uniformity in his work.

In one term a teacher cannot banish all the evils, cannot perfectly classify all his pupils. He can only work and strive toward the ideal which he has set for himself, knowing that the harder the striving, the grander the result. When the much talked of consolidation of districts shall have taken place, when every school has a suitable building and the proper number of teachers, then our work will be easier. In the meantime fellow teachers let us be patient, classifying and grading our schools as best we may, knowing that in due time, if we are earnest, there will be given us a better way.

Charity and Children, which is a part of the belongings of the Rapidan Orphanage at Thomasville, observes that "our folks are drinking a good deal of liquor these days but it is made in the pot and tanglefoot in the jug. And by the way, there are many worse things in food and drink than pot liquor. The North Carolinian who is not familiar with it has suffered in his early education and needs to go back and begin it over again.—Charlotte Observer.

NORTH CAROLINA DAY.

Celebrated by Greenville Schools.

Today the six schools of the town united together in celebrating North Carolina Day and rendered the program selected by the State Superintendent of Education. The general subject was the Albemarle sections. The exercises took place in the court house, a large number of people being present.

After some opening remarks by County Superintendent, W. H. Ragsdale, the program was carried out as follows:

Song.—"The Old North State."
Reading.—"The First Governor, William Drummond," Miss Margaret Skinner.

Question and Answers on the Albemarle section—The answers were given by pupils from differ ent schools.

Reading.—"Roanoke Island of Today," Miss Mattie Cooey.
Reading.—"Albemarle Monuments," Misses Lettie Skinner and Abbie Cox.
Reading.—"Edenton," Hugh Ragsdale, Thurman Moore and Frank Wilson.
Song.—"My Country, 'Tis of Thee."
Reading.—"Hertford," Miss Lizzie Longmingtonne.
Reading.—"Elizabeth Redell," Bailey Cooey, Will Lipscomb and John Sheldon.
Declamation.—"Sir Walter Raleigh's Colonies on Roanoke Island," Alex. Blow.
Reading.—"Hatteras and the Bankers," Ames Blow.
Reading.—"Stories of the Banks," Misses Essie Whichard, Florence Blow, Agnes Spain and Lillian Burch.
Recitation.—"Hatteras," Miss Martha Lee Cowell.
Song.—"Ho for Carolina."

THE DEESTRICK SKULE

Criticism by Col. I. A. Suggs.

The Deestrick Skule was all "an fair."

The crowd was the very largest.

The receipts more than was expected.

The women, grandiloquently charming and altogether lovely.

The men, imperatively handsome and gallant.

The small boy and his accustomed squeak-whistle and bouncer.

The babies, very much a great deal too much in evidence.

Here his numerous, ewater B fills unanimous.

Clerk by Jonkie—after the fact.

Accept Thanks.

The managers of the Deestrick Skule requests THE REFLECTOR to extend their sincere thanks to all who participated in the exercises at the opera house Thursday night and who may have contributed to the success of the undertaking, and to the public for the very liberal patronage extended the performance. Especial indebtedness is acknowledged to the Creighton's, whose assistance proved so valuable before the audience, to the chestra, whose generous service is heartily appreciated, to Mr. Cotton for a very clever solo, to Mss. G. B Hadley, Mr. Vick, Mrs. B. Cherry, Essie Whichard

Bishop A. Coke Smith is presiding at the conference in Monroe this week. This is Bishop Smith's first appearance in a conference in his official capacity, and he has not only received a cordial welcome to the chair, but is presiding like a veteran. This is due not only to the high and sacred office that he occupies, but also to the deep personal esteem in which he is held throughout the conference.—Asheville Citizen.

If you are bilious and seeking a cathartic, Take DeWitt's Little Early Risers Just before going to bed. You will find on the morrow You are rid of your sorrow—. That's all, just enough said.

These famous pills do not gripe, but move the bowels gently and easily, cleansing the liver. Their tonic effect gives strength to the glands, preventing a return of the disorder.—Geo. L. Wooten.

A Remarkable Coincidence

In the Messenger of the 20th instant there appeared an editorial under the head lines "Pritchard Then and Now." We did not know then that we were forestalling a similar editorial of The Wilson Daily News of the 21st. Had we known this we would have deferred publication until after the latter date and given The News credit for its, as the two editorials are identically the same—word for word. We beg pardon of The News editor for publishing his editorial without giving due credit, but as it appeared in the Messenger the day before its publication in the News, a fair-minded public will hardly criticise us very much for failing to give the latter paper credit. The two articles are so identically similar that as unfortunate, but rather amusingly unexplained error which caused into the first publication, whomever one that was, also got into the other. For fear we give us their longer Brother, and we will try not let it happen again.—Wilmington Messenger.

Family Reunion.

The home of Mr. Robert Slaughter was the scene of a merry thanksgiving gathering a few days ago, Mr. and Mrs. Rainer Dennard, six young sons of Kinston, and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McArthur and children of Rocky Mount, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Slaughter, and found the entertainment provided for them pleasant indeed. Mrs. Dennard, who was formerly Miss Florence Slaughter, is very popular in Greenville, as are also Mr. and Mrs. McArthur. Their many friends here were pleased to see them, and the family reunion was an altogether enjoyable occasion. The Thanksgiving dinner served was perfect in every respect and all who partook of it will remember the occasion in years to come.

The hardier woman to please is the one who doesn't know what she wants.

A rotbonded widow is a champagne bottle whose cork needs double wiring.

Shoe Facts Fashions

Greenville's Great Department Store.

WITH the recollection of most of us comfort was the only requisite in a Shoe, but today this must be combined with an artistic attractiveness in harmony with the mode of the season. We know you will be glad to learn that a Ladies' Shoe has at last been produced, strong in every respect, graceful in every line, easy and comfortable in every way, at the popular price of $2.00 per pair. We are sole agents for the "Try My Shoe" in this city, and we invite your careful inspection of these excellent shoes at our store.

Remember we also carry a full line of Ladies' Shoes of other makes in all the popular leathers at popular prices.

SELZ Fine Shoes FOR MEN

Twenty-eight years of successful shoe building. Selz guarantee satisfaction or refunds money. Sold by millions of shoe wearers. Every pair of Selz Men's Fine Shoes fully illustrates this fact. They make your feet look well, no matter what size you wear, and combine the extreme of style with perfection of comfort and wearing value

HIGH QUALITIES—LOW PRICES.

Ask for Selz "Lion Shoe," Selz "Tender Weight," Selz "Horsehide."

SELZ, SCHWAB & CO., Chicago. Largest Manufacturers of Boots and Shoes in the World.

Every man should be interested in our popular

SELZ SHOES

J. B. Cherry & Co.

PULLEY & BOWEN.

Special offerings in every department of our store.

The season is well under way and the weather has been too mild. Our stock is larger than it should be, and to relieve the congestion we are offering special inducements in the substantial form of bargains. If you buy of us during these special offerings and find after you have made your purchase that you can duplicate the same goods, cheaper elsewhere, bring the same back and we will cheerfully refund your money.

36-inch Taffeta Silk, every yard guaranteed. You can't get anything better in silk, no matter what the price 1.25

22-inch Taffeta Silk. We are making a leader of this, and want you to compare it with other $1.00 silks; you will find it as good and the price only 75c. 75c.

11 yard wide Heavy Skirting, all wool, in tan, oxford and light gray; we have the very best that can be had to sell at 1.00

Ladies' Kid Gloves, black, white, tan, mode, gray, in fact all shades. We take special pains in selecting these and give you great values in every pair at 1.00

64-inch all linen full

THE EASTERN REFLECTOR.
GREENVILLE, N. C.

D. T. WHICHARD, EDITOR AND OWNER

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

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1902.

They are fast learning American ways in far off Russia. The latest over there is cat and dog sausage.

Wilson can now thank its negro postmaster for the regularity with which the words "Wilson, N. C., &c.," appears as date lines.

In Mr. Roosevelt's case a pretty fair sort of police commissioner was spoiled to make a wabbly president. The former job was about his size.

Now that we have all been told exactly what we have had to be thankful for, we should be able to pick out a few things to think about next time.

If you think your lot is particularly hard, just remember that the proof reader in the government printing office will have to read every word of the president's message.

The Henderson Gold Leaf has recently put on a new dress of type. It was already a handsome paper, one of the neatest and best printed in the State, but this new dress gives it a better appearance than ever.

About twelve months from now we'll have another one. If those street improvements, electric lights and graded schools should get this side of the horizon by that time, much gratitude as well as turkey would mark the day.

The papers out in Indiana have human editors, after all. They say the late lynching was an outrage and a disgrace to the state, that the lynchers should be prosecuted, and that the victim was a brute of the lowest type, and justly deserved his fate.

Booker Washington, the silent partner of the administration at Washington, says he's ready with advice whenever President Roosevelt asks for it. It is the opinion of more than one man that the president might learn much at the feet of the sage of Tuskegee.

The fellow who stopped with his head a hot ball from his wife's pistol in South Carolina the other day because she insisted, contrary to his inclinations, on being recognized as his wife, may be eliminated from any future enumeration of obstacles to woman's rights.

Ye who pine for coast duck read this.

Los Angeles, Nov. 26.—It has transpired that the death of millionaire Collins Dunlap in this city last Saturday, wasn't primarily due to angina rectoros, as given out, but to poisoning the poisoning due to eating duck that had been in cold storage.

Now will you be content with corn bread and collards?

Another North Carolina newspaper has reached the good fortune of having a building of its own. The Concord Times, ably edited by J. B. Sherrill, who for fifteen years has been the efficient secretary and treasurer of the State Press Association, announces that after December 1st it will occupy its own quarters. THE REFLECTOR rejoices with the Times in its well deserved prosperity.

The Durham Herald very sensibly observes:

"Mr. Pritchard may be deposed as leader of the republican party in North Carolina, but no leader will make the party respectable who is willing to do anything to keep on the right side of the administration. This policy would of course be best for those now in the party but it would not encourage a healthy or permanent growth."

The republican party is not so different in this respect from any other party. So long as national politics is inspired by Northern sentiment and dominated by men who are not in touch nor in sympathy with local conditions in the South, just so long will Southern ence that must necessarily result in friction with "the administration" at times, or forfeit the respect of their constituents. States manship in the White House and quite as good an article of the same name hereabouts present no stronger claim to respect than in certain differences, according to the point of view.

"ABSTAIN FROM EVERY APPEARANCE OF EVIL."

The resolution adopted by a conference of the Methodist church of this town, published in this paper, gives THE REFLECTOR a text for a little sermon. There may be those who differ from us, or who may think a secular newspaper has no business to speak of things religious; but an observant secular paper can possibly see the drift of things as quickly as the religious press, and the former can help the latter in advancing the cause of Christ by speaking out on such matters when opportunity presents.

THE REFLECTOR believes that the resolution above referred to is a step that should have been taken long ago in Greenville. Christ planted the Church on earth to carry on His work until He comes again to receive it, and the going hand in hand of the Church and the world, or the Church resorting to all manner of worldliness, is not honoring Him. We believe that the raising of money by many methods resorted to in this age to further the work of the Church is not an acceptable offering to God. The Scripture teaches that God loves a cheerful giver, and that He would have us lay by of our means to carry on His work in accordance with the prosperity He has given us. The gift that carries with it the most of sacrifice is the one most acceptable to God. When a church to carry on any enterprise goes down in its pocket and makes a willing offering it is honoring God and doing in accordance with Scriptural teaching. With due respect for the opinions of any who think otherwise, we believe festivals, shows and all such, for the benefit of the Church are wrong. The frequent church attendant in Greenville has doubtless heard the ministers speak of the Church seeming to have lost its power and that spiritual life in our midst had reached a low stage. THE REFLECTOR is frank to say that it believes a prime cause for this is that the Church engages in too much worldliness. The line of demarkation between the Church and the world has become indistinct, and until this is re-established there cannot be great spiritual progress. The altars of God should be broken down—Where fire come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you."

THE STATE PRESS

News and Opinions.

There is to be a show down between the President and Senator Pritchard very soon. It is said that the latter will demand the removal of the negro postmaster at Wilson simply because he is a negro, which action is supposed to be in line with the lily white movement. Mr. Roosevelt has insisted that the color of a man's skin has nothing to do with an appointment, that if his qualifications are up to the mark that is sufficient. So that the test is to come. Let's see who stands pat.—Greensboro Record.

When you tackle the trust proposition you run up against a great big problem, the greatest industrial revolution since the middle ages. On no subject has more cant and nonsense been written than on trusts. It is well to recovery wise effort to lesser their evil effects, but, so far as destroying them is concerned, we are afraid that it would be as easy to instill virtue into the degraded by legislation as to completely change the basis of modern business methods by law.—Raleigh Times.

Col. Julin S. Carr announces himself as candidate to succeed to Senator Pritchard. Col. Carr has a warm place in the heart of every true North Carolinian, and though he was defeated in the last Senatorial contest, 'twas because the time was not ripe for his candidacy and not from any fear as to his fitness. He is a great man and his popularity is not confined to his native heath.—Williamston Enterprise.

This is Romance.

The Bryson City Recorder says that what it would call a romantic marriage was that of Mr. A. H. Welch, of Needmore, and Mrs. Jennette Battley, formely of Cataluge, N. C., who has been living in Bryson City three months. She is 70 and the gallant groom 57.

The old couple had but short acquaintance, having met for the first time about two months ago. It seems to have been a case of "love at first sight," for although the old man had repeatedly canvassed the town selling his books, he has put in a good part of his two months recanvassing and selling books around town. The Rev. Hymen Hyde performed the ceremony in less than a minute, which made them man and wife. The bride was attired in traveling costume while the groom wore outdurop breeches and bugan shoes and his beard, which he usually wears in a plat, combed out, which almost touched the floor. There were only a few friends present. After the ceremony was performed and the friends of the couple had repaired to their homes the whole outside of town was aroused from peaceful slumbers by a serenading party with old fashioned cow bells, tin pails, fire crackers, etc.—Raleigh News and Observer.

Fighting The Amendment.

By the advice of John S. Wise, negroes in various counties in Virginia are to bring suits for $5,000 each for damages against the more better constitutional convention from their county, because they were refused registration. They will also bring suit against the Governor, the registration board, and the precinct judges. The negroes will contend that all of the defendants are guilty of having conspired to deprive them of their right of suffrage, a right accorded them as citizens of the United States. The Governor is made a party to the suit because the Constitution was promulgated by proclamation.

As counsel for the negroes, Mr. Wise and Mr. Carlisle are also bringing suit in the Federal Court to set aside the Virginia amendment, alleging that it is unconstitutional in that it deprives negroes of the right to vote.

These two acts have deep interest for North Carolina, for if the Virginia amendment should be adjudged unconstitutional the same fate awaits the North Carolina amendment. It would set back the wheels of progress and peace in the South twenty-five years if the negro question should be thus re opened. Let us hope that the settlement of negro suffrage made in North Carolina and other Southern States will not be disturbed.—Raleigh News and Observer

The next proud-est thing to a new mother is a new aunt.

A woman's idea of being true to one man is falling out with her best friend because she doesn't admire what he has.

Asthma

"One of my daughters had a terrible case of asthma. We tried almost everything, but without relief. We then tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and three and one-half bottles cured her."—Emma Jane Emsminger, Lansville, O.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral certainly cures many cases of asthma.

And it cures bronchitis, hoarseness, weak lungs, whooping-cough, croup, winter coughs, night coughs, and hard colds.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., $1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he says you need it take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. AYER'S PILLS, Lowell, Mass.

Cleveland and the Trust Live.

Harper's Weekly has an appreciative and excellently analytical editorial review of ex-President Cleveland's speech at Morristown, N. J., the following extract from which is well worth reading. Premising that it has heard ex-Governor Hill and President Roosevelt on the same subject, it continues:

When now we turn to Mr. Cleveland, we find that he neither shirks, nor skulks, nor wanders afield in the chase of a chimera but strikes at the root of the matter and against the oppressors suffered or apprehended from the trusts, propounds a defensive measure that would be at once prompt and practicable. Sweep away the high protective tariff, he says, and replace it with a tariff for revenue, and you will paralyze the trusts, so far as their power for mischief is concerned. Subjected to the check of foreign competition, American manufacturers and American producers of fuel and meat would no longer be able to wring from consumers extortionate prices for the necessaries of life. Mr. Cleveland did not pretend that the abolition of the protective tariff would be followed by the annihilation of the trusts; neither did he affirm that such extinction was desirable under the conditions of industry and trade in the twentieth century. He is aware that trusts exist, even in free trade England, and that they are needed for the purpose of compassing the economies only obtainable through manufacturing on a vast scale. He perceives, however, that in free trade England, while trusts are powerful for good, they are impotent for evil. It is impossible in England to wring from the consumer an extortionate price for any of the necessaries of life. That is the state of things which Mr. Cleveland aims to bring about in the United States; and, of course, free trade, which, at present, is impracticable for this country, but by means of a tariff on imports, joined with a single eye to the production of the revenue needed for the government's expenditures.

We have said that the remedy proposed by Mr. Cleveland would be at once prompt and practicable. It is constitutional—amendment is not needed; no invocation of a visionary right of eminent domain.

And more to the same purpose. It is with a little observing that by this interpretation Mr. Cleveland must regard the trusts of free trade England as being not "powerful for good and impotent for evil"—since, under the English system of control "it is impossible to wring from the consumer an extortionate price for any of the necessaries of life." Any system of law which accomplishes these results robs the trust of their terrors and is to be preferred before Mr. Roosevelt's ineffectual method of a constitutional amendment or Mr. Hill's nineteenth century socialism.—Charlotte Observer.

LETTER TO H. L. CARR.
Greenville N. C.

Dear Sir: You have taken the agency for Devoe Lead and Zinc paint—the "Never-gallons; wears longer" paint.

It is fair to tell you that it is going to lessen the amount of paint sold in your town for each job; but it is going to more than double the satisfaction that people have found in other paint; and you are going to increase his business by getting more jobs.

It has never failed to do it. W. B. Atwell & Co., Waterville, Maine, bought $105 of Devoe lead and zinc in 1898. In 1901 they bought $1155. Doig Brothers of Lowville, N. Y., bought $29 in 1899. In 1901, $1091. Fowler & Selkirk, White Plains, N. Y.—1898 $166; 1901, $1762. Leggett & Peddie, Glens Falls, N. Y.—1899, $382; 1901, $3706.

Write to them.

You can't know too much about a paint that's going to increase business like that, and do so much for the people of your town.

Yours truly,
F. W. DEVOE & Co.,
New York.

Fresh Gossip From Near-by Vicinities

Gathered by Our Correspondents and Reported for REFLECTOR Readers.

BLACK JACK ITEMS.

BLACK JACK, N. C., Nov. 28, 1901.

Quite a number of our people met at the church yesterday for special Thanksgiving services which were conducted by Rev. Mr Boroughs.

Mrs. Sue Clark is visiting at S. W. Tyson's.

Mrs. Robert Dixon continues having chills and fevers.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry White left today for Dover to visit Mrs. White's parents.

J. R. Dixon is having a handsome dwelling erected.

Mr. Ellis, from near Winterville, was here Tuesday, doing some work for Calvin Mills.

Little Miss Zedie Dixon has been away since last Saturday on a visit to her uncle near Ayden.

Miss Nolie Mills lost her jacket or cloak at Shelmerdine last Sunday. It is generally supposed some one took it off the buggy.

Little Misses Alice and Bertie Mills, from near Chocowinity, are on a visit to little Miss Mattie Mills.

Mrs. White went to Greenville Wednesday.

BETHEL ITEMS.

BETHEL, N. C., Nov. 26, 1902.

Misses Effie and Mattie Gimes spent Saturday in Farboro.

Miss Annie Flemming, and John and Van Fleming were the guests of Misses Effie and Mattie Grimes part of this week.

Miss Sallie Roberson, of Edgecombe, spent Sunday with Miss Effie Grimes.

V. E. Staton and H. H Taylor spent Sunday in Robersonville.

Rev. Sam Moore has four of his family down with typhoid fever. We hope they will soon recover.

E. L. Mayo, of Tarboro spent Sunday with his best girl of this place.

John Highsmith, of Mt. Olive, is visiting relatives here.

GRIMESLAND ITEMS.

GRIMESLAND, N. C., Nov. 28.

Rev. Mr. Tingle filled his regular appointment here Sunday.

W. S. Galloway and Mis. J. J. Mason went to Washington Tuesday.

C. T. Cordon, of Washington, was here Monday.

Dr. C. M. Jones went to Tarboro Tuesday.

Tom Stilley, of Washington, was with us a while Tuesday.

W. E. Proctor and N. W. Campbell went to Washington today.

The ladies of this town are preparing for the union meeting which commences Saturday and lasts until Sunday night. We expect a large crowd and a pleasant time.

A. G. Gump, of Richmond, was here Monday.

Miss Susie Moore, of Trinity school, was here Sunday.

Horse racing is all the go here now.

W. P. Ives, of Norfolk, was here today

AYDEN NOTES.

AYDEN, N. C Nov. 27, 1902

Jerome McGlohon and J. A. Jarrell went to Winterville Sunday. Ask them who drove a span.

Miss Mollie Bryan and Oscar Speight were in the neighborhood Sunday afternoon.

Misses Annie McGlohon, Dell Smith, little Miss Myrtle McGlohon, J.A. Jarrell and Jerome McGlohon, attended the entertainment at Winterville Saturday night.

Miss Annie McGlohon attended church at Rountree Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Travis Langston, of Grainger, spent Saturday night and Sunday at C. H. Langston's

Chas. McGlohon went over on Grindle creek Tuesday.

Rev. Jno. H. Peaden will conduct Thanksgiving services at Bethany Sunday.

Miss Lola Smith and Abe Caroway, of Farmville, attended Sunday school at Bethany Sunday.

Mike Mewborn, a cotton buyer of Kinston, was out here Monday.

HEARNE & CO.

Groceries, Provisions, Country Produce, Fruits, Candies, Tobacco and Cigars.

Agents for Wilbur's Horse, Cattle and Poultry Food.

Fruit Jars. A dollar spent with us gets a tion every time. If it doesn't for YOU bring back the stuff and get your dollar.

NOTICE OF SUMMONS.

North Carolina, } In Superior Court,
Pitt County. } Before the Clerk.

W. O. Blount, Administrator of Charlotte E. Mangum,
vs.
Fannie Badger, J. F. Caroway, William Caroway, Mrs. Elizabeth Green, James P. Caroway, Jr., J. G. Caroway, Mrs. Gilbert Johnson, McC. Caroway, S. P. Caroway, W. E. Caroway, Mrs. J. C. Murphy, Mrs. W. H. Crofton, J. E. Caroway, J. O. Caroway, R. L. Brown, Ralph Caroway and Laura Brown.

The defendants above named will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Pitt County, to sell for assets a certain lot in the town of Bethel, N. C., that was formerly owned and occupied by said Charlotte E. Mangum. And the said defendants will further take notice that they are required to appear at the Court House in Greenville, N. C., on the 15th day of December, 1902, and answer or demur to the petition filed in said action, or the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the said petition.

This Oct. 28th. 1902.

T. C. MOORE,
Clerk Superior Court.

NOTICE!

GREAT SALE OF VALUABLE LANDS.

By virtue of the power conferred upon me by a Decree of the Superior Court of Pitt county, entitled at the term 1902, appointing me a commissioner to sell the land of the late Thomas J. Shepard, I offer the lands lying in Pitt County, for sale at the Court House Door in Greenville October 6th, 1902 and the bids then made having been raised, I will offer same at October Term, 1902, setting aside the sale on the 13th of October and directing me to sell said lands.

Now by virtue of the power conferred upon me by the said two decrees I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash at the Court House Door in Greenville on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 1ST, 1902,

the lands of the late Thomas J. Shepard in parcels or lots as follows, to wit:

1st. That certain tract or parcel on the south side of the Mill Pond above high water mark containing about 1.325 acres, adjoining the lands of H. R. Fleming, J. B. Little, J. H. Satterthwaite, the heirs of Daniel Hill, the lands of Alfred Jenkins, M. J. Woollard, Frank Pollard and others, and containing five separate parcels or lots of 115, 320, 380, 260 and 250 acres respectively, and known as parcels at the former sale and then sold together in one body and bid off by Whichard and Co. This body of land will be offered as a whole.

2nd. The tract lying on the south side of the Mill Pond above high water mark, adjoining the lands of W. H. Rollins, the heirs of G. G. Perkins, W. R. Roebuck and others, containing 25 acres, more or less, and known as a part of the home place.

3rd. The tract adjoining the lands of Joseph Crisp, Redding Ward, the heirs of James W. Rollins and others, containing 14 acres, more or less, and known as the "Holliday Tract."

4th. The tract adjoining the lands of Stanley Warren, Hannon Manley and others, containing 31 acres, more or less, and known as the "W. E. Whichard tract."

5th. The Mill and Mill seat, known as the "Sheppard Mill," including the land covered by the pond to the high water mark, the Mill and Mill race to the county road and all the privileges belonging thereto.

Prospective bidders are invited to examine the various lands but all persons are forbidden to trespass upon them. I will take pleasure in giving to inquirers any information I may possess.

This October 28th, 1902.

JAMES E. CONGLETON,
Commissioner.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Letters of administration upon the estate of Eli Williams, deceased, having this day been issued to the undersigned, by the Clerk of the Superior Court of Pitt County, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned, duly itemized and authenticated, for payment on or before the 28th day of November, 1903, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will make payment to the undersigned at once.

This the 28th day of November, 1902.

JOHN R. DAVIS,
R. L. JOYNER,
administrators of Eli Williams, dec'd

Notice.

There will soon be change in the firm of the John Flanagan Buggy Co., and all persons indebted to us are requested to settle at once. By so doing you will save us trouble and yourself cost.

E. GREENE,
O. HOOKS,

Sept 20, 1902.

LAND POSTED.

All persons are hereby forbidden to hunt or trespass in any way upon any of my lands in Beaver Dam Township.

J. H. VANDERVORD.

Ignorance.

Ignorance is one of the mightiest allies of vice. To be forewarned is to be forearmed against sin and iniquity, as well as against misfortune of any sort. Yet how many foolish mothers try to persuade themselves that ignorance and innocence are synonyms! The divine laws of purity which govern the body, must be taught our children, must be learned ourselves, then shall we and they be prepared to serve God with a pure heart fervently. Ignorance leaves wide open doors through which may enter the demons which can make of the temple where Divinity should be enthroned, a veritable hiding place for every unclean thing. We must lay aside our prudishness and false modesty, and plainly but delicately warn, instruct and admonish those who are walking in the way of sin, whether openly or secretly and vigilantly guard those little ones whose hearts are untainted by its contagion.—Good Wealth

This winter air

Is a reminder that the holiday season is here. I am ready for it with an attractive line of

HOLIDAY GOODS

The very handsomest assortment to be found has been selected especially for my holiday trade.

Pictures are prettier than ever and I have an almost endless assortment of them, suitable for parlor, bed room, dining room, hall, library or cozy corner.

China and Bisque Ware Hundreds of new designs that are both ornamental and serviceable. You will like these.

Cut Glass, Silver and Jewelry, One magnificent line from H. Mahler's Sons, Raleigh, whose fame for Cut Glass, Silverware and Jewelry extends throughout the State. You will see nothing prettier.

Taken all through I have never had a better holiday stock that can be found at my store this season, Come early and make your selection.

MRS. M. D. HIGGS

Women in business are still rising—in Boston an elevator girls.

THE GREENVILLE MANUF'G. CO.

Manufacturers of

Doors, Sash and Blinds,

Interior and Exterior Finishings for Fine Modern and Cheap Building

We solicit your patronage and guarantee to give satisfaction in prices, styles and work.

Please send your orders to

The Greenville Mfg. Co.

GREENVILLE, N. C.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that I will make application before the Board of County Commissioners, at their meeting on first Monday in January, 1903 for licenses to retail liquor at Cobb's store, in Beaver Dam township.

E. S. STICKLAND

This Nov. 28th. 1902.

The trouble with girls is that they adulterate sentiment with sentimentality.

Long or Short, Men of all Sizes,

Are fitted here. We have suits that will fit the largest or the smallest man in town. We request the men who are under size or over size to come here before they conclude that there is no clothing made that is just their shape. We have Overcoats, Suits and Trousers made to fit men who think they cannot be fitted. Our "Stouts" and "Slims" are a special feature of our business. So, we say, come along, you men of abnormal sizes. Here are clothes for you, made in every good style of right fabrics, and no extra charge on account of your size. Glad you read this ad, aren't you?

FRANK WILSON,
The King Clothier.

THE EASTERN REFLECTOR.

NOTICE.

If there is a CROSS MARK in the margin of this paper it is to remind you that you owe THE EASTERN REFLECTOR for subscription, and we request you to settle as early as possible. We need what YOU owe us and hope you will not keep us waiting for it.

This notice is for those who find the cross mark on their paper.

PERSONAL NOTES

Brief Mention of People Met With in the Social World

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1902.

Heber Forbes spent Wednesday night in Kinston.

Tom Whitehurst spent Thanksgiving in Kinston.

Robt. Rawls, of Tarboro, spent Thursday here.

W. T. Burton left Wednesday evening for Reidsville.

Dr. J. W. Perkins left Thursday evening for Raleigh.

F. L. Culp came over from Kinston Thursday morning.

Miss Lucy Cox, of Kinston is visiting friends here today.

Miss Mollie Pairo, of Danville, arrived Wednesday evening.

Miss Annie Thigpen, of Hill, is visiting Mrs. S. T Hooker.

Mrs. E. C. Matthews returned from Richmond Wednesday evening.

J. B. Latham, of Washington, spent Wednesday night in Greenville.

F. H. Hoover, of Washington D. C., is visiting his sister, Mrs. A. L. Taft.

Miss Kemp Carlton, of Winterville, spent Thanksgiving with her sister, Mrs. E. C. Matthews.

Miss Julia Herring arrived Wednesday evening to spend Thanksgiving with her Ma Pat Skinner.

Robert Barnes and Hugh Murray, of Wilson, came in the Wednesday evening with J. B. Jarvis.

Mr. and Mrs. Kleber Denmark, of Hobgood, came over Thursday morning to spend Thanksgiving here.

Mrs. M. M. Nelson, of Scotland Neck, came in Wednesday evening to spend Thanksgiving with her mother, Mrs. P. E. Dancy.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. White, of Hobgood, came in Wednesday evening to spend Thanksgiving with the family of R. L. Humber and returned home this morning.

Rev. J. N. Booth received a telegram from Mery Oaks, Thursday morning, announcing that his father, aged 85 years, was dying. Mr. Booth has the sympathy of many friends in his sorrow.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1902.

Frank Carr, of Willow Green was in town today.

Misses Mary and Sallie Creighton returned home today.

Hon. L. I. Moore left Friday evening for Raleigh.

Geno, son of Wyatt Brown, returned from Tarboro Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Whichard have this afternoon for Whichards to spend Sunday.

Mesdames Mary and Hulda Gwaltney, of Virginia, are visiting Mrs. C. C. Parkerson.

Mrs. Molly Taylor, of Goose Nest, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Herbert Hardy.

Mrs. Ambrose Johnson had sister, Miss Mary Smith, left Friday evening for Winterville.

Miss Lucy Cox, of Kinston, who has been visiting friends here, returned home Friday evening.

Mrs. M. L. Wood, of Bertie, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Chas. Skinner, returned home today.

Rev. Dougald Monroe, of Weldon, will preach in the Presbyterian church here Sunday morning and night.

J. B. Latham, of Washington, came in Friday evening and left this morning. He made THE REFLECTOR a pleasant call.

Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Hadley, of LaGrange, who spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. Hadley's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Forbes, returned home Friday evening.

Resolutions.

At the Quarterly Conference of the Greenville M. E. Church South Friday night the following resolutions was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, that this Quarterly Conference of the M. E. Church South, of Greenville, N. C., cordially endorse the action of the entertainment given in the opera house Thanksgiving night, and ordered that no part of the proceeds there be applied in any way to the benefit of the M. E. Church South, of Greenville, N. C.; and that these resolutions be published in THE DAILY REFLECTOR and King's Weekly.

A Thanksgiving Dinner.

Heavy eating is usually the first cause of indigestion. Repeated attacks inflame the mucuous membranes lining the stomach, exposes the nerves of the stomach, producing a swelling after eating, heartburn, headache, sour risings and finally catarrh of the stomach. Kodol relieves the inflammation, protects the nerves and cures the catarrh. Kodol cures indigestion, dyspepsia, all stomach troubles by cleansing and sweetening the glands of the stomach. Jno. L. Wooten.

Thanksgiving German.

The Columbian German Club gave its Thanksgiving German in the Perkins opera house Thursday night with music by Victor Reale's Band, of Washington, D. C. Being the first of the series of German hops by the club during the winter season, it was an especially delightful occasion.

The following participated:

Miss Bettie Tyson with C. S. Forbes, Miss Winnie Skinner with F. L. Walker, Miss Louise Latham with Walter Wilson, Jr., Miss Mary Blow with W. H. Dail, Jr., Miss Mary Brame, of Helena, Ark., with R. P. Skinner; Miss Pattie Skinner with C. E. James, Miss Mary Lou Tucker with J. B. Cherry, Jr., Miss Julia Herring of Wilson, N. C., with Stuart Carr; Miss Bertha Patrick with Claude King, Miss Bessie Patrick with Frank Webb, Mrs. N. S. Fulford, of Washington, N. C., with J. Benjamin Higgs; Miss Jerusha Wheelock with Preston Cotten, Miss Ada Wooten with C. F. Harvey, Miss Molly Pairo, of Danville, Va., with Sam Skinner, Miss Emily Higgs with T. W. Skinner, Miss Rosalind Rountree with George Woodward, Miss Alice Blow with Sam Clark, of Tarboro; Mr. and Mrs. G. B. W. Hadley.

Stage—R. Galloway, of Reidsville; "Alabama" King, of Birmingham, Ala.; Robt. Barnes and Hugh Murray, of Wilson, N. C.; R. M. Rawls, of Tarboro, N. C.; Ed Peschau, of Wilmington; Dr. R. L. Carr, Jno. D. Garden, Frank Skinner, Harry Skinner, Andrew Moore.

Chaperones:—Mesdames A. L. Blow, J. B. Cherry, F. G. James, Chas. Skinner, F. G. Whaley, M. A. Quinerly.

My Dream.

Though full of care
I tread the round
Of to I to which man's eager life is bound,
I faint not 'neath the load I bear;
For grievous though the burden sometime be,
I dream of thee!

And when, at night,
I lie enwound
In silence that is sweeter than all sound,
The darkness, kindlier than light,
Shuts out the busy world awhile, and free,
I dream of thee!

Like to a breath
Of fragrance blown
From some sky blossom, hidden and alone,
Redeeming frost and wintry death,
So ever comes the thought of thee to me,
My dream of thee!

Like to a star
Amidst the clouds
When angry tempests hurtles in the shrouds,
And, darkling drifts the mariner afar
So, out of storm and shadow, he came on me
My dream of thee!

—Florence Earle Coates.

One Minute Cough Cure.

Is the only harmless cough cure that gives quick relief. Cures Coughs, Colds, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Pneumonia, Asthma, LaGrippe and all other Chest and Lung troubles. "I got soaked by rain," says Gertrude E Fenner, Muncie, Ind., "and contracted a severe cough and cold. I failed rapidly; lost 15 pounds. My druggist recommended One Minute Cough Cure. The first bottle brought relief; several cured me. I am back to my old weight, 148 pounds. One Minute Cough Cure cuts the phlegm, relieves the cough at once, draws out inflammation, cures croup. An ideal remedy for children. Jno. L. Wooten.

New Goods, Citron, Seeded Raisins, Currants, Almonds, Cheese nuts, Granulated Sugar, at Paul M. Schultz.

We desire a few copies of THE DAILY REFLECTOR of Saturday, Nov. 15, to complete our files. Some one please send us this copy.

FLAGS ON THE CAPITOL.

What It Means When They Are Flying—at Half Mast.

The flying of flags over the capitol at half mast is regulated by the strictest rules. Whenever these flags are seen floating half way down the mast it is a sure indication that a vice president, senator or representative is lying dead or that the action is taken in response to a presidential proclamation ordering the flags on public buildings at half mast in respect to the memory of some prominent official of the government who has passed away.

When the sergeant at arms of the senate or house of representatives learns of the death of a member of either of those bodies, he at once orders that the flag over the senate chamber or hall of representatives be half masted. This is often done before the houses of congress have been officially notified of the death. A good deal of discretion is exercised in the manner of placing the news of a death of this kind officially before the senate and house. Upon one occasion a member is customary for the houses to adjourn in respect to the dead senator or representative, and in order that the current business may not be stopped early in the day the announcement is generally made just before the houses are ready to conclude their day's work.

Officers of the senate and house when they fly the flags at half mast in response to a proclamation by the president regard their action as one of courtesy, as they do not recognize the power of the president to order congress to do anything except to assemble in extraordinary session. They do not recognize the right of congress to dictate to the executive department in any way. The capitol is under the control of the committees on appropriations of the senate and house, and the capitol itself for many years was in fact controlled exclusively by him so far as the care of the building is concerned, and the superintendent of the building is today appointed by him without confirmatory action on the part of the senate.

As a matter of fact, the capitol has for years been under the direct control of the committees on appropriations of the two houses of congress, but that control has been accorded them by the failure of the president to give any order to the architect or man in charge of the superintendent of the capitol. If he should order that official to fly flags over the capitol at half mast and the order should be disobeyed, he would have power to dismiss him and appoint some one else in his place without the concurrence of either branch of congress, except so far as the appropriation for the official salary would be involved. These are practically moot questions, but they occasionally form interesting subjects for friendly talks when flags are half masted in response to presidential proclamations.—Washington Star.

"I suppose in the collecting business," said the inquisitive man, "nearly every man you go to see asks you to call again."

"Ask me?" replied the collector. "Some of them dare me."—Philadelphia Press.

Muscles aching, bones breaking, strength failing. That's Malaria! The remedy? Ayer's Malaria and Ague Cure. All Druggists. Price, 25 cents.

AN AVERTED TRAGEDY

(Copyrighted, 1901, by C. L. Sherwood.)

It was only yesterday at breakfast that he had asked, half in earnest, whether she expected company, and she had granted a certain reasonableness to the question, for there was twice as much meat on the table as was necessary; also it was the first of the month and their pecuniary figures on the cost of living had been more than doubled, while the prompting earning capacity had in no way increased.

So, though this first manifestation of a spirit of criticism cut her two-month-old wifedness, it was passed over, for John was very loving toward her. She was sorry about her extravagance and, with a pat on the cheek, told him she would try to figure more closely.

But this morning they had eaten in silence. She could not speak, for she was on the verge of tears. Neither did he speak, except to say that she did not understand, but would when she had thought it over.

Now she had thought it over and almost decided that she had never, in the two years of their acquaintance, known the real John. She almost reached the conclusion that he had deceived her, that he was not the sunny, open faced boy he seemed, but a brute who could not control his own temper and who took pleasure in coldly and cruelly showing it to her.

So she cried in the cozy little front room of the little house in the suburbs, and the torn collar on the dresser in their room was to her mute evidence of his true self.

The truth of the tragedy was this: The collar he had tried to put on that morning was frayed and saw toothed, old and useless. He had scratched his neck, and he had said, not altogether pleasantly, that it should never have gone to the laundry, and then, vindictively, she thought, he had deliberately torn it in two.

All it meant to her was the loss of her blind, and that was everything. And then he had not seemed to see how she felt. The words in her mind were, Now we know that he never could know and never could understand."

It looked that way, and helplessly he also realized it, though perhaps it should have been, "Did not understand."

He had quoted the lines himself as he left her, but he quoted them verbatim, with the proper pronouns, and then was sorry they had come to his mind.

All the way to the city it worried him. Why had she answered him when he had spoken to her immediately after the collar episode? It had always brought an answer—that teary, kindly, "What's the trouble, Mrs. Jolly?" his pet name these two months. Then he said, "If she's going to get huffy and quiet about nothing, all right."

But as he thought it over perhaps he had not been exactly affable at the table. He had kissed her goodby, however, and her response was of the passive, dutiful variety. It made him ache to think of it.

At the office he found that he had to recheck all his additions, and the second checking was spared the usual "jollying." By 9 o'clock he found that he was shading every figure made.

There was one page in last night's cash book similarly distorted, the day after she had accepted him. So he stopped work and sharpened his pencil. By the time he had used up two inches of it and the neat pile of red shavings had grown to a respectable proportion the brow was less clouded, and he reached to the side of his desk and rang a messenger.

* * * * * * *

It was 11 o'clock when at the door of a cottage in the suburbs there was a tearful little housewife took a package from the blue coated messenger of peace. The flowers were violets, her favorites, and this was the note with them.

Dearest Mrs. John—Probably I am a silly goose. You don't understand, but anyway I want to let you know I am sorry. I haven't had any great peace of mind since I left you, and I thought it might make you feel better to let you know right away that I really wasn't a brute. I'm not, you know, and I'm sure you will not say anyone is, that may man ever is when he gets on edge. Anyway I'm sorry, and I'm glad I'm going to be the partner with starched linen I have you'd appreciate him, but thank goodness you're not mannish enough to have run to mama. (You'll have to read this twice to catch my meaning.)

The fact is that in my boarding house life I always torn up a collar the moment I reached my room, because there wasn't a doubt that I paid laundry bills enough, at 7 cents per, to have bought me a dozen, as in those days tickets for a year. So there.

Q. E. D., as we used to have to write after problems when we were in the high school.

Well, I've got to catch up on some work I missed by coming home so early yesterday. Hope you like the flowers. Will be home by 5 at latest. Lovingly, JOHN.

At 5 o'clock on the little porch of the little house in the suburbs stood a young housewife in a fresh lawn gown, with fresh flowers scattered through it and pink ribbons twisted about it, where they caught to be—at least so John thought, for it was his favorite gown.

She wore a bunch of violets at her belt, and—well, they got inside the little hall with all the haste that was meet and seemly.

CHARLES L. SHERWOOD.

The following "bouquet" is picked from various plays, successful and otherwise:

Nothing can work such havoc as a fool.—"Scarlet Letter."

We may scale a mountain only to trip over a mole hill.—"Queen's Favorite."

Those who wait for other men's shoes must tread roughly sometimes.—"Alice."

Life's like baccarat. Chance gives the cards. We only play what's dealt us.—"John Dunford, M. P."

Joy, joy—one cannot touch joy every day. One must take things as they are.—"Bellamys and McIlcandie."

Wrinkles, you know, my dear, are the dotary of a woman's life in sphere.—"His Excellency the Governor."

"Home" is a woman's word look "I hate you" often means "I like you." That's worth remembering.—"The Termagant."

Ladies, like bills of exchange, are allowed a little grace and, unlike bills of exchange, are much pleasanter to meet.—"Her Own Rival."

I suppose honesty's like the gout. It runs in certain families for several generations, and then it skips a generation.—"The Bogue's Comedy."

C. T. Munford's Big Store,

242 and 244 W. Main St., Greenville, N. C.

Children's Hosiery, 5c. Worth 8c. Slight "seconds," hence this low price, but they will wear well. Fine one-and one ribbed hosiery, made of fast black cotton.

Men's Heavy Sox 8c. worth 10 and 12, only

Good Toilet Soap, worth 25c. box, 3 cakes only **25c.**

HOMESPUN, Good Round Thread Homespun, **3c. Yd.**

PICTURES $1.00 kinds, only **50c.** Yards of Flowers" of all descriptions; also fruits. Size 36 x 10½ inches, in 14 inch gilt frames, with large brass corners. Second floor.

Women's Fleeced Lined Union Suits, extra heavy, **25c. suit**

50 dozen Ladies' All Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, **5c.**

Large Sized Rug, 58 x 80 inches, **98c.**

Extra Large Double White Bed Blankets, **79c. pair**

Extra weight, extra size Bed Comforts, Reversible **$1.39**

All Linen knotted, fringed and hemstitched Damask Towels, worth 40 and 50c. our price, **25c.**

Large Size Absorbent Bath Towels, full bleaches, **15c.**

MILLINERY

Trimmed Hats and Trimming

Have You Forgot?

What? THAT I AM STILL CARRYING AN UP-TO DATE LINE OF

Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Shoes Hats, Shirts, Pants, Hardware Tinware, AND A NUMBER OF OTHER THING WHICH I AM UNABLE TO MENTION

Come to see me for your next Barrel of Flour or Pork.

Yours to please

Jas. B. White.

Don't fail to see me before you buy

Guns, Shells, Stoves Heaters Pumps, Locks, Hinges.

And anything else in the Hardware Line.

Your friend,

H. L. CARR

Something Nice

to go on your table, you want to go to

Johnston Bros.

IF YOU ARE HUNTING

for it. In all seasons you will find the best and freshest goods at our store. Just now we are well supplied in the fruits of all kinds, Candies, Pickles, Macaroni, Canned Goods, Smoked Meat, Lard and the best Molasses to be found. In fact anything you want in the way of Groceries at

JOHNSTON BROS

AFTER TWO YEARS PREMIUMS HAVE BEEN PAID IN THE

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF NEWARK, N. J., YOUR POLICY HAS

1. Loan Value.
2. Cash Value.
3. Paid-up Insurance.
4. Extended Insurance that works automatically.
5. Is Non forfeitable.
6. Will be reinstated if arrears be paid within one month while you are living, or within three years after lapse, upon satisfactory evidence of insurability and payment of back premiums with interest.

After second year—7. No Restrictions. 8. Incomestable.

Dividends are payable at the beginning of the second and each succeeding year, provided the premium for the current year be paid.

They may be used—1. To reduce Premiums, or

2. To Increase the Insurance, or

3. To make policy payable as an endowment during the lifetime of insured.

J. L. SUGG, Agt

Greenville, N. C.

SPECIAL SALE

OF

MILLINERY

FOR TEN DAYS.

including Ribbons in Latest widths and shades, Velvets, Plumes, Hat Trimmings and New York Pattern Hats

THE MISSES EDWIN

Three Times the Value of Any Other.

One Third Easier, One Third Faster

Agents wanted in all unoccupied territory.

Wheeler & Wilson Mfg Co.

Atlanta, Ga.

S. T. WHITE, Greenville, N. C.

JNO. L. WOOTEN.

CAPTAIN FYFE OF THE SIXTH

By J. M. LYALL

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When the Indians of the United States begin the ghost dance, the array prepares for an outbreak. In India when a new prophet comes down from the Himalaya mountains and begins to stir up the people orders are issued to suppress him at once. He is either captured by the military and banished from the province or arrested by the civil authorities and imprisoned in a dungeon until forgotten. The English in India are arbitrary and autocratic. They realize that they are living over a volcano which may spout flame and death any hour. They move quickly and strike hard.

The coming of a prophet means popular excitement, plots and conspiracies, rekindling of the flames of hatred, danger to the English rule. Strong hands must be laid on the holy man at once. Perhaps he is innocent enough, and a score of natives will be killed, and the resistance may even grow into a big religious rebellion, but the English put it down, bury the dead and give out nothing for publication. To rule India without gloves of steel would be to lose her in a year.

When the Prophet Rajmahal came down to the province of Behar from his mountain retreat, in which he claimed to have slept and dreamed for twenty years, nine-tenths of the people loved him to hear. He heaped straight for Moorshedabad, on the Ganges, to visit the ruins of an ancient Hindu city and the tombs of his long dead ancestors, but he was followed off a few miles to the north of that place. A lieutenant in the sixth rifles had been detailed with half the men on this special duty.

While it is true that most of the so-called prophets and holy men wandering about India are fakirs of the worst sort, who stir up excitement and suffer for the money there is in it, it is also true that a few of them are earnest and sincere people, who should be dealt with harshly only after argument has been exhausted. The prophet Rajmahal had claimed that he had been a venerable and distinguished looking man in his youth, but that he had lost his beard and his hair in a long sickness, and had come out of it a changed man, with a flame of zeal in every village he passed through. He utterly refused any cash contributions. Used to what the dogs offered hardly cut and addressed the people without fear of consequences. He had dreamed of emancipation and a new ruler. It was sedition straight from the scabbard, and in less than a month he could set the whole province in rebellion.

When the lieutenant came face to face with the prophet, he resolved to try reason and argument. The officer could but yield respect and did not desire to see him dragged around the country, disgraced and degraded. Rajmahal was for defiance at first, and he had many arguments in his train to have eaten the troops ten times over, but after an interview lasting for hours he recognized the force of English logic and announced that he would return to his mountain lair.

The prophet was as good as his word. The lieutenant was sorry, but was caused solely by the crowds blocking his way and exhorting him to defy the government. He had not yet made fifty miles on the backward march when Captain Fyfe came on with the rest of the troops. The lieutenant was relieved from duty under a cloud, and orders were issued to punish the old man out of the province at full speed by the sixth. Captain Fyfe overtook him, pounced on him a fakir, his impedimenta and his disciples, wishing to make the desertation complete, pulled him by the beard and put on his turban.

This scene took place in the open air in sight of the peasants and the company of soldiers. The act mortally offended every law of caste and religion, and instead of raising cries of indignation the natives simply groaned in horror. It was the handsome, contemptuous Captain Fyfe, clad in full uniform, who stepped forward and gathered the long white tresses in his clutch. It was a wan faced, misshapen and irritating nature who fell back before the spirited hand of the prophet. Captain Fyfe had dragged off the face of the earth with three eyes of all that vast crowd were full upon him. I have thousands of people, and upon the strange scene, and 100 or more were English soldiers. Ten thousand men swore to it, and it was talked over wherever two Englishmen met in India. But the prophet dared not refer to it for fear of encouraging the natives.

The second lieutenant, now in charge of the troop, rode through that crowd a score of times, but his captain was not to be found. He beat up the country around, he cursed and threatened, but the Prophet Rajmahal strode on with his face to the mountains, and his followers were dumb. The troop had to turn back. No sooner had the report reached the commander at Gyah than the second officer was put under arrest. At his trial every man in the command testified to the facts as above related. It was against common sense to believe the story, but could they say that a hundred men had conspired to lose their honor, to lose their footing, money and elear the officer, and the only thing left was to pooh-pooh it and forbid the soldiers to talk.

What had become of the native who had stepped into Captain Fyfe's boots, as it were, no one could say. He had drawn back and mingled with the crowd and then disappeared.

Weeks and months went by. Then one day a strange Hindoo was seen hanging about the cantonment. His face was like that of a monkey rather than of a man, and his misshapen legs gave him a queer gait. A soldier went forward with a stick to drive him away, but the idiot protested, weeping, and after speaking in a strange jargon he forced out the words:

"Take me—take me to the colonel!"

Amblling and clinking and chattering, he was passed to the colonel. Men and then a native came in with reports worth heeding and this "thing" was supposed to be the bearer of some such news. Standing before the colonel, he scattered and strummed and giggled like a fool. What few words he did utter no one could understand. The colonel lost patience and spoke to him sharply, and the "thing" crowded at his feet.

"Try your cane on him," said the colonel to a captain who had been drawn thither by curiosity.

"That will make him speak," replied the captain as he brought the cane down over the chatterer's shoulders.

No it did. He spoke up screamed like a wild beast two or three times, and then, holding out his hands in appeal, he cried distinctly

"Colonel, don't you know me? I am Captain Fyfe!"

And he heaved gasped the colonel, startling to his feet.

"I and I am! I tell you, I am Captain Fyfe, and I want to come back to my place!"

Horror struck, the officers looked in to his hideous face and at his deformed and misshapen body, and he cried:

"I tell you, I am Captain Fyfe!" screamed the "thing." "Can you really believe it, you don't want me. I will go back."

And as the group commmed to stare and wonder and feel their blood run cold, he was thrust out of the gate, and the grounds with crowds and cackles, and before a move was made to pursue he was out of sight behind some buildings. The closest search was made for the man for days and had never spared his name. Dr. Koch told me to think no more about the matter or I would quit myself to take advantage of what slight chance there was for my that he had saved a friend of his once under similar circumstances and he would try his plan with me. I placed my case in his hands, turned in and after an hour or so fell asleep.

The next evening about dark Dr. Koch came to me and told me that he had arranged everything and if I would keep my head all would go well with me. I as the challenged party had the right to choose the weapons and the time and place of the meeting. Acting for me, Dr. Koch had chosen swords in a dark room. The duel was to take place immediately in a room of a third party. Without giving me time to dwell on these horrible conditions Dr. Koch hurried me to the meeting place, but before entering the room in question he took me to another where a gentleman was waiting, to whom I was introduced—Dr. Sicfertb, the most noted second in Europe. The two doctors at once began to paint my eyes with a camel's hair brush that had been dipped in some liquid. As soon as they had finished a bandage was clapped over my eyes and kept there for some twenty minutes, when it was taken off, and we went immediately to rooms in the same building where the meeting was to take place. A few moments later Rieger and I were thrust into the dark room, and the door was closed and locked.

Now, it is impossible to exclude perfectly either light or heat from any apartment. One might as well attempt to form a perfect vacuum. Scientifically speaking there is no such thing as a perfect absence of everything from any given space. The treatment of the physicians had enabled me to take advantage of what light there was in the room, nearly all of which came through an imperfectly fitted door, under which there was a strip unprotected. Be this as it may, I could distinguish the principal objects in the room, including my enemy. I could not make out his expression, but his figure was quite perfectly, especially his face and hands, which were lighter than the rest. He remained perfectly quiet for awhile, when I moved, and, hearing the crackling of my boots he came toward me. I glided away, this time without making any sound, and in another moment gave him a cut on the hand which forced him to drop his sword. Before he could recover it I pounced on him and the duel was ended, which drew him from his chair and had fallen, and then I took it up myself.

"Baron," I said, "you are at my mercy. I have your life and honor."

"Finish the murder. That's what is in your mind," he replied.

"I have no use for your life. I give it to you. Hello!"

The door was opened, and the party in the adjoining room entered. I had taken Rieger an ugly cut on the hand and a slight wound in the fleshy part of his back. Those the doctors dressed. Rieger insisted on a renewal of the combat, but under circumstances that would enable him to take his revenge, but my seconds declared that I would not be permitted to fight longer except in the dark room, whereupon Rieger sullkly declared himself satisfied, and the party dispersed.

As soon as I was alone with the two doctors they charged me, both on my own account and theirs, to keep their part in the matter a secret, since if it became known they would be ruined socially and professionally. I had no desire to publish it.

ARCHIBALD STEARNS.

The Wary Purchaser.

Mrs. Vanderwyck—And what are these? Mrs. Y.—Are they quite fresh?

Conspicuous Example.

"Women are belittled and made of no account in every possible way," exclaimed the indignant head of the family. "Even the geographers willfully and deliberately slight her. How many really important towns in this country are named in honor of a woman?"

"Well, my dear," said her husband, scratching his chin reflectively, "there's Janesville, you know."—Chicago Tribune.

An Answer to Windward.

He—Let's get married on Friday.

She—Oh, George, Friday, you know, is—

He—Yes, I know it's unlucky, but, then, if our marriage doesn't turn out well we shall always have something to blame it on.—Philadelphia Record.

Can't Be Made.

"Yo' kin allus tell ye pulum, mah sah," said Uncle Eph, ruminatively. "By de way he iff his hat I de ladies, sah, I be iff it high, yo' kin also tell dat he ain't bachlorated, Mistah Jackson."—Washington Star.

A man who dares to waste an hour of time has not learned the value of life.—Charles Darwin.

Slow Starvation

is the fate of sufferers from dyspepsia and indigestion. If your food remains undigested it can't build up the body. In fact, it does actual damage by decaying in the stomach and poisoning the system.

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Five years ago a disease the doctors called dyspepsia took such a hold on me that I could scarcely go. I took quantities of pepsin and other nostrums, but nothing helped me. As a dying resort I tried Kodol. I felt an improvement at once, and after a few months was sound and well. Thomas E. Wood, Atlanta, Ga. Sixty-six-Law Nucoma, Tenn.

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DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve Cures piles, eczema, scalds, burns, cuts, bruises, sunburn, chapped hands, chilblains, sore lips, sore eyes, sore feet, and all skin diseases. Beware of counterfeits.

SAVED BY AN ARTIFICE

[Original.]

I was the only American of my time at the University of Bonn who joined the dueling corps. In the corps was young Baron Steiger, who was considered the best swordsman at the university.

Toward the end of the term I had the good luck to be pitted against Baron Steiger when he had been drinking and got the better of him. This gave me some renown and made Steiger my bitter enemy.

I did not touch a sword again during my stay at the university, and after taking my degree I went to Vienna to see a little of life at that capital. I had letters to some of the best people there, and my associates were almost exclusively Austrian or German. One evening after attending the opera with a party of ladies and gentlemen I invited them to sup with me at a cafe. While we were there who should come in but Baron Steiger. He passed close to me, not speaking to me, but glaring at me, and as he walked behind my chair he purposely ran against it. I was at the moment raising a glass of wine to my lips, and a part of the wine was spilled on my shirt front. I was angry and, acting on a foolish but natural impulse, threw what remained in the glass in his face.

The moment I had done so I realized that I had likely signed my own death warrant. Steiger would undoubtedly challenge me, and as I had not touched a sword in two years and he had become famous in its use, as well as a merciless opponent, I must either show the white feather and be disgraced among my Vienna friends or—die.

Steiger apologized for touching my chair, declaring that it was unintentional, and, raising his hat, politely passed on. Not one of my friends had understood what would follow, and the party broke up immediately. I went to my apartments with a young Dr. Koch, with whom I was very intimate. The challenge came before we separated, and I confess I was thrown into a serious mental condition. Since leaving the university Steiger had fought a dozen or more duels and had never spared his man. Dr. Koch told me to think no more about the matter or I would quit myself to take advantage of what slight chance there was for my that he had saved a friend of his once under similar circumstances and he would try his plan with me. I placed my case in his hands, turned in and after an hour or so fell asleep.

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Tutt's Pills

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Dyspepsia, Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness

and ALL DISEASES arising from a Torpid Liver and Bad Digestion

The natural result is good appetite and solid flesh. Dose small; elegantly sugar coated and easy to swallow.

Take No Substitute.

THE NEED OF COURTESY.

It Is to Business and Society What Oil Is to Machinery.

If young people, especially in small towns, would form "courtesy clubs" or get this idea into existing organizations, it would result in great advantage not only to the young people belonging to such associations, but also to the towns themselves.

We all know a great many men and women side tracked all along the pathways of life because they were not taught the value of good manners and of a fine, gracious courtesy in their youth. The result is that they have grown up hard and coarse and repulsive in manners and have not been able to win favor or attract trade or business. In other words, their bad manners and repulsive ways have kept them back and handicapped their careers.

It is astonishing how fine manners and politeness in children develop into ease and attractiveness in manhood and womanhood. Other things being equal the employee who is selected for advancement is the one with good manners, a fine, gracious demeanor, a good presence. These qualities are the best kind of capital, even better than money.

Everywhere we see young men and young women drawing big salaries largely because of their superior politeness. The fine mannered are wanted everywhere as superintendents, as salesmen, as traveling representatives, as clerks, as private secretaries or as credit men. In fact, agreeable deportment is the one indispensable quality sought after everywhere.

There is but one way in which will so quickly open the door to opportunities, to society, to the hearts of all.

Courtesy is to business and society what oil is to machinery. It makes things run smoothly, for it eliminates the jar and friction and the nerve racking noise.—Success.

A GOOD CHANCE TO BUY.

But He Hadn't the Nerve to Pay the Price Asked.

A handsome bachelor of Baltimore, well known in social and educational circles, acknowledges the truth of the following story: He was driving with a very pretty and attractive young woman when on the outskirts of the city they met a lad of about twelve years leading by a chain a singularly ugly but finely bred bull terrier. The pretty girl went into raptures over the dog and her escort determined the animal should be hers.

"Say, sonny," he called, "what will you take for your dog?"

"Nawthing," replied the lad.

"Nonsense," cried Mr. Blank. "Here's $5 for him!"

"No, I won't. This here dog ain't for sale."

"Ten," said Mr. Blank, and then, growing desperate, "fifteen, twenty."

But the owner still refused.

All the time the conversation was going on the youth, although talking to the man in the buggy, kept his eye fixed on the other occupant of the vehicle, and at last he said gravely:

"I don't want yer money, but if you'd just give that lady there a kiss you may have the dog."

Mr. Blank was speechless. He stared at the boy an instant and then put the whip to his horse, starting like Off Guard.

The story goes that a mile was gone over without a word being spoken, when as the horse's rapid gait became slower as it turned down a country lane the pretty girl turned ever so slightly and said shyly, "Oh, Mr. Blank, why didn't you buy that dog?"—Baltimore Sun.

Man's Influence.

The only responsibility that a man cannot evade in this life is the one he thinks of least, his personal influence. Man's conscious influence when he is on dress parade, when he is posing to impress those around him, is woefully small, but his unconscious influence, the silent, subtle radiation of his personality, the effect of his words and acts, the tribes he never considers, is what gives every moment of life its changing to a degree the life of the whole world. Every man lives in an atmosphere which is affecting every other. So silently and unconsciously is this influence working that man may forget that it exists.—W. G. Jordan.

Material For a Whole Chapter.

"Have you—aw—ever thought what you would do," asked the literary foppling of his cable train entered the tunnel, "if this structure should cave in when you were about half way through?"

"Often," replied the Chicago man. "I should demand the return of my nickel."

And the literary foppling made a memorandum in his notebook. He had discovered another interesting characteristic in Americans.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A German Custom.

In some parts of Germany the girls have a pretty custom in which the young men have a large share of the fun. The girls have several suitors and wishes to know which of them would be true to her, she takes rose petals and drops them into a bowl of water, giving each the name of one of her admirers. The leaf that remains floating longest represents the man whose faithfulness she may rely on and whom she would therefore do well to choose.

A Prejudiced Opinion.

"Is it true that most of genius do not know the value of money?"

"I'm afraid it is," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "Most men of genius see so little of it that they never have a chance to form any definite ideas on the subject."—Washington Star.

Constipation

Does your head ache? Pain back of your eyes? Bad taste in your mouth? It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation, headache, dyspepsia.

25c. All druggists.

Want your portrait pencilled or board a beautiful frame or rich black? Then see

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Buckingham's Dye for the Mustache, 50 cts. Sold by Druggists, or by mail, 50 cts. in stamps. R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

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J. W. HARDEE,

—DEALER IN—

GROCERIES

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D. W. HARDEE.

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Black Jack, N. C.

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W. R. WHICHARD

—DEALER IN—

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J. C. LANIER,

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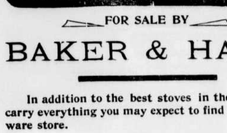

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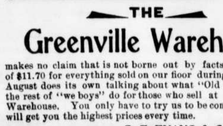

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Washington Letter

Special Correspondence from the Capital of the Nation.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 1, 1902.

It is doubtful if a republican congress has for many years convened under as auspicious circumstances as those which attended the opening if the second session of the Fifty-seventh Congress today. With ample republican majorities in both chambers and a republican President in the White House, there is the widest difference of opinion as to prospective legislation and even the old time leaders are divided on some of the most important questions. Tariff revision, of course, takes the lead. Senators and Representatives from western states assert that there must be steps taken in that direction in order to redeem the pledges on which the republican victory in their states was achieved. The democrats will, on the other hand, say that there shall be no tariff revision now and they expect to prevent the calling of Congress in special session for that purpose.

With regard to trust legislation, some senators say that there will be none and others, among them no less influential a man than Senator Frye, president of the senate, asserts that the Sherman law will be amended in accordance with the recommendations of Attorney General Knox. The policy of the republicans, as outlined for your correspondent by a well posted democratic senator, will be to pass such legislation as Mr. Knox has requested and as the President will urge, at the same time assuring the trusts that so long as they keep a republican administration they will have nothing to fear from the Attorney General, but if they permit the democrats to win there is no knowing to what extent a democratic attorney general will go in order to destroy the trusts. In this way, says the senator referred to, the republicans hope to make of the trust law a issue that will prevent campaign funds from the trusts in 1904.

As if to emphasize the evil of the trust system, the news has just reached Washington to the effect that J. Pierpont Morgan, in connection with the Barring Brothers of England, has underwritten to float bonds to the amount of $100,000,000 for the newly organized steel trust. Representative Richardson of Tennessee says that the democrats of the House stand ready to assist their opponents in any general tariff revision that the former and that they will give the republicans no ground to charge them with obstructive proceedings in case the latter make an honest attempt to relieve the present law or enact a new and more effectual one.

There was an intermingling of congratulations and condolences in the Capitol today. Twenty-five representatives have failed of reelection, and the condolences extended them were as numerous as were the congratulations offered to the successful candidates. The democratic side of the House two desks stood out prominently. Each was draped with crepe and covered with flowers in honor of Representatives De Graffenreid of Texas and Sheppard, both of Texas, who have died since Congress adjourned last July. On the republican side one desk was similarly treated. It was but formerly occupied by the late Representative Russell of Connecticut. Out of respect to the deceased members, the House adjourned immediately after being convened.

Fame is a glorious thing, but a small regular income is much more satisfactory to the average man.

It sometimes happens that a politician is never so much out of place as when he is in one.

It stands to reason that any man who would hook a fish would lie about it.

What women like about a sad play is that they can cry in plenty of company.

THE TOBACCO BUSINESS BOOMING

NORTH CAROLINA'S RECORD IS HIGH.

Missouri Leads in the Production of Tobacco--Over a Million Pounds Sold Last Week.

[Winston Journal.]

Notwithstanding the fact that Thursday was Thanksgiving day, and a holiday, there were something over a million pounds of tobacco sold on the local market during the past week. The quality was very good and considering the inclement weather early in the week the quantity is extraordinary.

High prices prevailed and the farmers are very well satisfied with the season generally. It is thought that about 90 per cent. of the entire crop will be in before Christmas. The figures for the week are as follows:

	Pounds.	Prices.
Monday	156,834	$14,256.71
Tuesday	275,850	29,140.06
Wednesday	300,617	30,892.02
Friday	218,180	21,597.43
Saturday	51,248	4,961.68
Total	1,003,638	$99,548.91

The shipments of manufactured tobacco for the past month will aggregate 1,062,363 pounds and the stamp sales amounted to $110,354.82, divided as follows:

On tobacco, $96,119.40.
On spirits, $14,025.77.
On cigars, $8,655.

According to the annual report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue the states of Missouri, North Carolina, Kentucky, Virginia, Ohio, New Jersey, and New York, in the order named, were last year the largest producers of both chewing and smoking tobacco.

	Pounds.
Missouri	81,412,052
North Carolina	43,522,423
Kentucky	33,242,800
Virginia	38,036,521
Ohio	22,537,253
New Jersey	20,934,941
Illinoise	14,912,884
Maryland	11,806,247
Wisconsin	10,246,600
	6,785,576

The farmers and tobacco growers in the United States annually produce more than 680,000,000 pounds of raw leaf tobacco, and last year more than 305,000,000 pounds were sold, including the sales of 296,378,097 pounds of tobacco were manufactured, and 17,513,341 pounds of snuff. The total number of cigars manufactured was 144,639,012, and 2,728,153,697 cigarettes. There were throughout the country 24,931 cigar manufacturers which includes 361 manufacturers of cigarettes.

The total number of cigars made weighing more than three pounds per thousand was 6,391,390,776, an increase of 57,721,075, when compared with production of 1900. The number of cigars made weighing not more than three pounds per thousand was 775,284,236, an increase of 164,324,516 cigars as compared with the production for the previous year.

The number of cigarettes made was 2,728,153,697, showing a decrease of 56,562,608 from the previous year.

The less a man has to say in his own house the more some women will let him know he ought not to say it.

Some women are so deceptive that when they are swearing they can make you think they are singing hymns.

Widows are a rich diet highly seasoned.

Don't tell your troubles. It doesn't do any good, and besides it takes up the other fellow's time.

The fellow who had to work Thanksgiving day is gladit is over, no doubt.

THE STATE PRESS

News and Opinions.

The time of the year is coming when the matter of road improvement would be a burning question if the ground wasn't too wet to strike a match.—Lexington Dispatch.

The man who goes back on his own section always proves the bitterest foe. Here we have John S. Wise, a Virginian, and John G. Carlisle, a Kentuckian, attempting to overthrow the new constitution of Virginia and restore the ballot to the hands of ignorance. At the same time Bulloch, a Georgian but Governor of that State under the carpet bag regime, declares to the Republicans if they do not fight to restore the ballot to negroes in the South then they will lose the close southern States and be retired from power. These ex Southerners seem bent upon a course which will take them from the ends all the privileges that they now has and at the same time fasten a yoke on the South that will forever prevent free and independent action in Southern politics.—Raleigh Times.

If the Republicans had spent less time in learning to read and more time in figuring the result of the election might have been different.—Lexington Dispatch.

Roberts and Smoots have the same sort of Mormonism and the same number of wives, but as their politics are of different brands Republicans will find some excuse for not being so all-fired rampant.—Winston Journal.

If it is a question of good morals some of the gentlemen should feel mean and contemptible when they vote against unseating Apostle Smoot.—Durham Herald.

Washington, N. C., Nov. 27.—Last night while Charles Lisle was at his store and his wife was at her mother's, Seth Simmons, a young employee of the Pamlico Iron Works, broke a window of the residence and climbing over a bed gained entrance. He succeeded in getting $4.00 in money. Several neighbors heard the window break and a posse of men surrounded the premises with lights. The intruder broke out and got away. Bloodhounds were secured from Greenville and took the trail, practically going over his trail twice. The dogs went to Simmons' home and then followed him down town to the jail where he had been confined on suspicion. Simmons has retained a lawyer and will have one also to assist the town. A preliminary hearing will be held tomorrow and will probably be waived. Courts starts December 1st, and the trial will come off then.—News Observer.

Even in federal affairs people have such officers as they want. The South does not want the negro in this capacity and he should not be forced upon it. If the North wants him let the North have him, and the South will look upon it as none of its business.—Durham Herald.

Has $600,000,000 in Gold.

Washington, Nov. 29.—The gold holdings of the United States Government has reached the enormous total of $600,000,000, the largest sum in gold ever held by any nation. Prosperity and confidence have brought forth enormous quantities of gold from hiding. Under present conditions people prefer paper currency. The balance of trade with foreign countries recently has been largely in favor of the United States. Another cause is the heavy increase in gold production.

More pieces of money were coined the last year in this country than ever before, but their value was $40,000,000 less than the previous year's coinage, owing to a greater demand for the smaller denominations.

SCHOOL GROUNDS.

[Essay read by Miss Bessie Harding before the Pitt county Teachers' Association.]

It is not my purpose to try to present to you some beautiful theory of what an ideal school ground should be, for, however energetically and enthusiastically we should endeavor to make real that ideal our efforts would be entirely in vain so long as our grounds are, in truth, public grounds, left open for the passer by to mar with its path and short cuts and feed for cattle to range upon and for hogs to up-root. Imagine, if you will, grassy plots flower beds, gravel walks, croquet grounds and tennis courts, left free to such intruders. Sufficient to discourage the most hopeful worker.

Truly, the surroundings amid which a child spends about one half of his waking hours should be as attractive as we can possibly make them, because of the various benefits to be derived therefrom. Study without environment, needless, by environment, especially by the environments of childhood. Need mention then those lasting influences of the environments of school days?

Beautiful surroundings will, I believe, make boys and girls regular and personal in attendance. Get them interested in the grounds of some flower and we if they will be willing to miss one stage of its development. A day away from school then will be one of great disappointment. They will be on the grounds early, eager to see what changes have taken place since yesterday. You could not make one be tardy then.

You surround a boy with beautiful things in a high he is interested, and for which he loves to care, and watch how steadily is weakened that spirit of destruction which we are prone to believe is inherent in all children, particularly boys. The care in personal appearance, the pride in the beautiful grounds, the devotion loyalty for school, thereby developed will be worth a thousand times the cost of the investment.

Do you save in your school pale-faced girls and dull boys, who, seemingly, earned do satisfactory work, and do not even feel like playing at recess, if they do not have leftover work to do? Place upon your school grounds swings, croquet grounds, tennis courts, foot ball games, and watch the color come to those pale cheeks and activity to that dull mind. Verily, I believe there is not a more truthful saying than "all work and no play make dull boys." Healthful and enjoyable exercise in those games will not only bring roses to the cheeks and strength to the body, but will also create a strong mental activity, and there will be no necessity of "staying in" at recess or after school.

Aside from the physical and mental vigor resulting from such amusements there is a moral effect produced. Intense interest in games will make fights and quarrels less frequent, and peace and harmony will be promoted.

Beauty of environment will create in the children a love for the beautiful which is such an essential element of true culture and refinement. Surely we want our pupils to become cultivated and refined men and women.

More than that, will not constant interest in building trees, blooming flowers, and other works of nature lead them to think of the causes of these results, make them study nature and nature's laws, the laws of God?

Do you want punctuality and regularity in attendance?

Do you want loyalty to your school?

Do you want care in conduct, work, and personal appearance?

Do you want hearty, rosy cheeked boys and girls?

Do you want order on your school grounds?

Do you want to develop the finer natures of the boys and girls?

Do you want to create and cultivate a love for nature which may lead to the love of nature's God and the study of nature's laws? Education, will you enclose our school grounds and thus enable us to take our first step from the wise, the teachers of Pitt county, to make our institute one ready march beyond the goal!

DEMORALIZING AND BANEFUL.

Says The New Hanover Grand Jury, Extract From Report in Wilmington Nov. 29.

We view with condemnation the issuing of licenses for conducting gambling devices known as slot machines. We learn that 20 such licenses have been issued to do business in this community. The demo