

D. J. WHICHARD, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

IN LEADERSHIP

In pastures green? Not always; some-
times
Who knoweth best in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be;
Out of the sunshine, warm and soft and
bright,
Out of the sunshine into the darkest night,
I oft would faint with sorrow and afflict;
Only for this, I know He holds my hand;
So whether in green or desert land
I trust, although I may not understand.

And by still waters? No, not always so;
Ofttimes the heavy tempests round me
blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows
do.

But when the storms beat loudest, I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whisp'ers to every soul, "Lo, it is I!"

So whether on the hill-tops, high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where
The shadows lie, what matter? He is there
And more than this: where'er the path-
way lead

He gives no helpless, broken reed,
But his own hand, sufficient for my need.

So where He leads me I can safely go;
And in His wisdom I shall know
Why, in His wisdom, He hath led me so.

Selected Story.

Romance of a Rosebush.

"It is all fol de rol," said Miss
Henrietta Henshaw, sitting bolt
upright in her bamboo rocker. "It
is all fol de rol, I say for people to
think they must make up gin-cracks
that nobody wants and scatter
them about among their friends."

"But it is for a birthday pre-ent
aunt."

"Well, what of that? Do you
suppose because my birthday hap-
pens to be coming that I want any
one to give me an ungainly pin-
cushion with two He worked in
the centre?"

"What if there should be three
He?" said Lottie, slyly, remem-
bering old Peter Hammond's clum-
sy attentions, with, as he admitted,
"an eye to a snug home."

"What's that you say?" snapped
Miss Hetta.

Lottie did not venture a repeti-
tion, but sat demurely, consider-
ing what, under the stress of cir-
cumstances, she should do. Lottie
was Miss Henrietta's orphan niece,
and had been a member of her
household for nearly a year. She
had learned dearly to love the
prim old lady, though that love
was not unmixed with fear. Her
wants had all been kindly antici-
pated and generously supplied;
but now she had come to her aunt
with a request for a few shillings
to spend on trifles, of which Miss
Hetta did not approve, and had
been flatly denied.

"Oh, dear, what should she do?
Harry had always brought her
some tasteful gift, and she did so
want to make him a band for his
new Derby. She had dreamed
that she could not, and had
put it off till the last moment.

The great drops welled up sud-
denly to her eyes. If Miss Hetta
saw any symptoms of heartache,
she had had heartache, herself,
and they had never killed her yet.
But Lottie did not mean to droop.
Auntie was usually kind, and was
albeit her only living relative—
except Harry. Well, Harry was
not a relative exactly—and oh,
dear, it she could only have a hat-
band!

She forced back the rebellious
tears, and went singing about the
house like the blithe girl she was.

The birthday morning arrived,
and the problem of Harry's pre-
sent was still unsolved. "If I
could just give him something,"
she sighed, looking wistfully down
the long street. "Oh," she said,
suddenly, clapping her hands, "I
will, I will! What a happy
thought!" And she fairly jumped
into her cloak and hat and went
skipping down the street.

Dr. Beach, an eccentric bachelor
lived in the rather lonely house at
the extreme end of the street.
Lottie was never sick herself, and
Aunt Hetta never employed Dr.
Beach for her occasional ailments;
yet the bright hearted girl had
contrived to make the acquaint-
ance of the uncouth doctor, who
liked her and called her "Little
Miss."

"What if the dear old man was
a little gruff? He was gruff,
Audience his office the now was
filled of a warm welcome. Aban-
doned in her own interest and in-
tention on her errand, she approx-
imated the bay window where
the great monthly rose bush which
had been the wonder and envy of
the admiring public since almost
before Lottie was born.

"Oh, doctor," she said, "I come
to ask if you would be so kind as
to give me three or four of those
lovely buds?"

"What for?" growled the doc-
tor, savagely.

"You see," she began, "I wanted
to make something pretty for a birth-
day gift for— for a friend, but I
could not," choking a little, and
she had almost given up hope of any-
thing, when this morning, as I
glanced down the road, your beau-

tiful roses seemed to say, 'Come
after us,' so here I am. Flowers
are always nice to give, you know,
and I had none."

"Humph! Why couldn't you
make what you wanted to?" he
said. "Aunt Hetta would not let me."
"Humph! Is not Henrietta
Henshaw good to you?" he de-
manded, bristling up.

"Oh, yes, as kind as can be.
But she does not believe in birth-
day gifts, she says."

"Haden't you any money your-
self?"

"No."

"She might give you a cent or
two from time to time; then you
would have a fund to draw from."

"Oh, she does; I had \$5. Mon-
day that I had not needed to use.
But I saw Jennie and Tommy El-
roy, with their little bare toes
peeping out of their old shoes and"

"So you squandered your money
to clothe the feet of those vaga-
bonds?" growled the doctor, won-
dering why he hadn't seen the
bare toes.

"Yes, I got shoes and nicest red
stockings. Jennie cried when she
hugged me because she was so
glad," related Lottie, her quick
tears starting.

The doctor rubbed his knuckles
vindictively in his own eyes.

"Well, little miss, if you had
known you could not get any more
money for your flummery, would
you have spent all you had on the
little beggars?"

"I don't know; I hope so; I'm
sorry you asked me. I really
think I should. But I did want
the other so dreadfully that I
might have saved out a little."

"You could have got brown
stockings."

"So I could. But I guess I'm
glad I did not; the red ones are so
much prettier, and the poor little
prouty things as well as the rich."

The doctor looked ponderingly
at the little miss. She was a pret-
ty creature, and as innocent as a
sheep. Though she was 17, her
looks and appearance would
hardly have claimed for her fifteen,
well rounded years.

"It is a bridal rose," said Lottie,
keeping her errand in mind, as
she looked admiringly into the great
bush, whose beautiful blossoms
rivaled the whiteness of the snow.

"Humph! I suppose so. You
would not think that it had spoiled
a wedding. But it did, just
fifteen years ago this day."

Lottie looked in alarm at the
white, treacherous thing.

"You would not think, either,
that a gruff old fellow like me could
ever have got a woman to say
she would have him."

"Oh, yes, I would," said Lottie;
"I think you're the nicest man
in the world—except—"

"Except whom?"

"I was going to say, Harry."

"Exceedingly fine compliment
you are paying me. You expect
some of my choicest flowers for
that flattery."

Lottie did not reply, but looked
in such consternation from the
rosebush to himself that the doc-
tor could not smile.

"You would like to hear the story?
Well, it never came from
my lips before, little miss, but I
will give it to you. You see I had
been a medical student under old
Dr. West, and when he died I got
my diploma and stuck my shingle
out here. Soon after that I got
acquainted with as trim a built
girl as you often see, and after a
while, somehow or other, we be-
came engaged. I was young and
had my way to make, and we re-
solved to wait two years before
settling down. Over back of the
hills yonder there lived a girl
named Nancy Brown, a pretty,
pale creature, who seemed just
ready to go off to the angels. I
was called to attend her, and I
wanted to do my best. I knew
they could never pay me a cent,
and perhaps for that reason I went
a little oftener than I needed.
Nancy had one precious thing, her
rosebush; small then, but giving
promise of great things. It did
seem as if everybody begrudged it
to her, for half the town, in one
way or another, sought to make it
worth her while to give it up.

"Perhaps the motives were
good. But, though Nancy was in
comparative poverty, no gold was
yellow enough to buy her one
treasure. Well, her fragility
proved not to be incipient con-
sumption after all, and time went
on until twenty-four hours
of my wedding day, and that
morning I was in my office here
on the watch for her, who soon
all smiles and blushes, with the
consciousness that it has the last
time as a maiden, came tripping
down the street. I went out to
meet her. This bush, not half as
large as it is now, stood here in
my window."

"Oh," said my bride that was
to be, in a pretty rapture, "Nancy
has sold you her rose! Did you cross
it root and branch with silver
coin?"

"Not a penny," said my bride, and
she gave me the bush, and the
doctor's heart was torn.

of her own sweet will.
"A jealous flash came over my
girl's proud face."

"I thought," she said, "that
your visits there were more fre-
quent than her illness called for."
You love her, and if you are fair
to her you are false to me?"

"I made a sharp reply. She
had charged me with double deal-
ing. We were both terribly an-
gry. The next morning we were
to have been married. That was
fifteen years ago, and we have
never spoken together since."

Nancy was going away to fulfill a
promise made in childhood, and
she gave me her rose because I had
saved her life for her lover. Per-
haps I had; but she had unknow-
ingly ruined mine. I kept the
bush, and it has blossomed every
month with all its might. More
than one young mother has beg-
ged of me some dainty buds to
clasp in her dead baby's
hand, and many a bride has pleat-
ed with sweet lips for just a few
blossoms to gem her hair. I have
denied them all, and have never
cut one of the flowers until it with-
ered from the stem. It was not
for Nancy's sake, but somehow for
the like that was to have blessed
mine."

"But you did not love your
sweetheart much," ventured Lot-
tie, winking off the salt drops
that had collected on her long
lashes.

"Not love her?" roared the doc-
tor. "Zounds! can a chit like you
undertake to gauge the depths of
a man's soul?"

"If you had you would have ac-
ted differently," bravely asserted
this small council of one, sitting
in judgement, with her chin rest-
ing on her hand.

"Acted differently," thundered
the irate doctor. "Pray, Miss
Wisdom, how should I have acted?"

"You would have said to your
sweetheart, 'I do not love Nancy
but I do love her rose. She is go-
ing away and gave it to me in
gratitude. But I give the rose
and myself and all that I have to
you, because I love you better than
all the world.' Then, don't you
see that everything would have
been smooth, and you would have
been all these years full of joy!"

"Zounds! so I should!" exclaim-
ed the excited doctor, rising to
his feet. "John, come in here,"
he called. "Help me wrap up this
rose tree. There, put it in the
house. And you, little miss, pre-
sent it with compliments and
wishes to Miss Henrietta Hen-
shaw. Good heavens, what a
fool!" said the doctor, striking his
bald head a vigorous thump, when
left alone.

Lottie did as she was bidden,
giving Aunt Hetta such a galvanic
shock as to paralyze her; but
the good lady came to enough to
glance furtively down the street
to see really that the "impertinent
white thing" was no longer star-
ing at her from the doctor's bay
window. She had a bay window,
too, looking southward, and into
it she contrived to roll the great
box with its wealth of white blos-
soms.

The doctor, looking stealthily
out from his dismantled corner,
drew his own conclusions.

"Ahem!" said Miss Hetta.
"How long would it take to work
that nonsense you were talking
about?"

"I could get it done by night,"
gasped Lottie, all of a delicious
tremble.

"Well, child, I did not mean to
be cross. Take this and do as you
please with it."

Lottie's hand closed quickly over
the gold coin; she did not need
a tenth of it, and she worked the
whole afternoon, to the detriment
of her blue eyes and the loss of
her supper; till on a garnet ribbon
a broad satin stitch of gold, orna-
mented with tiny forget-me-nots,
lettered out the H. B. M. which
stood hot for Her Britannic Majes-
ty, but some one every bit, as re-
gal—Henry B. Manvers, other-
wise Harry.

She had run down to the hall,
which was flooded with light, and
greeted Harry, and had just secur-
ed the hatband in his hat when
the parlor doors were thrown open,
and there stood Aunt Hetta, blash-
ing through the frosts of forty
winters, with great heaves of white
tears matted in her hair and clat-
tering on her boom. Dr. Beach,
pompos and portly, was at her
side.

"Here, little miss," he shouted,
"you and that rascal run for the
parson!"

The wily physician had armed
himself with a rug and a strip of
paper signed by the town clerk,
and before one could say "Jack
Hobbs!" the knot was tied that
transformed Miss Henrietta Hen-
shaw into Mrs. Dr. Beach.

Lottie was so bewildered that
she could never tell whether she
saw or not that Harry Manvers
had been married.

"Not a word," said Harry, and the
doctor's heart was torn.

young rascal seems so know, for
he is building wondrous castles in
the air.

In the sunny parlor, close beside
the great rose tree, stands an ele-
gant piano—a birthday offering to
"little miss" from her "Uncle Doc-
tor."—Cleveland Sun.

Letter From Georgia.

TAMPA, GA., Dec. 8th 1887.

Editor Eastern Reflector:
It has been sometime since I
wrote you a letter before, but I ex-
pect your readers have been the
winners thereby, and some of them
will probably regret that I have
not visited your presence upon
them. Be that as it may I am
here, and will write again and tell
of some of the things I have seen
in the wire grass section of South-
east Georgia. I have been down
here for about a month now, most
of which time I spent in Coffee
county, and have seen much to in-
terest and amuse me. This is es-
sentially a milling and turpentine
county, and there can be found
at almost every mile post on the
railroad either a saw mill or a tur-
pentine still, sometimes both being
located at the same place.

I have met with several "Tar
Heels" since I have been in this
section, every one of whom save
two were engaged in the turpen-
tine business. Everytime I meet
a man and tell him where I hail
from his first question is to ask me
where my still is located. The
idea is so general that a North Car-
olinian can do nothing else than
make turpentine, that surprise is
always expressed when I say I
know nothing about the business
and never saw any of the work
going on until I came down here.

Up to a few years ago the land
in this section was thought to be
perfectly worthless except for the
timber upon it, but it has been
proven that it is first-class farming
land and yields as much per acre
in all kinds of farm products as
any other section of the State.

The finest corn I have seen in
Georgia was seen in Alabama, in
this county, a few days since. The
ears were large and full, and com-
pare favorably with the corn grown
in Pitt county. Since the fact has
been established that turpentine is
profitable down here, many per-
sons have engaged in it and there
is rapid improvement going on. In
addition to the other crops, which
are made in this section, quite a
quantity of sea island cotton is be-
ing grown here, and this kind of
cotton is far ahead of the short
staple. It readily sells at from 20
to 25 cents a pound, and as the
yield per acre is about the same as
short cotton, there is a vast differ-
ence in favor of the large staple. I
have seen quite a number of bales
of sea island cotton ready for mar-
ket and have seen how it is gin-
ned and packed. Instead of hav-
ing saws with which to cut off the
lint from the seed, as is common
with the ordinary cotton, the long
gins are arranged upon a different
plan being made of rollers, which
pull off, instead of cutting the lint.
In this way the length of the sta-
ple is preserved, and the value of
the article greatly enhanced. But
the method is a slow one, the av-
erage capacity per day of a gin be-
ing 300 to 350 pounds of lint. In
packing and baling this cotton for
market no press is used, the method
being to drive it into the long
bags which holds it by means of an
iron stick or pestle. It would
seem that this is a very slow way
of packing and that the bales of
cotton would be very light when
packed. But I have seen as much
as 450 pounds of lint put in a bale
in this manner. The country here
is almost entirely undeveloped,
and land can be bought for almost
any price. \$2.00 per acre is con-
sidered a large price to pay for a
farm, even in the best localities.

On the line of the railroad, and
at the towns and stations, there is
a considerable amount of improve-
ment, but in the interior the people seem
contented to plod along in the
same old manner of their grand-
fathers, one hundred years ago.

As a class they are not very en-
lightened, and do not seem to
want to know any more than they
now do. In the interior of Coffee
county the natives call all citizens
of another State foreigners, and
even call citizens of other portions
of Georgia by the same name.

They are very simple in their hab-
its, care very little for dress or
finery, have few wants and seem to
be perfectly satisfied with their
attired life. I was told by the
gentleman with whom I stopped
the greater portion of the time I
was in Coffee county that it was
a common thing in the summer time
to see men and boys riding horse
or mule back to church on Sunday
barefooted and with spurs on their
feet. I somewhat doubted this,
thinking my friend was trying to
make me believe things that were
not exactly true, but what we saw
here we left the county made us
believe that he was right. The gen-
tlemen who told us this and many
more were

other amusing and strange things
in a native of Terrell county, in
this State, and consequently a "tar-
heel." He has been down here
about fourteen years, however, and
is now almost regarded as a native.
I attended one of the Sunday ser-
vices at one of the country church-
es while down there, and while
the day was too cold for the folks
to go barefoot, I saw enough to
convince me that what I had heard
about them was true. The church
was a small log hut, covered over
to keep out the rain, while espe-
cial care was taken to have it well
ventilated. There were cracks be-
tween the logs large enough to
throw a cut through, and the bleak
November winds blowing through
them made it quite disagreeable.
I expected to hear a sermon that
would compare with the appear-
ance of the church, and was great-
ly surprised at the result. True,
the preacher was not an educated
man and used plain, simple lan-
guage, but he handled his text well,
and gave good, sound advice to his
hearers. Many a sermon have I
heard from preachers professing to
be educated who failed to make as
fine an argument in favor of Chris-
tianity as did this Harshell
preacher in the Georgia pine woods.

While simple and uneducated
these people are very hospitable
and treat all comers with the ut-
most kindness. They are ever
ready to do a favor at all times
and will show you every courtesy
at their houses.

As stated above, the gentleman
with whom I stopped in Coffee
county told me many funny and
strange things, among the strangest
being this, which he says is
perfectly true, and which has been
corroborated in the main by a do-
zen or more parties whom I have
met since: "In Clinch county lives
a man whose career has been a
checked one, many and dire mis-
fortunes having befallen him.

First, when a quite a small boy he
was caught by an alligator and
nearly eaten up before rescued. A
little later on he was caught in a
cane mill and almost ground into
sausage meat. Recovering from
this accident he ran afoul of a rat-
tle snake, who tried his hand up-
on him, but failed to get in a
death stroke. This served to last
until he was grown, when a pan-
ther sprang upon him and succeed-
ed in making a meal of a portion
of his back and shoulder before
being beaten off. Surely this ought
to be enough of an adventure for
one man to have in his life, but
there had to be a grand finale to
his career in order to give him
permanent notoriety, and as there
were no other animals to chew
him up, he stole a cow and served
a term in the State penitentiary
therefor. This last was consider-
ed his greatest achievement, and
is the one upon which he brags
most loudly. And this same man
is said to be the meanest in Geor-
gia, the following being given as
proof. When attacked by the
panther, as alluded to

THE EASTERN REFLECTOR.

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON THE EASTERN REFLECTOR. NEW YORK.

Local Sparks.

NOTIONS AT COST!—Having just bought a large Stock of Notions at a big discount for Cash, we can and will sell them at **New York COST**. Higgs & Munford.

Cotton 9 1/2 to 9 3/4 Merry Christmas to all. Next Sunday is Christmas. 1888 will begin on Sunday. Wheat is coming up nicely. Kate Bensberg Opera Company to-night.

A little common sense is a good thing wisely used.

To-morrow will be the shortest day of the year.

The heavy rain Saturday cut off the crowd in town.

All the schools in town will give holiday next week.

After Christmas we will begin to gain a little more daylight.

Turkeys have been plentiful on the market during the past week.

The Sunday Schools in town will each have a party next week.

There has been a slight freshet in the Tar for little more than a week.

The REFLECTOR will make its next appearance on the 4th of January.

We do not hear much in the amusement line suggested for the holidays.

As Christmas falls on Sunday the legal observance will be the day following.

We have just printed a large supply of mortgages and can now fill all orders.

Terribly slushy roads throughout the county, and streets in town are just ditto.

Mr. J. C. Lanier is having a new dwelling erected on Pitt street, near the Plank Road.

Some of the farmers are having land plowed preparatory for next year's crops. A wise step.

The man who has advertised through this year finds that his business is ahead of the man who did not.

One of the social events of Washington will be a masked ball on the first Thursday night in January.

Merchants are having a big trade this week, especially those who keep articles to suit Santa Claus.

A horse trying to run away while attached to a cart caused some excitement on Evans Street, Monday afternoon.

We are indebted to the Pope Manufacturing Company, of Boston, Mass., for a novel and convenient calendar for 1888.

Turkeys are showing a degree of uneasiness upon their countenances. Christmas makes a demand upon their necks.

The children of the Baptist Sunday School will have Christmas exercises at the Church on Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Everything is in the midst of holiday excitement. We trust all our readers may realize their fullest anticipations of enjoyment.

Drying made a new departure last week. The policemen had to bring one into requisition to take a drunken man to the lock up.

Ryan & Redding have had a very large swinging lamp placed in front of each of their stores. They are quite an improvement.

The Pictorial Baptist Sunday School will have a Christmas tree Friday night next. We return thanks for an invitation to be present.

We hope the Mayor will allow the boys to touch off their fire works Saturday night, then it is not likely the Sabbath will be violated.

The Semi-Weekly News is the name of a new paper just started at Elizabeth City. It is a neat little sheet and the subscription price only \$1.00 per year.

Some time during next week our subscribers and advertising patrons in town will be waited upon and they are requested to be in readiness to see us.

The Reform Club will hold their regular monthly mass meeting in the Court House on Christmas afternoon at 3 o'clock. An interesting program will be rendered.

The Band of Hope boys now examine all the boxes in the Club Room before beginning a debate. They say Pete Carter is not going to "slip up" on them any more.

The REFLECTOR returns thanks for an invitation to a Christmas Tree given under the management of the Falkland Reform Club on the night of the 26th.

Complaints have been made about the guard house being placed immediately over some of the market stalls. The town authorities should make a change in some way.

The other day the editor received a very pretty autograph album with his name upon it in gilt letters, from a Northern house. It has been suggested that we send it around to delinquent subscribers and get them to redit their autographs therein.

Master Harry Whodbee is very sick.

Miss Lome Hillard, of Norfolk, has been in town this week.

Rev. L. Branson, of Raleigh, was in town one day last week.

Miss Bettie Wells, of Wilson, is visiting Miss Nannie King.

Mr. E. A. Moye has moved into the residence lately occupied by Mr. John Flanagan.

Mr. W. S. Bernard is home from Trinity School, Chocowinity, to spend the holidays.

Mr. R. E. Kynum and Miss Annie Bynum, of Farmville, spent Sunday with friends in town.

Mr. C. L. Whitehead and his little brother Walter, cousins of the editor, spent Sunday in town.

Mr. E. A. Moye, Jr., returned home Monday from Lexington, Ky. where he has been attending college.

We regret very much that our esteemed friend Miss Ann Delaney has been quite sick for more than a week.

Rev. R. B. John, the new pastor of the Methodist Church is expected to arrive to-morrow and will preach his first sermon here next Sunday.

Miss Carrie Cobb began clerking at the Racket Store this week.

We are glad to see so many of our young ladies filling clerkships in the mercantile houses.

Mr. D. D. Harrison, a young man of this county who has been spending this year in Florida, came home last week to remain during the holidays.

Prof. John Duckett will go to Raleigh next Monday to be present at the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Teacher's Assembly, on the 27th.

We were glad to see our young friend Mr. Charlie Laughinghouse, in town Saturday. He had just returned from Horner school, Oxford, and was on his way home.

Owing to the rain Saturday Rev. Dr. Hughes was prevented from coming to fill his appointments in the Episcopal Church on Sunday. He preached last night and will preach again to-night.

A recent issue of the Wilmington Star speaks of the late pastor of the Methodist Church in Greenville:

"Rev. Frank A. Bishop, a Wilmingtonian, occupied the Pulpit of Fifth Street Methodist Church on Sunday morning. We learn he preached a decidedly good sermon. Mr. Bishop is a growing man and in five years he will be one of the leading men in the Conference. Such is our prediction based upon a most favorable acquaintance with the man and his work. He is broadening every year."

In writing up the wedding last week we inadvertently omitted to return thanks to Mrs. W. T. Godwin for a plate of cake sent us. We assure her the cake was appreciated and enjoyed.

Render, how have you spent this year? Has your life been all it should be? Let your resolutions be to live better in the New Year that is soon to dawn upon us.

A lot of mortgages have just been turned out from the REFLECTOR office that will compare, as to price with any office in the State. If you don't believe we can do good work, try us.

We are told that a son of Mr. Mack Daniel was badly hurt while wrestling with another boy at Pactolus, a few days ago. The sinews of one arm were overstrained and the elbow dislocated.

Mr. J. G. Sheppard comes to the front again with a curiosity taken from a marl pit on his farm in Beaver Dam township. This time it is another large bone from some creature of antediluvian days.

Notwithstanding no REFLECTOR will be published next week, the office will be kept open every day except Monday. Persons wishing to pay us any money will find some one ready to wait on them.

The moon gets full on the 30th. Those who are preparing New Year resolutions can follow its example. Get full on the 30th, sober up and swear off on the 31st, and begin New Year's day right.

If you want to keep posted on matters of general interest next year take the REFLECTOR. There is no better time to subscribe than during the holidays and begin with the first number of the new year.

The type made a little confusion in the date of the sale of J. T. Pollard's stock, farm implements, etc. We had it Thursday, "23rd," when it should have been 22nd. Bear in mind that the sale is to-morrow.

The temperance lecture which was delivered in the Court House on last Friday night by Rev. S. M. Smith, of Washington, was the finest our people have had the pleasure of listening to. His subject was "Temperance in Politics" and was handled in an able and scholarly manner. We would be glad did space permit to give full comment upon the address.

Christmas is upon us. But three days more and it is here. Oh! what a season of gladness and merry-making—a time in which every one rejoices. There are hearts to be made glad and loved ones to be remembered with some token. Miserable, indeed, is the person who cannot see and feel that there is joy and gladness to your own heart in making those around you happy.

Let us be thankful. Our day all without may be bright, sunny and beautiful, while within we are a tempest of sorrows and troubles. Another day may be dark, gloomy and threatening, while within our hearts may dwell love, joy and gladness.

We have ordered a large lot of almanacs for 1888 which are expected to arrive this week, and will have one for every new subscriber to the REFLECTOR and for every old one who pays up his subscription. Do not be in a hurry to purchase before ours come.

The gin house on the farm of Col. I. A. Sagg, two and a half miles above town, was burned Monday afternoon. The fire is said to have originated from friction in the boxes of the gin. The building and five bales of cotton were destroyed. There was about \$700 insurance.

Just a word to our delinquent subscribers before bidding them adieu for the holidays. Do you want to see the editor of your county paper, who has worked hard for you during the year, standing around and having no fun while other people are enjoying themselves? If not bring or send him some money.

While surrounded with home comforts and loved ones this merry-Christmas tide, do not forget that there are homes in which dwells no sunshine—yes, homes that are filled with sorrow, poverty and suffering. Go to such and make glad the creatures that dwell there. Therein is true charity. Remember even a cup of water given in the name of Jesus does not lose its reward.

How sad it is to look upon the dying year and think it will soon be no more! The joyous it is to look just beyond to the New year with all its bright anticipations! It is so much like life. We go through this world feeling that each day draws us nearer and nearer to the close of life, and the thought makes us sad. But how quickly all the gloom is dispelled when we let our minds go just a little further into the "beautiful beyond" where all is peace and joy and rest.

The Kate Bensberg Company.

An unusual treat is in store for those who attend the Opera to-night. Miss Kate Bensberg comes with high recommendations and is supported by a company of leading artists. From some press comments the following extracts are taken: "She sings charmingly, with pure, fresh tone, facile execution and warmth of feeling." "Her voice is a clear and fine soprano, very even throughout, and capable of meeting the demands of the composer at every point." "Miss Kate Bensberg is an entrancing vocalist." Equals Patti in her marvelous execution and voice." Reserved seats sold by Harry Skinner & Co.

In Luck Again.

The editor met with more good fortune during the past week. His aunt, Mrs. W. R. Whitchard (and the whole county does not contain a better woman, if we do say it.) sent us for a Christmas present an old ham, a bucket of eggs, a pair of yarn gloves and a pair of all wool pants. It is of the latter we are most proud and propose to speak. A pair of out-and-out Pitt county pants is something not met up with every day. But this pair is a genuine home article. The wool was raised in Pitt county and the garment was made by the donor. The texture and quality of the goods is equal to imported articles and the make-up can not be surpassed by a professional tailor. If every farm in Pitt county was as self-sustaining as the one from which the above articles came there would be more happy people within its borders. We shall wear our Pitt county gloves and breeches with pride.

Holiday.

It has been our custom for years past to issue no paper during the week intervening between Christmas and New Year, but to observe it as a holiday in which to give the attaches of the office some needed rest and recreation. In keeping with that rule we again ask the indulgence of our many readers in not publishing the REFLECTOR next week. Throughout the past year the paper has appeared regularly and promptly, and while it will be missed next week we are sure it is not in the heart of any one to deny us this holiday. After battling through the trials and troubles of the year (and no one unacquainted with the details of a newspaper office can ever know what they are) a week's rest is no more than is needed, and besides wishing a little recreation and rest from labor, it requires sometime to adjust affairs of the closing year and prepare to enter vigorously upon the duties of the new one. In making this last appearance for 1887 we take occasion to return sincere thanks to those patrons who have stood faithfully by the REFLECTOR and contributed to its support. To our patrons we owe all and will ever entertain feelings of deep gratitude to them. In the New Year we shall strive to make the REFLECTOR even more acceptable to its readers, and the patronage of every one is solicited. Wishing every one a merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year, we make our final bow for the year 1887.

V. L. Stephens is headquarters for Apples, Oranges, Cocoanuts, Nuts, Raisins, Figs and Candies of every description.

Have your Clothing cut by A. Arnheim, the Merchant Tailor, and get a good fit.

Toys! Toys for Christmas! Also a large lot of Fancy Goods, Fruits and Confections. Lots of nice things for Santa Claus at JAMES LONG'S.

V. L. Stephens is headquarters for Apples, Oranges, Cocoanuts, Nuts, Raisins, Figs and Candies of every description.

New and Fresh—Raisins, Nuts, Dates, Figs, Apples, Candies, Cakes, Oranges, Lemons, Bannanas and Cocoanuts at the Old Brick Store.

One of the celebrated Stag Coffee Pots given to every purchaser of an Excelsior Cook Store.

V. L. Stephens is headquarters for Apples, Oranges, Cocoanuts, Nuts, Raisins, Figs and Candies of every description.

We have just received our new fall stock of samples of Custom Made Clothing, consisting of the finest and nobbiest line of Imported Goods. A. ARNHEIM.

Be Wise by getting full value—A Pure hand made cigar for 5cts at the Old Brick Store.

Highest Cash Price paid for Rough Rice by E. C. Glenn.

HOLIDAY GOODS.—Beautiful line of Scarfs and Ties for Xmas at M. R. Lang's.

V. L. Stephens is headquarters for Apples, Oranges, Cocoanuts, Nuts, Raisins, Figs and Candies of every description.

\$1,000 worth of Furs wanted this winter at the Old Brick Store.

The sale of the Boss Famous Lunch Milk Biscuit over six months previous 250,000 lbs., you know at the Old Brick Store.

T. R. Cherry & Co., make their last appeal for settlement to persons owing them either by note or account. The business must be closed up January 1st.

For Holiday trade 25 barrels of Apples cheap at the old Brick Store.

OUR LATEST.—The Holiday Hat. The latest styles at M. R. Lang's.

W. S. Rawls has just received the largest lot of Watches, Clocks, Silver-Ware and Jewelry ever brought to Greenville. Repairing Watches, Clocks and Jewelry a specialty.

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The Nicest, Largest and Cheapest Stock of Furniture at the Old Brick Store, which we invite you to examine before buying.

Davis and New Home Sewing Machines for sale at Brown & Hooker's store by J. C. Lanier.

Pulverized Sugar for icing cakes at the Old Brick Store.

I offer my farm for rent on reasonable terms for the year 1888, for one or five years. Situated one half mile from Greenville, containing four horse power. For further particulars apply to me or to W. B. Wilson. S. B. WILSON.

Cakes, Crackers and Candy at Manufacturers' prices at the Old Brick Store.

Remember there is nothing so appropriate for a Xmas gift as a picture. So have it made at once, before the rush by Zoeller.

J. O. PROCTOR & BRO., GRIMESLAND, N. C.

DEALERS IN General Merchandise.

We keep constantly on hand a good stock of Ready Made Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Dry Goods, Broom Goods, Notions, Hardware, Farmers' Tools, Firearms, Light and Heavy Vehicles, Tobacco, Cigars, Liquors, etc., which will be sold.

CHEAP FOR CASH.

We pay the very highest market prices for Cotton and all kinds of Country Produce.

We have 40,000 lbs. inch Sticks which will be sold at 25c per hundred delivered at Buyer's Ferry.

All persons owing us are requested to make immediate settlement.

Don't forget our place, and don't buy goods until you are in a position to pay.

V. L. Stephens is headquarters for Apples, Oranges, Cocoanuts, Nuts, Raisins, Figs and Candies of every description.

From Headquarters.

Not at COST

but far below value we shall offer, as long as they last, the following desirable goods which we have purchased for less than the bare cost of manufacturing or importing:

Towels, Napkins, Bleached Linen Damask Tablecloth, Turkey Red Ladies Fine Hosiery, Ladies Medium Hosiery, Misses and children's Hosiery, Hamburg Edgings, Hamburg Insertings.

All these Goods will be marked in PLAIN FIGURES and will be sold at ONE PRICE only.

LITTMANN & LICHTENSTEIN.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Have your Clothing cut by A. Arnheim, the Merchant Tailor, and get a good fit.

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M. R. LANG'S COLUMN.

1887 A. ARNHEIM 1888

GRAND MAMMOTH DISPLAY

OR FALL and WINTER GOODS

We have values that will bear inspection throughout our bright, new Stock, which has

JUST ARRIVED, EMBRACING THE FINEST QUALITIES, the LATEST STYLES, most COMPLETE AS SORTMENT, and the LOWEST PRICES.

OUR DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT

Consists of single and double width Dress Goods of every description. We can show you a full and complete line of Plain, Check, and Striped Cashmeres, Tricots, Flannels, &c., of all Grades.

Our Velvet, Satin and Trimming Department

Consists of all Colors and Shades of Silk and Cotton Velvets and Velvetines, from the cheapest to the finest qualities, in striped, plaid and plain designs. Astracian Trimmings in all colors, from 4 inch to 1 1/2 yards wide. Braided and beaded Passementeries, Hamburgs and Torchon Laces and thousands of other articles in this line that want of space forbids mentioning.

Our Ladies and Children Wraps and Cloak Department.

We can show you a fine line of Ladies, Misses and Children's garments in Newmarket, Russian Circulars, long and short Jackets, of the latest designs and style, in qualities such as Broadened Velvets, Astracian Diagonal, striped in all colors, Chincillas, Plush, Beaver, &c., &c. We have, this season, the largest stock of Ladies Wraps that we ever carried and our price will enable you to make a purchase.

Our Domestic Department.

We can show you a fine line of Striped, Check and Plain Gingham of all grades, 3-4, 7-8, 4-4. Brown and Bleached Homespuns small and large check. Plaids 10-4 wide. Bleached and Brown Sheetings. Fall Styles of Striped Seersucker. Nobby and stylish lines of Calicoes, Tickings, Curtains, Flannels of all colors, &c., &c.

Our Carpet, Rug and Oil Cloth Department.

"Oh, my! What beautiful carpets!" was the remark of a connoisseur that passed our store. Prior to this season we had some what neglected this Department: but, owing to frequent calls from our customers, we have invested largely in this line of goods. We can show you a full line of Brussels 3-ply, plain and fancy, in wool, cotton and hemp carpetings, also a full line of Smyrna and fancy Rugs. Floor Oil Cloth in 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648,

ISSUE MISSING