

EASTERN REFLECTOR

GREENVILLE, N. C.

D. J. WICHARD, Ed. & Owner.

Entered at the Post Office at Greenville, N. C., as Second-Class Mail Matter.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1899.

An Aged Minister Dead.

Rev. B. B. Albright, an aged preacher in the Free Will Baptist church, died at 2:30 Thursday morning at the home of his daughter, Mrs. H. C. Harris, about five miles from Greenville. Mr. Albright was a native of Pitt county and was in his 85th year. He had been in the ministry for more than half a century, and with the exception of one year had been pastor of the church at Parker's Chapel all of this time and it was one of his regular appointments for preaching. In all his ministerial labors with different churches he received and baptized 3,460 members.

About ten years ago Mr. Albright moved to Pamlico county where he married a second time, and that county had since been his home. He always came back to fill his appointments at Parker's Chapel. Two weeks ago he came to get ready for the yearly meeting, but was taken sick soon after reaching the home of his daughter and never got up again.

The Merchant Who Survives.

The fighting propensity in man kind is one of the elements which uphold the principle of the survival of the fittest. But in the present day of competition for success the prowess of intellect is, in the long run, more effective than physical strength. This fact is borne out by the experience of the enterprising merchant. By the aid of his own restless mind and his business ability and by the constant use of first class newspaper advertising he maintains an aggressive commercial campaign against his business rivals.—Philadelphia Record.

Governor Johnston, of Alabama,

has just granted a unique pardon to John Boston, a negro of Russell county. Boston was serving a term for stealing chickens, and the Governor granted him a pardon upon condition that for twelve months he should not buy, steal or eat another chicken or any portion thereof.

The Republicans have the power

to pass whatever Legislation they want against the trusts at the coming sessions of Congress. They have control of both Houses and the Presidency, and if they mean to do it, can just as well do it now as in a year's time. But it is not likely that they will do anything.

Back in Town.

W. L. Cobb has taken a position at the grocery store of R. A. Tyson. He was in Greenville for a long time but for the last three years has been staying on his farm. We are glad to have him back in town again. He says he will be glad to have all his old friends and those who were his former customers call on him at his new place.—Daily Reflector 22.

Another Murder Case.

Thursday afternoon the grand jury returned another bill for murder. It was against Lizzie Harris, who some weeks ago killed her husband in Falkland township, the case being decided by the Coroner's jury as justifiable homicide. In their examination into the matter the grand jury found sufficient evidence for a true bill. The woman was arraigned in court this afternoon and the trial set for Friday of next week.

Now that Republican Senators

and Congressmen are beginning to urge upon the President that party success may be endangered if Gen. Otis is kept in Manila, he is likely to be recalled. The exigencies of party politics may thus accomplish this desirable result, which was unobtainable as long as the useless waste of soldier's lives and health.

Living Bumblebees.

"I have often heard of a jug being a good thing to use in living bumblebees," said a man yesterday, "but I thought it was all a hoax until a day or two ago when I saw it tried and it worked to perfection. On any plantation these varmints have been somewhat of a pest, especially when cleaning up and getting ready for planting time. Last week the man on the place ran across so many of them that he made up his mind that he would get rid of them. Going to the house he brought back a big jug. This he filled half full of water and quietly placing it near the nest, he began stirring them up, when they circled around the jug a moment and then commenced diving down into it. After a while most of them went out of the way and the man picked up the jug and brought it out, when by actual count 32 bumblebees were found in it. This is a fact—I saw it with my own eyes."—Greensboro Record.

Our Good Old State Forever.

A person has only to keep his ears open these days to be constantly reminded of what a great State North Carolina is, how diversified her industries, how glorious her opportunities. All who run may read it is a wonderful section of country. But a few years ago and nobody thought of growing tobacco in the east. Now the east is as good a tobacco section as has been found. Another venture of a new crop on strange soil is the growing of upland rice in North Carolina. The fact is, the free school can go any number of days any time during the session. J. L. JACKSON, Prin.

Miss Rosa Cox, Asst.

On the show papers you only see pictures, but we show the reality itself in the way of wondrous carriages, collars, &c. Come examine for yourself and be convinced before buying elsewhere.

Secretary of the Treasury

has said that the twelfth interest on the three weeks before it became due, at the bidding of Wall Street, will next be asked to allow the National Bank to issue currency to the full amount of their bonds.

One of the Victims.

Tarboro, N. C., Sept. 22.—One of the persons who perished in the St. Vincent hospital fire at Norfolk yesterday morning, was a Miss Pippin from Edgecombe county. She had been in the hospital but a few days. Her remains reached here on the train today and will be interred at Hamilton.

ORIGINAL OBSERVATIONS.

Made by The Orange Va. Observer.

With many men religion never

gets above the knees. Scandal is the worst form of rumormongering of the tongue. Our people like to feel stove up as the weather gets cooler. Pure thoughts adorn the mind as choice pictures do a room. There are no politics in heaven—and there is no heaven in politics. The successful attorney finds his avocation the most profitable per cent.

Truth never uses perfume,

while falsehood often smells sweeter than a rose. The more some men talk the less they know—and thus they let you know it. It would be nice to be transformed into a turtle, and yet he has a great snout.

To speak through long continued

years is never really best—just lay aside your doubts and fears and give the gods a rest. The tip of the scientist declares that the end of the world is the home of the soul. Well, it certainly often shows where departed spirits have gone.

The reason some people let their

accounts stand and never pay them is because they believe too religiously in the old adage that "time is money."

The dust is being brushed from the

sign "hot chocolate" and the one reading "dazzard soda" is preparing to go into retirement.

WINTERVILLE DEPARTMENT.

NEWSY HAPPENINGS AND BUSINESS NOTES.

WINTERVILLE, Sept. 21, '99. Work is progressing rapidly on W. L. House's new house. The Misses Wesson will have a nice house when it is completed. Regular preaching services here today and Sunday by Eld. W. L. Bilton, pastor.

Miss Bessie Garrison, of near

Ayle, is here visiting the Misses Wesson this week. A new kiln of brick is being set at the brick yard, and will soon have more ready for the market.

B. F. Manning & Co. are paying

60 cents of cotton. Bring your cotton here and be convinced that our prices are now tip top all the time.

A. G. Cox has had some chills

which have kept him in bed several days, but we hope he will be able to get out again in a day or so.

T. M. Beachman, who moved

from here to Washington short while ago, has been down here two or three days looking after some business. The people of the place seem to be inclined to utilize a lot of the trash scattered over town for fuel. This clearing up adds much to the looks of the place.

The next session of the Winterville

Academy opens Monday Oct. 2. Students should start the first day if possible. Those entitled to the free school can go any number of days any time during the session. J. L. JACKSON, Prin.

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Register of Deeds Moorehead

for business last week and issued licenses to the following parties:

WHITE.

J. R. Williams and Mamie E. Hudson.

C. B. Whichard and E. C. Ren-

frew.

James H. Cobb and Ellen M.

Norman.

J. F. Craft and Nora V. Elks.

A. W. Barber and Mary L. Abrams.

Leather Puryear and Jennie Bar-

ker.

COLOR.

John H. Roberson and Laura Clark.

William Cooper and Matilda

Hall.

Henry King and Marietta Wood-

ard.

About the Coming of the Great

Winter Storms.

The Earl Sitters are as ravish-

ingly beautiful, as bewitchingly fair as they are eminent in aerial sciences. There are two of them—Maud and Hazel. We shall not attempt to describe their wonderful aerial acrobatics for the simple reason that cold type can not portend its infinite charm—can not, in fact, even begin to do it justice.

Such is to say that tremendous

audiences in Europe, Mexico and Canada have testified to their surpassing excellence by such prolonged, tumultuous, wild and unbounded applause that report of their triumphs has spread literally unto the uttermost parts of the earth.

AROUND THE WORLD.

Letters From Lyman A. Cotton On His Travels.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE)

We reached Port Said on June 17th and left there the same day. It has the reputation of being the worst place in the world, and from all I saw of it, I think it lives up to its reputation. The people are a lot of lying, cheating, thieving, selfish savages. Men and women alike are dressed in bloomers, and the married women have their faces covered with heavy veils, held on with metal noses. Why the married women cover their faces, instead of the single ones I did not learn. I cannot understand how any of them get married if their lovers are allowed to see their faces beforehand. However, tastes differ. Perhaps the husbands make them cover their faces, not so much to keep other people from seeing them, as to spare themselves from gazing on them. Among the delinquents of Port Said, not the least among them, are the sand storms. One occurred while we were there. The sky suddenly turned a yellow hue and a few gusts of hot wind were felt. Looking across the desert we saw what appeared like a sand bank coming. It was a sand-storm. Soon it arrived and we could scarcely see anything for the sand. Even the sea seemed to hide his face for fear of getting it pelted with sand. On our way we saw it under cover, and it proved to be a short one, only a shower so to speak, as it lasted only a few hours. This was quite long enough for me, but sometimes they last for two or three days.

The trip through the Suez Canal

was interesting, but here of beauty as it runs through a desert most of the way. Occasionally we saw a caravan, or a body of gay and festive Arabs passing as free as the wind, especially free as the clothes they had on, or more correctly did not have on.

Out of the canal into the Gulf of

Suez, where it was hot and with rocky barren shores. The morning after we entered the Gulf I saw from a distance Mt. Sinai, which you may be sure around a train of thought. I am very glad to have seen it. Soon we passed from the Gulf of Suez into the Red Sea, and it was expressed by the old figure of speech "out of the frying pan into the fire." I have been curious to know why it was called the Red Sea, but now I feel like it must have been because it is red hot. The superlative of hot without a qualifying adjective does not begin to express it, nor can I describe the hellishness thereof. It was hot in the morning, hotter during the day and hottest of all at night. For five days we endured it, and I feel quite like I had passed through the "fiery furnace," and let us hope it has refined the gold of my nature.

This morning we passed out

through the Strait of Bab-el Mandeb and are now in the Gulf of Aden where it is a little less hot, but not so cool. We did not stop at Aden as the Captain received a cablegram from Washington at Port Said telling him to hurry on, so we will not stop again until we reach the island of Ceylon. After that we will be only one more stop before getting to Manila. I will have arrived at Manila before you get this letter, where I hope to read some letters as well as write them. I will mail this at Colombo, on the island of Ceylon, and another letter at Singapore, then at Manila. It is hard to realize that I am so far from the States. I think of you all very often, and send a great deal of love. Your devoted son, LYMAN COTTON.

U. S. S. GLACIER,

INDIAN OCEAN, July 6, '99.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

When I last wrote home we had just passed through the Red Sea and were still fanning ourselves in the hope of getting cool. Soon after we struck the Indian Ocean we had a change of weather. We ran into the Southwest Monsoon and for three days we had a lively time, and the Glacier demonstrated her ability to roll. For three days we rolled so heavily that we could scarcely sleep and at one time it looked as though we would have to run up to Bombay to get out of it, but finally it moderated so we could resume our course. We reached Colombo, on the island of Ceylon, on July 1st. We found that the Olympia had left there only two days before, and so we were disappointed in our hope of meeting our great Aunt Debby. Colombo is by far the nicest and most interesting place I have yet seen. It has about two hundred thousand inhabitants and many of them are Englishmen of wealth and refinement. The luxuriance and beauty of the trees and flowers are almost beyond imagination, being so near the equator. The streets are all nicely paved and kept clean. The weather is always warm and the natives wear very few clothes. The men wear a small cloth around their loins, while the women wear more, but even they are not burdened with their costumes. Shoes seem to be quite dispensed with. The method of travel charmed me. They use a small two wheeled vehicle which looks like a small top buggy, called a jinriksha. You get in and a coolie or native gets between the shafts and away you go at a surprising speed. They go quite as fast as the average horse, and the riding is much more comfortable. One native will take you as far as fifty miles in one day and for only one hour as much as seven or eight miles. If it rains they raise the top and draw up the rubber lap cloth and this keeps perfectly dry. As the coolie only has a small cloth around his loins he does not mind the rain. One outfit especially attracted my attention. It was a new jinriksha and was pulled by a coolie as black as ink, and his body fairly glistened, while around his loins he had a red cloth and fancy turban on his head. I could only compare him to a fine black thoroughbred horse, thus gayly caparisoned. The natives were quite a surprise to me. They seem clean and more intelligent than I expected. They vary in color from brown to jet black and many had charming smiles but could not be called pretty by our standard of beauty. Few of the men seem to be over five feet six in height, while the women are about five feet. You probably know that Ceylon is noted for its tea and precious stones. The latter are found in great abundance in the mountains and I have never seen so many beautiful stones and they are very cheap. Ivory and ebony ornaments are also made in great abundance. In the outskirts of the city there is a magnificent hotel and everything about the place is nice. I failed to mention that all the natives have long black hair, worn either loose, or in a knot on the back of the head, and those of a certain caste wear in their hair red tortoise shell ornaments which they coil their turban as they wear it. It usually rains two or three times a day at this season of the year, but the showers last only a few minutes and they have a fine breeze all the time. We left Colombo Monday and expected to reach Singapore Saturday. The weather is fine and I am very well, but very hungry for news from home.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

YOU WANT TO SEE

How nice we are fixed in our new store. Drop in and we will show you. We are just opposite the Bank of Greenville, and having a much larger store than usual we are handling both

DRY.....

AND

GROceries.

You will find the three J's—Jim, Joe and Jess—ready to wait on you and anxious to please you. When it comes to prices, you will find ours rock bottom. Come to see us.

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New Goods arriving by every train and boat. We can suit you in

LADIES DRESS GOODS, CLOTHING, SHOES, HATS, NOTIONS, TRUNKS, GENTS FURNISHINGS, &c.

A call will convince you.

C. J. MUNFORD,

FIVE POINTS.

OUR PATRONS

GET THE BEST THAT IS OFFERED, AND AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

I am now in one of the new

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Give me a call when anything in line is needed and I promise to please you both in quality and price of the goods.

J. S. NORMAN

Why

YOU SHOULD TRADE AT MY STORE IS AN EASY PROBLEM TO SOLVE. IT IS BECAUSE NO DEALER CARRIES A BETTER FRESHER OR MORE SELECT STOCK OF

GROCERIES,

Canned Goods

AND ALL KINDS OF

Table Supplies

that are to be found here. I have moved into one of the new stores and can now be found just across the street opposite J. C. Cobb & Son. NEW GOODS constantly arriving and my stock embraces the best of everything.

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