

Local Trains and Boat Schedule.

Passenger and mail train going north, arrives 8:22 A. M. Going South, arrives 6:37 P. M.

North Bound Freight, arrives 6:45 A. M., leaves 10:15 A. M.

South Bound Freight, arrives 1:51 P. M., leaves 2:11 P. M.

Steamer Myers arrives from Washington Monday, Wednesday and Friday leaves for Washington Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Weather Bulletin.

Rain on coast to-night, Thursday fair, warmer.

LOST.

(From "A Rose of Yesterday.")

Lost!
A dimpled baby,
Young,
Scarce one year old,
Eyes
Of dawn-star lustre,
Hair
Of corn-silk gold.

Seen,
Last in a coffin,
Hands
With daisies filled.
Small
Pale mouth was smiling,
Feet
Were strangely still.

Search!
The sad earth over.
Search!
The glad sky through.

Lost!
Beneath the clover;
Lost!
Amid the blue.

Leap!
Ye heart of mothers;
Run
The long years' round;
Hear
God's Last Day chorus—
'Found!
All children found!"
—Helen F. Holcombe.

A Peculiar Disease.

Mr. Otoway Davis, from Cape Lookout Light House, was in town to-day and reports a very peculiar epidemic in that section. The victim is prostrated suddenly with an acute pain in some part of the body, leg, hand, foot and back, and thrown into a violent fever, and then in two or three hours is well enough to be out fishing again. He reports about fifty cases in that immediate section out of a population of probably not more than a hundred.—Beaufort Herald.

NEWS OFF THE WIRE.

Served by our "Leased" Underground Cable—(Limited).

A terrific wind storm swept over Ashland, seventeen miles north of Richmond, Va. Houses were unroofed, fences carried away and trees uprooted. The storm was the worst one known in that section.

The United States Supreme Court decided the income tax to be unconstitutional, the Court dividing as follows: Against the law, Chief Justice Fuller, Field, Gray, Brewer and Shiras; for the law, Justices Harlan, Brown, Jackson and White.

The first copy of the Women's edition of the Raleigh *News and Observer*, which was published by the Ladies' Monumental Association as a souvenir of the unveiling of the Confederate monument was sold to the highest bidder, and Mr R. B. Raney, of Raleigh, became the purchaser at \$100.

As it Impressed Uncle Zeke.

"What's that box o' things fur?" inquired Uncle Zeke, looking down into the showcase.

"That's a manicure set," answered the shopgirl.

"A what?"

"Manicure set. It's for the nails you know."

"Nails? Is ther' a hammer goes with it?"

"No, no. It's for the finger nails."

"Finger-nails?"

"Yes. Trimming them, and cleaning them and keeping them in shape."

"Is that what all them tools is fur?"

"Yes."

"What mought the outfit be wuth?"

"Three dollars and seventy-five cents."

"Ever sell any of 'em?"

"Often."

"Ain't used fur nothin' else?"

"No."

"An' you git \$3.75 fur 'em?"

"Yes."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Uncle Zeke, strolling on to the next aisle in the department store, "what'd some folks do for a livin' if it wasn't for the blamed fools!"

The Oxford *Orphan's Friend* has been enlarged to eight pages in size and the last issue came dressed in an entire new outfit. Besides being published in the interest of the orphans and the asylum, the *Friend* is the organ of the Grand Lodge of Masons.

A Short Talk With the Boys.

When little George cut down that cherry tree with his little hatchet, and Mr. Washington took him around behind the smokehouse to settle with him for it, it was a painful scene---in fact 'twas too painful to mention, all because he didn't have on a pair of my double-seated Pants. He didn't know that I had them, but you do. Price---\$3 to \$5 per Suit, with double seat and double knees. My stock of Men's Clothing is clean out of sight and prices are way down.

FRANK WILSON, THE KING CLOTHIER.

Bits of Wisdom.

The highest pleasure which nature has indulged to sensitive perception is that of rest after fatigue.

The prosperity of a people is proportionate to the number of hands and minds usefully employed.

It is not common to envy those with whom we cannot easily be placed in comparison.

Every man ought to wish eminence, not by pulling others down, but by raising himself.

To strive with difficulties, and to conquer them, is the highest human felicity.

No money is better spent than what is laid out for domestic satisfaction.

Most men, when they should labor, content themselves to complain.

Men can be social beings no longer than they believe each other.

Ambiguous.

A provincial paper concluded an account of a local wedding with the following surprising announcement:

"The bridegroom's present to the bride was a handsome diamond brooch, besides many other beautiful things in cut glass."

Cotton and Peanuts.

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

COTTON.	
Good Middling	61 1/2
Middling	61
Low Middling	53 1/2
Good Ordinary	53
Tone—steady.	
PEANUTS.	
Common	1 to 1 1/2
Prime	1 1/2
Extra Prime	2 to 2 1/2
Fancy	2 1/2
Spanish	2
Tone—steady.	
Eggs—10 cts.—Firm.	
B. E. Peas—best, 2.50 to 2.75 per bag	
“ “ damaged, 1.50 to 1.75.	
Black and Clay, 90 to 1.00 per bushel.	

Greenville Market.

Corrected by S. M. Schultz, at the Old Brick Store.

Butter, per lb	17 to 18
Western Sides	6.60 to 7
Sugar cured Hams	11 to 12
Corn	40 to 42
Corn Meal	50 to 52
Cabbage	
Flour, Family	4.00 to 4.25
Lard	6 to 6 1/2
Oats	
Potatoes Irish, per bbl	3.00 to 3.25
Potatoes Sweet, per bu	60 to 65
Sugar	4 to 4 1/2
Coffee	16 to 18
Salt per Sack	80 to 85
Chickens	20 to 22
Eggs per doz	
Beeswax, per lb	
Kerosene,	13 1/2 to 14
Pease, per bu	1
Hulls, per ton	6
Cotton Seed Meal	20
Hides	5 to 6

DAILY REFLECTOR.

D. J. WHICHARD, Editor.

Subscription 25 cents per Month.

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EVERY AFTERNOON (EXCEPT SUNDAY)

STATE DEM. EX. COM.

The following resolutions were adopted by the State Democratic Executive Committee on the evening of the 20th inst. They give forth no uncertain sound as to where the Democratic party in North Carolina stands on the money question. The free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 will be the issue in the future until we get it.

1st. That the Executive Committee of the Democratic party of the State of North Carolina, acting and speaking for and in behalf of the party, republish, reiterate and emphasize the declaration of the party made in the State Convention, August 8, 1894, in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1.

2nd. That time and pressing events have proven the wisdom of this latest declaration of the party on this all absorbing question, and we appeal to the Democratic press and people of the State to give to it their loyal open and aggressive support.

3rd. That in advocating the free and unlimited coinage of silver by the Government of the United States we are not asking any favors or concession from any one, but are simply demanding that the great wrong done the masses of the American people by the Republican party in 1873 be undone and that silver be restored to the position it occupied from the foundation of our Government up to the perpetration of that Republican crime.

4th. That in our judgment the immediate resumption of the free and unlimited coinage of silver by the government of the United States as it existed prior to 1873 without waiting one moment for the co-operation and without reference to the conduct or policy of any nation on earth is the great duty that now confronts the American people, and we appeal

to all men of every shade of political opinion in North Carolina who believe as we do that the restoration of the free and unlimited coinage of silver means the restoration of prosperity to our homes to join with us in the great battle of 1896, which we intend to wage to wipe out the Republican crime of 1873, and to secure for our beloved old State good laws and government.

5th. That we send greetings to our Democratic brethren of Illinois, thanking them for the bold, open and aggressive stand they have taken in favor of the immediate resumption of the coinage of silver and we send them our assurances of our hearty sympathy and co operation in 1896.

6th. That regarding the question of the resumption of the free and unlimited coinage of silver as the overshadowing one in American politics we urge that such action be taken by the various bimetallic leagues as will open the way to a union of the friends of silver coinage in their support of a candidate for the Presidency and candidates for Congress who can be relied upon to stand by the people in their great struggle for financial emancipation from the evils of the single gold standard.

7th. That while we concede the right of every citizen of the State to go as a delegate to the so-called sound-money convention, to be held in Memphis this week, or to be represented by delegates there to, we at the same time protest that in so doing they do not represent the Democratic sentiment of this State.

Awakened by a Brass Ligament.

The study of etymology causes no end of trouble among that class of school children whose knowledge of English is limited to words which figure in ordinary street conversation, and many curious results have followed. The custom usually observed by the teachers is to require first a definition of the word, then its derivation and finally a sentence in which the word is properly used. The word "ligament" fell to the lot of a rather diffident boy recently in the Camac grammar school, at Thirteenth and Norris streets. He defined it properly as "a band," but followed up the correct derivation with the remarkable sentence: "I was awakened up last night by hearing a brass ligament going down the street."—Philadelphia Record.

ENGAGED TO—HARRY.

Workings of the Mind of a Young Woman in Love.

Found a Pocketbook, and Being Otherwise "Engaged," Returned It to the Wrong Person—A Walk Uptown with an Empty Stomach.

"I'll never go anywhere again with a newly engaged girl as long as I live," groaned the girl in the little Dutch bonnet. "You brought me off in such a hurry that I'm not even sure that my gloves are mates, while every pin in my hair is jabbing clear into the gray matter of my brain and I feel like nothing so much as one of Fox's martyrs. And it is all because you wanted to get me out and tell me everything Harry said to you last evening."

"Oh, well, we hadn't long to wait for our train anyhow," said the girl in the velvet cape.

"No, but I verily believe you'd have taken tickets for New York if I hadn't stopped you, just because you and Harry are going there on your wedding trip, and you were in the midst of telling me about it when your turn came."

"Oh, well, this is a lovely matinee anyhow; Harry told me—"

"The play is well enough, but I'm fairly dying with hunger, and you hurried me so that I forgot to bring a cent of money with me."

"Well, it's my treat, anyhow," smiled the girl in the velvet cape, "and we'll have plenty of time for a lovely lunch before our train goes. Don't you think the leading man looks a little like Harry?"

"H'm; considering that Harry's hair is black, while that of the leading man is yellow, that Harry is smooth shaven, while this man has a mustache as big as a policeman's, I don't see much likeness; however, with these small drawbacks—"

"Oh, Louise, do look at the sleeves of the woman next to me, she is just starting out now; don't you think I might have the ones to my going-away gown made like—Oh, look! she must have dropped her pocketbook as she got up; what shall I do?"

"Leave it there until she comes back or send the usher for it."

"But she might not miss it until too late. Wait, I'll be back in a moment."

She caught up with the lady, who was hurrying out. "Pardon me, but you have dropped your pocketbook, and here it is."

The lady looked puzzled. "Why, surely not; I had it in my pocket. Why, where is my pocket? You see, this is a new gown, and I can't locate the pocket easily among all these plaits. Where is the thing? I'm afraid I'll lose my train."

"Oh, it must be yours. I found it under your seat just after you came out."

"Thank you ever so much. I don't know what I'd have done at the station with no money or ticket."

The girl in the velvet cape sank into her seat just as the curtain was about to go down. As they started out she said:

"I'm so glad I followed that woman. She hadn't noticed her loss. Harry says—"

"Come along and let us get our lunch now," said the girl in the little Dutch bonnet. "You can tell me what Harry says while I eat."

"Very well. Why, where on earth is my pocketbook? I must have lost it. When did you see me have it?"

"Why, could it have been—"

"Oh, my goodness, yes; that was just it. It was my own pocketbook, and I—I fairly forced that woman to take it."

"You did," replied the other girl, with the calmness of despair. "We shall have to walk all the way home, and I shall probably die of hunger on the way; but it served me just right for putting any dependence on the sanity of a newly engaged girl."—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Origin of Champagne.

This was the origin of "fizz." The pioneer maker of champagne was a monk, Don Perignon, cellarer at the Abbey of Hautvillers, near Epernay, who, about the year 1670, began to make experiments in bottling the wine of the district while in its second state of fermentation. He soon found that the corks made of greased hemp, which were then in general use, were ill suited to his purpose, and he substituted the bark of that species of oak now known as the cork tree in England and the chene-liege in France. By tving his corks down he succeeded in imprisoning the carbonic acid gas which is the cause of effervescence, except when it was strong enough to burst the bottle. Subsequently M. Francois discovered a means of ascertaining the exact quantity of sugar to secure sufficient fermentation of the wine in bottle to render it sparkling and not so much as to burst the bottles.

Managing a Servant.

One of the most intrepid women, speaking on the servant question, said, with entire gravity:

"I have a fixed method of reproof or dismissing my servants and I never vary from it. I am careful not to seek them in their domain, as they can there rattle dishes while I talk. I always send for the offender to come to me in, say, a quarter of an hour—that gives them time to lose their nerve and wonder what I want. Then I always contrive to be writing at my desk as they enter my room and I keep them standing waiting while I finish my page. This is wholesome also. By the time I am ready I find my servant quite subdued. All this sounds trifling and it takes time but it saves friction in the end."—Harper's Bazar.

LOCAL DIRECTORY.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Superior Court Clerk, E. A. Moyer.
 Sheriff, R. W. King.
 Register of Deeds, W. M. King.
 Treasurer, J. L. Little.
 Coroner, Dr. C. O'H. Laughinghouse.
 Surveyor.
 Commissioners—C. Dawson, chm'n.
 Leonidas Fleming, T. E. Keel, Jesse L. Smith and S. M. Jones.
 Sup't. Health, Dr. W. H. Bagwell.
 Sup't. County Home, J. W. Smith.
 Board Education—J. R. Congleton, chm'n, F. Ward and R. C. Cannon.
 Sup't. Pub. Ins., W. H. Ragsdale.

TOWN OFFICERS.

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

CHURCHES.

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

Catholic. No regular services.
 Episcopal. Services every fourth Sunday morning and night. Rev. A. Greaves, Rector. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. W. B. Brown, Sup't.

Methodist. Services every Sunday morning and night. Prayer meeting Wednesday night. Rev. G. F. Smith, pastor. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. A. B. Ellington, Supt.

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

LODGES.

Covenant Lodge No. 17. I. O. O. F., meets every Tuesday night. Dr. W. H. Bagwell, N. G.

Greenville Lodge No. 284 A. F. & A. M., meets first and third Monday nights. W. M. King, W. M.

NEATNESS?—QUICKNESS.

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First-Class Work.

RUINED BY PIE.

The Peculiar Appetite of a New York State Man.

A most singular case is now in the courts at Kingston in this state, says the Buffalo Courier. A young man living there was lately found to be a forger, and when he confessed he said he was driven to the crime by an ungovernable gluttony for mince pie. To satisfy his craving he had forged the signature of a wealthy man to a note for one thousand dollars and had got the paper discounted. With the proceeds he went on a mince-pie spree, and had devoured sixty dollars' worth of this pastry before he was arrested.

According to his story his extraordinary liking for mince pie began to show itself when he was a boy. He seemed even then to feel that there was something abnormal in his appetite, for he went voluntarily to Bloomingdale asylum in the hope of being cured of his gluttony. After he came out he believed he was cured and began to study for the ministry. But in a fatal hour, about two years later, the mania for pie came upon him with irresistible power. He broke into the house-keeper's closet in the Auburn Theological seminary, where he was a student, and gorged himself with mince pie. His relapse so preyed upon him that he went to the faculty, and they advised him, he says, to drop his studies, as it would be detrimental to the ministerial calling for him to enter it with such a fatal appetite for mince pie. He would be likely to suffer a seizure of his mania at a supper in the church parlors or at the table of one of his flock, and create an unforgettable scandal. He took the advice of the faculty and went to peddling clothes wringers and bed springs, but his malady was now so deep seated that he subordinated everything to his craving. He developed an unusual cunning in stealing mince pie, or in getting the money with which to purchase it. "I would be tempted," said he, "and fall; go to a restaurant and eat a pie and a half or two pies. I became as helpless a victim of the mince-pie habit as the drunkard is of the drink habit. Sometimes I have pawned my overcoat or my watch when I have seen an uncommonly luscious pie in a window and not had enough ready money to buy it."

Then came the forging of the note and the pie orgy which ended in his arrest. After hearing his story a commission was appointed to inquire into his sanity, and it is likely that, instead of being sent to a penitentiary, he will be placed in a lunatic asylum. He is described as a thin, nervous-looking man with a wild expression, which is disappointing. For many a man of New England ancestry would be glad to cultivate this lunacy, if it would not spoil his complexion and keep him awake nights.

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is the largest and cheapest ever offered in this town, come and see for yourself and be convinced.

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LARD, MEAT, MEAL, MOLASSES, OIL
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PEPPER PODS.

These Are Red Hot—Bite 'Em.

Well, it faired off this afternoon.

Ice dealers are bugging the stores again.

Such days as this puts news hunters to scratching.

Spring and Summer Clothing LESS than COST at LANG'S.

Flour, meat and sugar all continue to advance in price.

New Mountain Butter 20 cents. Cream Cheese at the Old Brick Store.

When the weather bulletin predicts showers we seem to get regular down pours.

Forbes & Moye will soon put up a large prize house near the Planters warehouse.

50,000 N. C Fresh Corned Herrings just received. J. J. CHERRY.

The Raleigh papers did themselves proud in their illustrated editions of the unveiling.

The new warehouse of Ronntree, Brown & Co. has been shut in and will soon be completed.

LADIES come to see LANG for your commencement outfits.

The Rifles returned home from Raleigh, Tuesday evening, and say they had the biggest kind of a time at the unveiling.

The sudden fall of temperature following the first shower, yesterday evening, felt very much like there had been a hail storm near by.

Shoes, Slippers and Gents Furnishing Goods—at reduced rates at LANG'S.

The old veterans and the military boys are both expressing themselves as delighted with their trip to the unveiling at Raleigh.

The two most widely separated no. officers in the United States are those in Key West, Fla., and in Ounalaska, Alaska, six thousand two hundred and seventy-one miles apart.

During the parade at the unveiling Col. F. A. Olds was heard to remark that Co. H., Pitt County Rifles, had the most handsome and best drilled set of men in the State Guard.

There was still another fire in Kinston Tuesday, the dwelling house of Mrs. E. E. Parrot being destroyed about noon. This fire was accidental. We did not learn the amount of the loss or if there was any insurance.

CATSUP.

But We Could Only Catch-Up With These.

Rev. A. McLauchlin went to Permele to-day.

Mr. J. J. Stokes, of Ayden, came up this morning.

Mrs. S. F. Freeman, of Plymouth, is here to day.

Mr. R. B. Smith, of Halifax was here yesterday afternoon.

Mr. J. E. Langley, of Richmond arrived in town Tuesday evening.

Miss Adela Russell, of La-Grange, is visiting Mrs. Lovit Hines.

Mrs. W. P. Hall and children returned Tuesday evening from Mt. Olive.

Miss Blanche Barden, of Plymouth, is visiting the family of Mr. W. B. Wilson.

Bishop Haid and Father Price held services in the Catholic church last night. They left on this morning's train.

In a private letter Mr. R. H. Hayes says he will go to Philadelphia in a few days and there be examined by the physicians. If they advise him to spend the summer on the frontier he will go immediately.

Here it is the 22nd of May and overcoats and fires are comfortable. But it will not be long before there is as much complaint about the weather being dry and hot as is now heard about it being wet and cold.

Reports are coming in that in the burly section of Kentucky the cold weather has almost destroyed all the tobacco plants. This is rather premature just now, as such was reported last year when 4 or 5 inches of snow lay for some time on the young plants, and yet a fairly good crop was made.

"A Naughty Think."

A little girl one day said to her mother:

"Papa calls me good, auntie calls me good, and everybody calls me good; but I am not good." "I am very sorry," said her mother; "and so am I," said the child, "but I've got a very naughty think." "A naughty what?" "My think is naughty inside of me," and on her mother inquiring what she meant, she said: "Why, when I could not ride yesterday, I did not cry or say anything; but when you were gone I wished the carriage would turn over and the horses would run away, and everything bad; nobody knew it, but God knew it, and he cannot call me good. Tell me, mamma, how can I be good inside of me."

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From the fact that we sell the BEST Clothes, Notions, Hats, Furnishings, Dress Goods, Trimmings, Shoes, &c. There's nothing equal to a personal inspection to carry weighty convictions. The littleness of my prices seems almost to contradict the incontrovertible evidence of the quality facts. Whatever you do miss seeing, don't miss the Neckwear—don't. Suits, Underwear, Furnishings—in quantities mountaineous, in qualities majestic, in quotations minute.

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