

THE DAILY REFLECTOR.

Vol. 1.

GREENVILLE, N. C., MAY 23, 1895.

No. 14

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.

LOCAL NOTES AND TOBACCO JOTTINGS.

BY O. L. JOYNER.

Mr. W. J. Cowell says he will have the new warehouse completed in about a week.

There will be a meeting in the Court House Saturday of the tobacco farmers for the purpose of effecting a permanent organization of a Tobacco Growers Association. Every tobacco farmer is especially invited.

Mr. C. L. Barrett tells us that the tobacco farmers in the Farmville section are heartily in favor of and will take steps soon to organize a Growers Association at that place. After the organization they will meet with the one in Greenville. Let every township in the county do likewise.

Mr. G. F. Evans recently purchased an interest in the Eastern warehouse and has thus established himself permanently on the market. Mr. Evans is one of the pioneers in tobacco growing in the county and the pioneer in the warehouse business. It was he who first took hold of and operated the Greenville warehouse, the first that was built in this town. The Eastern will be enlarged to almost double its present capacity and in connection a prize house will be built for the accommodation of the house.

We have recently read many letters from farmers in various sections of the county asking is there a patent on the looping system of curing tobacco stripped from the stalk. In each reply we have expressed the opinion, not from a point of information however, that there was none. Thinking the matter of not much importance we paid but little attention to it until in the last few days information has reached us that a protest against the use of this method has been sent to nearly all the farmers in the

eastern counties. Immediately upon hearing this we began to inquire when the patent, if there was one, was dated and were told that it was granted in 1889. At once we wrote to the commissioner of Patents at Washington, D. C., to know if there was such a patent and to send us a copy of such patent. As yet we have had no reply and as a matter of course can't say positively that there is none, but it occurs to us that if there was a patent granted in 1889 the method of curing tobacco by the looping system was long in use before that time, and we certainly fail to see how a patent could be granted upon a thing that was already in common use at the time. In 1885 or 1886 tobacco was first grown in Pitt county and we recollect very vividly of priming off the bottom leaves and looping them on a stick to cure that year, yet at present we shall not undertake to say that there is no patent on this system but will solemnly promise our farmer friends to ferret out this thing and let them know all about it just as fast as we can. There are a set of lawyers in Washington whose business it is to look after and secure patents and we are told that in a great many instances patents are granted upon things in common use at the time of the grant, just as in this instance. When such is the case oftentimes a great outrage is committed upon the public and it seems to us that the courts of the country should be its protection.

Look at this case from a point of reason. Here for at least four years our farmers have been employing almost unanimously the looping system, to some extent, and yet we have never heard one word or murmur against it until right now. It can't be that the patentee has been ignorant of this vast tobacco territory for these many years. Then can it be that he has been waiting for all the farmers to get to using this system and then scoop down upon them and make them pay him an enormous sum for using the system. We don't believe they will hear to it.

"My dear, look down below," said Mr. Grandiose, as he stood on the bridge with his wife, and gazed at a tug hauling a long line of barges. "Such is life: the tug is like the man, working and toiling, while the barges, like women, are—" "I know," interrupted Mrs. G., acridly, "the tug does all the blowing, and the barges bear all the burden."



To Catch a Bird Put Salt on his Tail

To catch an artistic fit in a beautifully tailored Suit, worth a third more than the price, just put a few dollars in your pocket and come to me. I'll do the rest. For fine Clothing, Shoes, Notions, Furnishings come.

FRANK WILSON THE KING CLOTHIER.

Rebuilding.

It gives us pleasure to copy such items as the following from the *Kinston Free Press*:

Mess. Oettinger Bros. have commenced on their large brick store. Mr. G. R. Kornegay has completed a small iron warehouse back of his store. Mr. J. A. Pridgen is rebuilding to the walls of his stores. Mr. Amos Harvey is having a dwelling erected on north Gordon street. Dr. Tull's brick office is nearing completion. The rebuilding of Kinston is going ahead quite rapidly.

May Weather in 1824.

The Norfolk *Pilot* scratches up the following bit of interesting record from the *North Carolina Evening Post* of May 15th, 1824

"THE SEASON.—Some of our oldest inhabitants do not recollect of a season so backward as this has been. It is now the middle of May, and the cold is so severe that it is necessary to keep up fires in our parlours, and vegetation has received a very serious check by the prevalence of the north winds. It is stated in the *Salem Observer* that on Friday last the air at that place was filled with falling snowflakes, and that the sky exhibited the wildness and sternness of March weather. We had letters recently from New Orleans which state that similar unseasonable weather was prevailing there in the middle of April."

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	6 11-
Middling	
Low Middling	
Good Ordinary	5 9-
Tone—dull.	

PEANUTS.

Common	1 to
Prime	
Extra Prime	2 to
Fancy	
Spanish	
Tone—steady.	
Eggs—10 cts.—Firm.	
B. E. Peas—best, 2.5' to 2.75 per bu.	
" " 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
Western Sides	6.60 to
Sugar cured Hams	11 to
Corn	40 to
Corn Meal	50 to
Cabbage	
Flour, Family	4.00 to 4.
Lard	6 to
Oats	
Potatoes Irish, per bbl	3.00 to 3.
Potatoes Sweet, per bu	60 to 1.
Sugar	4 to
Coffee	16 to
Salt per Sack	80 to 2
Chickens	20 to
Eggs per doz	
Beeswax, per lb	
Kerosene,	13 1/2 to
Pease, per bu	1
Hulls, per ton	6
Cotton Seed Meal	20
Hides	5 t

DAILY REFLECTOR.

D. J. WHICHARD, Editor.

Subscription 25 cents per Month.

Entered as second-class mail matter.

EVERY AFTERNOON (EXCEPT SUNDAY)

PRICES AND MONEY.

It very frequently happens that over zealous men in arguing to sustain the cause they espouse prove too much. We have frequent examples of this in the discussion of financial question where one side claims that silver and prices go together and as silver has been ostracized and depreciated in value, the prices of other things, especially farm products, have gone down with it, while the anti-silver man on the other hand, declares that silver has nothing to do with it, but that prices are governed altogether by the law of supply and demand.

Both of these parties use the word "silver," but they mean more than that, for the silver men (we mean the mass of silver men, those who are not interested in silver mines or in silver production) seek the coinage of silver because that would add to the volume of the currency and make money more abundant, or "cheaper," as the phrase goes. The opponents of free coinage oppose it not on account of the metal out of which the coins are made, but because they are opposed to an expansion of the currency, which they contend would make money "cheap." Reduced to its essence the contention on one side is for an expansion of the currency and on the other side to prevent this and keep the volume where it is or reduce it.—Wilmington Star.

Some people are friends to you as long as they can use you as a tool to do their bidding, but if you assert your manhood and act with that independence which must sometimes characterize the proceedings of every one who is not a slave, their pretended friendship at once turns to enmity. The fact is their friendship never was worth a picayune. A true friend would not, if he could, influence you to deviate from a conscientious discharge of duty.—Durham Sun.

A CAT'S WONDERFUL LEAP.

Fifty Feet to the Ground and Safety at a New York Fire.

An incident of the Columbus avenue apartment house fire on a recent night which was unobserved by many of the thousands of spectators was the escape from cremation of a cat from a window on the fourth floor facing Ninety-fourth street. While the multitude was gazing with bated breath upon Detective Sergeant Armstrong's rescue of the sick man, Caesar Pinto, it was apparent that the flames had eaten back into the rear of Prof. Kern's flat on the top floor.

A dull red glow was soon followed by the breaking of the window. At this instant a large black cat with shining yellow eyes appeared upon the sill. It was apparent that the rooms behind were a seething mass of flames. Tom arched his back, and his uplifted tail further bespoke his terror.

He hesitated but a moment, and then he launched himself into space. His flight through the air was like that of a squirrel. His poise was perfect and his legs were spread out as wide as possible. He descended in a long, graceful plane, seeming to move slowly, as if buoyed up. There was a curve to the descent, as if the animal were an aeroplane. A reporter stood within five feet of the spot where Tom landed.

There was no dull thud, although those who had followed the black streak through the air naturally expected to see a cat with all its proverbial nine lives crushed out in an instant by the impact. The perpendicular distance was all of fifty feet and the cat landed at a point about thirty feet east of the line of the window from which he had leaped.

The spreading feet of the flying animal seemed to group together just before the asphalt pavement was reached. For a single instant did the animal pause, as if to recover from the shock it had experienced, and then, with a long-drawn meow that spoke only of terror, and with every hair on end, it dashed down the brilliantly lighted street and disappeared in the shadows near Central park. The cat was a pet in the family of Prof. Kern. So far as known it has not as yet come back to the scene of its great scare and still greater exploit.—N. Y. World.

A KITE-FLYING THRILL

A Flash of Lightning Follows the Cord and Floors the Boy.

Kite flying is usually considered a harmless amusement, but that it is not always such is sufficiently proved by the recent experience of a thirteen-year-old boy at Cateau, near Cambray, France, who became, while indulging in this sport, an involuntary imitator of the immortal Franklin. The lad, whose name was Janti, was flying his kite—a small

one, about twenty-seven inches long. It had reached a great height when a thunderstorm was seen approaching.

The boy at once began to haul in his cord. The kite, however, was still one hundred yards or so above the earth when there was a brilliant flash of lightning. Young Janti was thrown into the air, made two or three somersaults and fell ten or twelve feet away. The kite had attracted the electric fluid, which followed the cord, as in Franklin's famous experiment, and descended into the earth through the boy's body. Wonderful to relate, the lad was not killed. After a little he arose and made his way home, trembling and crying. The nails of his left hand, which had held the string, were turned blue, as if by a terrible bruise, while the fingers were burned and covered with blisters. Besides this, his face was bruised considerably by his fall. The kite string was burned in two by the discharge, and the kite, released, flew away to parts unknown.

As to Wedding Presents.

It is a surprise to note that a question has arisen at Camden, N. J., as to whether wedding presents belong to the bride or groom. Camden is near New York, and in New York the bride generally owns practically everything and the groom gets what he can induce her to give him. Aside from that, however, there should be no question as to wedding presents. They are given to the bride and the groom gets her. If he cannot keep her, how can he expect to keep the presents?

In the Camden case the groom was unable to keep the bride, and she took the presents with her when she left. He has begun suit to recover them, but not to recover her. In fact, he plainly intimates that he does not want her. It is doubtful if he has good grounds for his action. He got them with her; can he separate them now? They were all drawn as one prize in the matrimonial lottery. Can he discard her part of that prize and keep the rest? It seems only reasonable to suppose that he must keep all or nothing.—Chicago Evening Post.

A Fastidious Miss.

A short time ago a young woman of fashion in Washington went to one of the taxidermists of the Smithsonian institution and wanted a favor. She had with her a bright canary bird, alive and chirruping, and she much desired the taxidermist to kill and stuff the bird for her. She went on to say that she had "hunted all over the city for a bird of just this shade," because she wanted the plumage to match in color a new gown which she was having made. The bird that she brought she wanted stuffed for an

A Romance That Has Extended Over Many Years.

Messrs. Oehm & Co., have just completed a fine silk flag on a special order, to which is attached a pretty romance, says the Baltimore Sun.

A few years ago, after the close of the war, a young man living in a suburb of Boston, Mass., conveyed his invalid sister to a hotel at Old Point Comfort, hoping the genial climate would aid in the restoration of her health. The orphan children and only heirs of a wealthy leather magnate, with interests in the great tanneries at Salem and leather houses in Boston, they had abundant means to entertain in lavish style and soon were the center of a select circle at the noted resort.

Among the most intimate friends they won by their hospitality was a Maryland girl of much grace and beauty, who was that season's belle at Old Point. The young New Englander courted her assiduously, but as she boasted that she was a "little rebel" and "would never marry a Yankee," he postponed the "popping of the question." However, before parting he frankly told her that she had stolen his heart and he would never wed another.

"If you can ever kiss the starry flag," were his parting words to her, "I will fly to you from any part of the world."

"I never can," was retorted with laughter.

Years passed away. The young man's sister kept in correspondence with the charming Marylander and finally came the news that she was married. He plunged into literature, the resort of Bostonians; traveled on the continent, went around the world a restless wanderer, never forgetting his vow "to marry no other than she." He haunted Old Point, season after season, hoping to catch a glimpse of the eyes that had fascinated him, and a year ago heard that she was a widow, childless and penniless. Through his invalid sister he conveyed to her, after the lapse of several months, a message that brought to him a few days ago this reply, while he was in Baltimore on his way home:

"I will kiss the starry flag."

Immediately he ordered an elaborate flag made—"one worthy to be kissed by a queen"—and hastened to an old mansion near Washington, where the young widow was sojourning.

"Hold it till I wire for it," was his order.

The flag is now on exhibition, gracefully draped in one of the Baltimore street windows, and it is expected that in a short time the romance will culminate in a nuptial event that will occur under its folds.

The flag is of the heaviest silk, one of its characteristics being that the stars and stripes are woven into it instead of being sewn in the usual way.

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. Golwin.
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, Dempsy 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.

THEY USE SILVER BULLETS.
Indians Who Possess Valuable Mines of Silver and Copper.

On the headwaters of the Copper river, Alaska, about two hundred miles from the sea coast, where a white man has never been allowed to visit, dwells a strange and peculiarly mysterious race of Indians. In recent years, through some unknown means, they acquired possession of a few guns, and now when they come down to the trading posts on Kneek river, at the head of Cook's inlet, they often bring bullets molded out of silver and other metals. The Alaska Commercial company's agent, three years ago, obtained several of these bullets and sent them to San Francisco to be assayed, and the returns indicated sixty-five per cent. was silver, the remainder being copper and lead with a slight trace of gold.

The Indians have a great many primitive weapons and cooking utensils, all of which are rudely though skillfully made out of pure copper. They have frequently informed the white traders that silver and copper abound in immense quantities at the base of a certain peak, back of Spirit mountain, which is now reckoned as being the highest mountain in North America by surveyors and engineers who have viewed it from a distance. It is known that these Indians have no means or knowledge of reducing ore, and it seems almost certain that they must be telling a true story about silver and copper being found in almost pure quantities in its native state.

The winter is the only time the Indians visit the coast for trading purposes. In the summer the post on Kneek river is abandoned on account of the rapacious appetite of the mosquitoes, it being impossible for a human person to survive their attacks. Several instances are known where they have killed and devoured Indian dogs. The natives, for that reason, give the coast a wide berth in the summer.

The general opinion prevails that when the government forces these Indians to open this country up to exploration many rich gold and silver mines will be discovered, more than the famous Treadwell mines on Wrangell island.—Globe-Democrat.

Mrs. William Astor's Rings.

Mrs. William Astor is extremely fond of rings, and owns a superb collection. She possesses the famous Napoleon ring, which represents a lily in diamonds, upon which are dew drops of pearls.
A unique ring among her collection purchased in Egypt, looks like a quivering snake. It is made of fine gold wire, and each scale of the snake's back is a tiny wire on which is a ruby, an emerald and an amethyst. Another beautiful ring is made of torquises, the gems set to form a snail of forget-me-nots.

ESTABLISHED 1875.
S. M. Schultz
AT THE
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ing their year's supplies will find their interest to get our prices before purchasing elsewhere. Our stock is complete in all its branches.

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we buy direct from Manufacturers, enabling you to buy at one profit. A complete stock of

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always on hand and sold at prices to suit the times. Our goods are all bought and sold for CASH therefore, having no risk to run, we sell at a close margin.

Respectfully,
S. M. SCHULTZ,
Greenville, N. C.

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at the
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JOB -:- OFFICE.
It will be done right,
It will be done in style
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well worth weighing
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of work, but
above all things in
Your Job Printing.

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First-Class Work.

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IS CALLED TO THE ELEGANT
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DRESS GOODS, SILKS, LACES,

Ribbons, Gloves, Mitts, &c., carried by

J. B. CHERRY & CO.,

—this season. Our Stock of—

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—AND—

Ladies & Childrens

SLIPPERS!

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

BABY CARRIAGES, FURNITURE,

Mattings, Window Shades and Lace Curtains.

Goods sold on their merits and prices made accordingly.

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Just received and to be sold low
—a complete line of—

FLOUR, SUGAR, COFFEE,
LARD, MEAT, MEAL, MOLASSES, OIL
and everything kept in
first-class grocery store.

BOB WHITE & SPORTING CLUB

Cigars, the finest in the State.

D. S. SMITH.

H. G. JONES,

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Contracts taken for modern style brick and wooden buildings. Old houses changed to any plan desired. Plan and specifications carefully made at short notice. All work guaranteed first-class in every respect. Prices made very low.

PEPPER PODS.

These Are Red Hot—Bite 'Em.

Strawberries continue plentiful and cheap.

WASH SUITS! WASH SUITS! For Children at Boys, at LANG'S.

Cotton is still showing an upward tendency, as will be seen by reference to our market reports.

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

Lang is showing a nice line of suits for children, and what catches the boys is a whistle with every suit.

Nothing equals the Parker Fountain Pen, so say all who use them. A new assortment just received at Reflector Book Store.

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

The remainder of the Greenville contingent to the unveiling of the monument at Raleigh, reached home Wednesday evening.

LADIES come to see LANG for your commencement outfits.

Col. I. A. Sugg says he has a turkey gobbler that has taken a big notion to set and became so persistent in it that he had to be shut up.

Mr. L. H. Pender tells us he has some hens that left their 3-weeks-old biddies and went back to laying. The little chicks are looking out for themselves.

The commencement exercises of James' School at Grindool will take place Friday, May 31st. We thank Mr. J. J. Hathaway for an invitation.

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

North Carolina in Front.

The old veterans are telling some good incidents touching their trip to unveiling at Raleigh. One of the best we have heard was told by Lieut. C. D. Rountree. He says that when the veterans were drawing up preparatory for the parade, Col. Kenan went to make them a speech, and before concluding his remarks said there were a large number of Virginians present and he wanted the North Carolina veterans to extend every courtesy to the visiting comrades and give them the post of honor in the parade. "That's right!" exclaimed one of the veterans. "the Virginians did us that honor by placing us in front when the Lee monument was unveiled in Richmond." And just here an old battle scarred survivor of many warm encounters caused everything to be drowned in an old-fashioned rebel yell by adding "Yes sir, Virginia always did put us in the front rank."

CATSUP.

But We Could Only Catch-Up With These.

Mr. R. R. Fleming, of Pactolus spent to-day here.

Mr. T. L. Turnage, of Dongola, was in town to-day.

Ex-Gov. T. J. Jarvis returned from Raleigh yesterday evening.

Mr. G. W. Sanderlin returned Wednesday evening from Virginia.

Mrs. B. R. King, of Goldsboro, is visiting the family of Sheriff R. W. King.

Master Willie Parker, of Farmville, is visiting his father, Mr. W. R. Parker.

Mrs. R. W. King and little Mattie returned Wednesday evening from Goldsboro.

Mr. Charlie Hines, of Sampson county, is visiting his brother, Mr. W. C. Hines.

Misses Sadie Short and Sarah and Bettie Hooker returned Wednesday evening from Raleigh.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Lipscomb and Master Willie returned Wednesday evening from a visit to Raleigh.

Mr. Greenleaf Johnson, of Baltimore, President of the Greenleaf Johnson Lumber Co., spent last night here.

Mrs. C. D. Rountree and Miss Adie Johnston left this morning to visit their sister, Mrs. Dr. Powell, in Greene county.

Mrs. Harry Webb (formerly Miss Florence Perkins), of Charlotte, who is visiting her old home at Pactolus, spent to-day here.

Mr. C. J. Hunter, of Raleigh, State agent of the Union Central Life Insurance Co., passed through last night on his way to Ayden to settle a death claim.

The *Progress* says that there is a great deal of sickness among the children of Washington. Four have died there in the last few days.

The young lady who made 700 words out of "conservatory" last autumn has run away from home. Her mother wanted her to make three loaves of bread out of flour.

All the ladies of the Baptist Aid Society are requested to be present at a meeting to be held in the church Friday afternoon at four o'clock. There are some matters of importance to be attended to.

Mr. E. G. Cox, who spent to-day here, tells us that he has just been on a trip through the upper portion of Craven county, and that crops in that section are in a much poorer condition than they are in this county. In addition to the excessive rains, hail storms have almost ruined some of the crops.

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY.



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.

C. T. MUNFORD.

Next Door to bank.