

THE DAILY REFLECTOR.

Vol. 1.

GREENVILLE, N. C., MAY 29, 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.

(Contributed.)

FIT FOR DARK AGES.

But Not For the Enlightened Present.

There always has been since the very earliest history of man in his benighted pilgrimage along the banks of the Nile and up to the present time, to a certain extent, a streak of credulity and superstition in the human family.

Standing to-day as we are the greatest and most mighty race of people since the earliest history of the world, having attained the highest degree of intelligence and enlightenment of any of our predecessors, it is easy to draw upon the imagination and gaze far down the vista of ages and by the aid of contemplation soon bring ourselves to a full realization of the many, many ridiculous forms and customs engaged in by our early forefathers. Our enlightened civilization of modern times would not think of countenancing, and our higher and more acute sense of refinement and culture would rebel at, the gladiatorial performances of an ancient Roman amphitheatre. The high degree of enlightenment of this age shines with such dazzling brilliance in comparison with past ages, so far as progress in science, literature and high moral culture is concerned, that we lose sight of the fact that each one of us is carrying some of those same old traits of human nature that were prevalent six thousand years ago.

There is actually to-day a belief in spiritualism among some of our people who have had opportunities and advantages which if they had been properly em-

ployed would have elevated them far above this channel of superstitious credulity. There is something connected with this so-called spiritualism (if this writer were called upon to name it he would call it a human, not super-magnetic electrical current) which appeals not to the higher senses but to the very lowest faculty of superstition, and if the higher sense of practical reason does not come to the rescue there is no telling where this idea will lead. If any sensible man will seriously enquire of his practical reasoning and listen to the dictates of his sober judgment the question will not long be a puzzling one.

Now this writer does not want to offend any citizen of the United States that claims protection under its constitution in a community where the people of course do not know that every American citizen (unless he be a crank or a lunatic) is entitled to protection, but if this epistle should miss its mark and trample upon any one's toes all we have to say in the wind up is we are very sorry that the United States has a citizen naturalized that is here, while the slowly sinking sun of nineteen centuries of civilization is reflecting its golden brilliance across the unclouded sky of a nation's greatest greatness in science, literature and art, trying to force down the mental channels of an enlightened and civilized people the belief in a human device called spiritualism. JUNIOR, SR.

WORK TOBACCO NOW.

If there ever was a time when young tobacco demanded extreme attention it is now. The hard and constant rains have run the soil together and unless it is loosened up tobacco will begin to run up and button very early.

A few evenings ago we rode out in the country, the second fair and sunshiny day that we have had in many, and along the roadside we saw a field of tobacco that had been set during the wet weather. The plants looked healthy and vigorous and so did the grass. Down in the field on an old sand hill that had been planted in corn we found the owner of the tobacco patch. He was zealously at work replanting his corn, which under ordinary circumstances could not have produced more than two barrels to the acre, was looking fairly well under the circumstances. We

Not Space Enough

In the newspapers to tell you about my stock Spring Goods. Hardly know where to begin



describing the new Suits. A my own styles. Of course know both the in and outside I challenge the matching this season's styles. All the energy, artistic taste and the power of money can do to secure quality and fashionableness has been done. My scale will rule the market for I am headquarters for the Clothing trade of this section.

I also carry a beautiful line of Dry Goods Dress Goods, Notions, Shoes, Hats, and Gent's Furnishing Goods.

FRANK WILSON

THE KING CLOTHIER.

asked him why it was that he seemed so eager to work out his corn which was not suffering at all when his tobacco needed his attention now more than any other time in the world. He laughed and said he didn't know why it was, but he just thought he would work out his corn. We told him that if he didn't know which crop demanded his attention now, we thought he was in the wrong place. For three weeks the ground had been so wet that work in the tobacco patch was almost impossible and the very first day when he had an opportunity of working his tobacco absolutely neglected it to work a piece of corn that was not worth at outside calculation more than four dollars an acre. This is a fair sample of some of the farming in tobacco in Pitt county. This man in question was a Granville county man and professed to know all about tobacco. Now when the fall comes and he gets ready to sell his tobacco, as a matter of course he will not be satisfied unless he gets a little more for his tobacco than other men.

By all means now is the time to stir the tobacco plants. Let other inferior crops go. Your tobacco demands your attention and unless you give it your attention when it is needed there is no use applying the treatment when the crop is hopeless. O. L. J.

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	7 1/2
Middling	6 1/2
Low Middling	6 1/4
Good Ordinary	6 1/8
Tone—dull.	

PEANUTS.

Common	1 1/2
Prime	2 1/2
Extra Prime	2 1/4
Fancy	
Spanish	
Tone—steady.	
Eggs—10 cts.—Firm.	
B. E. Peas—best, 2.50 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 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
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	
Hides	

DAILY REFLECTOR.

D. J. WHIGHARD, Editor.

Subscription 25 cents per Month.

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EVERY AFTERNOON (EXCEPT SUNDAY)

The question now is who will succeed Secretary Gresham. Don Dickerson and Hoke Smith are among the first mentioned for the place.

Senator Morgan scores Secretary Carlisle for his course upon the money question. He was in the Senate with him and heard his utterances in favor of the free coinage of silver. He gives Mr. Cleveland a passing notice also and says that the President would not weep much if the Democratic party should be hopelessly divided.

Secretary of State Walter Q. Gresham died yesterday morning. His illness began May 1st with acute pleurisy. A few days ago it became acute pneumonia, from which his death resulted. He was a little more than sixty five years old and had a record as a soldier, jurist and statesman. It is thought that his work had been so arduous for the past twelve months that this was incidentally the cause of his death. He was a man honored and respected by every one who knew him.

A TALE OF ALSACE.

The carriage was going at a terrific pace. The horses, unusually excited by the white wine that had been poured over their oats, dashed through the air which whistled past their ears. Their hoofs resounded loudly on the hard frozen road. The two carriage lanterns shone in the night like the glowing eyes of some huge, prehistoric monster.

The mad, furious course in the darkness had something strange about it, something mysterious, sinister, and all the more so, perhaps, that it was taking place in the annes terrible—the terrible year when the Germans were in Alsace.

The carriage, like a vessel in distress on a raging sea, oscillated from left to right and from right to

When the vehicle, which had been flying down the slopes of the Ottrot, raced through the village, passing like an express train the houses with their low roofs on which the moon cast a silvery light, the good women, suddenly frightened, made the sign of the cross with a trembling of the knees and a whispered prayer.

"Mon Dieu! What is going to become of us?"

The children crouched terrified against the knees of the older persons. Everywhere there was a sense of depression and evil presentment and—a characteristic sign of general terror—the fires in the huge white stoves were allowed to sink low and go out, for no one thought of keeping them alive.

The fact was the Prussians for several weeks past had been cruelly ravaging the country.

The flying carriage contained some German officers who were the bearers of secret orders to S.

"Faster, faster," they cried, whipping up the poor horses, which were already breathing fire and smoke out of their nostrils. The wretched driver, terrified, obeyed mechanically.

"Tonnerre!" he growled. "My horses will die when they reach their stable if they do not break their necks going round one of these steep curves!" And the stroke of the whip redoubled and the dizzy course became still more reckless.

The trees seemed to fly past. Nature herself protested against the wild, headlong career, for at this moment the moon hid her face behind a cloud, as if she did not wish to be a witness to the scene. And still they flew onward.

That afternoon the enemy had taken possession of the village of Ottrot, and, as their custom was, had installed themselves in the people's houses.

Four superior officers were domiciled with the mayor. They sat there in the middle of the best drawing-room, talking loudly in their guttural jargon and smoking their long pipes of porcelain while they dried their boots at the hot fire blazing in the grate.

Their unwilling host, a tall old man, with a white beard, served them with drinks as graciously as he could. His eye passed sadly from one to the other, his venerable head shaking melancholy, as if to say: "It is the right of the strongest; what can one do against a hundred?"

He was recalled to the present by a gentle knock at the door and almost immediately afterwards he saw in the porch the tall, powerful frame of Lux, who was the foreman of the mayor's servants and a modern Hercules. He was agile as a deer and strong as an ox, and could break a sou between his fingers as he would break an eggshell.

The neck of a bull rose out of a

flannel shirt, carelessly fastened across the throat by a cotton necktie. He was a man terrible in anger, but in repose gentle as a lamb and as docile.

"What is the matter?"

"There is this the matter: another officer wants to quarter himself upon us here. Shall I strangle him?"

These words coming from such lips made one shudder.

"Non, my old Lux, keep calm, that would do no good and would only bring worse upon us. Let him in; he probably wishes to speak with his colleagues."

Lux did as his master told him, much against his inclination. It would have given him such a huge amount of pleasure to twist one of those German necks with his great sinewy fingers.

The new arrival burst into the drawing-room. The four Prussian officers uttered cries of surprise.

They rose at once, in a body, and saluted with great respect the stranger who had come to disturb their peace.

"Be seated and let us talk," said the new arrival in German, and in a voice of command.

"You will set out at once," he said, "and take this sealed message to the Prince of X—at S—I" and he drew out of the pocket of his long military cloak, white with snow, a large, white envelope, and handed it to one of the officers.

"Go, all four of you, and place yourselves at the disposition of the prince. Further orders will be given to each of you later. You must get horses and carriage and start at once! Is it understood? Then hasten!"

Then, turning to the host, he said in French:

"Please accommodate these gentlemen with a carriage and two fresh horses. General's orders!"

Lux, who had remained standing at the door during this scene, anticipated his master's reply.

"It is well, monsieur l'officier, you shall be accommodated as you desire!"

He spoke in a peculiar tone of voice. Only his master, however, noticed it.

A mad thought had been born in his brain, something superhuman, preposterous. Anyone who could have read it in his mind would have been shocked, terror-stricken!

While a farm hand harnessed the horses to the carriage Lux put a saddle on Barka, an Arab horse, a faithful animal which he loved and cared for himself with his own hands.

He spoke to it as he spoke to a friend, and the noble creature seemed to understand. When Lux mounted into the saddle he was trembling with joy.

A mysterious dialogue seemed to commence between the man and the horse, which, suddenly sending the sparks flying from beneath its four

feet, vanished into the darkness like a phantom.

Barka, like some great mythological creature with wings, devoured space. Her fine, nervous legs hardly seemed to touch the earth, and Lux kept her going at her utmost speed.

At length they stopped. Barka was white with foam and Lux covered her with his cloak. He did not feel the cold, for the awful thought in his mind kept his whole body warm and tingling.

"It is yonder," he said to himself in a deep-voiced growl, "it is there that they are to perish."

At this point the road made a sudden turn, and apparently came to an abrupt end. As a matter of fact, however, it did not terminate, but continued in a steep, terrible slope. On the right was a dark, mysterious wood, and on the left a deep and dizzy precipice such as are often seen by mountain roads.

Children were afraid to pass it by. The Gulf of Death, as it was called, had its legend. The old folk said that it was within its gloomy depths the monsters lived that ravaged the country at night.

"If my calculations are correct," said Lux, in a low voice, "they will be here in ten minutes."

He tied Barka to a tree stem on the border of the wood, and a strange smile passed over his lips.

Not a sound was to be heard in the surrounding country. All seemed dead or asleep. Only a murmur of the wind in the pines.

Lux placed his ear to the ground, as the Indians do in the wilderness, and hearing a faint sound of hoofs in the distance striking the hard road, he raised his head. His face was transfigured!

"At last I shall have my vengeance!" he hissed.

Then he crouched down on his hands and knees and waited.

A few seconds more and the carriage with the four German officers would be upon him.

He uttered a terrible cry of "Vive la France!" to which Barka replied with a joyful neigh.

The carriage, which had been approaching at tremendous speed, came to a sudden stop, as if arrested by an irresistible force, and remained there standing.

Lux had not moved an inch. He was not a man, but a stone wall.

He made a last and supreme effort and raised himself upon his legs. Then with a terrific heave he pushed over the dizzy brink horses, carriage and men.

An awful noise rose on the still night air; a sound of crashing, cursing and horses screaming. Then there was a silence, heavy, complete, tragic!

The man rose and peered over the edge into the black gulf of death. He saw nothing. Then he sprang into his saddle and disappeared like a shadow into the night.—From the French.

LOCAL DIRECTORY.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Superior Court Clerk, E. A. Moye.

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 9:10 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. 281 A. F. & A. M., meets first and third Monday nights. W. M. King, W. M.

HER TRANSLATION.

How a Young Lover Obeyed the Order of His Colonel.

A young English officer in India left his regiment on a sick leave and went to a hotel, where, it happened, a lovely girl was staying, says Youth's Companion. They became engaged, and the wedding was set. The colonel, however, disapproved of the sub-lieutenant's getting married, and particularly of the "sub" in question. As he happened to be a friend of the young man's father, he thought he might prevent the marriage by sending a peremptory telegram couched in these words: "Join at once!" The lover was in despair. He presented himself before his fiancée with the fatal missive in his hand and anything but a look of pleasure on his countenance; but the lady was equal to the occasion. With a blush of maiden simplicity she cast her eyes upon the ground and said:

"Dear me, I am glad your colonel approves of the match! But what a hurry he is in! I don't think I can get ready so soon; but I'll do my best; because, of course, his command must be obeyed."

The young warrior was puzzled. "Don't you see," he said, "that this message puts a stopper on our plans? You don't seem to understand the telegram. He says, peremptorily: 'Join at once!'"

The lady's blushes redoubled; but with a look of simplicity she raised her lovely eyes to his face and replied:

"It is you, my darling, who don't seem to understand. Your colonel says plainly: 'Join at once!' by which, of course, he means get married immediately. What else can he mean?" A look of intelligence replaced the air of bewilderment on the young man's face. He accepted the explanation and was enabled to answer the colonel's telegram forty-eight hours afterward in these words: "Your orders were obeyed. We were joined at once!"

WHY HE FAILED.



First Agent—Failed utterly in Philadelphia. Couldn't sell two gross of blotters in the whole city.

Second Agent—What's the matter? Don't they use blotters there?

First Agent—Never. They wait for the page to dry.—Brooklyn Life.

ESTABLISHED 1875.

S. M. Schultz

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SLIPPERS!

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

BABY CARRIAGES, FURNITURE,

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FLOUR, SUGAR, COFFEE,
LARD, MEAT, MEAL, MOLASSES, OIL
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PEPPER PODS.

These Are Red Hot—Bite 'Em.

Prayer meeting services in the Methodist church to-night.

Maj. H. Harding will deliver the address at the close of Prof. Jos. Peals school, Jamesville, June 6th.

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

Congressman W. A. B. Branch is foreman of the grand jury at Beaufort county court this week.

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

As rivers to the ocean flow to spend their gathered prizes, so do the streams of buyers go to him who advertises—Orange Observer.

John Horne made the rounds of night watchman last night, Watchman Murphy being detained at home because of sickness in his family.

LADIES come to see LANG for your commencement outfits.

It is said that Mr. George W. Vanderbilt has already spent \$4,000,000 on his estate near Asheville, and expects to spend about \$2,000,000 more.

Messrs. J. O. Proctor, H. H. Proctor and Israel Edwards, of Grimesland, spent to-day here on their way to Greene county, where Mr. J. O. Proctor will be married to-morrow morning to Miss Betie Johnson.

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

Mr. Henry Sheppard, the real estate agent, has informed us that the Eastern Warehouse Company have just purchased a lot on south Clark street of Mr. S. M. Schultz at \$4 00 per front foot, and it was not a corner lot at that. How is that for real estate in Greenville.

Ayden Notes.

AYDEN, N. C., May 29th, 1895. Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday fair, I wonder how many more fair days we will have.

Jim Cobb is the best pleased man in town. It is a boy.

A 60 feet pole for the weather signals has been raised, and now the white flag with black triangle above it tell us to look for fair warmer weather.

Parties here can buy Kinston cabbage from New York and save \$1 per crate over purchases made direct from Kinston.

CATSUP.

But We Could Only Catch-Up With These.

Messrs. B. F. Manning and A. G. Cox, of Winterville, have been in town to-day.

Mr. H. B. Hardy, representative of the Raleigh News and Observer is in town to-day.

Mr. J. B. Smith, of Ayden, spent to day here. He started on the excursion but found it too crowded.

Mr. F. C. Harding and Miss Bessie Harding left to-day for Centreville to be present at the commencement there to-morrow.

Mr. W. E. Tucker left this morning for Holly Springs to attend a commencement and bring home his sister who is at school there.

Attention Hope Fire Company.

We will practice at half past 4 o'clock Thursday afternoon if weather favorable.

Every member requested to attend. By order of Foreman.

A. J. GRIFFIN.

Serious Cutting

Tuesday evening Constable J. H. Eubanks, of Bethel township, brought a white man named Sam Shelly to Greenville and committed him to jail. Sunday night at a house of questionable repute in the Gum Swamp neighborhood, Shelly had a difficulty with an other white man named Rube Roberson and dangerously cut the latter across the back. In default of bail he was committed to jail. Shelly hails from Halifax county and papers have been sent up there to secure bond for him.

Sunday School Excursion.

Two extra coaches were attached to the north bound train this morning for the use of the Methodist Sunday School, of Grifton, which was having an excursion to Rocky Mount. But it seems the railroad people missed it in their calculation as to how the people of Grifton would turn out on an excursion, for the crowd was so large that not only the extra coaches were filled, but the regular passenger coaches were crowded and many had to stand in the aisles and on the platforms. The crowd seemed bent on having a good day's pleasure and we are sure they have done so. The weather was all that could be asked for an excursion.



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BEAUTIFUL FANS

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C. T. MUNFORD.

Next Door to bank.