

THE DAILY REFLECTOR.

Vol. 2.

GREENVILLE, N. C., SEPTEMBER 9, 1895.

No. 233

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 9:50 A. M., leaves 10:10 A. M.

South Bound Freight, arrives 2:00 P. M., leaves 2:15 P. M.

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

The Mind Reader.

Capt. W. Murdock Wiley, manager for Prof. Goshaun, the mind reader, dropped in for a chat with the REFLECTOR this morning. He is a North Carolina boy, native of Salisbury, and has traveled so extensively in this country and Europe as to make him very interesting and entertaining.

Prof. Goshaun is second to no man now living as a mind reader. He gave a street test this afternoon at 4 o'clock (which was too late for us mention in this issue) and will give an entertainment in the Opera House tonight for the benefit of Hope Fire Company.

Owing to the rain this afternoon we learn before going to press that both the street test and entertainment are postponed to Tuesday. Both will be well worth seeing.

Don'ts and Do's For the Baby.

Do keep your baby clean.

Do give him pure air at all times.

Do let him have a few spoonfuls of water several times a day.

Do not let everyone kiss him.

Do not let anyone jostle and shake and tickle him.

Do not keep him so warm that he cannot sleep. Babies, as a rule are bundled up too much.

Do not neglect him, and then, when he cries for some needed attention, say that he is a "cross, bad-tempered little nuisance." A healthy baby seldom cries when his wants are properly filled, and a sickly one certainly has a perfect right to make life a burden to those who allowed it to become so.

The American boat, Defender, beat the British boat, Valkyrie III, in first of the series of yacht races off Sandy Hook on Saturday.

That Knows.

An exchange announces that a New York man has invented an electric baby-alarm. Our observation and experience teach us that the average baby needs no artificial alarm, electric or other kind. He serves the purpose himself, all too well.—Henderson *Gold Leaf*.

This Market Leads.

We know one farmer living near here who shipped some tobacco to another market, and it brought such a low price that he took it up and shipped it back to Greenville. Moral: Sell your tobacco in Greenville, where you get higher prices and save the freight as well.

Fled but Caught.

The Chief of Police received a telegram Sunday giving description of a negro who had escaped from the chain gang at Washington. One man answering the description pretty closely was arrested but said he was the wrong man. However, an investigation disclosed that the man arrested was also wanted so he was held until an officer could arrive from Washington.

Arrangements have been made by Secretary J. B. Sherrill for the members of the North Carolina Press Association to go to the Atlantic Exposition October 15th.

You can't talk about everybody with impunity and then expect every one to think sweet things about you or have your tombstone inscribed with "None knew him but to love him."

Cards are out for the marriage of Julius S. Fleming, one of our popular barbers, to Sudie B. Dudley, on the 18th, at Sycamore Hill Baptist church. The REFLECTOR force acknowledges an invitation.

The Arrington Committee have adjourned sine die and there is no North Carolinian who does not breath a sigh of relief that the State is to be saved further disgrace at the hands of such a committee.

BOYS

MEN

My New Suits

are here.

Come and see them.

FRANK WILSON,

The King Clothier.

The REFLECTOR tries hard to keep up with the news items and personals around town, but of course it is impossible for us to get all. We would appreciate any one telling us when they have visitors or when they are going away from town for a visit. In fact tell us any item of news

Goten Away from It.

Somebody once wrote a prophecy of a time in the distant future when, by the united efforts of lawyers and lawmakers, the statutes of the country will be written in such simple language and made so easy and precise of application that the code of law will be given to school children as a textbook to instruct them at once in the correct use of language and in the requirements of the law. This is the state contemplated by the legal fiction that "every man is supposed to know the law." The distance to which we have drifted away from it shows the amount of correction needed in our legal enactments and practice.—Durham *Sun*.

Greenville Market.

Corrected by S. M. Schultz.

Butter, per lb	17 to 20
Western Sides	6.60 to 7.00
Sugar cured Hams	11 to 15
Corn	40 to 60
Corn Meal	50 to 80
Cabbage	
Flour, Family	5.25 to 5.50
Lard	6 to 10
Oats	5
Sugar	4 to 5
Coffee	16 to 20
Salt per Sack	80 to 200
Chickens	20 to 50
Eggs per doz	1
Beeswax, per lb	1
Kerosene,	13 1/2 to 20
Pease per bu	1 00
Hulls, per ton	6 00
Cotton Seed Meal	20 00
Hides	5 to

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A Friend in Adversity. Protect you when sick and unable to follow your business or occupation.

Benefits \$2.50 to \$25.00 per Week

Average cost from about one to eight cents per day. No assessments. Exact cost stipulated.

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HERBERT A. WHITE, Cashier
ZENO MOORE, President.

DAILY REFLECTOR.

D. J. WHICHARD, Editor.

Subscription 25 cents per Month.

Entered as second-class mail matter.

EVERY AFTERNOON (EXCEPT SUNDAY)

Appendicitis.

The pendulum is swinging back to the true centre again in the matter of appendicitis. It recently became the rage with the medical profession to cut and slash every one who had the semblance of a symptom of this disease. Every doctor felt it his duty to get his "hand in" on the new fad, and poor mortals must needs grin and bear it. We consequently, breathed a sigh of relief when we learned that in the discussion of appendicitis before the Virginia Medical Association, Dr. Hunter McGuire, though he had lost but one patient out of seventeen operated upon, counselled his brethren to "go slowly" in the treatment of this malady, and further, that it could be cured without the use of the knife. Dr. Claiborne believed in the old-fashioned treatment of leeches and poultices. Dr. Parker writes us of the subject as follows:

I thank my friend, Dr. McGuire, for removing what I find a widespread opinion against grape seed as a cause of appendicitis. A farmer told me no longer than yesterday that it greatly injures the sale of grapes. I am also glad that my old friend, Dr. Claiborne, of Petersburg, agrees with me in regard to the fatality of this disease. I called the attention of the profession to this malady forty-five years ago. A woman died on Council Chamber Hill (near St. Luke's Hospital) and I could not understand the reason why, and so opened her body, and then I found a rusty pin sticking through the end of the appendix, and rubbing, of course, against the adjacent intestines, and necessarily producing inflammation of the entire bowels and death. I took the cue from that case, and have since lost but one case that I remember without the use of the knife, and that death was due, probably, to the patient taking off his flannel in winter poor fellow, he had but one shirt. It recognized early, leeches, poultices, and afterwards in some cases, a blister will cure the patient. I cured a man lately in forty-eight hours, and he thought \$6 was too much for the job. I saw him only three times.

Very respectfully, etc., etc.,
W. W. PARKER.

Richmond Dispatch.

How can a newspaper brag on its town if the merchants and other business men won't advertise their business at home? People read advertisements and they judge the business of a town by the advertisements they see in the home paper. A paper can talk for its town in every line, but if the people don't see the business represented in the advertising columns, they'll swear the paper is "lying," and take their trade to some other place. And the afore-said merchants will sit around and "cuss" the paper for not "talking up" the town.

Thomas Carlyle on Justice and Success.

In this God's world, with its wild whirling eddies and mad foam oceans, where men and nations perish as if without laws and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise in all times were wise because they denied and know forever not to be. I tell you again there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below—the just thing, the true thing. My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it, I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton and say in God's name, "No!"

Thy "success?" Poor devil, what will this success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded. No, not though bonfires blazed from north to south, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just thing lay trampled out of sight to all mortal eyes annihilated and annihilated thing. Success? In a few years, thou wilt be dead and dark—all cold, eyeless, deaf, no blaze of bonfires, dingdong of bells, visible or audible to thee again at all forever. What kind of success is that?—Thomas Carlyle, "Past and Present."

There is a beautiful old legend that at creation's dawn an angel came down seeking something to take back to heaven. It returned with a bouquet of flowers, a baby's smile and a mother's love. When it reached the pearly gates of paradise again, the flowers had withered, the baby's smile had vanished, but the mother's love was found to be as pure as the water that flowed by the heavenly throne, and all the angels exclaimed: "There is nothing on earth pure enough for heaven but a mother's love!" What a sublime thought and holy moral this old legend illustrates and teaches to mortal creatures.

'Tain't no use for me to work so hard, I've got a gal in the white folks' yard, Every night 'bout half past eight, Finds me standin' at de white folk's gate.

She brings me meat she brings me lard, I gits my grub from de white folks' yard.

A lady hear I "a colored gentleman" of Weldon singing the above on the street and realizing how true it was in her experience, asked us to publish.—Weldon News.

Barbers.

JAMES A. SMITH,
TONSORIAL ARTIST.

GREENVILLE, N. C.

Patronage solicited.

HERBERT EDMUNDS,
FASHIONABLE BAKER.

Under Opera House.
Special attention given to cleaning Gentlemen's Clothing.

GREENVILLE TOBACCO MARKET REPORT.

BY O. L. JOYNER.

QUOTATIONS.

Lugs—Common	3 to 4
" Good	4 to 7
" Fine	7 to 10
Cutters—Common	8 to 11
" Medium	11 to 15
" Good	15 to 27½

Educational

Greenville Collegiate Institute.

GREENVILLE, N. C. S. D. Bagley, G. A. M. Principal. With full corps of Teachers. Next session will begin MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1895. All the English Branches, Ancient and Modern Languages. Music will be taught on the conservatory plan, by a graduate in music. Instruction thorough. Discipline firm, but kind. Terms reasonable. Art and Elocution will be taught, if desired. Calisthenics free. For particulars address the Principal, Greenville N. C.

GREENVILLE

Male Academy.

The next session of this School will begin on

MONDAY, SEPT., 2, 1895,

and continue for ten months.

The course embraces all the branches usually taught in an Academy.

Terms, both for tuition and board reasonable.

Boys well fitted and equipped for business, by taking the academic course alone. Where they wish to pursue a higher course, this school guarantees thorough preparation to enter, with credit, any College in North Carolina, or the State University. It refers to those who have recently left its walls for the truthfulness of this statement.

Any young man with character and moderate ability taking a course with us will be aided in making arrangements to continue in the higher schools.

The discipline will be kept at its present standard.

Neither time nor attention nor work will be spared to make this school all that parents could wish.

Send in your boys on the first day.

For further particulars see or address

W. H. RAGSDALE,
Principal.

July 30, 1895.

WILMINGTON & WELDON R. R. AND BRANCHES.

AND FLORENCE RAIL ROAD.
Condensed Schedule.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Dated July 5th 1895.	No. 23 Daily.	Daily.	No. 36 Daily.	No. 41 Daily.
Leave Weldon	A. M. 11 53	P. M. 9 27		
Ar. Rocky Mt	12 57	10 20		
Lv Tarboro	12 20			
Lv Rocky Mt	1 05	10 20		6 00
Lv Wilson	2 03	11 03		
Lv Selma	2 53			
Lv Fayetteville	4 30	12 53		
Ar. Florence	7 15	3 00		
	No. 47 Daily.			
	P. M.			A. M.
Lv Wilson	2 15			6 30
Lv Goldsboro	2 40			7 20
Lv Magnolia	4 16			8 20
Ar. Wilmington	5 45			10 00
	P. M.			A. M.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

Dated July 5th 1895.	No. 78 Daily.	No. 32 Daily.	No. 48 Daily.	No. 78 Daily.	No. 32 Daily.	No. 48 Daily.
Lv Florence	A. M. 8 15	P. M. 7 35				
Lv Fayetteville	10 55	9 35				
Lv Selma	12 32					
Ar. Wilson	1 20	11 28				
	No. 48 Daily.					
Lv Wilmington	A. M. 9 20					P. M. 7 00
Lv Magnolia	10 56					8 30
Lv Goldsboro	12 05					9 40
Ar. Wilson	1 00					10 20
	No. 78 Daily.			No. 32 Daily.		
Lv Wilson	P. M. 1 30					P. M. 11 37
Ar. Rocky Mt	2 33					12 00
Ar. Tarboro	2 48					
Lv Tarboro						
Lv Rocky Mt	2 33					12 27
Ar. Weldon	3 48					12 50

Train on Scotland Neck Branch leaves Weldon 3.40 p. m., Halifax 4. p. m., arrives Scotland Neck at 4.55 p. m., Greenville 6.37 p. m., Kinston 7. p. m. Returning, leaves Kinston 7. a. m., Greenville 8.22 a. m. Arrives Halifax at 11:00 a. m., Weldon 11.20 a. m. Daily except Sunday.

Trains on Washington Branch leave Washington 7.00 a. m., arrives Parme 8.40 p. m., Tarboro 9.50; returning leaves Tarboro 4.50 p. m., Parme 6. p. m., arrives Washington 7.35 p. m. Daily except Sunday. Connects with trains on Scotland Neck Branch.

Train leaves Tarboro, N. C., via Albemarle & Raleigh R. R. daily except Sunday, at 5 00 p. m., Sunday 3 00 P. M. arrive Plymouth 9.20 P. M., 5.20 p. m. returning leaves Plymouth daily except Sunday, 5.30 a. m., Sunday 9.30 a. m. arrive Tarboro 10.25 a. m. and 11. 4

JOHN F. DIVINE,

General Supr.

G. M. EMERSON, Traffic Manager.
J. K. KENLY, Gen'l Manager.

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.
County Examiner of Teachers.—Prof. V. 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, U. 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. D. D. Hasset, N. G.
Greenville Lodge No. 284 A. F. & A. M. meets first and third Monday nights. Zeno Moore, W. M.

NEATNESS?-QUICKNESS.

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JOB :- PRINTING

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REFLECTOR OFFICE

—IF YOU WANT—
First-Class Work.

DAD AND THE NEW DOG.

An Incident Showing the Bad Results of Not Taking Good Advice.

When the son warned the sire that he ought to get acquainted with the new dog, the sire ignored the advice, and in less than 12 hours he most heartily regretted it. It happened in this way:

They live in the Rock church parish, and not the least important member of the family is the oldest boy, who has a fancy for stray dogs, cats and other beasts. He is constantly bringing home sore eyed kittens and neglected and abandoned canines, only to have them thrust out into the cold world through the back alley gate. One day last week, however, there fell into the young man's possession, in that mysterious way in which some boys will in spite of respectable parentage and proper instruction acquire property, a dog that was different from other dogs that he had rescued from a fate more or less cruel. It was a good dog—never mind the breed or pedigree. Boy and dog became the closest and most intimate, not to say affectionate, friends almost at the first meeting. The brute was domiciled in the laundry for a few nights until he could become accustomed to the place. Thursday it was decided by the boy that the time was ripe for giving the animal the freedom of the yard. Then it was the sire who was warned by the son:

"Better come out in the yard, pop, and get acquainted with my dog. He's a mighty good watchdog, and if he doesn't know you, you can't get in when you come home to-night."

"Oh, I guess not. That dog wouldn't bite meat unless you buttered it. He'll never stay awake long enough to watch anything. Just another of your worthless strays."

And so pop was not introduced to the new dog.

It was midnight when the head of the house arrived home from down town, where business had detained him. He had not thought of a lion in the way or anything else to molest or make him afraid as he approached the side porch, key in hand. But the dog was there, and he made his presence manifest by a warlike demonstration. Paterfamilias paused, and there flashed across his mind the boy's warning. He sought to open negotiations, but the dog wouldn't negotiate. Then bluffing was tried, but it didn't work. The dog, after the first tumultuous assertion of his presence by bark of mouth, planted himself squarely on top of the porch steps and kept his eye on the intruder. Every effort to advance was met with a growl so ominous that it was prohibitive. He was simply barred out of his own house and forced to beat a retreat.

Driven from the side door, the only one to which he had a key, the

next best thing was to yank the bell at the front door. This was done with energy and perseverance, but it failed to arouse the sleeping inmates. A reconnoissance of the side yard was made. The dog was still there and very wide awake. Again the bell, but to no good purpose. Then the head of the house sat down on the front steps and for half an hour beat his brains to a froth trying to devise a scheme to get in. Then he lost his temper and began an assault on the front door that seemed to shake the very foundation stones of the house. The gentleman across the street raised his window and asked what was wanted. The dog trotted around the side of the house and took a position where he could watch proceedings. Still everybody in the house slept soundly. Another assault on the door brought forth a growl from the dog, and the windows of three houses across the street went up and three night capped heads conferred as to whose house was being burglarized. The shade trees concealed the disturber, but did not stop his ears to the comments of his neighbors. The dog drew nearer, but didn't bark. He just growled. The man sat down again on the step.

For another half hour man and beast eyed each other. Despair and desperation battled in the breast of the locked out, dog besieged man. Desperation triumphed. He descended from his place on the front steps, with one eye on the dog and the other on a bit of limestone in the gutter. The canine guardian of the premises allowed him to leave the yard. It was the work of a few seconds to send that rock crashing through the second story window into his wife's bedroom. The jingling glass awoke everybody on the block not previously aroused, and prospects were good for a riot call being sounded when a soft, low voice inquired from the broken window, "Did you forget your key?"

Well, he got in. But the next day he got acquainted with the new dog.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Wants a Change.

"I think Jack is tired of being my slave. He is getting so anxious that I should marry him."—Rogersville (Tenn.) Review.

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Passengers carried to any point at reasonable rates. Good Horses. Comfortable Vehicles.

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J. B. CHERRY & CO.,

—this season. Our Stock of—

S.H.O.E.S.,

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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,
Mattings, Window Shades and Lace
Curtains.

Goods sold on their merits and
prices made accordingly.

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CITY ELECTRIC LAUNDRY,

WILMINGTON, N. C.

This laundry does the finest work in
the South, and prices are low. We
close up every Tuesday. Bring
your work to our store on Monday and
it will be forwarded promptly. Price
lists furnished on application.

College Hotel

MRS. DELLA GAY, Proprietress

Convenient to depot and to the tobacco
warehouses.

Best and highest location around
Wilmington. Splendid mineral water.

Rooms large and comfortable. Table
supplied with the best the market affords.

Terms reasonable.

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	8 1-16
Middling	7 3/4
Low Middling	7 5-16
Good Ordinary	6 3/4
Tone—steady.	

PEANUTS.

Prime	2 3/4
Extra Prime	3
Spanish	3 1/4
Tone—steady	\$1 bu

AUTUMN ANATOMY.

People Going and Coming These
Early Fall Days.

E. H. Shelburn went to Richmond
to-day.

Revs. J. B. Morton and A. L. Mc-
Laurin left to-day.

Stephens. His many friends here are
delighted to see him.

B. S. Sheppard returned home Sat-
urday from Wrightsville.

Miss Ellie Smith went to Tarboro to-
day to re-enter school there.

Miss Laura Garris, of Ayden, is vis-
iting her sister, Mrs. H. C. Edwards.

Mrs. B. F. Sugg and son Jarvis re-
turned home Saturday from Goldsboro.

R. B. Smith, of the Beaufort County
Lumber Co., came up from Ayden to-
day.

J. H. Cobb and J. R. Smith, of
Ayden, passed through this morning for
the north to buy new goods.

Rev. Thos. Carrick, of Lexington,
who has been assisting in a meeting at
Ayden, came up today to visit Mr. C.

Carlos Harris and T. H. Tyson spent
Sunday in Ayden. Carlos says Tom
was on a courting trip, but nobody has
reported Carlos yet.

Miss Lula White left to-day for Hol-
ins Institute, Va., to resume her stud-
ies. Her brother, S. T. White, accom-
panied her as far as Petersburg.

W. D. Penler, of Whitakers, has
taken a temporary position with agent
J. R. Moore at the depot, in place of W.
C. Taylor who goes home for a short
while.

Misses Bettie Tyson and Myra Skin-
ner, and Miss Leonard Pitts, of Ala-
bama, who has been spending vacation
here with Miss Skinner, left to-day to
return to school at Salem.

The way to pull a wagon out of the
mire is for a steady pull by every horse.
The way to build up a town is for all to
pull together.

The meeting at Shady Grove will be-
gin Thursday night after first Sunday
in October instead of Monday night.
L. H. JOYNER, P. C.

North Carolina cotton mills have
doubled in capacity in the last five years.
In 1890 they consumed 114,000
bales of cotton in 1894, 227,000. This
will soon be increased to 250,000 bales
by mills now in process of building. You
can't keep the Old North State from
going ahead, she is going to be one of
the richest and most prosperous States
on all the Atlantic Seaboard.

Hon. A. H. A. Williams died a
few days ago at Chase City. He
had been sick for a considerable
time with brights disease. He
had been a big factor in the pros-
perity of Oxford. He had also
filled many places of honor and
trust, the last being a member of
Congress from the Fifth District.

SEPTEMBER SAYINGS.

Briefs That Inform You What is Go-
ing on.

Cooler today.

Nice rain to-day.

Don't fail to see Lang's new
goods now coming in.

Court begins next Monday.

Large lot of Ledgers and Day
Books just received at Reflector
Book Store.

Squirrel hunting has commenced.

The day of the watermelon is
most over.

Fair Tuesday except local rains on
southeast coast.

A nice rain visited the Great Swamp
section Sunday afternoon.

WANTED.—Fifty or Seventy-five
hogs at once. Apply to
J. C. COBB & SON.

Rev. Thos. Carrick, of Lexington,
will preach in the Baptist church to-
night at 8 o'clock.

W. F. Burch has moved into
the Vines house on Dickerson
avenue.

Get your school supplies at Ref-
lector Book Store. Big lot Tab-
lets Pencils and Slates.

The Register of Deeds issued
four marriage licenses last week,
all to colored couples.

New Goods arriving daily at
Lang's.

Burlaces are getting ripe and
the boys go tramping to the
woods.

The young ladies of the Bap-
tist church will have a "Rose"
party Wednesday evening.

Just received big lot of Fruit
Jars and Rubbers.

S. M. SCHULTZ

How are people to know you
want their trade if you don't tell
them? Try an ad in the REFLEC-
TOR.

The best line of Tablets, Note
Paper, Envelopes, Box Paper,
and Cards in town can be found
at the Reflector Book Store.

Joseph E. Robinson has again
assumed the editorial manage-
ment of the Goldsboro Argus.
He made it a good paper.

A newspaper is more to a town
than the average citizen estimates
it, be it a poor and trifling one.
But there are always some men
in every town who fully know
this and use every turn to use it
as a money maker for themselves
and help to make it better.—Bur-
lington News.

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