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D. J. WHICHARD, Editor and Owner TRUTH IN PREFERENCE TO FICTION. TERMS: \$1.00 per Year, in Advance. VOL. XIII. GREENVILLE, PITT COUNTY, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 1894. NO. 23



POTATOES!

IN ORDER TO OBTAIN THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICES, SHIP YOUR PRODUCE TO THE FOLLOWING OLD, LONG-ESTABLISHED AND THOROUGHLY RELIABLE COMMISSION HOUSES:

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Thinking last season that the Truckers would not want to confine themselves closely to eastern markets, we connected ourselves with the following houses further west: PARKER BROTHERS, 85 SOUTH WATER STREET, CHICAGO, ILL. W. E. BIGALOW & COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO. IRON CITY PRODUCE COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

Remember W. E. DURYEAS' SONS' shipping mark 35, established 1843, the oldest in America and the best. Stencils, Shippers' Postals, etc., furnished from any of the above houses on application to us. If you are a trucker and wish to be kept posted on the market daily from all the leading cities in America, drop us a postal to that effect, and we will see that you are kept well informed on the markets. Write to us at once for stencils, etc.

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Offices over Carter & Tayloe's Store, WASHINGTON, N. C. Produce Soliciting Agents for North Carolina.

STATE NEWS Things Mentioned in our State Exchanges that are of General Interest. The Cream of the News The Nags Head hotel will not be open this summer. The increase in cotton acreage in the State is 5 per cent. A negro child was last Friday drowned in a bucket of slops at Goldsboro.

JUSTICE IN NORTH CAROLINA. Auditor R. M. Furman on Its Cost. To the Editor of the Charlotte Observer: A few days ago the following paragraph in the Observer attracted my attention: JUSTICE IN OUR STATE—ITS PRICE AND CHARACTER. This, from the Philadelphia Record, is very agreeable indeed: "The State of North Carolina, which is larger by three thousand square miles in area than the State of Pennsylvania, has a population about one-third as large as ours. North Carolina pays for the salaries of her judges and the cost of managing the Attorney General's Department in Pennsylvania will foot up nearly \$600,000 per year. North Carolina does not suffer by comparison with any other State as to the character and ability of her judiciary." From the earliest times to the present it has been so, and our people should be very proud of the fact, and see well to it that the State continues to deserve this honorable and enviable reputation.

THE CARE OF THE INSANE. The magistrates of Mecklenburg at their meeting first Monday adopted a resolution requesting the county's representatives in the next General Assembly to support a measure looking to enlarged accommodations for the insane of the State. That is a good deal more rational than criticizing the authorities of the hospitals for not taking more patients when their institutions are already full. The practical questions for the people of the State, in this connection, are, whether they will have the Legislature provide for further hospital accommodations whether the counties will take care of the outside insane, or whether they should be left unprovided for by the public, to wander at large or to remain at their homes, an intolerable burden to their families. Between these three propositions a humane people should not hesitate long before deciding. The counties can, at considerable expense, provide mere custody, but not skilled treatment, and without this there can be little hope of recovery. A family can take charge of an insane inmate at home by locking the insane person in a room or confining him or her in a pen—either this or leave the lunatic unrestrained, with the attendant risk of elopement, fire, homicide or suicide; but who can picture the horrors of existence to a family having such a charge? Then what about the lunatic? In one of the hospitals of the State is an insane man who had for years been kept by his family in a pen so low as not to admit of his standing erect. What time, therefore, he sat crouched in his pen upon his legs grew to this position, so that when he was rescued he could not straighten them and stand erect. This is one instance of home custody.

REFORM IN THE JURY SYSTEM. Congressman Bryan, of Nebraska, who delivered the oration at the State Normal school at Greensboro, has delivered another college oration, this time before the law class of the National University and his subject was the jury system. In his opinion, the jury system is not perfect; at any rate it is not, under existing methods of application, producing the best possible results. Therefore, he urged the young men whom he addressed to give their influence towards effecting needed reforms. According to Mr. Bryan, it is still the custom of the courts in some of the States to exclude from a jury any man who admits that he has read newspaper reports of the case about to be tried. As all intelligent men read the papers, and as the papers print all the news, this custom, or rule, Mr. Bryan rightly holds, is equivalent to the exclusion from the jury of the only kind of men who ought to be permitted to perform such service. The development of the press since steam was utilized for transportation and electricity for the transmission of news, is one of the great facts of our age. More paper is used for a single issue of a metropolitan daily journal in 1894 than was required in all the newspapers offices in the United States in an entire week in 1794. Now everybody reads—or, certainly everybody who is fit to sit as a juror—and to apply the old rule to which Mr. Bryan referred is to do that which is directly calculated to bring the jury system into contempt. Another of the changes advocated by Mr. Bryan is the adoption of the plan now in successful operation in California and Kentucky, under which less than the entire number of jurors can render a verdict in civil cases. It appears that in those two States, when three-fourth of a jury in any civil case are agreed, their verdict is accepted as the finding of the jury. It is claimed that this change has been productive of good results in reducing the extent and cost of litigation without depriving litigants of a fair chance to get justice. Where all the jurors are required to be of one mind in order that a verdict may be arrived at it is urged that it often happens that justice miscarries by reason of one stupid or self-conceited man, or one man who is owned by the counsel of one of the parties to a suit.

GOD HIS HELPER. A merchant in New York had pledged to the Lord a certain portion of his business as fast as they were collected. He called this the Lord's insurance money; "for," said he, "so long as I give, so long will the Lord help and bless me, and in some way will He give me the means to give. It is a blessing to my heart to keep it open in gratitude, a blessing to gladden other hearts, and the surest way to keep the Lord's favor with me. The results of his experience were blessed indeed, as he said: "I never realized before how He helps me in my busiest plans. "Things happen daily which show me that some one who knows more than I is protecting me. Bad debts have been paid that I did not expect. Errand boys just getting into sly and bad habits have been discovered ere their thefts had proceeded far. As I needed competent help in my business it has come just as I needed it. "When customers were about to fail somehow their debts to me were paid although they failed to pay others. "A severe fire came to my office and seemed to have swept all my valuables away. But it was stopped at just the right moment, and not one valuable was lost. The insurance company paid me enough to replace every dollar of damage, and the office was renewed better than before. The Lord sends me business enough to pay my debts, while others are dull. "I cannot tell why it is except that I always pray for my business, and ask the Lord to bless it for the good of others, and that the means which come from it may be used for his cause. "When I stop giving business stops coming. When I stop praying for it, perplexities arise. As long as I pray for it, all moves easily and I have no care or trouble. "The Lord is my banker, my insurer, my deliverer, my patron, and blessed guardian of temporal things as well as spiritual."—The Wonders of Prayer. Learn the Boys a Trade. Go where you will, you will find youths entering manhood without any equipment for the struggle before them. Tens of thousands of them hope to become merchants, when they have no aptitude whatever for commercial affairs, and are doomed to lives of bitter toil and grinding poverty. This ought not to be. Every boy in America is justly entitled to a trade, and he ought to have the chance to master one. Many sons of poor parents and many orphan boys are compelled to forego the inestimable benefits of apprenticeship, and these ought to be assisted by wise philanthropy; but very many more fail to

justice—man to man. Cheap you call it? Yet! But honest. And it is not an "honesty" for "policy" sake. It is an honesty which becomes an honest judiciary and men who honor the bench. Such we have in North Carolina. And yet, Mr. Editor, the people of the State do not pay either for their executive or judicial department of the government. The fees and other taxes collected by the executive department doubles the cost of both departments—judiciary and executive—judges, Governor, clerks and others, and yet this is not a tax on the farmer. He pays none of it. His money goes to pay for schools, for the charitable institutions etc., and for pensions to his neighbor soldiers or the widows of soldiers. Is this a record of which the people of the State can be proud? If not, I am ashamed of the people of my native State. ROBT. M. FURMAN. Raleigh, N. C., June 5, 1894. It May Do as Much for You. Mr. Fred Miller, of Irving, Ill., writes that he had a Severe Kidney trouble for many years, with severe pains in his back and also that his bladder was affected. He tried many so called Kidney cures but without any good result. About a year ago he began use of Electric Bitters and especially adapted to cure of all Kidney and Liver troubles and often given almost instant relief. One trial will prove our statement. Price only 50c. for large bottle. At John L. Wooten's Drug Store. Bicycle Riding. There are some bicycle riders in Wilmington who sit erect in their seats (one of our leading dentists being conspicuous in that regard); but a majority of them do not, and to these the following, from high medical authority, is commended: Doctors seem to agree that there is such a thing as bicycle disease, and no one who sees a rider bent in two over his machine going along as if a prairie fire or band of wild Indians were after him, will wonder at it. The bent position which is assumed by bicyclists, in order to secure the greatest amount of power over their machines and to attain the highest degree of speed while running them, is attended with an unnatural flexion of the spine, which appears in the region of the back and causes not only unsightliness in form, but in boys of 14 years and under is fraught with serious and possibly fatal consequences. In those over that age the result of the stoop is to produce permanent curvature of the spine and consequent deformity. It has also malign effects on the heart, lungs and other vital organs, the free and natural working of which is interfered with by the unnatural form acquired.—Wilmington Star. The severest cases of rheumatism are cured by Hood's Sarsaparil, the great blood purifier. Now is the time to take it. Hood's Cures.

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report. Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE improve the great opportunity of becoming skilled workers, and so drift into the laboring army to become helpless victims of poverty all their lives. Boys in town and country, learn a trade. It will be your surest and best friend through life. Parents, in whatever else you come short, don't fail to see to this matter. You will be insuring the happiness and comfort of your sons welfare of those who come after them, and discharging a solemn duty you owe to society and the country. Maj. W. A. Graham, of Lincoln, brought suit yesterday in the Superior Court of Lincoln against the Wrought Iron Range Company, of Missouri, to recover \$5,000 damages sustained by him in the loss of his residence, and valuable contents, by fire a few days ago. A warrant of attachment was issued against the property of the defendant, which consists of iron ranges, 14 mules, 8 wagons and other property. Some two weeks ago the range company sold Maj. Graham one of its "Home Comfort" Ranges, and when the agents of the company set up the range they failed to protect the ceiling and roof, by placing terra cotta pipe or other protectors around it. This fact was called to their attention by Maj. Graham, but they claimed that owing to the peculiar construction and workmanship of the range, the pipe did not need this protection, and guaranteed that there was no danger of it heating in the least. This was but a few days before the house was destroyed by fire, which caught from this pipe. Two or three other houses have come very near burning since Maj. Graham's, on account of this same defect; among them, Capt. Alex Bravard's. The lawyers say some nice points of law are involved, the outcome of which will be watched with interest by the profession. Mr. D. W. Robinson, of Lincoln, and Messrs. Walker & Candler of this city, represented Maj. Graham. A prominent resident of Goshen, N. Y., has an intelligent cat, of which he tells the following story, "I was sick a short time

Watch Repairing! Reduced prices in— Have your Watches Cleaned for 85 cents. Main Springs 85 cents, all other work as cheap in proportion. Call on me at corner store near post-office. Z. F. HIGHSMITH, Watchmaker & Jeweler, Greenville, N. C. Professional Cards H. F. PRICE, LAND AND ENGINEERING SURVEYOR GREENVILLE, N. C. Office at the King House. DR. D. L. JAMES, DENTIST, Greenville, N. C. JAS. E. MOORE, L. I. MOORE, Greenville, N. C. MOORE & MOORE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, GREENVILLE, N. C. Office under Opera House, Third St. J. L. FLEMING, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Greenville, N. C. Prompt attention to business. Office at Tucker & Murphy's old stand. F. G. JAMES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, GREENVILLE, N. C. Practice in all the courts. Collections a specialty. THOS. J. JARVIS, ALEX. L. BLOW, JARVIS & BLOW, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, GREENVILLE, N. C. Practice in all the Courts. A. SUGG, S. F. TYSON, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, GREENVILLE, N. C. Prompt attention given to collection P. C. LATHAM, HARRY SKINNER, LATHAM & SKINNER, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, GREENVILLE, N. C. HOTEL NICHOLSON, WASHINGTON, N. C. Geo. A. Spencer, Mgr. FIRST-CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT Special attention to Commercial Men. Free Buss.

HIS FALL FROM GRACE.

Being the Sad Story of a Gander's Double Life.

There be tales which are true and tales which are not true; but, unfortunately for poor humanity, that historic meal in the Garden of Eden, with its resulting knowledge of good and evil, did not include an intuitive perception of truth.

I was led to this profound reflection some years ago as I sat on a flight of stone steps overlooking the Minch. Before me lay an expanse of blue sky flecked by white clouds, an expanse of blue sea flecked by white horses, between them a fishing solan, blending the blues and whites in a pillar of spray as it fell from sky to sea after its invisible prey. An ideal scene; an ideal day. But I had just lost a five-pound note over a domesticated graylag gander, who was preening himself on the green; and the fact that four of my companions on the yacht, which lay anchored in the bay, had lost similar sums, did not console me. It was not our host's fault. He had warned us that wild geese were the wisest animals in creation; he had sworn the tale was true, and we had treated him with contumely. So he had brought us and our cigars to the steps whence, five minutes before, I had seen that beast of a gander deliberately up to the big water butt, turn the tap with his bill and take a leisurely bath.

"You will observe," said our host, caressing the ears of his favorite setter, "that he does not close the tap again. Indeed, he seems unable to connect this negligence with the subsequent phenomenon of an empty butt. Barring this failure to grasp the first principle of hydrostatics, there is nothing, I verily believe, which that graylag does not understand."

There was a loud silence. We had learned our lesson.

"And yet," continued our host, meditatively, "that bird is a living example of the truth that the wisest of us may stoop to folly. It is two years since, and he has almost recovered his self-respect and authority in the farmyard; but at the time he was quite crushed. You are aware, of course, that the graylags are not only monogamous, but that, as a rule, the tie is binding for life?"

One of our party, whose wife audits his monthly accounts, murmured his belief that the same was true of the whole family of geese.

"They do not pair until the second year, and when our colony of domesticated graylags began, it so happened that it consisted of two geese and a gander, one of the former being, as it were, still in the schoolroom. As a natural consequence, the gander set up house with the other, whom, for the sake of convenience, we will call Eleanor. He was a good husband a devoted

father, for you are also aware, of course, that the goose tribe share the duties of the nursery. During the time of incubation, he took most of the day work, so as to allow Eleanor the solace of society. Afterward he sat up at night with the young goslings when they were teething. He was, in fact, a compendium of all the domestic virtues, and had, let us hope, his reward in the affection of his family.

"It was on February 14 in the following year that I first noticed a slight friction in the hitherto happy home. Until then, the younger goose, whom we will call Rosamund, had been freely admitted to the family circle and permitted to graze with it. I was surprised, therefore, to see Eleanor, after watching furtively from behind a bowlder, advance on Rosamund and drive her away with great asperity; the gander—I could see from his expression—remonstrating feebly as he was hurried away to a distant part of the green. After that poor Rosamund used to sit on a seaweed-covered stone on the shore and look out over the Minch, the image of outraged innocence and patient despair. Eleanor had settled her nest, as on the preceding year, about a quarter of a mile from the house, and on the principle, I suppose, of Satan finding mischief for idle hands, kept the gander pretty busy with preparations. Consequently I saw very little of anyone but Rosamund, who moped on the edge of the tide like Mariana at the window of the Moated Grange. With that human arrogance which must be so aggravating to the inferior animals, I concluded she was on the lookout for another mate. I was sorry for her as a victim to civilization.

"When, however, the incubation began, I noticed at once that the gander had insisted on having his day out. After all, it was very natural. Eleanor was no longer quite young. She was the mother of a family, and, as such, society had doubtless ceased to have charms for her. I may say, gentlemen, that I had no suspicions until in the dusk one evening I met the gander hurrying up the path from the shore with Rosamund. He was evidently afraid of being late—somewhere.

"The next day Rosamund had disappeared, and, as Eleanor was now immersed in maternal duties all day, I saw nothing of anyone, save the gander. In the early mornings or late evenings, he appeared for a few minutes on the green, with bill down, grazing hastily, distractedly, like a man eating his dinner at a railway station. He looked ill at ease; his eyes had the sleepless, harassed look of one burning the candle of life at both ends, and he never took a bath. At the time I wondered at this, for, as you are aware, he is a very cleanly bird." (A faint sigh

ran round the company.) "Afterward I learned, by the light of subsequent events, to appreciate the self-sacrifice. Though erring, he was not utterly dead to duty, and the fear of giving a chill to his potential offspring restrained him from a personal pleasure.

"For, about three weeks after I had seen him hurrying up the path, I had to go over to Flodda—that island yonder—to shoot a sheep; and there, sitting on three eggs, I found the gander; Rosamund, meanwhile, being allowed the solace of society, as poor Eleanor had been the year before. I shall never forget the expression of that bird when he saw me. Perhaps you can imagine it, gentlemen. At any rate, I cannot describe it properly; but there was a pathetic appeal in it, as much as to say: 'Yes, old man; I've made a mistake, I know; but I'm not sparing myself. I sit all day here, and I sit all night over the way, and, upon my soul, I don't think either of them has much to complain about.'

"I went home, curious to see the denouement of the little tragedy. It began with the appearance of Eleanor, bringing with her two green-and-gold goslings like balls of chenille. They were children any father might be proud of, and the gander gazed at them with fondest affection. But his 'honor rooted in dishonor stood,' and almost before the mother had finished pointing out their charms he was off to his other duties. I don't know what excuse he made. There are a number of them to choose from, so it can be left to the imagination. It was after this that I noticed for the first time what I may call moral deterioration in the gander. Hitherto he had, as it were, bolstered up his self-respect by his own discomfort; now, when I met him hurrying toward the kelp house—where, no doubt, he had a sick friend, or something of that sort—he had the furtive look in his eyes of one who is thoroughly ashamed of himself. He was lying horribly, and he knew it. Still, in his limited way, he was really trying to minimize the evil. To no purpose. He was reckoning without that feminine love of a scene which is responsible for so many tragedies in life. One day, when the sun was shining, the sea and sky as blue as blue could be, and all nature seemed one vast peace, Rosamund walked into the farmyard with three green-and-gold goslings—more green-and-gold, more fluffy, more utterly desirable than any previous goslings! Gentlemen, I have heard many sermons on the danger of yielding to temptation; they are all weak as water compared to my memory of the gander as he stood there in the sunlight surrounded by five goslings and two geese. Three weeks after he was skin and bone."

"Is that all?" asked one of our

party, timorously.

Our host sighed.

"I wish I could say it was. Next year those three goslings were motherless. I will say this for the gander, that I am convinced he was innocent of all blame; I will say this for Eleanor, that she did her best to look after the orphans; but there is a sense of duty about the female sex which makes me glad sometimes that I'm not a married man. That is all. It is a true story, and if any of you doubt it, I shall be happy to prove it from the mouth of creditable witnesses—on the same terms."

There was another loud silence.—London Sketch.

Not a Life of Bliss.

The amount of detail work necessary in an architect's office is simply stunning, and the five per cent. fee of the profession is really insignificant as a compensation for the arduous services exacted. Besides the large contracts, the architect has to attend to numberless petty contracts for every building. In these days of fierce competition the contractor gives as little as possible for the money he receives and the owner gets as much as he can. The architect's position as a mediator between the conflicting interests is not an enviable one. Every day when building is lively he is called upon to decide questions of law, many of which would puzzle the average lawyer, and he is generally able to do it. Between ignorance and selfishness on the part of clients and contractors the life of an architect is so harried that it is a wonder that the average duration of life of this valuable class of citizens is not shorter than it is.—Buffalo Courier.

Showman Pelted with Fruit.

A religious riot in miniature has taken place at Nantes. Some Catholic youths were passing through a fair when they caught sight of a booth labeled: "Sanctum Sanctorum." The showman was dressed in the rough robes and cowl of a Capuchin monk and professed to show inside several relics or curiosities, including the apple which tempted Eve and the whale which swallowed Jonah.

The youths, who were about two hundred strong, called on the profane Barnum to desist from his mockeries, but he only redoubled his patter and directed more attention to his show. A neighboring orange merchant had to bear the consequences of all this, for his stand was pillaged by the Catholics, who pelted the showman with the fruit of the Hesperides until he had to retreat inside of what he had really to use as a sanctuary for his own protection. The police then came up and charged the rioters, who wanted to wreck more effective vengeance on the insulter of religion.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

A SCANDAL SPOILED.

Why the Fat Woman Was Badly Disappointed.

A St. Louis Street Car Episode That Was Very Amusing—A Hoary-Headed Villain That Wasn't as Bad as She Thought.

She was richly dressed, fat and wore diamonds. The car was crowded, principally with ladies returning from shopping tours. She blockaded the aisle while she surveyed the scene, then breathed a deep sigh and attached her two hundred pounds to a strap, says the St. Louis Republic. There was not a vacant seat in the car, and only two or three men on board. It was a case of stand up or get off. She stood up.

Beside her was a tall, slender woman with a face sharp enough to peel an apple with and sour enough to make circus lemonade. They were companions.

The two had been standing for some time when suddenly the fat woman gave her huge diamond earrings an indignant toss and spoke to the other in a tragic stage whisper: "Just look there, will you?"

Persons near pricked up their ears and wondered what had happened.

"Look where?" eagerly asked the other.

"Why up there—second seat from the back. That's Mr. So-and-So and—that's one of the milliners in his store. Did you ever see anything quite so shameless?" and the scorn spread over her voice like cream on cow's milk, not milkman's milk.

There was a craning of necks as the fat woman, all unconscious of the commotion, in a rasping whisper, continued:

"I suppose his wife is at home toiling for him. Getting his supper now, perhaps. And he has a daughter, too, I am told, nearly grown. Of course that girl couldn't have taken another car. Oh, no. She was compelled to take this car and of course he had to be polite and sit in the same seat with her. But why does it happen every night?" and the whisper penetrated like salt in a sore.

"Is it possible?" gasped her companion.

"And they don't go right home when they get off the car, either," snapped the fat woman. "Now, where do you suppose they go, and his poor wife waiting for him? It's nothing less than perfectly scandalous."

The tall, thin woman whispered that it was "just awful" and the women in the neighboring seats most dislocated their necks trying to look over each other's hats in an effort to see. In this perilous state of affairs the fat woman, trembling with suppressed rage, the thin woman, aghast that such things could be, the other women "dying with curiosity," the car stopped and a sweet,

young voice floated out upon the stillness:

"Father, won't you please open the window?"

The hoary-headed villain did so and the girl at his side turned so that the thin woman recognized her.

"Why, I thought you said it was a milliner—it's his daughter. I know her," sneered the thin woman.

Then a large, palpitating flush spread over the fat woman's face, like a red blanket over an Indian, and the conductor stumbled against the intense silence and hurt himself.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor's Economy.

Rich young women have the instinct of money spenders naturally, because they never know the value of a dollar by earning it. So generally accepted is this fact that when matrimony was suggested as young Jacob Astor's intention it was insisted that his mother would never approve any engagement until he chose a fiancée of financial prudence. When his engagement to Miss Willing, of Philadelphia, was announced it was agreed that just such a woman had been found. No one could blame Mrs. Astor for her satisfaction.

Young Mrs. Astor has proved an eminently happy choice, and while she is popular, lovely and has even added to the Astor prestige, it is well known that she is thrifty in a sensible fashion that is worth thousands of dollars annually.

If Mrs. Astor, with her position as leader in New York society, can afford to be known as an exponent of thrift and prudence, and Mrs. J. J. Astor can practice the same doctrine, certainly the great mass of marriageable young women can afford to adopt similar ideas. Yet, not even the Astors can make thrift fashionable.

A Demons' and Angels' Ball.

Lady Caithness, who is an adept in theosophy and reconciles spiritualism with the theories of the late Mme. Blavatsky—who, she says, visited her after her death—is going to issue invitations for an angels' and demons' fancy ball. An orange ball at one of the fashionable Paris clubs is talked of as probable. All accepting invitations will be expected to wear orange-colored costumes.

A Nine-Year-Old Giantess.

Gurley, in the Point Rock valley, North Alabama, has a prodigy in the shape of a nine-year-old white child. Her name is Lizzie Beale, and her parents are among the best people in Jackson county. She weighs one hundred and ninety-two pounds and is possessed of enormous strength. She can with the greatest ease lift and carry off an anvil weighing two hundred and twenty-five pounds and can carry off a big man who could scarcely lift her from the ground. Her hair is very long, and she has regular beautiful features.

THE GIRL SWIMMER.

Tells a Friend What She Has Learned at the Natatorium.

Does Not Propose to Be Food for the Fishes If She Can Help It—Life Preserver Industry in Danger.

"Of the nine drowned, eight were women," said a dispatch the other day.

"Well, that won't be in my obituary notice," said a girl who had been reading it.

"How do you know?" asked her friend, who was looking over the "ads" in her paper, according to the New York Sun.

"How do I know? Just watch me! One, two, three; one, two, three," she said, as she struck out with a fine, overhand motion. "What do you think of that for five lessons?"

"You don't mean you are learning to—"

"Swim? Well, I should say so! Swim and float and tread water and dive and—that is, I'm going to! Of course, you know, you can't learn it all in five lessons. But wait till next summer. For the last ten years I've said I was going to learn to swim. I always talked about it in the summer, when there was bathing and boating, and that sort of thing. I'm always afraid of being drowned, and my father is sure that I will be. But you know how it is when you come back to the city. You forget all about bathing suits and watery graves. And you dance and shop and go to the theater and never think about learning to swim.

"But this year it was different. There was a drowning accident where we were in September. Two girls were drowned, and not only that, but they pulled the young man with them down, so that he was lost, too. Imagine such a catastrophe at a summer resort! Young men cannot be easily spared at such places, you know, and there was grief unutterable and widespread. My father said then that I should never go near the water till I had learned to swim, and he meant it."

"But how can you learn to swim without going—"

"Near the water? Why, bless your ignorant little soul! I go to a natatorium, where they have a swimming machine. I've learned to swim, and I've passed the embargo and have gone into the water. Next summer I can go boating to my heart's content, and, as I tell you, I'm not destined to be food for fishes. Why don't you learn, too? Lots of girls are practicing up at the natatorium, and if the fad gets any more popular the life-preserver industry will languish."

TWENTY-THREE A MINUTE.

Indiana Man Whose Heart Beats Are Far Below the Average.

Heart failure is said to be grow-

ing in this country. Facts seem to furnish some ground for the assertion. Fifty years ago heart disease was practically an unknown affliction. To-day a slight glance at the death returns in a large city shows to what extent various ailments of the heart have increased.

Concerning the human heart the doctors have had to modify their views several times. The case of James Stevens, a Dearborn county (Ind.) farmer and a charter member of the Moores Hill college board of trustees, made some amendments necessary to medical science. Doctors had previously believed that a man cannot live when his pulse falls below forty beats a minute. But in James Stevens, to their astonishment, they found a heart-beat of only twenty-eight to thirty-two a minute. The discovery attracted considerable attention.

Mr. Stevens' career has been a strange one. For three years Mr. Stevens' pulse has been about thirty, while the normal pulse is seventy-two. During this time he has not been confined to his bed. A few days ago a physician made an examination, and it was found that the patient's pulse has now fallen to twenty-three. It is an interesting question to what limit the pulse may fall and life be maintained.

Hard Times Make Soldiers.

It is an interesting fact that hard times usually bring plenty of recruits to the United States army. Recruiting sergeant said recently that it was easier now to recruit a good class of young men and plenty of them than it has been for years.

"You see," he said, "there are hundreds of young fellows who usually earn enough good wages in the mills and factories of New York, Newark and other cities in this vicinity, who have been out of work during the past winter. Where every other resource seems to be exhausted many of these young fellows turn to Uncle Sam and enlist in his service.

"It isn't patriotism nor love of adventure that impels them to go on the blue. It is stern necessity. The pay is poor and the task is hard but they enlist, many of them, rather than turn to beggary or theft."—N. Y. Herald.

Senator Hoar and the Reporter.

On the occasion of the last visit of United States Senator George Frisbie Hoar to New York he was approached by a reporter for the New York Press. He was walking up and down the corridor, when the reporter stepped up to him and said: "Senator Hoar?" "Yes, I'm Senator Hoar," replied the senator. "Well, senator, I represent the New York Press," said the reporter.

"You do, hey?" responded the senator, grumpily. "Well, sir, I'm glad to see the New York Press so well represented. Good day, sir." And he resumed his walk.

Local Reflections

Moonlight nights. How the corn is growing. We have seen no cherries yet. Full moon last Monday night. Tobacco Flues are now read for delivery by S. E. Pender & Co.

Personal. Mrs. John Quinn is sick. Mr. Doc Brown, of Tarboro, is visiting friends here. Mrs. J. H. Kinton left this morning to visit relatives in Kingston.

The Meeting. The protracted meeting is still in progress at the Presbyterian church and Dr. Morton is preaching powerful sermons to good congregations. On Sunday evening at five o'clock a Sunday School mass meeting was held there and Dr. Morton delivered an interesting talk to the little folks that was very much enjoyed by all.

Bethel Items. June 18th, 1894. Crops are suffering in this section for want of rain. Mr. John Lee, of Wilson is visiting relatives in town.

WASHINGTON LETTER. (From our Regular Correspondent.) WASHINGTON D. C. June 16, '94. President Cleveland's health is once more the text upon which the Washington exaggerators are preaching the same old sermons.

ings of the local machinery. The reports of the special agents have been of such an extraordinary nature that Secretary Carlisle, who was unable because of pressure of other business to go himself, requested Mr. Hamlin to go and make a thorough investigation.

CUT THE FIGURE! Prices on all SUMMER GOODS! They Must Go, They Shall Go! Look at these Starvation Prices: 40 in White Lawn 10 cents, regular price 15 cents. Satin Stripe Dimities 10 cents, regular price 15 cents.

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