

D. J. WHICHARD, Editor and Proprietor.

TRUTH IN PREFERENCE TO FICTION.

TERMS: \$1.50 Per Year, in Advance.

VOL. VI.

GREENVILLE, PITT COUNTY, N. C., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1887

NO. 1

The Eastern Reflector,  
GREENVILLE, N. C.

D. J. WHICHARD, - Editor and Proprietor.

THE LEADING PAPER  
IN THE  
FIRST CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

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SUPREME COURT.

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Associate Justices—Thomas S. Ashe, of Anson; Augustus S. Merrimon, of Wake.

JUDGES SUPERIOR COURT.

First District—James E. Shepherd, of Beaufort.  
Second District—Frederick Phillips, of Edgecombe.  
Third District—H. G. Connor, of Wilson.  
Fourth District—Walter Clark, of Wake.  
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Tenth District—Alphonso C. Avery, of Burke.  
Eleventh District—W. M. Shipp, of Mecklenburg.  
Twelfth District—James H. Merrimon, of Buncombe.

REPRESENTATIVES IN CONGRESS.

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House of Representatives—First District Louis C. Latham, of Pitt.  
Second District—F. M. Simmons, of Craven.  
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Fourth District—William R. Cox, of Wake.  
Fifth District—James W. Reid, of Rockingham.  
Sixth District—Risden T. Bennett, of Anson.  
Seventh District—John S. Henderson, of Rowan.  
Eighth District—William H. H. Cowles, of Wilkes.  
Ninth District—Thomas D. Johnston, of Buncombe.

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Sheriff—William M. King.  
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Surveyor—Abram S. Congleton.  
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Public School Superintendent—Joseph Latham.  
Supt of Health—Dr. F. W. Brown.

TOWN.

Mayor—James J. Perkins.  
Clerk—C. C. Forbes.  
Treasurer—Tooby Tyson.  
Police—T. B. Cherry & Alex. Speight.  
Councilmen—1st Ward, T. A. Wilks and J. P. Norcott; 2nd Ward, Job Tyson and J. S. Smith; 3rd Ward, A. M. Moore and J. J. Cherry.

CHURCHES.

Episcopal—Services First and Third Sundays, morning and night. Rev. N. C. Hughes, D. D., Rector.  
Methodist—Services every Sunday, morning and night. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday night. Rev. F. A. Bishop, Pastor.  
Baptist—Services every Sunday, morning and night. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday night. Rev. J. W. Wildman, Pastor.

LODGES.

Greenville Lodge, No. 284, A. F. & A. M., meets every 1st Thursday and Monday night after the 1st and 3rd Sunday at Masonic Lodge, W. M. King, W. M.  
Greenville E. A. Chapter, No. 50, meets every 2nd and 4th Monday nights at Masonic Hall, F. W. Brown, H. P.  
Covenant Lodge, No. 17, I. O. O. F., meets every Tuesday night. D. I. James, N. G.  
Insurance Lodge, No. 1169, K. of H., meets every first and third Friday night. D. D. Haskitt, D.  
Pitt Council, No. 236, A. L. of H., meets every Thursday night. C. A. White, C.  
Temperance Reform Club meets in their club room every Monday night, at 7:30 o'clock. Mass meeting in the Court House fourth Sunday of each month, at 3 o'clock P. M. E. C. Glenn, Pres't.  
Woman's Christian Temperance Union meet in the Reform Club Room Friday afternoon of each week. Mrs. V. H. Whichard, Pres't.  
Band of Hope meets in Reform Club Room every Friday night. Miss Eva Hamber, Pres't.

POST OFFICE.

Office hours 8 A. M. to 5 P. M. Money Order hours 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. No orders will be issued from 12 1/2 P. M. and from 8 1/2 to 9 P. M.  
Bethel mail arrives daily (except Sunday) at 9:30 A. M., and departs at 3 P. M.  
Tarboro mail arrives daily (except Sunday) at 12 M., and departs at 1 P. M.  
Washington mail arrives daily (except Sunday) at 12 M., and departs at 1 P. M.  
Mail leaves for Edge Spring and intermediate offices, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6 A. M., Saturdays at 10 P. M.  
Vanceboro mail arrives Fridays at 6 P. M. Departs Saturdays at 6 A. M.  
H. A. Egan, P. M.

Poetry.

PAUSE!

J. L. I.

Stop, young maiden, in the race  
For pleasures fleeting charms,  
That perish ere they are won,  
And leave for thee no smiling trace,  
To tell thee they are gone!  
Seek thou that priceless bliss  
Of a world more blest than this.

Stop! gay youth in the pursuit  
Of Folly's dear-bought joys;  
For a show of swift flying day,  
She smiles deceitful, to allure;  
She gives sweet flowers, but the fruit,  
When eaten, all the body clogs;  
Seek thou the joys that rise  
Upon the eyes in Paradise.

Woman, pause! the world can give  
No return for ceaseless toil;  
But for a show of swift flying day,  
To mock us while we live,  
Now try to find the peaceful way,  
Where all is happiness and love,  
Like unto that coming from Above.

Strong man! desist from weary care,  
Plan no more for wealth and power;  
They vanish like the dews of morn,  
And leave the heart dry and sore—  
And the days draw and forlorn.  
Seek, seek for the flowers that bloom  
In the region beyond the tomb.

Selected Story.

"Jerry."

He was starving! Not hungry as you or I might be, had we fasted for ten or twelve hours at a stretch, but literally dying for want of food. He lay back in the dingy doorway exhausted, half unconscious, his one friend clasped to his breast. His face was dirty and of a leaden hue, the lips a pale purple, and his hands were as the claws of some untamed thing.

Heavily fell the rain upon the darkening street; the chill, bitter fog of the December night grew momentarily deeper, and through it the ruidrops pushed their way sluggishly. Little Jerry, lying in the comfortless shade of the doorway, scarcely heeded how the moisture came that saturated the wretched rags that clothed his frame.

For two long days no food had passed his lips. The deadly fever that had seized on him a fortnight ago, whilst with him, had killed the sense of hunger, but yesterday it had left him, just at the break of dawn, and with its going had come a wild craving for food of some of any sort. Wearily he had lifted his tired little head from the miserable pillow of damp sackcloth that supported it to seek in feeble tones for drink, for meat, to find himself in that darkness cellar!

It was a horrible shock to the child. He had lain unconscious caught by the fever's deadly clutch, whilst the woman with whom he had lived ever since he could remember anything had succumbed to that same fever's influence, and had died and been buried. A miserable drunken creature, in a way kind to him when sober, brutal to him when glib overpowered her, but as she was, the only protector he knew. Whether she was his mother, or whether fate had just drifted him into her path the child never knew, but the sense that she was lost to him forever filled him with an awful dread. He knew it when no voice answered his in the early gloom of that winter's morning, when his parched tongue had cried aloud without response. When he had dragged her worn limbs to the pallet where she used to lie and found she was no longer there, weak as he was and crushed by this sudden knowledge, he hurried back to his own bed, and with nervous, feverish hands sought there for something that in his terrified haste he could not find. He whistled in a sobbing fashion, and at last, languidly, a tiny shaggy soft thing crept to him and sought his arms, and with the puppy, his only and most passionately prized possession in his arms, he groped his way to the door and found himself upon the street just as the first faint streaks of dawn grew in the sullen east.

That was yesterday. He had met a slattern emerging from his lair and had stayed her to ask eagerly, pitiously:  
"Where is mum?" and she had answered:  
"Ye've the right to ask—'ave! After given'er the fever as killed her. Get along a' ye ye young varmint."

He got along, and all day, oppressed with the weight of the idea that he had killed that woman, and oppressed, too, by the weakness that held him as its prey, he sat in the doorways or gannet archways, hardly knowing that the demon hunger was gnawing at him. Not heeding either, because hardly able to bear the whinings of the starving puppy he held to him with such a tenacious grasp.

But as the next day broke he knew that he wanted food, and a sickening desire for it arose within him. But how to get it! In all that big, great city of London, who was there to give meat to the poor, stricken lass? Not one! It was nobody's business! Many men, good men and true,

were they sure he was starving, could they see him, was his miserable case placed exactly beneath their benevolent noses, would, I know, have given him sufficient to keep him in clover the rest of his life. But then it takes so long to bring these miserable cases beneath the noses of the benevolent ones, that myriads die whilst the attempt is being made, and only one out of the many is saved.

It seemed to him that he must have dozed awhile, as when next his dim eyes looked with discernment upon the world, the darkness of night was falling. The rain, too, was heavier, and through it the lamps that lit the wretched by-ways, where he crouched shrouded with a lurid light.

The little dog was dead, but the child did not know it. I am always glad to think he must have known it. He held it still tenderly, convulsively clasped to his breast, and as the body was yet warm it did not dawn upon him that the life that was gone from it. He sat quite still, his head drooping somewhat forward, and one could see that his face might have been pretty but for the stamp of death present and of misery, now nearly passed, that disfigured it.

By and by, as he slept there faint and sick because of the raving and gnawing feeling within him, a young man came swinging down the dingy street—a young man, gaunt to emaciation, with hollow cheeks and deep set eyes, and altogether a face suggestive of famine. It was not a good face! The devil had planted a line here and there in it—cynical curves round the thin lips, a mocking light in the eyes, a matured expression of scorn towards the world in general. He looked as if he were always carrying on a bitter warfare with his kind.

His clothes were threadbare, his hat shocking. Beneath his arm he hugged a handful of shabby books as if by his very soul (although he would have scorned a belief in one) was centered on them. As indeed it was. A student evidently; out at elbows, penniless.

"Eh! what have we here?" said he, stopping abruptly before the half insensible boy and poking him with his stick. "Another starving! Come, speak up, child; what ails you, eh?"

Roused by this rude address and dreading all things, Jerry lifted his dull eyes and turned a suppliant smile upon his questioner. It was a woeful little smile, entreating, imploring and openly deprecating the blow that he so plainly expected. All his poor little life long, blows had been his portion.

"So!" said the evil looking young man with a sinister smile, "starving eh? I was right, then!" He stared at the child as if musing. "Here, before one, lies a distinct atom of the vast mysterious whole. Here, too, lies a striking example of that absolute truthfulness, until his poor tired head lay upon the damp pavement. He put out a feeble hand, and finding the dead dog, mechanically drew it nearer to him.

And then a wonderful thing happened. All at once the cellar seemed to him, grew full of light. A light, strange, awful marvelous, such as you and I have never yet seen. And in it stood—One!

A most gracious figure! Tall, a little bowed and clad in a long garment, than which no snow freshly fallen was ever half so white. And the face—what shall tell the divine fairness of it?

Little Jerry could not have described it then, but as he gazed on it he knew all at once the fullest meaning of the words—"Love" and "Peace" and "Rest."

And the figure stooped and gathered to his breast the little frozen boy, and suddenly a soft delicious glow ran through his numbed veins. And Jerry let his tired head fall gently back against that tender bosom.

And heavier and heavier grew the weary limbs, and then suddenly, oh, so light! and presently he felt himself lifted up—ever upwards—and carried away—away.

And never more did little Jerry know cold or hunger or fear or despair, and never again did darkness trouble him, for  
"There shall be no night there."  
—Author of "Molly Bawn" in London Society.

debaute to the famished boy that he almost fainted at the sight of them. For a minute or two he let his gaze feast itself upon the rich display and then slowly opened his dirty, emaciated little hand to look at the fatman that should give him his share of the good things he craved. His silver pin-penney lay upon his palm, and the child's eyes grew bright again, half conquering the death sleep that had so nearly closed them only now, as he stared at it. A whole, whole sixpence!

Alas! two other eyes beheld that expence at the same moment. A great, rough, villainous looking creature, half boy, half man, peered over the child's shoulder, saw the coin, stopped yet a little nearer as a hawk above its prey, and then the little dirty palm was empty, the blessed life giving money gone!

For Jerry! A sensation as of a deadly chill ran through him, and for a moment he reeled heavily against the bars of the window. But after that it seemed to him that he thought no more of it, he gave in, and though not conscious of the fact, quietly surrendered himself to death. It was all over. No hope, no life—nothing was left! Perhaps, indeed, he scarcely knew how things went with him for awhile, but instinct at least led his dying footsteps back to the horrible home—the loathsome cellar in the squalid court. With faltering feet, with a dull stupid despair upon his half dead face, with the now cold and stiff puppy pressed to his heart, he descended the stone steps, and like a wild thing stricken sore, sought his lair.

Inside all was still, all was dark. A horrible silence prevailed, a very blackness of darkness that might be felt. He began to be frightened, horribly frightened. He put the dog down and pressed the palms of his hands tight—tight against his eyeballs that he might not see the grewsome shapes of which the dread gloom seemed full. Teeming shapes that changed ever and ever, and drew nearer, and touched him as he thought—sometimes his hair, and now—ah—now his cheek.

And then the harsh racking cough that had been his for a twelvemonth caught him, and shook his little frame so roughly in its rude grasp that he had to take down his hands from his eyes to press them to that side where the pain was most cruel; but he still kept his eyes fast closed lest he should see these weird awful creatures dancing here and there in the obscurity.

He was cold—so cold! He shivered and shook with terror, and with something else—the last dread icy chill that every moment crept closer and closer to his heart.

After awhile he sat down and let himself fall quietly backwards until his poor tired head lay upon the damp pavement. He put out a feeble hand, and finding the dead dog, mechanically drew it nearer to him.

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—Author of "Molly Bawn" in London Society.

Letter From Georgia.

DAWSON GA., Nov. 7th 1887.

Editor Reflector:

My time for the past two weeks, or since my last letter, has been considerably taken up with visiting different towns in this portion of Georgia. I have found a good deal to interest and amuse me, but have failed to find a more clever and hospitable people or a finer section of country than is found in and around Dawson.

In fact, this is the best place I have yet found in Georgia, and it is with a feeling of regret that I realize that in a few days I must leave for other fields. My stay here has indeed been pleasant, and I have been shown every courtesy possible by the kind people. I would not advise anyone to leave North Carolina, but if there are those who are determined to leave the Old State, then I know of no better home for them than can be found in this county. But I seem to have forgotten the object aimed at when I began this letter—to give a short sketch of my wanderings the past two weeks—and have started out in an article praising the people of this town and the good county in which they live, and while I could truthfully say much about both denser or this letter will be entirely too long for your columns.

To resume my subject I will say that two weeks ago to-day I boarded the train here, and after a ride of a little over two hours, arrived at Fort Gaines, the county seat of Clay county. The ride was devoid of interest, and only one or two things will make it memorable to your correspondent. Fort Gaines is on a branch of the Central Railroad—like Tarboro and Scotland Neck cars on the W. & W.—and that road is the roughest and bumpiest I have found in the State. It reminds me very much of the Washington & Jamesville road, being a little better than that however. I arrived at the town just before night, and after securing quarters and getting my supper, proceeded to become acquainted with some of the people and to "feel their pulse" as to insurance.

Among the first men I met, and by-the-way, a most clever fellow, and of the few clever men I met in Fort Gaines, was a native North Carolinian, whose brother is well known to many of your readers. The gentleman is a Mr. Bangham, and is brother to Mr. W. P. Bangham, of Washington. I also met another Carolinian here, a Mr. Edwards, who left Greene county a few years ago, and had quite a long talk with him. Besides these two parties and a few others, whose acquaintance we made, and who treated us cleverly, I have very little to say in regard to Fort Gaines and its citizens. I remained there for nearly a week, but as it rained every day while I was in the town and as I was quite unwell while there, I expect my opinion of the place is rather one-sided. At any rate I was glad to leave there, and did so as soon as I possibly could arrange my business satisfactorily.

The town of Fort Gaines is an old one and is finely located; has fine facilities for freight, both railroad and water, has considerable back territory from which to draw trade and should be a thriving and prosperous place. Instead of impressing me as being a place of much business, the town had a dead appearance, and very little seemed to be going on. True, as stated above, it rained nearly all the time that I was there, but there should have been more business there even taking the unpropitious weather into consideration than there was—Greenville, ten years ago, is an improvement on Fort Gaines, and the latter place is nearly as large a town as the Greenville of to-day. I expected to spend a few more days in the town than I did, but fortunately I managed to secure what I principally went there for—a good run to do work for the "Inter-States"—on Saturday, and finding that I could take passage on one of the boats plying the Chattahoochee river Saturday night, I availed myself of that opportunity of getting away from the town. I accordingly settled my bill at the hotel, boarded the steamer *Naiad* shortly after supper and was soon steaming up the river. The Chattahoochee is not a very wide stream but is quite deep and rapid, and is navigable for about three hundred miles. On account of the swiftness of its current it is considered one of the most dangerous of the navigable streams in the South. Several disasters to boats have happened on it, and all were attended with loss of life. The last one of consequence occurred at Fort Gaines about two years ago, when a boat ran against the bridge and sank, and thirteen persons were drowned. The accident occurred at night and there was a tremendous frost in the river.

And these Georgia rivers run much more rapidly than do the streams in North Carolina. I was told the Chattahoochee rose as much as twenty-five feet in one day and night during the rains last summer. Take this fact into consideration and also another, that the banks of the river are very steep, being from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet higher than the low water mark, and one can readily see that such a vast volume of water flowing down such a narrow channel is bound to produce a very rapid and dangerous current. However the water was low when I went up the river, the night a beautiful moonlight one, and I apprehended no danger whatever from the trip. I had not fully recovered from my indisposition, and learning that several hours would be spent on board the boat I secured a state room and sought rest and sleep. Nor did I long seek either in vain, for scarcely had my head touched the pillow ere I lost consciousness in a dreamless, restful slumber. And it seemed that I had hardly closed my eyes ere I was awakened and told that we were in sight of my destination—Eufaula, Ala. The river is the dividing line between the two States and I had taken passage in one to leave sulphur in another. I reached Eufaula about half past eleven o'clock at night, and was driven to the St. Julien Hotel for room and rest. This is a good house and is kept by Maj. W. H. Belding, of Washington, D. C. The clerk is a Dawson boy and a most clever fellow.

While I am speaking of hotels let me digress long enough to say that no town in size in the whole country can beat Dawson in the excellence of its inns. There are three here and every one of them is first-class. I have tried two of them and know whereof I speak. I could see very little of Eufaula at night, but having a few minutes to spare Sunday morning after writing a letter home, I donated that time to a hasty glance at the town. And I was well pleased with what I saw. The place bears every mark of a prosperous, thriving town, and has a number of fine buildings. It being Sunday of course I could not form any idea of the business done there. I was told that the amount done was immense, and judging from the cotton I saw at the depot and near the railroad crossing, I should say that my information was not greatly exaggerated.

I boarded the cars at Eufaula at 10:35, and after a ride of a little more than two hours I arrived at Dawson, feeling almost like I was returning home, and being much pleased to get back here. I remained here until Tuesday of last week, when I again took a flying trip off, taking in portions of Calhoun and Randolph counties. I spent part of three days in Shellman, a small town in Randolph county, and liked it very much indeed. It is not more than one-third the size of Fort Gaines, but far surpasses it as a business point. And all the people I met there, business men, citizens and farmers are clever, courteous and polite.

I read in the REFLECTOR that snow fell in Greenville last Monday. It was a little cool here, but the children are all going barefoot yet. And it has not been cold enough yet to kill the potato vines or the leaves on the China trees. The farmers are busy grinding cane and boiling syrup. I have seen a little of it going on, but not enough to give anything like an accurate description of it. If I get an opportunity of more closely watching the method of making the syrup I will tell you of it in a later letter. I stated in the beginning of this that I expected soon to leave Dawson for other quarters. Nothing preventing I shall go to Albany to-morrow night or Wednesday. I do not know how long I will remain in that town, or which place will be visited after I leave there. I expect to visit the turpentine and milling section of the State soon. I learn that there are quite a number of North Carolinians down there. More anon.

J. R. WHICHARD.

Lexington Dispatch: One of the sons of Hiram Raper, a colored citizen of the north-eastern section of the county, got between a post and the sweep of a cane mill and was torn clear off from his head.

Wilmington Star: There is a Wilmingtonian who has a very uncommon memory. He can not read but he can do this: he drives a grocery wagon and he can deliver day after day loads of goods for a dozen or twenty families and never makes a mistake. He can beat that; he can take forty packages and deliver them correctly every time. Tell him one of a new book and to whom it goes and that is enough. All the books look alike but he makes no mistake.

Murfreesboro Index: A negro man who attempted rape upon a little colored girl near Rich Square, was shot by the Constable at Harrelsville this week before he would be arrested. The wounds were not fatal, and the prisoner was taken back to Northampton for trial.

Edenton Fishermen and Farmer: Mr. John Langley, aged 92, and Mrs. Venus Harton, aged 70, were married Saturday evening last, Nov. 12th, near Edenton. The bride's mother is still living at the age of 110. Let the old, as well as the young, enjoy themselves.

What Should be the Ideal of a Nation.

For the REFLECTOR.]

The chief object of many nations has been to obtain glory. They have fought like bubble tossing in the wind for a considerable length of time, and did seem as if their object was obtained. But the nation that strives for glory is like a will o'-the-wisp that flutters for a while in the breeze and then fades away to rise again in another clime. Alas! They have gone down the rapid tide of time and have ceased to exist on the scroll of fame. Others have been beguiled by the wealth and vanity that profited nothing. They in turn flattered for a while, but money is the root of all evil, and when this becomes the chief object of a nation they are sure to go on from bad to worse till they are checked by the Almighty. This fact should be a lesson for us—Americans—for it does seem as if the American people have gone rampant mad over the subject of money.

On meeting a stranger the first questions about him are: "Has he any money?" "Has he chests of gold in his house?" Instead of "Has he a good moral and religious character?" If he has them both he is all right of course. A Nation is only an aggregate of her sons. If they are sons—high minded sons—sons who their duty know and do it, the nation is all right, but just so sure as her sons grow fat and proud—so proud that they will not bow their head to the Supreme Being that rules the universe, then they will surely perish. Pause a moment on the ruins of Rome, that great city that sat on her seven hills and looked forth from her throne of beauty and ruled the world. Where is she? Alas! The Goths and Vandals poured down upon them from the mountains and bowed among them like a tree in a storm and thus reduced the country to scorn and contempt. Spain armed herself with blood-bonds to extirpate the wretched, nations of Mexico, but, Alas! the sun of Athens sank no sooner in the Bay of Syracuse than the glory and wealth of Spain sank with her Armada on the rocky shores of England. Does this recall to us the brutality that Cortez showed to the Aztecs and Peruvians? Does this recall the words that Cortez uttered to those Indians: "If the Kings of the Aztecs and Peruvians have any gold let them bring it to me, for I and my brothers of Spain have a disease at the heart that gold cures." When men have no higher motive in life than to accumulate all the gold they can get, they are no more than brutes. A careful examination of the history of nations will surely convince us that the wealth of a nation does not consist in the amount of gold and silver that is in the treasury but in its abundance of live, energetic, God-fearing men.

HENRY WINGATE, JR.  
A Word for Boys.

Truth is a precious gem; its value cannot be estimated. Many a youth has been lost in society by foolishly throwing it away and allowing equivocation, prevarication to tarnish his character. Truth always ennoble. Never be ashamed to keep it upon your lips. Profanity is a mark of low breeding. Mark the man who commands the most respect. An oath never trembles on his tongue. A profane word never pollutes his lips. Read the catalogue of crime. Inquire in the habits of the vicious, intemperate, vile, wicked, thieves, robbers, murderers, and probably you will not find one among them all who is not profane. Think of this fact, and never let a vile word fall from your lips. Honesty, frankness, generosity, virtue, what blessed traits! What priceless pearls! Be these yours, boys, and you shall never fail. You are watched by those who are older. Men of business have their eyes on you. If you are profane, vulgar, untruthful, they will not want you. If you are upright, steady and industrious, you will soon find good places with prospects of a useful life before you.

ADRIAN W.

Good Temper.

Good temper is like a sunny day, it sheds its brightness on everything. No trait of character is more valuable than the possession of good temper. It is like flowers springing up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Kind words and looks are the outward demonstration; patience and forbearance are the essentials within.

ADRIAN W.

It is a noticeable fact that the light man always transacts his business in a leisure manner.

Wilmington Star: There is a Wilmingtonian who has a very uncommon memory. He can not read but he can do this: he drives a grocery wagon and he can deliver day after day loads of goods for a dozen or twenty families and never makes a mistake. He can beat that; he can take forty packages and deliver them correctly every time. Tell him one of a new book and to whom it goes and that is enough. All the books look alike but he makes no mistake.

Murfreesboro Index: A negro man who attempted rape upon a little colored girl near Rich Square, was shot by the Constable at Harrelsville this week before he would be arrested. The wounds were not fatal, and the prisoner was taken back to Northampton for trial.

Edenton Fishermen and Farmer: Mr. John Langley, aged 92, and Mrs. Venus Harton, aged 70, were married Saturday evening last, Nov. 12th, near Edenton. The bride's mother is still living at the age of 110. Let the old, as well as the young, enjoy themselves.

THANKSGIVING

GOOD NEWS FOR ALL

OUR PROCLAMATION IS READY.

Let the People Rejoice in Such Wonderful Bargains.

We have never before had such an elegant line of fine, latest style Dress Goods, buttons a n trimmings to match.

Our stock of Shoes and Boots was never so complete as it now is.

In Hats we have the latest styles and can beat the town in prices.

A visit to our store will convince you our goods must be sold at some price in order to make room for Christmas Goods.

Greenbacks saved by buying from the LEADERS OF LOW PRICES, Higgs and Munford

Professional Cards

JAMES M. NORFLEET, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, GREENVILLE, N. C.

AUG. M. MOORE, C. M. BERNARD, MOORE & BERNARD, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, GREENVILLE, N. C.

J. E. MOORE, J. H. TUCKER, J. D. MURPHY, MOORE, TUCKER & MURPHY, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, GREENVILLE, N. C.

L. C. LATHAM, HARRY SKINNER, J. A. W. LATHAM, SKINNER & BLOW, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, GREENVILLE, N. C.

LAWRENCE V. MORRILL, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, GREENVILLE, N. C.

HUGH F. MURRAY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, WILSON, N. C. Will attend all terms of Pitt Superior Court, from the first to the last day of session, and devote his best efforts to business entrusted to him.



THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE AT 2120 P. STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C. NEW YORK.

Local Sparks.

Cotton 9 1/2 to 9 3/4. Thanksgiving Day to-morrow. We hear rumors of another wedding. Almanacs for 1888 almost ready to pull. There was plenty of ice Monday morning. Just one mouth and two days to Christmas. Rough rice brings 80 to 85 cents in this market. The State Grange meets in Tarboro next month. Sunday was the coldest day of the season thus far. The heads of the Thanksgiving turkeys go off to-day. Our Thanksgiving turkey has not put an appearance. Do something for the poor and the orphan to-morrow. Innumerable drummers have been in town the past week. The schools will observe to-morrow, Thanksgiving Day. This weather? Why, there is no use trying to keep up with it. The street hands were cleaning out the drains on Evans street last week. The ladies of the Baptist Church will hold a festival Friday night. Do not forget the temperance mass meeting next Sunday afternoon. Sunday Schools flourish at this season of the year. Christmas draweth near. The street lamps are poorly looked after. They give very dim lights when in use. Again we inform our friends in the country that the stores in town will be closed to-morrow. A nice lot of business and invitation cards have just been received at the REFLECTOR office. We are ready for that wood denigant subscribers were going to bring us. Cold weather is here. Christmas comes this year on Sunday, if it don't rain. If it does, it will be on a rainy day. The Postoffice will be closed to-morrow except at the hours of receiving and dispatching the mails. The birds will have a dreadful frightening to-morrow. The woods will be full of hunters, you know. On next Wednesday the N. C. Conference of the M. E. Church, South, will convene in Fayetteville. Let every heart be lifted up in grateful thanks to Almighty God for the many blessings of the past year. The Rocky Mount fair, unlike most of the other fairs held this season, is reported to have been a success. In order to get full benefit of the REFLECTOR this week be sure to read everything in both paper and supplement. Thanksgiving Services will be held in the Baptist, Methodist and Episcopal Churches to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock. Postal cards may now be returned to the writer. They will also be forwarded from one address to another upon request. Telegraph office hours to-morrow are from 8 to 10 A. M. and from 4 to 6 P. M. Patrons of the office please take notice. 'Tis more blessed to give than to receive. Remember this, reader, and make glad the heart of some mortal on to-morrow. Work has been resumed upon the Memorial Baptist Church. We hope to see the building entirely completed at no far distant day. Our excellent neighbor, the Snow Hill Enterprise, began its third volume last week. It is a good paper and deserves a large patronage. The REFLECTOR office will be closed to-morrow. Come in to-day if you have business with the office that can not be postponed until Friday. A Baptist Sunday School was lately organized in Bethel. We also learn from the Washington papers that one has been organized in that town. The Band of Hope are having interesting meetings. They have a debate every Friday night and there are some witty speakers among the little fellows. Every bonded officer of the county will have to renew their official bonds before the Board of County Commissioners at their meeting on the first Monday in December. Beaufort county Superior Court convenes in Washington next Monday. A representative of the REFLECTOR expects to be in town a day or two looking after the interests of the paper. Friend John Wheeler says there is not much fun to be had by going in swimming on a cold day, especially with your clothes on. He got a partial ducking at the wharf Saturday.

Personal. Col. I. A. Sugg has been very sick for several days. Miss Nannie King is visiting relatives in Wilson and Nash. Miss Nina Cherry returned last Thursday from a visit to Raleigh. Mr. J. L. Langley has moved in to the Knox building on Greene street. A little daughter of Mr. Rufus Fleming, of Pactolus, is visiting the family of Mr. James Langley. We were glad to see Mr. J. J. Bernard, of Raleigh, formerly a resident of Greenville, in town Monday. Mr. A. J. Griffin has moved into the dwelling on Fourth street, lately occupied by Mr. Andrew Joyner. We were glad to see our young friends Messrs Stephen and Stanton Purvis, of Martin and Frank Knight, of Bethel, in town Sunday. Rev. J. W. Wildman, pastor of the Greenville Baptist Church, preached in Goldsboro Sunday. He reached home yesterday on his return from the Baptist State Convention. Rev. James R. Jones, a quaker evangelist and temperance reformer of much note, will be in Greenville next Sunday and entertain our people at the temperance mass meeting in the afternoon. He should have a large hearing. Miss Cattie Purvis, who was visiting her sister, Mrs. V. L. Stephens, left Sunday for her home near Hamilton. Her many friends here regretted her departure and would be delighted to see her again in Greenville. We have recently received several very complimentary letters concerning the REFLECTOR, all of which are highly gratifying. It always buoy us up to renewed energy to know that his efforts are appreciated. Every week brings the REFLECTOR a few new subscribers. While the increase is not so fast it is gradual and our circulation continues to grow larger. If all our friends would help us there is no telling what we could accomplish. The old gallows upon which Irvin Lang was hanged still stands near the wharf, but for what purpose nobody knows. Will not the Board of County Commissioners have it removed? By so doing they would rid the town of a great eyesore. The stockholders of the Tar River Transportation Company, at their meeting here last Friday, decided to purchase a large new steamer for Tar River. Mr. N. M. Lawrence, the General Manager, is now in Baltimore looking after the purchase of the steamer. Woman's Work, a Journal of Domestic Economy, is the name of a new monthly published at Athens, Ga., edited by Mrs. Ella R. Tennent, of Marietta, Ga., and owned by T. J. Mitchell, of Athens. The first number has been received at this office. The subscription price of the journal is only 50 cents a year. Last week we sent out a large supplement giving our readers several columns of additional reading matter. To-day we send out another—a Thanksgiving supplement. We will send other supplements out from time to time. We are striving to make the REFLECTOR meet the wants of the people and in this we ask the aid of every reader. We Are Proud Greenville should be proud of her school and its able principal, Capt. Duckett. 114 have been enrolled, which is the largest enrollment in the East excepting the Davis School, we are told.—Washington Gazette. That brother knows just what he is talking about. He has been here and knows something of the excellent school we have. Verily, Greenville is proud of it. At Night These are moonlight nights, and when clouds do not interfere and hang their drapery o'er her smiling face fair Luna sends a flood of nellow rays down upon the earth to brighten up the dark placid and dispel the deep gloom caused by darkness. What thoughts come upon us as we stroll along and lift our eyes to this beautiful queen of night that reigns 'midst Heaven's own blue, while around her twinkle and sparkle myriads of bright stars that brilliant diamonds! Roll of Honor. 1st quarter, Fall session of Greenville Institute. HIGHER DEPARTMENT. Boys—W R Mayo, A D Johnson, Roy Flanagan, S T White, Z Z Moore, G Tucker, John Randolph, Othos Joyner, J T Erwin, W O Little. Girls—Nannie Cox, Estelle Williams, Mattie Moore, Annie Harding, Belle Greene, Hortense Forbes, Bessie Jarvis, Ada Leggett, Mary Terrell, Bessie White, Julia Foley, Lee Foley, Leroy Moore, Emma Taft, Friedilla Allen, Minnie Moore, and Mary Cannon. PRIMARY DEPARTMENT. Lets McGowan, Lisa Sheppard, Marnie Duckett and Annie Sheppard. The highest averages were made by Miss Nannie Cox in the higher department, and Miss Lisa McGowan in the primary department.

Deaths. In St. John's Episcopal Church near Centerville, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 16th, Mr. J. W. Quinberry and Miss Lena Kilpatrick were married, Rev. Nat. Harding officiating. They were attended by Frank Wilson and Miss Annie Harding, Bryan Mawborn and Miss Josie Quinberry, Claude Quinberry and Miss Sallie Kashberry, John Quinberry and Miss Mattie Moore, Joel Patrick and Miss Mary King, C. L. Barrett and Miss Fannie Brooks, L. A. Williamson and Miss Mary Mawborn, W. F. Harding and Miss Annie Powell. The happy couple have the best wishes of the REFLECTOR for a long and joyous wedded life. They Continue to Come. Sheriff King keeps right on with his business of hauling in the law breakers. Seven new convicts have been placed in the county hotel since our last report a week ago, placing the total number now confined at 24. Henry Baily was arrested but gave bond for his appearance and was released. The seven were all imprisoned for larceny, four had been stealing cotton and three had tried to eat too much fresh hog that belonged to somebody else. They were Solomon Cragg, Milly Ann Bullock, Amos Dixon, Sarah Dennis, Bradley Phillips, John Perkins and Spencer Cannon. If the Sheriff keeps on catching them at that rate the County Commissioners will have to build a larger jail for him to put them away in. Fine Name. Three young colored men who play upon the harmonica, flute and guitar, respectively, have been in town a few days making some delightful music. The harmonica player is the cripple negro, Johnson, who was in Greenville some weeks ago and who attracted much attention by his wonderful playing. The other two with him this time are Lec Stevens who is an excellent performer upon the flute, and William Johnson who gets as much music out of a guitar as any one we have heard perform on that instrument. The three make music equally as beautiful as the Italian bands that occasionally come through this section. They came in the REFLECTOR office and gave a serenade Monday afternoon. New Advertisements. M. L. Slaughter and Co. are going out of business and offer goods at cost. M. F. Keel, of Marlboro, advertises a lost note and warns persons against trading for it. Allen Warren, administrator de bonis non of the estate of John S. Taft, has a notice to creditors in this issue. Several new medical advertisements appear this week. They will be found upon the supplement. Ludden & Bates, of Savannah, offer music at wonderfully low rates during the holidays. See advertisement. The long established and reliable firm of T. R. Cherry & Co. are closing out their business and offer all goods in their line at cost, without reserve. They also notify persons indebted to them to make immediate settlement. John Flanagan has a special notice in this paper which concerns all persons indebted to him. He contemplates moving in the country soon and all accounts not paid before he leaves will be placed in the hands of a collector. Dis. Death has again invaded the realms of our town, this time removing one strong in the vigors of young manhood. Truly Death is no respecter of persons, but lays his icy hand upon young and old alike. On last Thursday morning the 17th inst., at about 4 o'clock, the soul of Mr. John James, aged 21 years and 10 months, was called from earth to appear before Him who sits upon the great white throne on high to judge the quick and the dead. He was a son of Dr. J. G. James, late proprietor of the Macon House. He was a victim of typhoid fever, having been taken with that disease about three weeks before his death. This life just fairly begun is thought to an early close. His remains were interred Friday morning in Cherry Hill Cemetery. Deceased was a member of the Greenville Guard and was buried by the Company with military honors. Rev. F. A. Bishop conducted the funeral service. The pall bearers were J. S. Smith, I. E. Cleve, J. C. Chestnut, Frank Wilson, J. F. Joyner and D. J. Whichard. The attendance upon the funeral was unusually large. The grief caused by his death falls heavily upon the family, and the entire community extend to them heartfelt condolence in this hour of severe affliction. May God who has torn their hearts asunder send His Holy Spirit to comfort them. And on Saturday evening another home in our midst was filled with gloom and sadness because one of its loved ones had been called away. Little Bruce Peebles, ten-year old son of Mr. William Peebles, died of typhoid fever, having been sick a few weeks. The remains were interred Sunday afternoon at the family burial grounds, six miles above town. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. F. A. Bishop. Many persons from town attended the funeral. Our sympathies are with the sorrowing family.

Echoes from Headquarters! Don't let the rush keep you away, but call in and secure your BARGAINS. The Latest Novelties in Dress Goods & Trimmings, Domestic, NOTIONS, Fancy Goods, Shoes, Clothing, &c. AT ROCK BOTTOM FIGURES. LITTMANN & LICHTENSTEIN. BARGAINS ALL OUR GOODS MUST GO! Our Mammoth Stock of Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Dress Goods, Notions, Hardware, Harness, Tinware, Crockery, Furniture, &c., will be sold at New York Cost, WITHOUT RESERVE. Our business must be closed by the first of January next and these goods will be sold Regardless of Price Bargains Will Be Given For The Cash. T. R. Cherry AND Co. Please Read This. Any friend having books from my library will greatly oblige me by returning them to the REFLECTOR office. I cannot recollect all the books loaned, nor the parties to whom they were lent and so adopt this method of collecting them in. Please read this list of books, and examine yours, and if my name appears written on the title page deliver as above: Library of Universal Knowledge, Vols. 10 & 11; Chamber's Cyclopaedia of English Literature, Vols. 3, 5 & 8; Ranker's History of the Popes Vol. 3; Memoirs of Celebrated Characters, Lemaitre, Vol. 1; Burn's Life & Poems, Vol. 1; Origin of Species, Darwin, Vol. 3; Shakespeare (Tragedies) Vol. 3; British Poets, (Reed's) Lectures Vol. 2; Don Quixote, Vols. 1 & 2. Cruise of The Betsy, Hugh Miller; Letters of Alexander Von Humboldt; War Experience, Orphanus C. Kerr; 20 Years in Congress, Sunset Cox; Speeches of Burke Chatham and Ercknie; The Spellbound Fiddler, Boyson; Georgia Scenes; Flush Times in Alabama and Mississippi; Humorous Phases of the Law; Dukeboro Tales; Reveries of a Bachelor; Bacon's Essays; The Federalist; French Revolution, Carlisle; Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde; Poetic Treasures; Major Jones Travels; Genesis & Geology, Dr. Hughes. This list does not include books loaned to Brighton Club Library. Very respectfully A. JOYNER. Senator Vance met with a painful accident on Saturday a week ago, by falling from a wagon in which he was riding. He received an ugly cut on the head but is getting along well. The accident happened near his home in Western North Carolina. J. O. PROCTOR & BRO., GRIMESLAND, N. C. DEALERS IN General Merchandise. We keep constantly on hand a good stock of Ready-Made Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Notions, Hardware, Farmer's Tools, Provision, Light and Heavy Groceries, Tobacco, Cigars, Liquors &c., which will be sold. CHEAP FOR CASH. We pay the very highest market prices for Cotton and all kinds of Country Produce. We have 50,000 five inch Shingle which will be sold at \$1.25 per thousand delivered at Boy's Ferry. All persons owing us are requested to make immediate settlement. Don't forget our place, and that any goods you want sent to hand and our goods ready.

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION! BY THE GOVERNOR, and LEADER OF LOW PRICES in PITT COUNTY! In presenting this, my annual Proclamation, to the people of Pitt and vicinity, it gives me pleasure to return thanks for your patronage during the past, and by honest dealing I hope to merit the same in the future. I have given personal attention to the purchase and management of my stock, and only a call is needed to convince you that HARD TIMES ARE PAST! Among the many seasonable wares I am offering will be found Ladies Dress Goods, Cashmeres, Tricots, Flannels, Suitings, Boulanger Plaids and Stripes, Blanket Cloth, Dress Silks both Black and Colored, beautiful Sprays, and many others too numerous to mention. and Trimmings. Passementries of every description, Braid and Braided Sets and Panels, Watered Silks and Satins, Sultan, Satins, Astrakhams, Fur, and all other Stylish Trimmings. Clothing. Gents Cheviot Suits in all sizes and colors, Gents Double-Breast Prince Albert Suits, Fine Dress Overcoats, and everything else that comprises a First-Class Clothing Department for Men, Youths and Boys. Boots & Shoes. Ladies Fine 19 Buttons Kid Boots, Gents Fine Dress Boots, Heavy Boots, Ditching Boots and all other kinds for Men and Boys. Ladies and Gents Fine Dress Shoes of standard makes. The Frank & Adler \$2.50 Shoe in Button, Lace and Congress. Gents Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps and everything else to be found at the ONE PRICE STORE. M. R. LANG, Manager and Proprietor. Greenville, N. C.

1887 A. ARNHEIM 1888 GRAND MAMMOTH DISPLAY OF FALL and WINTER GOODS We have values that will bear inspection throughout our bright, new Stock, which has JUST ARRIVED, EMBRACING THE FINEST QUALITIES, the LATEST STYLES, most COMPLETE AS SORTMENT, and the LOWEST PRICES. OUR DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT Consists of single and double width Dress Goods of every description. We can show you a full and complete line of Plain, Check, and Striped Cashmeres, Tricots, Flannels, &c., of all Grades. Our Velvet, Satin and Trimming Department Consists of all Colors and Shades of Silk and Cotton Velvets and Velvetens, from the cheapest to the finest qualities, in striped, plaid and plain designs. Astracian Trimmings in all colors, from 4 inch to 1 1/2 yards wide. Braided and beaded Passementeries, Hamburgs and Torchon Laces and thousands of other articles in this line that want of space forbids mentioning. Our Ladies and Children Wraps and Cloak Department. We can show you a line of Ladies, Misses and Children's garments in Newmarket, Russian Circulars, long and short Jackets, of the latest designs and style, in qualities such as Brocaded Velvets, Astracian Diagonal, striped in all colors, Chincillas, Plush, Beaver, &c., &c. We have, this season, the largest stock of Ladies Wraps that we ever carried and our price will enable you to make a purchase. Our Domestic Department. We can show you a fine line of Striped, Check and Plain Ginghams of all grades, 3-4, 7-8, 4-4. Brown and Bleached Homespun small and large check. Plaids 10-4 wide. Bleached and Brown Sheetings. Fall Styles of Striped Seersucker. Nobby and stylish lines of Calicoes, Tickings, Curtains, Flannels of all colors, &c. &c. Our Carpet, Rug and Oil Cloth Department. "Oh, my! What beautiful carpets!" was the remark of a connoisseur that passed our store. Prior to this season we had somewhat neglected this Department; but, owing to frequent calls from our customers, we have invested largely in this line of goods. We can show you a full line of Brussels 3-ply, plain and fancy, in wool, cotton and hemp carpetings, also a full line of Smyrna and fancy Rugs. Floor Oil Cloth in 4, 5, 4, 6, 4 widths. Don't purchase until you have inspected our beautiful stock, as it will pay you to do so. OUR CLOTHING DEPARTMENT Having for years been the Leaders in the Clothing trade we are ready to show you a full and complete line of New and Stylish Ready-made Clothing for Men, Youths, Boys and Children's wear, embracing Single and Double Breasted Coats in Round and Straight Cut Sacks and Frocks in Fancy Checked, Striped and Plain all Wool, Cashmeres, Cork Screws, Diagonals, Broadcloths, &c.; also a full line of Single and Double-Breasted Prince Alberts coats and vests of our own make. We guarantee to give you a fit, from a child's to the largest man's sizes. An inspection of our stock in this line will satisfy you that we are the leaders. Also a full line of ULSTERS and OVERCOATS. OUR HAT & CAP DEPARTMENT is complete in all Styles and Shapes. Those who wish to possess a nice head ornament should inspect this line. OUR BOOT AND SHOE DEPARTMENT We can safely say we have never shown such an assortment as we are ready to show now. We have a Large and Varied Stock of Ladies', Men's, Misses' and Children's Shoes, in Lace, Button, Congress and other Styles of all qualities; also Men and Boys' Heavy Boots at exceedingly low prices that will induce you to make your purchase of us. Our Merchant-Tailoring Department We have added, this season, to our Large Establishment a separate Department in the Merchant-Tailoring line, embracing the latest Styles from our new Fashion Plate of this season in Cashmeres, Worsteds, Cork Screws, Diagonals, Doe Skins, &c., &c. of all designs, and we will give you a SAFE, SECURE and SATISFACTORY guarantee in FIT and STYLE, as our reputation for the past 12 years has proven such to all who have tried us. All kinds of Men's Garments CUT to ORDER. In Addition to the Above Departments We Carry a full and complete assortment of Trunks, Valises, Traveling Bags, Blankets, Comforts, Picture Frames, and thousands of other desirable articles which for want of space we have omitted to mention. We wish to call the attention of the public to the fact that we do not carry any second handed or old stock goods, nor is it necessary, with our reputation, to quote prices; but an inspection of our Mammoth Display of New Goods will convince you that we are offering Rousing, Rattling BARGAINS throughout our new, complete and extensive stock. An inspection of our stock will convince you of the above. A. ARNHEIM.

GREENVILLE Carriage Works, The only reliable Carriage Factory in Greenville. Go there if you want a first-class Buggy. ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING DONE. YOUR ORDERS SOLICITED. O. CUTHRELL, Manager. OLD BRICK STORE. FARMERS AND MERCHANTS BUYING their year's supplies will find it to their interest to get our prices before purchasing elsewhere. Our stock is complete in all its branches. PORK SIDES & SHOULDERS, FLOUR, COFFEE, SUGAR, SPICES, TEAS, &c. always at LOWEST MARKET PRICES. TOBACCO SNUFF & CIGARS we buy direct from Manufacturers, enabling you to buy at one profit. A complete stock of FURNITURE 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, D. LICHTENSTEIN & CO. Greenville, N. C. Winstead AND McGowan, Hardware Dealers GREENVILLE, N. C. WHEN YOU WANT Wagon, Buggy and Builders' Material, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Paints, Oils, Glass, the BEST Cotton Gins, Steam Engines and Belliers, or any goods in this line CALL ON US! BEST GOODS, LOWEST PRICES, SQUARE DEALING!



# THE EASTERN REFLECTOR. -- THANKSGIVING SUPPLEMENT.

AT BRUDDER JACKSON'S.

Why They Were Grateful on Thanksgiving Day.



"Chilluns and friends, likewise Mrs. Jackson, we am now gathered around this festive board to discuss our Thanksgiving dinner, and to keep the service in our hearts what we is 'minded of by this bountiful feast. Now, my dear hearers, and likewise you, chillun, we is each of us to 'spress our se'f in turn, an' say what we is thankful for. For myself, bein' the oldest, I kin say that I am thankful for everything; most pertiklerest that I is 'bout over that rheumatics that boddies me so, and that Mrs. Jackson keeps in good holf and plenty of washin', and that my chillun is all goin' to school and is a-growin' up nice and ginteel. Now, Mrs. Jackson, it's your turn."

"I gives thanks to de Lord for all his mussies; but I would like to say that I is very glad that there ain't no ornery, low down, white trash what can beat me a-polishin' nor a-cookin', nor in looks when I gets my Sunday close on."

"Mrs. Jackson," said the old man, reprovingly, "that ain't in order, but lowing that long as it's so, ye ain't no wise to blame. Now, Cleopatra, let's hyar from you."

"Law, paw, I don't like to say, but I is thankful all the same," with a look at Mr. Adonis Hawkins, who smiled back as if he had the same reason for giving special thanks.

"Now, Abraham Linken Jackson, tell yer paw and all the company what you is the thankful for," said the befigin old father in Israel to the youngest member of the family, after all the rest had expressed themselves.

"I is thankful 'et that there ain't no more of us, 'cos if day was dat dere tukky wouldn't go 'round!"

"Ahem! Let us say grace."

## A THANKSGIVING SERMON.

Of all the days that have been set apart as sacred to the people of this country, two stand forth in holy radiance as the outcome of the purest sentiments. The one is Decoration day, and the other Thanksgiving. The one was born in loving memory of the dead, and the other in gratitude to the bountiful Giver of all we enjoy. The flowers we lay upon the graves of our soldiers and lost ones are not sweeter than the thanks we offer today. Some, indeed, may not give articulate sound to their thanks, but it is safe to say that in all this broad land there is not one person whose heart, whether it is weighed down by sorrow or light with joy, does not send at least one grateful thought toward the source of all good, though perhaps they are hardly conscious of it.

Gratitude for favors given is a pure and ennobling sentiment, and meet is it that this youngest and most signally blessed country should set apart one day wherein the whole nation, as one soul, should bow in silent thanks for all the bounties and blessings we enjoy. We receive the feast in the spirit of a reminder that these blessings are but a part of the abundant store; and with the feasting the thanksgiving rises like incense. Let there be no empty tables in all the land, that not one single heart fail to offer its need; and let us all "Praise the Lord for his good works, for his mercy endureth forever."

## An Old Fashioned Dinner.

The following is the list of the dishes at Thanksgiving dinner on a Pennsylvania farm. Everything with the exception of the pudding was placed upon the table at once, to obviate the necessity of rising, as the dear old hostess was none too strong and kept no servants, and yet cooked it all herself. At the head of the table was a large chicken pie, in the middle two roast chickens, and at the foot was an enormous turkey, and opposite the chickens a roasted pig. There were fourteen pies of different kinds, three large cakes, crullers, preserves, pickles of four kinds, boiled onions, mashed potatoes, and turnips, apples, chestnuts, custard, bread cheese, biscuit, brown and white bread, and lastly a big plum pudding, and coffee. All this for thirteen persons. This dinner was twelve years ago, and all the diners still live.

## A Thanksgiving Sentiment.

McMaster, the historian, when asked for a Thanksgiving sentiment wrote this: "Every man today earns more money, wears better clothes, eats better food and of more kinds, lives in a more comfortable home, knows more of the world, holds broader views than he could possibly have done when the Nineteenth century came in."

## The Pumpkin Pie.

This rhubarb pie in early spring,  
And gooseberry in June;  
And Christmas time it's rich mince pie,  
Morning, night and noon,  
But the royal pie for Thanksgiving  
Is pumpkin, golden yellow.  
Ah! that's the kind for me, if not  
For any other fellow!

When Queen Victoria travels she is supplied with a special time table, printed elegantly in mauve, on thick white paper, bordered with gold and surmounted by the royal arms.

For the REFLECTOR  
A FRAGMENT.

Against the gloomy, low 'ring sky,  
All stark and dim the tree tops lie,  
And loud the chattering robins cry—  
Spring to remember.  
Untiring are the winds that blow,  
O'er the hills and valleys low,  
Breathing promises of snow—  
Dreary November.

The summer flowers are withered, dead,  
The maple leaves, of flaming red,  
That clothed the wood with fire, have fled,  
Leaving the ember.  
The sighing pines are whisp'ring drear  
Cadences in Winter's ear—  
Dirges o'er the the dying year—  
Gloomy November!

## GREENVILLE MARKET.

Corrected weekly by D. LICHTENSTEIN & Co., Wholesale and Retail Grocers.

Mess Pork	14.75 to 15.25
Bulk Sides	7 to 8 1/2
Bulk Shoulders	6 1/2 to 7
Bacon Sides	10
Bacon Shoulders	7 to 8
Pitt County Hams	15 to 16
Sugar Cured Hams	16
Flour	3.25 to 5.50
Coffee	22 1/2 to 24
Brown Sugar	5 1/2 to 6 1/2
Granulated Sugar	6 1/2 to 8
Syrup	18 to 40
Tobacco	20 to 50
Snuff	31 to 50
Lard	7 1/2 to 10
Butter	24 to 30
Cheese	11 to 10
Eggs	120
Meal	70 to 85
Corn	60 to 70
Irish Potatoes	40
G. A. Salt	1.00
Liverpool Salt	2, 25
Hides	3 to 11
Rags	1
Beeswax	18
Horseford's Bread Prep'n.	6.25
Star Lye	3.40
Kerosene Oil	9 to 14

## Lost.

On the 14th, inst., a note for five hundred pounds of lint cotton or its value in money, given by Rob't Hines to H. F. Keel, payable on the first day of November, 1888. All persons are hereby forbidden from buying or trading for the same.

H. F. Keel,  
MARBORO, N. C.

Nov 24:2w

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS.**—Having duly qualified on the 19th day of November, 1887 as administrator de bonis non on the estate of John S. Taft, dec'd, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against said estate to present them, properly authenticated, to me for payment on or before the 19th day of November, 1887, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to me. ALLEN WARREN, Adm. de bonis non estate of John S. Taft. Nov 23:4w

## Special Notice.

All persons indebted to me by note or account are requested to call and settle the same immediately.

Further indulgence cannot nor will not be given. When I move in the country I shall place all my claims in the hands of a Collector with instructions to collect, hoping the collection of but few will have to be paid for. JOHN FLANAGAN, Nov. 23:4w Greenville N. C.

## IMPORTANT.

**ALL PERSONS INDEBTED TO THE FIRM OF**  
**T. R. Cherry & Co.,**  
are hereby notified to come forward at once and settle their accounts. This is important, as the business of the firm must be closed up. nov 23:1f

## Notice!

**TO MY FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS:**—I deem it but justice to you and myself to inform you that I have no connection with any other establishment, and if you wish me to repair your Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc., you should be careful that it is delivered to me individually. My long experience as a practical workman is well known to all. Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, and Spectacles for sale and repaired in a skillful and workman-like manner. Thanking you for past favors I hope, by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same. Respectfully,

A. J. Griffin,

Practical Watchmaker, Jeweler and Engraver.  
At the old stand Oct 19:1f

## Wanted!

**200,000 BUSHELS COTTON SEED.**

For which the HIGHEST CASH PRICE will be paid, or Cotton Seed Meal given in exchange.

Tarboro Oil Mills.

Tarboro, N. C. Oct. 12, 1887 3m  
WYATT L. BROWN, Ag't

## BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

A SPECIFIC FOR WOMAN'S DISEASES

Painful Suppressed and Irregular Menstruation or Monthly Sickness.

If taken during the CHANGE OF LIFE, great suffering and danger will be avoided. Send for book "MESSAGE TO WOMEN," mailed free.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

## COME TO THE Business Locals

### SLAUGHTER

OF HIGH PRICES

## GOODS AT COST

WE ARE PREPARING TO GO OUT OF BUSINESS and for that reason offer our entire stock of

**GROCERIES and FAMILY SUPPLIES, AT COST.**

Come to see us early if you wish to secure

**BARGAINS.**

**M. L. Slaughter & Co.**

## See Here.

WITH A VIEW TO CHANGING MY

business on the 1st of January, 1888, I now offer my entire stock of goods at prices that will suit everybody. I only ask an examination of my stock to convince you that I mean what I say. All notes and mortgages not paid by the 15th of December I shall put in train of collection; also I shall proceed to collect all accounts not paid by the 1st day of January by law

**J. R. Davenport,**  
FACTOLUS, N. C.

**LAND SALE.**—By virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Pitt County, made in a certain Special Proceeding therein pending, and entitled Samuel H. Langley, admr. of David Langley, vs. Thomas H. Langley et al., and numbered upon the Special Proceeding Docket of said Court as case number 359, I will, on Friday, December 16th, 1887, sell at public sale before the Court House door in Greenville all that piece or parcel of land situated in Factolus township and known as lot No. 5 in the division of the lands of David Langley deceased, among his heirs-at-law and which was assigned to Marina A. Langley, now Marina A. Perkins, described as follows: "Beginning at last course of lot No. 4 in the Creek, running thence South 18 1/2 West 189 poles to the road, thence down the road 120 poles, thence North 27 East 148 poles to the run of the Creek, thence up the Creek to the beginning, containing 139 acres," subject however to the dower right of Marina Langley the widow of said David Langley. Terms of sale Cash.

ALLEN WARREN, adm'r. de bonis non of David Langley Greenville, N. C., Nov. 16. 75 (Nov 16:1d

## CLOSING OUT AT A SACRIFICE!

THE STORE which I now occupy must be vacated by the first of January, in order that necessary repairs may be made to the building, and to prevent the handling and moving of too many goods my present stock will be offered

## AT COST.

My stock embraces a full line of **MILLINERY GOODS,** such as HATS and BONNETS of latest styles and best qualities.

**PLUSHES, VELVETS, FELTS, SATINS,** and all kinds of goods generally kept in a first-class millinery store. Also a full stock of

**NOTIONS** consisting of HOSIERY, GLOVES, CORSETS, HANDKERCHIEFS, LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S SHOES, LACES, EMBROIDERIES and a full line of JEWELRY of the best rolled gold plate. In fact a thousand other articles too numerous to mention. Remember these goods

## Must Be Sold!

in order to prevent moving them.

COME AND EXAMINE THEM.

**Mrs. R. H. Horne.**

Oct 12, 2m Greenville, N. C.

## MUSIC GIVEN AWAY 5 PIECES FREE!

To introduce our Sheet Music and get 10,000 names of music buyers to whom we can mail lists of latest new music, etc., we will, on receipt of 10 cents for postage, send FREE of charge Five Complete Pieces Choice Vocal and Instrumental Music, full size (11 1/2 x 13 in.) printed on heavy music paper; same as usually sold at music stores at from 30 to 50 cents per piece. If you play piano and sing, send us your name and address, and we will give you how to receive money in buying music. Our Last Grand Offer to music buyers will interest you. Ask for it, as well as our Free Catalogues of Music and Music Books, if you haven't them already. All Music Sold at Reduced Rates. Cheapest Place in U. S. to buy.

**LUDDEN & BATES Southern Music House, SAVANNAH, GA.**

**PAINLESS CHILD BIRTH** HOW ACCOMPLISHED. Every lady should know. Send stamp, BAKER ELM CO., Box 104 Buffalo, N. Y. **PERSIAN BLOOM**, Best Complexion Beautifier. Skin Cure and Stomach Regulator known. Best remedy for facial pimples. Address as above.

## Business Locals

\$1,000 worth of Furs wanted this winter at the Old Brick Store.

New and Fresh—Raisins, Nuts, Dates, Figs, Apples, Candies, Cakes, Oranges, Lemons, Bananas and Coconuts at the Old Brick Store.

Have your Clothing cut by A. Arnheim, the Merchant Tailor, and get a good fit.

We have just received our new fall stock of samples of Custom Made Clothing, consisting of the finest and nobbiest line of Imported Goods A ARNHEIM

FOR SALE—A pure bred Jersey Bull, five years old. Apply to John Fleming, Greenville, N. C.

Be Wise by getting full value —A Pure hand made cigar for 5cts at the Old Brick Store.

## A CITY THANKSGIVING.

Oh! russet is the forest,  
No leaves left on a tree,  
No shelter there for fellows  
Who tramp like you and me.

Oh! cold are country breezes,  
And warmer is the town;  
So trav'ling on our uppers,  
My chum and me comes down.



For we're sure of one good layout  
Of turkey, meat and pies;  
A real Thanksgiving dinner,  
Enough to fit our size.

And though we got no bacon  
And likewise nary beer,  
We're mighty thankful, for it  
Must last us one whole year.

## CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully,  
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

## Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Itch, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price, 25c per box. For sale by McE. Erml.

## OH! HUSH HONEY.

Now in the parlor meet the pair  
When the golden day is done;  
Two forms with but one rocking chair,  
Two hearts that beat as one.  
—Weldon News.

And then the sweetest raptures reign,  
When the door is closed and the shades  
are dropped;  
For lovers then pure bliss attain,  
As kiss glued lips go slipperly top.  
—Wilson Mirror.

The parent comes upon the scene  
And softly turns the door knob.  
What art can now their blushes screen?  
Says he, "I guess I'll boss th' job."  
—Tarboro Southerner.

And then the old man broke the theme,  
That cupid had begun;  
Two kicks for every piercing scream,  
Two soles that worked as one.

When can a man have something and  
nothing in his pocket at the same time?  
when there is a hole in it. If there is a  
hole in the lungs it can be healed with  
Taylor's Cherokee remedy of Sweet Gum  
and Mullein.

"Gennesis and Geology," by  
Rev. N. C. Hughes, D. D., can be  
bought at the REFLECTOR office.  
Price \$1.25.

Keep off the chills by putting on  
your flannel. If you have none go  
to Higgs & Monford's. They have  
the best bargains in Underwear  
ever seen in Greenville.

**PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM**  
Promotes and beautifies the hair,  
Prevents a luxuriant growth.  
Never Fails to Restore Gray  
Hair to its Youthful Color.  
Cures scalp diseases and hair falling  
out, at Detroit.

**PARKER'S GINGERTONIC**  
Invaluable for Coughs, Colds, Inward Pains, Exhaustion.

## TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE!

1 1/2 acres in the town of Greenville, opposite Machine Shops, will be sold  
--IN LOTS TO SUIT PURCHASERS.--  
For further particulars, apply to

J. R. Forbes.

or Alfred Forbes. Nov 16:5w

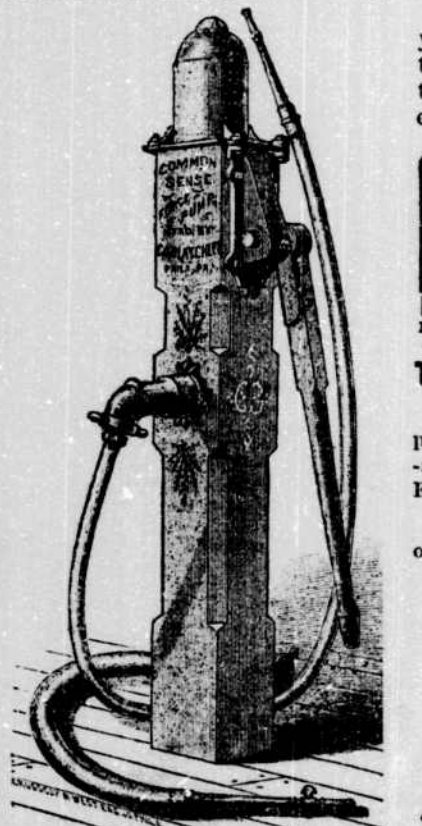


When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

## FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,

A life long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed in endeavor for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address  
H. C. ROOT, M. C., 183 PEARL ST., NEW YORK

**JONES**  
PAYS THE FREIGHT  
5 Ton Wagon Scales,  
Iron Levels, Steel Gearings, Iron  
Tape Lines and Beam Box for  
\$60.  
Every state Scale. For free price list  
send this paper with address  
JONES OF BIRMINGHAM,  
BIRMINGHAM, N. Y.



## THE COMMON SENSE LIFT AND FORCE PUMP

Makes a complete Fire Department for any country home out of a common wood pump, at a very small cost. Worth Fifty Times Its Cost if you need it to put out a fire, and extremely handy for lots of other things. Ready for action in One-Eighth of a Minute. Energetic business men who will give it proper attention are wanted to handle this pump in every town in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware, Virginia and North Carolina, and will be accorded control of suitable territory not already occupied.

**CHAS. G. BLATCHLY, MANUFACTURER**  
Of all Sizes and Styles of Wood Pumps.  
Office: 25 N. E. CITY HALL SQUARE  
Opposite Broad St. Station P. R. R.  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

# THE UNIVERSAL THANKSGIVING



PRaise GOD, FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW;  
PRaise HIM, ALL CREATURES HERE BELOW;  
PRaise HIM ABOVE, YE HEAVENLY HOSTS;  
PRaise FATHER, SON AND HOLY GHOST!

## BOTTLES AND RAGS.

### A THANKSGIVING STORY.

Bottles had been declaiming from the top of a barrel which stood among other merchandise upon the dock, when a slim mite of a girl came toward him from the other side of the wharf. Bottles jumped down from the barrel, and with a stage stride, approached the girl. They are a quaint pair; he a gatherer of empty bottles, she a rag picker. If ever they had names they are now no longer spoken, for they are known among the quarters they visit as Bottles and Rags. They were Boston street waifs.

Bottles is one mass of tatters and flitters from crownless hat to torn shoes, through which his frost bitten toes peep. And the girl, if anything, is more ragged than he. As he grasps hold of the hand, the spirit of the man within him speaks: "Poor little Rags! cold as a hunk of ice. Where you b'en? what you got? and what you goin' to do with it? If you've b'en and got nuthin' and can't do anythin', then come with yer father. He's got ten cents, and ten cents'll buy a plate of fried cakes, kid."

It was interesting to study the expression of utter trust which came upon the girl's face while the boy is speaking. Her father! That was only a pet term he was wont to use, expressive of his guardianship over her.

"Bottles," said the girl, after a short pause, "what's the most money you ever had in all yer life?"

"To oncet, do you mean, Rags?"

"Yup."

"Well, let me see; I had—why! last Christmas I had as much as one seventy-five—"



BOTTLES AND RAGS.

"You poor thing! yer too poor fur me to sociate with," broke in the girl, as she drew her ragged skirt away with mock pride.

"See here, Rags, you've allers b'en square with yer father. You've got sunthin er—'I'll cut you off with ten cents, not havin' the reg'lar shillin'."

"Feast your eyes on that," said the girl, holding out the hand which she had concealed behind her.

The boy felt back a step or two as he gazed upon the article which she held.

"Rags, hain't I brought you up better ner this? You, you who I picked out the gutter! Oh! it's sharper than a snake's tail to have a prigg'n' darter."

"But I didn't prig the puss," quickly exclaimed Rags.

"Ah! spoken like me own dutiful child. I say, Rags, is the puss well heeled?"

"I hain't looked; it's heavy, though, and it jingles. I only found it while 'g'over on India wharf. I run all the way to find you."

Bottles took the purse in his hands. As he felt the magic touch of its contents through the silken meshes it drove all thought of cold or hunger away.

In the purse was more money than either had ever before touched. In it was warmth and victuals, though Bottles gave no thought to either, so overjoyed was he in the possession of the precious money, real gold and silver, for he could tell that by its clinking.

The two waifs finally, cold and tired, reached the tumble down structure in South street, where they lodged. They climbed up the rickety stairways, passed through the narrow, dark and ill smelling halls until they reached the attic door, upon which Bottles tapped softly.

A small circular disk in one of the upper panels slid back, and a thin, beak like nose with a pair of red rimmed eyes appeared in the opening, as a sharp, raspy voice inquired:

"Who's there?"

"Bottles and Rags," responded the boy. The door was opened and the pair passed into the low, musty smelling room.

"Got 'nuthin'," asked the raspy voiced female.

"Nixy," returned the boy. The purse in his pocket seemed determined to jingle. This would have been a dire calamity; for the old woman would have pounced upon it like a hawk.

"And you?" asked the woman, turning toward Rags.

The girl held her hands out, palms down and open.

"Humph! purty purty. No bottles, no rags; got nothin'! Can't stay here to-night."

"Oh, yes, mammy—I forgot. I've got a dime. Can't you let us stay fur that?" broke in Bottles.

"A dime! small 'nuff. I—well, gi' me the money," said the woman.

"A hollerday! will the band and the p'lice and fireworks!"

"Rags, yer out of yer lattitude, as the sailors down at the Hum sez. To-morrow's Thanksgiving, kid."

"What's that, Bottles?"

"The day set 'part for doin' big feedin', sabs!"

"Yup," responded Rags.

"I say, Rags, did 'ny one see you pick it up—the puss?"

"No; I jist seen it kinder jammed down in a big crack. I knowed it was ducats, and, when knowin' a thing of that sort, I made sure no one was lookin' when I lifted it."

"And a purty good lift it was, Rags. That one lift means big feedin' fur you and I 'long with the swells. If there's nuff ducats left we'll get sum new togs and board round a spell 'fore settlin' down to biz 'g'in. Nixy, now, here comes the old woman."

The latter entered with the pitcher of beer. The waifs went to the snuff box window and gazed out upon the chilly looking roofs and the slippery street below. The old woman drank the beer, after which she rolled herself in a tattered blanket, laid down upon a creaking bed, turned her face to the wall, and was soon loudly snoring.

"She's gone up, Rags. Now fur it, but hang a rag over the keyhole first," said the boy. The girl did as he requested, then came and sat down by him. He poured the clinking pieces upon the soap box under the window sill.

"Rags, I reckon there's nuff ducats here to buy a hull house from bottom to cabaza."

"Really, Bottles?"

"You hear your father talk! I hain't much on the count, but I guess I can strike it within a few hundred. Jist foler me—hello! here's sumthin' else in the puss. A ring. Bah! I don't take no stock in them things. Can get a hull cartload jist like it down in Salem street fur ten cents a one. Put her on, kid."

The ring, evidently designed for a child, just fitted the dirty little finger over which the girl slipped it.

"Now fur the ducats. Rags, ducats is the root hog er die; an' I'm jist porker nuff to root into 'em. One, two, three—grand and galorions signurs, here's more'n ten double buzzards. Them stands fur \$20, two of 'em is \$40, and so on xcetry. Here goes fur a count. One, two, three, four, five. That's jist an even \$100. Phew! rich is no name fur it. Put yer finger on that pile. Rags, yer holdin' down \$100. Does it burn yer fingers? I'll even up with that pile and—presto!—here's \$200. Two hundred dollars and other chicken feed too numerous to mention!" exclaimed the boy, sweeping the money into the purse.

"Better drop the sparkler in. If the old woman gits on to it, good evenin' ducats, sparkler, big feedin', and all. I reckon we'd better get sum ba' my sleep now."

"But, Bottles, I'm hungry. I want somethin' to eat first," said Rags, turning her big blue eyes up at him.

"Chew on that then, you poor little hungry kid you. All I got. Eat 'way, Rags; I can stand it till mornin'—no, till dinner to-morrow."

The boy lay down upon a pile of rags, and after the girl had eaten the soda cracker which he had given to her she too lay down near him and was soon wrapped in slumber. They awakened early, rose and stole from the attic, leaving the old woman still asleep.

"I say, Rags, hain't this jist old scrumpshus?"

"Yup," mumbled Rags, as she took a great bite of bread.

"See here, kid, don't be wastin' yer eatitute on sich common grub as bread. Sall into the beans and salad, and ham 'n' eggs, and cramberry and sass and—turkey. Turkey is the galorious bird of freedom today. Urged Bottles, helpin' himself in turn to each of the dainties as named.

Perhaps the Crawford was never graced by such a pair during the whole of its extent of entering to the public.

Bottles had purchased two regular dinner checks, and chosen a table in the corner so as to be as free as possible from the hungry crowd which thronged the place. The waifs' faces were washed clean; they were as tidy as their dilapidated garments would permit.

A new yellow ribbon held Rags' curls back from her really pretty face, with its roguish, big, blue eyes, cute little mouth and turn up nose. And Bottles, he had laid out a portion of the wealth on a paper collar, green tie and huge, glaring, red glass pin. The ring which the purse had contained was upon Rags' forefinger.

"Hold up, Rags," whispered the boy, touching her foot with his; "don't lick yer fingers. Hain't I learned you better ner that? I'm goin' to make a lady of you, kid, and I'm bound to have you git on to them small items."

"All right, Bottles; I guess yer right. I hain't up in sich eatin' as this, and you must paridin' slips."

"Here's the wine list. Do we want Mumm?"

"Nixy. 'T ain't fur sich as us, Bottles. 'Sides, you'n I has started out on the temp'rance racket, and it hain't the thing fur us to use budge."

"Yer speakin' in a right toot now, Rags. I only mentioned the fact fur fun. Can't you smuggle one of them tarts, Rags?"

"Hain't it stealing?" asked the girl, looking up quickly.

"It's evident that the girl has told what is true. Is there any one in the room acquainted with the pair?" A sleek, fat, jolly looking man stepped forward and said:

"I know them, your honor. I keep a butcher shop down in South street. A newsboy came and told me last night that Bottles and Rags had been arrested. Your honor, I stand here to say, from the bottom of my heart, that I know both of them to be honest, square and upright. They are unfortunate children of the street who make an honest living. I hope your honor won't be hard on the two poor little kids."

"They are both discharged. Mr. Clearstarch, you will get your purse and ring of the clerk. One thing more—'gon'll not find the whole amount. The cashier of the Crawford restaurant just sent me a note, telling how the two little unfortunate enjoyed their Thanksgiving dinner at his place yesterday. Of course, having recovered your property, you will willingly donate that dinner for charity's sake. Next."

The Rev. Abraham Clearstarch got his purse and ring, and went on his way.

And Bottles and Rags found in a kindly stranger who had been present a friend in whom philanthropy was largely developed. The pair are, this day of Thanksgiving, eating a noble dinner at a home in one of our great western states.

At last the two waifs, Bottles and Rags, are safely harbored from the stern blows of poverty.—H. S. Keller in *Commercial Traveller's Magazine*.

"HAIN'T THIS JIST OLD SCRUMPSHUS?"

"Not if the court knows himself. I paid for all that comes to this table in the way of grub. I own all, but them dishes, spoons, forks and sich, and— But hold up. I'll go put a flea in this fellar's ear who sold me the checks." Bottles rose and went to the cashier's desk. A peculiar expression came upon his face as the boy spoke to him. Then he reached down under the desk and handed out a paper sack. The boy's face was wreathed with smiles when he came back.

"It's all right, Rags. I told him as how I reckoned we'd have to make this feedin' last till next Thanksgiving; also that we wasn't bloated bankers and had hard diggin' fur grub. He give me this bag, and said I could take all that we couldn't eat. Hain't it slick?"

"Well, I should smile. Here's two jam tarts."

"Hold on, Rags; put the solids in first, er you'll smash the tarts."

A smile passed over each face as the waifs looked their bag with the remains of the meal.

"Ready, Rags?"

"Yes; let me git my op'ra hat on all square."

She arranged her headgear to suit her, and followed Bottles to the door.

Then—all this brightness turned to clouds, for a tall, blue clad form, with double rows of brass buttons upon the breast, stood there.

"Come with me, kids," said the officer, taking hold of each by the shoulder.

"You don't mean us? I say, boss, you've got the wrong party. We hain't done nuthin, have we, Rags?"

But poor little Rags was crying. The blue coats had always been the terror of her life. She had heard terrible stories about them. Now, she and Bottles are in the care of one, and she is ready to drop in fright.

"What's the racket, boss?" asked Bottles. He, too, was troubled; but he must put on a brave face for the girl's sake.

"Lifting a purse. Come on."

And this was the end of the poor little waifs' grand dinner. On the way to the station house with an officer.

A curious crowd of street boys, newspaper venders, bootblacks and the like followed the policeman and his two little prisoners to the station house.

His honor was taking dinner; would not hold court today, and the two waifs were put into a comfortable cell upstairs.

Rags cried herself to sleep, while Bottles, hero like, sat by her side upon the cot and kept cheering her up by telling her that it would be all right in the morning.

And down stairs, under lock and key, the unlucky purse and ring were lying in the desk drawer.

"Next."

The two waifs, Bottles and Rags, were pushed forward until they stood in front of the desk before his honor.

"Bless me! what's this? Little ones, what are you doing here?" asked the kind faced judge, beaming down upon the pair, through a set of gold bowled glasses.

Bottles knew it was not proper for him to speak, and Rags could not.

"Officer, what is the charge against this pair?" asked the judge of the policeman who had made the arrest.

"Stealing a purse, your honor."

"Ah! that is a serious charge."

"But, sir, 't ain't!"

"Never mind, my little man; your turn will come. Let the party who made the complaint stand forward."

A tall man, clad in clerical garments, with long drawn visage, stepped forward. The corners of his trap like mouth were drawn down in a most solemn expression. He clasped his hands in front of him, and turned his eyes upon the little waifs, as though even their presence was unholy to his cloth.

"Your name?" uttered the judge.

"Rev. Abraham Clearstarch."

Bottles could hardly hold in the titter, which, notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, was ready to bubble from his lips.

"You are a minister, are you not?" The reverend gentlemen bowed.

"Mr. Clearstarch, you may state your case in as few words as possible."

"Yes, sir. Day before yesterday afternoon, I purchased a ring for my daughter. I put the ring into my purse, and walked down to India wharf upon business. Upon returning to my hotel I found that my purse was gone. I retraced my steps; but to no avail; I could not find my purse. Yesterday afternoon at dinner in the hotel where I was stopping I saw the ring upon the finger of this girl. I recognized the ring, and knew at once that she must know of the purse."

I left the dining room, found an officer and had him make the arrest. The girl picked my pocket."

"Sure of that, Mr. Clearstarch?" asked his honor.

"She must have done so. I certainly could not have lost it," responded the reverend gentleman.

"Was the purse and ring found upon the person of the culprit?" asked the judge of the officer.

"The ring was upon the girl's finger, the purse in the boy's pocket."

"Bad case. Now, my little man, tell your story."

"If you please, sir, I'm only a boy, rough and all that, sir. I swear sometimes and—maybe you wouldn't believe me. She'll tell you all 'bout it. You see, she's only a little girl what hain't got no friend in all the world but Bottles—Bottles is me, sir. Rags is her name. She never swears and—she never picks his pockets. I know that, 'cause I'm her father, you see."

Bottles had found his tongue and he delivered the foregoing in a straightforward way, which made the judge smile good naturedly.

"Now, Rags, tell it all. Don't be 'feared. The gospel sharp can't hurt us," whispered Bottles to the trembling girl by his side.

With frequent sobs and choking exclamations Rags told her story, which you already know. She also told how good Bottles had been to her; how he had often gone without anything to eat so that she should have food. In all, she gave a faithful picture of the peculiar life which surrounded the pair. The judge was assured of her truth, and after she had ceased, he said:

"It's evident that the girl has told what is true. Is there any one in the room acquainted with the pair?" A sleek, fat, jolly looking man stepped forward and said:

"I know them, your honor. I keep a butcher shop down in South street. A newsboy came and told me last night that Bottles and Rags had been arrested. Your honor, I stand here to say, from the bottom of my heart, that I know both of them to be honest, square and upright. They are unfortunate children of the street who make an honest living. I hope your honor won't be hard on the two poor little kids."

"They are both discharged. Mr. Clearstarch, you will get your purse and ring of the clerk. One thing more—'gon'll not find the whole amount. The cashier of the Crawford restaurant just sent me a note, telling how the two little unfortunate enjoyed their Thanksgiving dinner at his place yesterday. Of course, having recovered your property, you will willingly donate that dinner for charity's sake. Next."

The Rev. Abraham Clearstarch got his purse and ring, and went on his way.

## THE CHOICE.



"WHICH SHALL IT BE, JOHN, WHICH SHALL IT BE? I LOOKED AT JOHN, AND JOHN LOOKED AT ME."

### A COUNTRY THANKSGIVING.

Harvest is home. The bins are full, The barns are running o'er; Both grains and fruits we've garnered in Till we've no space for more. We've worked and toiled through heat and cold, To plant, to sow, to reap; And now for all this bounteous store Let us Thanksgiving keep.



The nuts have ripened on the trees, The golden pumpkins round Have yielded to our industry Their wealth from out the ground. The cattle lowing in the fields, The horses in their stalls, The sheep and fowls all gave increase, Until our very walls Are bending out with God's good gifts. And now the day is here When we should show the Giver that We hold those mercies dear.

We take our lives, our joys, our wealth, Unthanking every day; If we deserve or do not, The sun it shines away. So in this life of daily toil, That leaves short time to pray, With brimming hearts all humbly keep One true Thanksgiving Day. And if there be some sorrowing ones, Less favored than we are, A generous gift to them, I think, Is just as good as prayer.

### THE PILGRIMS' THANKSGIVING.

How It Was Observed by Direction of Governor Bradford.

The Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth, as we all know, on Monday, Dec. 21, 1620.

Under favorable auspices the first harvest was gathered. With hearts of joy they secured the bountiful crop of Indian corn which had ripened in the fierce heats of August and the warm haze of September. As they looked on the heaped up stores—the first fruits of their toil in the new land—their hearts swelled with thankfulness to the Lord who so mercifully cared for them, and that, though sorely smitten with pestilence, they were now blessed with health, peace and freedom from the dread of famine.

Mindful of the Providence to whom those blessings were due (those stern, bold men were very devotional), Governor Bradford proclaimed a solemn Thanksgiving feast, and ordered that preparations should be made for celebrating it with such festivities as were in their power. Four men were dispatched into the woods to shoot wild fowl, and though the game had been scanty throughout the summer, the quartet of sportsmen returned at night staggering under their burden of turkeys, geese and pigeons sufficient to provision the entire settlement for a whole week. There was rare labor done by the good Puritan dames, plucking and dressing the game, pounding corn and baking it, getting out and polishing the tin and pewter table services brought from England and Holland, and scrubbing the wooden trenchers that served the poorer pilgrims in lieu of tin or pewter.

The roar of one of the great guns on the hill top announced the commencement of Thanksgiving. It was Thursday, Oct. 24, a little less than one year after their arrival in Cape Cod bay. In the different dwellings and over fires lit in the open air began the work of roasting and boiling.

When all had assembled the sergeant stepped forward, and the men, three abreast, with firearms shouldered, marched orderly and silently toward the meeting house. Behind came Governor Bradford in his long robe of office, walking gravely, as befitted a governor. On his right hand walked the venerable Elder Brewster in his preacher's cloak, bearing the Bible reverently in his hands. On the governor's left was the military chief of the colony, Miles Standish, his heavy armor laid aside for a short cloak, his trusty sword at his side, and a small came in his hand as a mark of office. Proudly he watched the firm tread, sturdy frames and serviceable weapons of the little troop before him, and was half regretful that among the subjects for the day's thanksgiving was the blessing of peace with all the tribes about them. It was also a pity so many good muskets should be used only in shooting wild fowl, so doubtless he thought; for the sturdy little captain was, as he had said, a man of war, half of whose thirty-seven years had been spent in knocking about the world as a soldier of fortune.

The sermon of Elder Brewster was appropriate to the occasion. Never was he known to preach a better discourse or a shorter one, though it would be thought long enough now, particularly if the steam of roasting Mcleagras gallopavo tickled the nostrils of preacher and congregation, as it did them.

It was a Thanksgiving dinner, and no mistake about it. To be sure the tables were of the rudest, and there was not much display, nor were there the many little delicacies that can often be found now on Thanksgiving tables. But the turkey was there in all his glory of browned skin, rich gravies and palatable stuffing, and so were a number of other birds, great and small, roasted and boiled and baked over the embers. There was corn bread and hominy and puddings, and several little nicknacks such as skillful housewives could make up of the materials at hand. Not were the tables slip-

gether wanting in display. Some families had brought a few household relics from their English homes, and these were set out to do honor to the day of rejoicing.

The dinner over, the pilgrims turned to the homes they had left. As the day closed and darkness came creeping in from the pine woods around Plymouth, the settlers trod once more, in fancy, the green lanes of England or the busy streets of Leyden. They sang the psalms and songs that had been sung around their English firesides, and mingled memories of the past with thankfulness for the present and hope for the future.

Hark! An Indian shout, followed by a challenge from one of the guard. A sharp rattle of a drum, and every man grasped his firelock and rushed out in alarm. Nearly a hundred savages were pouring into the village with shouts and cries. But there was no occasion for alarm. It was Massachusetts and his braves coming in to thank the white men for their assistance and to share their festivities. They brought with them five deer and a good supply of other game, as their contribution to the feast.

So the thanksgiving feasting was continued another day. By daybreak the fires were again set going and the work of roasting, broiling and boiling was resumed. This time venison was added to the turkey.

While the feast was preparing the Indians performed their dances, starting the white men, and frightening the young folks and women with their wild yells and fierce gestures. When they rested Capt. Standish ordered out his soldiers in full armor and put them through their military exercises, winding up with the discharge of a volley from their muskets, and a salute from the great cannon on the hill top and the little cannon before the governor's door. The crash of the musketry and the roar of the ordnance terrified the savages, and they begged the "great captain" that he would not thunder again, lest he should kill them all.

On the third day the feasting was resumed, the Indian hunters going out before daybreak and returning early with game for the day's feast. A council fire was built, and around it speeches were made and new pledges of friendship exchanged. Then, with great ceremony, Massachusetts took leave of the governor, his friend, the great captain, and the other chief men of the town. Standish, with the troop of musketeers, escorted the Indians a short distance from the settlement and gave them a parting salute.

Thus, with prayer and feasting, with godly psalms and Indian dances, with joyous songs, roaring artillery and English shouts mingling cheerily with Indian whoops, was celebrated the first New England Thanksgiving.—H. Maria George in *Demorest's Magazine*.

### A BRAKEMAN'S THANKSGIVING.

"Did we have any Thanksgiving at our house?" replied the brakeman, echoing an engineer's inquiry. "Well, I should say we did. I had a lay off that day. The night before came near laying me off forever, too. Didn't you hear about that? Funniest thing that ever happened on the road. As I was coming in on the last section of 57, I having the rear end, I went up ahead to speak to the conductor, who was on the engine. It was as dark as a stack of black cats before the moon rose. As I was going back I slipped on a broken foot board right at the end of one of those infernal refrigerator cars, and fell. I couldn't see a hand before me, but I knew I was going down. I clutched for the hand rail, but failed to reach it, lost my balance, and went down between the cars, breaking my fall by a one hand grasp on the brake rod. I knew what that meant. It came over me like a flash. It was death, and I knew it. My first thought was of my wife and babe—of what a Thanksgiving dinner they would have with the turkey the superintendent had sent us, and me a-lyin' in the little front room all cold. I can't tell you all I thought in that second, and I wouldn't if I could. It was awful. I can remember striking the ground. I struck on my feet, my efforts to grasp the hand rail and my half grip on the brake rod having started my feet down first. The horror of that shock. Quicker than you can wink the thought ran through my brain that in the next instant I would be crushed by the wheels of the dozen cars behind me. But I wasn't. I fell headlong on the ground and rolled over and over, bruised and stunned, but conscious. I couldn't realize why the other cars didn't run over me. I waited for them, second by second. It seemed hours. Soon I roused, scrambled to my feet, and found that there were no cars after me. The train had broken in two and I had fallen off the rear end. One of my arms was terribly sprained, also my left ankle, and I was bruised a good deal, but I could walk. There was my lantern by me. Just then I remembered that the through express was following our section, and that there was no one on the caboose to flag it. I hobbled, almost crawled, back about three-quarters of a mile and found our missing cars standing in a curve and a cut where the express would surely have telescoped 'em, and got there just in time to signal the express and stop it. Next day I was able to sit up in bed and eat turkey and receive the superintendent, who called to say that I should be promoted the first of the year."

### Pride and Humility.

Once upon a time two turkeys went to roost on a tree.

"I am the finest bird that flies," remarked one, complacently, "and nothing is too good for me." So he picked out a nice, soft, springy limb almost at the top of the tree and went contentedly to sleep.

The other one had been brought up to consider modesty a great virtue, and humbly remarked: "I am content to sleep near our dear Mother Earth. 'Pride goeth before a fall,' and who knows but that a storm may come and blow my ambitious companion to the ground, thus breaking his vain neck?"

So he took a seat on the lower limb. A storm did not come, but the owner of the turkeys did, and the one on the lower limb was eaten, and on Thanksgiving day was eaten.

Moral—Danger comes as often from below as above.

The first Thanksgiving day recorded was observed in Leyden, Holland, Oct. 3, 1575, because of deliverance from siege. Such observances were not unusual in Europe. The first New England Thanksgiving was held by order of Governor Bradford, at Plymouth, in 1621, "that they might after a more special manner rejoice together." There were thanksgiving days in New England from 1631, nearly every year, for special purposes, and in the New Netherlands from 1644. During the revolution the observance was general, but after that was confined mostly to New England, till just before the civil war. During the war it was nationally observed and a goodly number of the states had their own