

THE DAILY REFLECTOR.

D. J. WHICHARD, Editor
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Truth in Preference to Fiction

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Greenville, N. C., Wednesday, August 10th, 1910.

NUMBER 590 1

THE SENSATIONAL MCMURRAY INVESTIGATION

MANY CHOCTAW INDIANS PRES- ENT TO TESTIFY.

Sentiment of Red Skins in Favor of McMurray—Critique Government for Failure to Sell Lands.

By Wire to The Reflector.

McAllister, Oklahoma, August 10.—With a possibility of further substantial developments and revelation of names of more men in high positions suspected of being implicated in the scheme to get \$3,000,000 from Indians in counsel fees for sale of their lands, another big crowd gathered today when the committee resumed its investigation.

There was a big delegation of Choctaw witnesses present to tell how they were persuaded by an agent of McMurray to sign telegrams approving the plan for the sale of their lands, and allowing lawyers 10 per cent. fees.

The sentiment among the rank and file of Indians favors McMurray and his 10 per cent. fee. They criticize the government for failure to sell lands.

OIL RATE FIXED.

To Go in Effect October the First— Through Rates on Cotton.

By Wire to The Reflector.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 10.—The Interstate Commerce Commission today ordered an establishment of through rates on cotton seed oil shipments in car load lots from points on Georgia Central Railroad to Jacksonville, Fla. The order was made upon the complaint of the Florida Cotton Oil Co., and affects the Georgia Central, Atlantic Coast Line and Seaboard Air Line railroads, and becomes effective October 1st. Discrimination against complainant, in favor of oil mills along the roads affected by the order was charged and admitted.

CONDITION FAVORABLE.

Mayer Gaynor Resting Well—Wife and Daughter at His Bed-Side.

By Wire to The Reflector.

Hoboken, Aug. 10.—Mayor Gaynor was resting well this morning and his condition was such as to give great hope. He slept about three hours during the night and on awakening this morning his wife and daughter were allowed to see him about ten minutes. He was cheerful. When given some broth he said it tasted good, and that he was hungry and hoped he could soon take something more substantial.

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

Largest Crowd in History of Party at Greensboro.

By Wire to The Reflector.

Greensboro, Aug. 10.—The largest crowd ever known in the history of the Republican party is here attending the State convention. Interest is at white heat. At a caucus of Morehead supporters this morning 82 votes were found pledged to him. Thomas Settle was named president of the convention and Linney chairman of the platform committee.

THE TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION

In Session at Minneapolis—Listen to Several Speeches.

By Wire to The Reflector.

Minneapolis, Aug. 10.—The International Typographical Union in session today in Minneapolis listened to speeches of the newspaper publishers association, printers league, bookbinders and other associations. President Lynch introduced the speakers and suggested closer alliance with affiliation of trades.

Marriage This Afternoon.

There was a large crowd attracted to the register of deed's office this afternoon, about 2 o'clock by a marriage taking place there. The contracting parties to the bonds of matrimony were Mr. John L. Tickle, of Guilford county and Mrs. Minnie Turnage, of Ayden. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. W. Smith.

WHERE THE SOUTH LOST.

Two or Three Ways by Which New England Forged Ahead of Us.

New England was wise enough to see that buying negroes to do poor work did not pay, and that educating her own children to do good work did pay. The South has fallen behind because it has had the wrong end of both these propositions. Thank God, however, we are at last waking up and are beginning to train our own people, and we shall soon begin to give our Southern children the same educational advantages that the New England children have had, and so have our agricultural and manufacturing development such as will make us worthy rivals of New England even in material prosperity.

Just in this connection, moreover, I am reminded that while New England has been far too wise to allow her children to be worked in cotton mills, or any other manufacturing enterprises, thousands of our own white children have been stunted in body and mind in order to make dividends for New England capital invested in the South. In Massachusetts no child under fourteen is allowed to work in a factory under any circumstances whatever; no child under, or between fourteen and sixteen, unless able to read and write,—and not only to read and write, but to read and write well enough to enter the fourth grade,—and no child is allowed to do night work under any circumstances. More than this, no child can be employed by any factory unless a sworn certificate as to its age be given by its parents, and this certificate approved as correct by the local school committee or their agent, and kept on file for inspection by truancy officers whose duty it is to see that all children who ought to be in school. Going further, the manufacturer must keep posted, a list of the names of all minors employed by him, and the State employs fourteen factory inspectors, a part of whose duties it is to see that these laws are enforced.

Massachusetts is far too wise to sacrifice her future by grinding out the lives of little children, however much the Yankee may be said to care for the dollar. It is with shame that we confess that the same can not be said of every Southern State.—Clarence Poe, in Raleigh (N. C.) Progressive Farmer and Gazette.

WHALE NEARLY CAPSIZES BOAT.

Tennesseans Have Thrilling Expe- rience at Beaufort Inlet.

(Special to The Reflector.)

Atlantic Hotel, Morehead City, Aug. 9.—This afternoon while Colonel Tate and son and Mr. Hardee, of Tennessee, were out in Capt. Charles Bennett's boat trawling for macarel, a large whale arose about 20 feet astern at the time they were near the sea by the inlet, about two miles from Morehead City. Capt. Bennett says the whale was the species known as fishing whale, and was probably following a school of mackerel. From what the party could see of the whale the monster was fully 30 feet long. They think the boat had just passed over the whale before it came to the surface. The whale coming up so near the boat gave the occupants some fright, but after it was over they were glad to have had the unusual experience of seeing the monster.

Got His Receipt.

He had run up a small bill at the village store, and went to pay it, first asking for a receipt.

The proprietor grumbled and complained it was too small to give a receipt for. It would do just as well, he said, to cross the amount off, and so drew a diagonal pencil line across the book.

Coaxville Items.

Coxville, N. C., August 10, 1910.

Quite a number of our young people attended church at Timothy Sunday.

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WINTERVILLE CORRESPONDENCE.

Items of Interest From our Hustling Neighbor, About Its People.

Winterville, N. C., Aug. 10, 1910.

Messrs. C. T. Cox and C. S. Carroll spent Sunday in the country.

Mr. W. J. Bullock, of Grifton, spent Sunday with Mr. J. L. Rollins.

Messrs. Henry and Eddie Nelson, of Greenville, spent Sunday with their parents here.

Messrs. R. G. Chapman & Co., are renovating their store. They will soon be in good shape for business.

Mr. Rober Salsbury, of Hassell, is spending a few days with Mr. Herman McLawhorn, in the country near here.

Mrs. Fate Moore, of Bethel, is spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. J. H. Smith.

Mr. B. D. Forest went to Greenville yesterday and Ayden today.

Miss Mariam Johnson went to Ayden yesterday.

Mr. S. A. Kittrell left yesterday for Wallace, after spending a few days with his parents.

Miss Mary Smith, of Ayden, was in town yesterday.

Mr. J. B. Kittrell, of Greenville, is in town today.

Messrs. M. B. and M. G. Bryan went to Greenville yesterday.

Misses Alice and Bertha Moore, of House, visited friends in town Sunday.

Quite a number of our young people attended a party at Miss Myrtle McLawhorn's last evening.

Rochdale Items.

Rochdale, N. C., Aug. 10, 1910.

The young people of our section got up a wagon load and took a hay ride down to Mrs. Nannie Tucker's Friday night and returned at a late hour.

Mrs. Pattie Dawson, of Craven county, was visiting relatives in our section last week.

Mr. Jas. L. Smith, of Vanceboro, who has been visiting relatives in and around Farmville, and in our section for more than a week, returned home Monday.

Crops are looking well.

Mr. Joab Tyson is all smiles, a young lady is stopping at his house for the time being.

Mrs. Anna Willoughby went to C. L. Tyson's near Renston last week and is there this week attending her sick daughter, Mrs. C. L. Tyson.

Eld. W. F. Walters, of Ayden, came Saturday evening to fill his regular appointment at the Free Will Baptist church at Arthur, Sunday.

Eld. D. A. Windham, of Saratoga, came Saturday and spent the night at F. M. Smith's and preached a very good sermon on Sunday at Arthur.

On account of rain there was no services at Arthur Sunday night as announced in the day.

I am requested to announce that there will be an ice cream supper at Nichol's School house Friday night, August 12th, for the benefit of the school. Let all who can, attend and help a good cause.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. McLawhorn, of near Ayden, was visiting their son, Mr. C. E. McLawhorn, Sunday.

The farmers will about finish curing tobacco this week, and a very short crop.

Coaxville Items.

Coxville, N. C., August 10, 1910.

Quite a number of our young people attended church at Timothy Sunday.

Miss Lydia Chapman and Julia Burney, spent last week at Gum Swamp.

Miss Geneva Edwards, of Cox's Mill, who has been visiting friends in this section returned home Sunday.

Miss Stella Stokes, of Shelmerdine, is spending this week with her brother, Mr. C. L. Stokes.

Miss Gladys Haddock, of Ayden, spent last week with Miss Faye Corey.

Miss Gertie Barrow, of Reelsboro, is spending this week with Miss Lela Rosch.

Master Jack Quinerly, who has been visiting at L. E. Burney's returned to his home in Ayden Sunday.

Miss Ida Burney is spending this week with Miss Novella Tucker, near Greenville.

Mr. W. A. Tucker, of Greenville, was in our neighborhood Sunday.

When a chap falls down on a job it might break his pride, and, perhaps, his pocketbook, but there's no necessity to let it break his spirits.

HAPPENINGS THROUGHOUT NORTH CAROLINA.

CREAM OF NEWS GATHERED FROM THE EXCHANGES.

Powell Dead—Almost Drowned at Wrightsville—Bad Freight Wreck— —Lightning Strikes Church.

Durham, August 9.—Aquila Powell, son of the Halifax slayer of Chief Dunn and assailant of Paul Kitchin and Senator Travis, died tonight as the result of his wounds inflicted with suicidal purpose Friday of last week. The young fellow had never really rallied, but grew steadily worse, his liver having been pierced by the bullet. The body will be shipped to Scotland Neck, the boy's old home.

Wilmington, August 9.—Two persons, Mr. Williams, of Wilson, and Mrs. Wilson, came near being drowned at Wrightsville Beach. They were rescued by Life Saver Piver, who was greatly complimented for his quick and splendid work. Neither of the two parties could swim and were carried out by the undertow.

A bad freight wreck occurred last night about 8:30 o'clock when train No. 74, running between Spencer and Monroe, split the switch at the end of the double tracking near White Oak, and resulted in the derailment of the engine with 8 freight cars. No one was seriously injured, however, the engineer, fireman and crew escaping with only a few slight bruises and cuts.—Greensboro Daily News.

Maxton, N. C., Aug. 9.—The barn and stables of Dr. A. B. Croon, at his new residence here were burned down last night about three o'clock, the origin of the fire being unknown. Two horses and a cow were also burned. Dr. Croon had just received a call to visit a patient in the country and had gotten his automobile out of the barn and was preparing to leave when the blaze was discovered.

During the electric storm which preceded the rain Sunday night one bolt struck the belfry of East Avenue Tabernacle causing much consternation among the congregation of Sunday night worshippers. The opening services had just been completed and the pastor, Rev. J. G. Kennedy, had begun his sermon when the report from the bolt rang through the church. The lights went out instantly and it was only after candles had been secured that the service was continued.—Charlotte Observer.

Wilmington, August 9.—Caleb Howell, colored, was dangerously stabbed in the right side at Second and Market streets yesterday by Joseph Wallace, a colored bootblack, who effected his escape.

Elizabeth City, Aug. 9.—A Farmers' Institute is scheduled to be held here Thursday, August 11, and a large number of farmers of the county is expected to be here on that day.

LARGE CROWD AT OPENING.

Central Mercantile Co. Open Doors at Sale.

Visitors down the street about 9:30 o'clock this morning were attracted to the store of the Central Mercantile Co. by a large crowd which was gathered in front waiting for the doors to open at the big sale just begun there.

The crowd continued large all day and the purchasers seem to be highly pleased with the bargains they are getting.

Mr. A. E. Tucker is in charge of the sale and is dealing out bargains, the equal of which has never been seen here, just as advertised in the big posters.

The floor space was too small for the crowd and the doors had to be kept close until noon, only admitting the capacity of the store at a time.

BASE BALL.

Standing of the East Carolina League —The Results Yesterday

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	P. C.
Raleigh	9	5	.643
Wilson	8	6	.571
Fayetteville	7	6	.538
Rocky Mount	6	7	.462
Goldsboro	6	8	.429
Wilmington	4	9	.308

The results of yesterday's games were as follows:

Wilmington 2; Fayetteville 5.

Rocky Mount 3; Raleigh 4.

Wilson 1; Goldsboro 5.

AT MOREHEAD.

Social Season at Its Height—Fishing Superb.

Morehead City, N. C., Aug. 10.—The fishing season is now at hand, and just as in the past, so in the present, August is providing the most interesting season of fishing. Many fishing parties leave the Atlantic daily and are having phenomenal luck. Several large fishing parties are expected to arrive next week.

The fish are in abundance and the water is fine, but no less attractive is the surf and sound bathing. Both morning and afternoon boats leave the pier for the surf. But for those who do not care for surf bathing, the sound is most convenient. The guests enjoy the sound bathing twice a day.

To the inland people the excursion train from Raleigh, which reaches Morehead City on Saturday afternoon, has proven a great attraction and twenty four hours at the sea shore, where so many attractions are offered, is a delightful week-end trip and hundreds are taking advantage of this opportunity.

The Saturday night Germans are very largely attended even more largely attended than in former years. Elam's orchestra furnishes most beautiful music for the dance and two concerts daily. An exceedingly large crowd is expected Saturday for the week-end.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

To the tobacco growers of Eastern North Carolina:

With the opening of the tobacco market August 18th, the Farmers Consolidated Tobacco Company begins its eighth year of service in the interest of tobacco farmers.

Our record for seven years, during which we have paid to tobacco growers who own the stock of this company over 140 per cent. in cash dividends is irrefutable argument to sustain us in saying that this company is operated for and in the interest of those who grow tobacco. In addition to this, by our methods of placing every branch of our business in charge of thoroughly competent men who have no other interest than to discharge their duty to the patrons of the company, we have paid those farmers who are not stockholders thousands of dollars more than similar tobacco sold for on the other warehouse floors.

During last year we paid our customers a little over sixty thousand dollars more than the same tobacco sold for on other floors, as reported under oath by the warehousemen to the secretary of the Greenville Tobacco Board of Trade. You ask why this is so, and how could this company pay the farmer more than other warehouses. Well, we did it, and we have proven it beyond the shadow of a doubt. The answer, however, as to how we did it, should claim the attention of every man who has tobacco to sell. If this question is seriously studied by the tobacco growers it will result in increasing the business and therefore the usefulness of the Farmers Consolidated Tobacco Company more than anything we could do or say. It is to the intelligence and common sense of the people that have appealed, and on which we shall continue to rely for support and patronage.

We have a strong organization of intelligent farmers in Eastern North Carolina that is doing more for the well being of the farmers; doing more to give them useful, reliable information; more to bring about an intelligent understanding of the application of supply and demand, measured by the results that have been accomplished since its organization, than all the calamity howlers, hard time pushers or political spouters have ever done since the dawn of time.

The farmers, the plain common sense people of the country know this, and knowing it, they have given this company their confidence and patronage. For this, we desire to acknowledge our profound appreciation and gratitude, and for continued confidence and esteem; in the future as in the past, we shall endeavor in every possible, honorable way to prove to you that we are worthy of, and entitled to it.

With best wishes to the tobacco growers of Eastern North Carolina, and hoping for you, that which you deserve, profitable and satisfactory prices during the coming season, we are,

Yours very respectfully,

Farmers Consolidated Tobacco Co.,

O. L. JOYNER, President.

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PASSENGER TRAIN SERVICE.

Time of Arrival and Departure of all Greenville Trains.

Atlantic Coast Line.

Northbound 8:32 a. m. 1:12 p. m.
5:17 p. m. 6:32 p. m.

Norfolk & Southern.

Eastbound 9:20 a. m. 4:14 p. m.
12:41 a. m. 3:58 a. m.

The Weather:

Partly cloudy with local showers tonight or Thursday; light variable winds.

Aug. 10 in American History.

1814—William Lowndes Yancey, noted southern leader, born; died 1863.

1861—Battle of Wilson Creek, Mo., and tragic death in action of General Nathaniel Lyon, U. S. A.

1868—Adah Isaac Menken, noted actress and equestrienne, died in Paris; born in New Orleans 1835.

1885—James W. Marshall, discoverer of gold in California, died; born 1812.

1908—Louise Chandler Moulton, author, died; born 1825.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

(From noon today to noon tomorrow.)
Sun sets 7:01, rises 5:02; moon sets 9:57 p. m.; planets Venus and Neptune in conjunction in constellation Gemini; sun's declination, 15 degrees 34 minutes north of celestial equator; A. D. 1675, Greenwich observatory begun; maximum of Perseid meteors throughout the night, beginning in southeast at about 9 p. m.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

Little Items too Short for a Head, but Interesting.

While the editor is away the regular weather local is missing for the writer doesn't know anything about prognosticating, but all right, if it is fair.

The chain gang is doing good work in cleaning off the county house site. It will be only a few days before it will be entirely clear.

PERSONAL BRIEFS.

The People Who Come and go on Our Trains.

Miss Mamie Ruth Tunstall went to Kinston Tuesday evening for a visit of several days.

Mr. Berney Warren returned Tuesday night from Asheville, where he had been spending his vacation.

Miss Lucille Joyner, of Greensboro, who has been visiting Mrs. J. A. Lang, left for her home today.

Maj. and Mrs. H. Harding went to Washington Tuesday evening to visit their daughter, Mrs. Latham.

Mr. Justice Everett is suffering from a large boil on his cheek.

Mrs. Alfred Forbes is spending a few days in town at the home of Mrs. O. L. Joyner.

Prof. W. H. Ragsdale has returned from Bujie's Creek, where he spoke at a teachers' institute.

Master Van Smith went to Ayden this afternoon.

Mr. McLawhorn went to Ayden this afternoon.

Mr. L. H. Pender went to Fayetteville Tuesday.

Mr. J. W. Higgs went to Seven Springs Tuesday.

Prof. C. W. Wilson went to Scotland Neck today.

Mr. O. L. Calhoun went to Suffolk today.

Mr. Carey Warren went to Grifton today.

Mr. G. G. Fineman went to Oak City today.

Master Eddie Best and little sister, Carrie, of the Thomasville orphanage, arrived Monday to visit their mother, Mrs. T. H. Bateman.

Mr. O. W. Frizzelle, of Hookerton, spent Saturday here with his daughter, Mrs. T. H. Bateman.

Miss Dora Bonner, of Washington, was visiting her aunt, Mrs. T. H. Bateman, last week.

Miss Myrtle Warren has returned from a visit to Kinston.

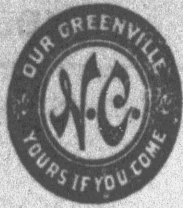
Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Mangum, of Henderson, who have been visiting Prof. and Mrs. C. W. Wilson returned home Tuesday.

Miss Lillian Sherod, of High Point, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Zeb. Whitehurst.

THE DAILY REFLECTOR

(Every afternoon except Sunday)

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All cards of thanks and resolutions of respect will be charged for at 1 cent per word.

Communications advertising candidates will be charged for at three cents per line, up to fifty lines.

Entered at the post office at Greenville, N. C., as second class mail matter.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1910.

OUR NEW FORM OF WEEKLY

The change in the name and form of "The Eastern Reflector" to "The Carolina Home and Farm and The Eastern Reflector," is done to the purpose of enlarging the sphere and increasing the usefulness of the paper in Eastern Carolina. It is intended to meet a growing need among a large per cent. of the people of this section of the State; namely, those engaged in agricultural pursuits.

The last few years have witnessed greater progress in agricultural pursuits than in any other profession. There is more intelligent effort being employed by the farmers now than ever before; they are reading more, and as a consequence, studying more the complex problems of their calling. It has not been very long since it was popular for farmers to laugh at and deride farm literature—they would have nothing to do with book farming. Happily, that day has passed, and the farmer who does not read and study modern methods is the exception in his community, and unless he profits by the experience of his reading neighbors, it can generally be seen in the appearance of his farm, and in the lack of thrift and improvement that invariably characterize the reading and thinking farmer. There is more need for the employment of brains and executive skill on the farm than almost any other field of human endeavor. The political offices from constable to governor can be filled, for generally there are more than enough applicants to supply the demand, but to be a successful, progressive farmer requires training of a different order, for he must possess at once, not only a mind capable of grappling the problems of farm life, but a mind trained to meet the varying moods of nature with whom his work must ever be in harmonious accord, or failure is sure to follow. The young graduate of the best college or university, possessing all technical knowledge to meet the issues where a well trained brain is required, would fail, ignominiously fail, on the very best farm lands, unless he employed his educational training in concert and co-operation with the laws of nature.

A good education is an advantage to the farmer in helping him to more easily unlock the doors of nature's laboratory, but a college education is not at all necessary to successful farming.

One object of "The Carolina Home and Farm" is to arouse greater interest on the part of farmers in good farm literature. The editor of "The Carolina Home and Farm" while not a practical farmer, it is his intention to get the co-operation and assistance of a number of practical farmers, and make of the paper a real home and farm paper in truth and reality. The columns of the paper are open for the discussion of all topics, and the invitation is here given to write for the paper on any subject that may be of interest to farmers. We invite the

co-operation of the farmers of Eastern Carolina in this work we have undertaken, and if we do not measure fully up to your expectations, be patient and bear with us, and in time we believe we shall be able to furnish a real farm paper that will be a credit to the profession of farming.

THE FARMERS' CONSOLIDATED TOBACCO COMPANY.

The time is drawing near for the opening of another tobacco season, and announcement is made elsewhere in this paper by the Farmers' Consolidated Tobacco Company that it is ready to handle the coming crop to better advantage than ever before. What this company has done for the Greenville market, and other markets upon which it has operated in the last seven years, is so well known that to refer to it is almost to repeat what has appeared in these columns before. We do not hesitate to say that it has been the greatest boon to the tobacco farmers of Eastern Carolina of any organization that has ever existed. It has not only paid them handsome dividends arising from the profits made in the splendid management of the business, but the company has also obtained higher prices on their warehouse floors than has been the case with other warehouses, thus putting thousands of dollars into the pockets of the farmers. This fact is established by records of the market.

The Farmers' Consolidated Tobacco Company is an organization of farmers for conducting a business to their mutual interest, and its business is managed by men who are not only practical farmers, but are also experienced in the business of selling tobacco. Among its large list of stockholders are but four who are not at present engaged in tobacco farming, and those four have but a few shares each, hence the interest in the organization is mutual and its work is for the betterment of the tobacco farmers.

It has been the disposition of some persons to grossly misrepresent the organization among the farmers, but those who have watched its course and taken cognizance of what it is doing for the tobacco growers, are convinced of its usefulness.

In its beginning seven years ago, the company had only one warehouse on the Greenville market, but each year it grew stronger and last season opened three warehouses in Greenville, one in Robersonville, two in Kinston and one in Wilson. This season its operations will take in one more market and it will conduct a warehouse in Washington.

When the farmers sell their tobacco at the warehouses of the Farmers' Consolidated Tobacco Company, they are helping their own business and putting money into their own pockets.

The official headquarters of the company is in Greenville, with Mr. O. L. Joyner as president, and he has able assistants in looking after the business affairs. In his excellent management of the business Mr. Joyner has done more for the tobacco farmers of this section than any one man living.

CROP PROSPECTS AND PRESENT CONDITIONS.

This has been a year of extreme seasons, beginning with a very late, cold spring, followed by an exceedingly hot May, with varying spells of cool weather and one of the heaviest rain falls during the first half of June in many years, followed by extreme drouth has produced a crop condition that is not at all promising.

Tobacco is spotted and will be light in weight, with now and then some exceptions of very good tobacco, but as a whole, the crop is anything else but promising, and in the estimation of those who have traveled throughout this section, the crop will not be over sixty-five per cent. of last year, which was by no means a good crop. Corn and cotton are more promising, especially on the stiff land. The oat crop was a fairly good one. Peanuts seem to be doing well, but the principal money crops are more or less failures.

NEW POST CARDS

Local Scenes, Training School, Etc.

TALCUM-POWDER--A Variety of Brands

TOILET SOAPS--A Big Stock and Big Assortment at
COWARD & WOOTEN'S DRUG STORE



Summer Brides... We've a message for you!

It Concerns the Furnishing of Your Home: It's the first little home you've furnished and it's going to be a great pleasure.

You've ideas how you want it, and where best to carry out your house ideas is your puzzling question, isn't it? The question needn't be puzzling, the carrying out of your ideas needn't bother you one single bit, if you'll but come to the

Taft & VanDyke Store

We're here to carry out your home ideas—we're here to serve you well and faithfully—you can come here with absolute confidence in us, our goods and our prices.

MERCIFUL CAESAR.

A Story of the Great Roman and a Band of Pirates.

Caesar traveled with the retinue of a man of rank, and on his way to Rhodes he fell in with an adventure which may be something more than legend. When he was crossing the Aegean, his vessel is said to have been taken by pirates. They carried him to Pharmacusa, an island off the Carian coast, which was then in their possession, and there he was detained for six weeks with three of his attendants, while the rest of his servants were sent to the nearest Roman station to raise his ransom.

The pirates treated him with politeness. He joined in their sports, played games with them, looked into their habits and amused himself with them as well as he could, frankly telling them at the same time that they would be hanged.

The ransom, a very large one, about \$10,000, was brought and paid, Caesar was set upon the mainland, near Miletus, where, without a moment's delay, he collected some armed vessels, returned to the island, seized the whole crew while they were dividing their plunder and took them away to Pergamus, the seat of government in the Asiatic province, where they were convicted and crucified. Clemency was not a Roman characteristic. It was therefore noted with some surprise that Caesar interceded to mitigate the severity of the punishment. The poor wretches were strangled before they were stretched on the crosses and were spared the prolongation of their torture.—James Anthony Froude.

Willing to Be the Goat.
"Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" quoth the impassioned orator.
Then he paused a moment to let it take effect.
"Well," spoke up a half inebriated man in the audience, "I'll be the goat. Why should it?"—Chicago Tribune.

Peace is not mere tranquillity, for tranquillity may be indifference.—Duffield.

WOMAN'S BEAUTY.

Imperfect Digestion Causes Bad Complexion and Dull Eyes.

"The color of your cheeks won't fade, the brightness of your eye won't vanish, if you keep your stomach in good condition.

This was the advice of a prominent physician to a woman's club in Boston and it is good advice.

Belching of gas, heaviness, sour taste in mouth, dizziness, biliousness and nausea occur simply because the stomach is not properly digesting the food.

The blood needs nourishment to carry vigor, vim and vitality to every part of the body and when food ferments in the stomach enough nourishment is not supplied.

Mi-o-na stomach tablets give instant relief to upset stomachs; but they do more; they put strength into the stomach and build it up so that it can easily digest a hearty meal without giving its owner hours of misery.

Mi-o-na is sold by druggists everywhere and by Coward & Wooten, at 50 cents a large box. It is guaranteed to cure indigestion or any stomach distress or money back.

Announcements

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for sheriff of Pitt county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary. J. MARSHAL COX. 66 1/2 dw

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for sheriff of Pitt county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary. S. I. DUDLEY. 7 1/3

FOR SURVEYOR.

I beg to submit myself to the discretion of the Democratic voters of Pitt county at the coming primaries for County Surveyor. W. C. DREBACH.

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of sheriff of Pitt county, subject to the Democratic primary. JOSEPH McLAWHORN. 11

FOR TREASURER.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for county treasurer of Pitt county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary. W. B. WILSON

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Treasurer of Pitt county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary. 6 2/3 dw C. T. MUNFORD.

FOR CONSTABLE.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Constable of Greenville township, subject to the action of the Democratic primary of the township. 7 2/7 ALBERT M. ALLEN.

FOR CONSTABLE.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Constable of Greenville township, subject to the action of the Democratic primary. G. A. JACKSON

FOR CONSTABLE.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Constable of Contentnea township, subject to the action of the Democratic primary. AMOS F. LANG 8 3

FOR CONSTABLE.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for constable of Greenville township, subject to the action of the Democratic primary. JESSE L. WHICHARD.

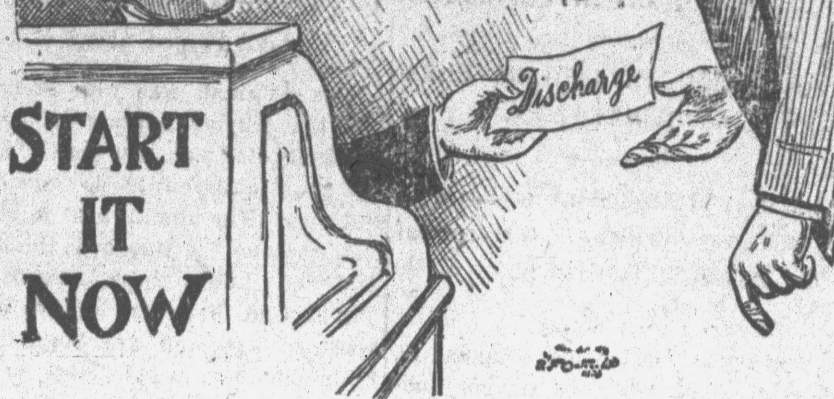
FOR CONSTABLE.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for constable of Chicod township, subject to the action of the Democratic primary of said township. MASON EDWARDS.

It is said that men who whistle seldom swear; it is the busy people who are compelled to listen that say unprintable things.

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GREENVILLE, N. C. NOR. CAR.

Norfolk Southern R. R.

NIGHT EXPRESS

Pullman Sleeping Car Service (electric lights) (electric fans) between RALEIGH, N. C., and Norfolk, Va., beginning June 5th.

The only local sleeping car line between Raleigh and Norfolk, via Wilson, Farmville, Greenville and Washington, without change.

Read Down SCHEDULE Read Up

Daily Except Sunday No. 12	Daily No. 16		Daily No. 15	Daily Except Sunday No. 11
	3 20 p.m.	Lv Greensboro, Southern Railway	Ar 12 10 p.m.	
	5 25 "	Lv Durham, " "	Ar 9 50 "	
	4 35 "	Lv Henderson, S. A. L. Railway	Ar 1 28 "	
	5 10 "	Lv Fayetteville, R. S. and P. Ry.	Ar 11 00 a.m.	
6 15 a.m.	9 00 "	Lv Raleigh, Union Station	Ar 7 30 "	7 20 p.m.
8 06 "	11 15 "	Lv Wilson	Ar 5 25 "	5 31 "
	7 10 "	Lv Wilmington, via Wilson	Ar 9 45 "	
	7 30 "	Lv New Bern, via Goldsboro	Ar 9 15 "	
	8 45 "	Lv Kinston, via Goldsboro	Ar 8 07 "	
	10 15 "	Lv Goldsboro, via Wilson	Ar 6 40 "	
9 20 "	12 41 a.m.	Lv GREENVILLE	Ar 3:58 "	4 14 "
10 45 "	1 40 "	Lv Washington	Ar 3:00 "	3 20 "
3 55 p.m.	6 45 "	Ar NORFOLK, Park Avenue	Lv 2:30 p.m.	9 45 a.m.

Close connection made at Norfolk with all lines diverging. NOTE—These trains operated daily between Norfolk and New Bern via Washington; and daily, except Sunday, between Raleigh and New Bern via Washington.

Nos. 15 and 16, "NIGHT EXPRESS," carry Pullman sleeping cars between Raleigh and Norfolk. Makes close connection at Wilson with A. C. L. to and from Wilmington, Rocky Mount, New Bern, Kinston via Goldsboro. Also makes direct connection at Raleigh with R. & S. P. Ry., to and from Fayetteville; with Sou. Ry. to and from Henderson.

For complete information, or for reservation of sleeping car space, apply to either of the following agents: G. T. Cannon, agent, H. L. Lipe, U. T. A., Raleigh, N. C.; W. J. Williams, Wis. N. C.; F. W. Tatem, Goldsboro, N. C.; J. L. Hassell, Greenville, N. C.; H. L. Myers, Washington, N. C.; T. H. Bennett, New Bern, N. C.

H. C. HUDGINS, G.P.A., W. W. CROXTON, A.G.P.A. Norfolk, Virginia.

Atlantic Coast Line Railroad.

SCHEDULES

Between Norfolk, Washington, Plymouth, Greenville, and Kinston, Effective April 1st, 1909.

8:15 a. m.	Lv.	Norfolk	Ar.	1:35 p. m.
11:53 a. m.	Ar.	Hobgood	Lv.	9:52 a. m.
11:55 a. m.	Lv.	"	Ar.	9:50 a. m.
1:40 p. m.	Ar.	Washington	Lv.	7:55 a. m.
1:10 p. m.	"	Williamston	"	8:28 a. m.
2:10 p. m.	"	Plymouth	"	7:35 a. m.
1:12 p. m.	"	Greenville	"	8:32 a. m.
2:15 p. m.	"	Kinston	"	7:30 a. m.

For further information, address nearest ticket agent, or

W. J. CRAIG, P. T. M. T. C. WHITE, G. P. A. WILMINGTON, N. C.

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Greenville, - - - North Carolina.

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S. A. L. SCHEDULE

Trains leave Raleigh effective May 15th 1910

YEAR ROUND LIMITED—No. 81.

3.45 a. m.—For Atlanta, Birmingham, Memphis and points West, Jacksonville and Florida points, connections Hamlet for Charlotte and Wilmington.

THE SEABOARD MAIL—No. 33.

11.35 a. m.—For Portsmouth-Norfolk, with coaches and parlor car. Connects with steamer for Washington, Baltimore, New York, Boston and Providence.

THE FLORIDA FAST MAIL—No. 66.

12.05 a. m.—For Richmond, Washington and New York Pullman sleepers, day coaches and dining car. Connects at Richmond with C. & O. for Cincinnati and points West, at Washington with Pennsylvania railroad and B. & O. for Pittsburg and points west.

THE SEABOARD MAIL—No. 41.

4.05 p. m.—For Atlanta, Charlotte, Wilmington, Birmingham, Memphis and points West. Parlor cars to Hamlet.

6.00 p. m., No. 30.—"Shoo Fly", for Louisville, Henderson Oxford, and Norfolk.

6.00 p. m.—For Atlanta, Birmingham, Memphis and points West, Jacksonville, and all Florida points. Pullman sleepers. Arrive Atlanta 7 a. m.

YEAR ROUND LIMITED—No. 84.—

12.45 p. m.—Arrives Richmond 4.20 a. m., Washington 7.40 a. m., New York 2 p. m. Pullman sleepers to Washington and dining car to New York.

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Portsmouth, Va.

H. LEARD, D. P. A.

Raleigh, N. C.

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Tomb Stones
Iron Fencing
Greenville, N. C.

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Herbert Edmond, Prop.
Located in main business section of the town. Five chairs in operation and each one presided over by a skilled barber. Our place is inviting, razors sharp. Our towels clean. Modern electrical machine for dry shampoo and massage. Ladies waited on at their homes.

WHISTLER TALES. SHADOW LEGENDS

Some Amusing Peculiarities of the Eccentric Artist.

BARRING OUT BILL BEARERS.

He Knew the Knack of Each Collector and the Amount It Represented. London Cabbies Had Good Reason to Fight Shy of the Erratic Genius.

There was a steady stream of creditors at the King street studio in those days, says a writer in the Century. Whistler made no effort to conceal the fact that he was deeply in debt. One day as we were busily and silently working there came a loud business-like rap at the door. Whistler listened attentively.

"Psst!" said he. "That's one and ten."

Within half an hour there was another rap, not quite so loud.

"Two and six," said Whistler. "Psst!"

"What on earth do you mean?" I asked after a time.

"One pound ten shillings; two pounds six shillings. Vulgar tradesmen with their bills, colonel. They want payment. Ah, well!" he sighed with an exaggerated air of sadness and returned to his canvas.

Then came another knock, a most gentle, insinuating rap.

"Dear me," said Whistler, "that must be all of twenty! Poor fellow, I really must do something for him! So sorry I'm not in."

I could not take the situation so placidly and seized eagerly the first opportunity of financial aid that presented itself. A rich American, sojourning in London, asked me what he could purchase and take back with him in the way of art.

"By all means get a set of Whistler's etchings. Unquestionably he will make for you a selection. I'll speak to him." I told him, and hurried back with the good news.

Whistler was delighted, and for a day worked busily, overhauling and sorting his proofs. The selection was a splendid one and called for a substantial payment. It was arranged that Whistler should meet the purchaser at a bank in Queen street the following morning and receive his check.

Most men under the circumstances would have thought of little else, but by the next morning Whistler had wholly forgotten his engagement. He had begun a new canvas, and was completely absorbed in it. For a while I expostulated in vain.

"Come, Whistler," I said finally, "you have been away from America so long that you don't appreciate the value of time to the traveler, particularly the American traveler. You must not keep the man waiting."

"Very well," said he, laying down his brush, with a sigh. "Now we'll go."

"Why we?" I replied. "I don't want to go," I protested firmly. To tell the truth, I was looking forward with a great deal of comfort to a morning all to myself.

"Oh, but you must," he said calmly, bringing my coat and hat, and presently we stood in front of the house signaling a cab.

One came up readily enough, but, after one scrutinizing look upon the cabby's part, drove swiftly by; another went through the same strange proceedings. I looked questioningly at Whistler—this odd circumstance had happened before we were together—but Whistler was calmly signaling. At length a cabby took us in.

Whistler always carried as a walking stick a long, slender wand, a sort of a mahstick, nearly three-quarters of his own height. We were no sooner seated than he began poking his stick at the horse. The animal reared, plunged wildly and started down the street at a breakneck gallop, while the astonished cabby swore freely and tugged desperately at the reins. Whistler looked calmly ahead and kept poking.

Butcher boys and grocer boys made wild leaps for safety; outraged cabbies whipped their horses out of the way just in time; burly draymen bawled curses after us, and still we went merrily on. Little wonder, thought I, in the midst of my amazement and resentment, that Whistler never gets the same cab twice.

Suddenly he began waving his cane and shouting "Whoa!" He took the astonished cabby severely to task for driving so fast upon the public highway and ordered him back to a corner we had just passed.

Here a greengrocer's shop, with its orderly and colorful array of fruits and vegetables, had caught Whistler's eye as we whirled by. He surveyed it critically now from two different positions, the cabby merely obeying his orders, under the belief, I presume, that it was policy to humor a lunatic.

"Isn't it beautiful!" exclaimed Whistler. He pointed his long cane at one corner. "I believe I'll have that crate of oranges moved over there—against that background of green. Yes, that's better," he added contentedly.

We drove on to the bank, where we found the American pacing up and down in no pleasant frame of mind; but Whistler soon had him pacified, and we left him waving and smiling adieu at us.

The incident at the greengrocer's shop reads like an arrant affectation. It was not, however, Whistler, as usual, was merely most natural. The following morning he posted his easel at the corner and painted the shop that pleased him.

Zulus Believe the Bodily Shade Is the Future Spirit.

TAKING AWAY ONE'S SHADOW.

Why Some Races Are Forbidden to Look into a Dark Pool of Water. The Way Donald McKay Managed to Escape the Clutches of the Devil.

That mysterious counterpart of a human being which lengthens with day and disappears with the sun, to reappear more faintly with the rising of the moon, which we call a shadow, has always struck the imagination of man. It has played a prominent part in primitive superstition and in later folklore. Shadows or shades was the classical name or figure for the spirits of the departed which still remains in use.

This idea is not confined to civilized races. Among the Zulus the spirit is the shade. Bishop Callaway, whose knowledge of Zulu beliefs and modes of thought was unrivaled, says that the Zulus connect the bodily shade with the future disembodied spirit. They believe that the shadow cast by the body will ultimately become the "itongo," or spirit, when the body dies, and they say that the long shadow shortens "as a man approaches his end and contracts into a very little thing. When they see the shadow of a man thus contracting, they know he will die. The long shadow goes away when a man is dead, and it is that which is meant when it is said, 'The shadow has departed.'" There is, however, a short shadow which remains with the body and is buried with it. The long shadow becomes an ancestral spirit.

Identification of the shadow in any mysterious or spiritual way with the person whose body casts it, naturally leads to respect for the strange second self. To tread on the shadow of a chief is an insult to the chief himself. In the Institutes of Manu, the ancient Hindu law giver, the law runs:

"Let him not intentionally pass over the shadow of sacred images, of a natural or spiritual father, of a king, of a Brahmin who keeps house, or of any reverend personage, nor of one who has just performed a sacrifice."

There are traces of the survival of these primitive ways of regarding a man's shadow in the English country feeling that it is unlucky to cross the path of a newly married man as he leaves the altar; and in another rural belief that it is unlucky to cross the path of horses ploughing when the sun is shining behind them.

Association between shadows and mirrored representations of the human form is obviously natural, so it is not surprising to find superstitions about the shadow mingled with widely scattered versions of the Narcissus legend. The story of the beautiful youth who became enamored of his own image, as he saw it represented in the water, and languished thereafter till he died, has its origin in the belief that trouble follows from beholding the watery image.

"Let him not look at his own image in water; that is a settled rule," commands Manu, the Hindu law giver.

The reason for the prohibition is to be found in the beliefs of man in a primitive state of civilization. The Melanesians of the Pacific, says a learned observer, say: "There is a stream in Saddle island, or, rather, a pool in a stream, into which if any one looks he dies; the malignant spirit takes hold upon his life by means of his reflection in the water." Some such idea as this was probably the root of the Narcissus legend.

The Zulus explain why it is ill to look into the water of a pool by a story of a great beast in the water which can seize the shadow of a man and when his shadow is gone a man no longer wishes to turn back, but desires to enter the pool. He goes in, dies, and is eaten by the great beast which inhabits it. So, says Bishop Callaway, "men are forbidden to lean over and look into a dark pool, it being feared that their shadow should be taken away."

There are other ways in which a man may lose his shadow. There was a temple of Jupiter in Arcadia which, if entered by those who were forbidden to do so, robbed them of their shadows.

In the north of Scotland there are some quaint legends of folk who lost this usual attendant. In Sutherland they tell more than one story of a wizard named Donald-Duival McKay. Donald went to a school in Italy where the black art was taught by the devil, who sat in the professor's chair, and at the end of each term claimed as his own the last scholar to depart. Breaking up at this academy was naturally a scramble, none wishing to be last.

On one occasion Donald was really the last, but just as the devil was about to seize him, the resourceful Donald pointed to his own shadow, which fell behind him, saying, "Take thou the hindmost!" Accordingly, his shadow was seized, while he himself escapes, and after his return to Scotland was never seen to have a shadow!

A companion illustration of "de'il tak the hindmost," from Aberdeenshire, is a story of a witch helped laird watching his reapers, whose shadow was seized by Satan, and who was ever after shadowless. In literature Chaucer's famous tale of "Peter Schielmeib" is a well known example of the stories of the shadowless.—New York American.



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To Be Avoided. "There's Wilson! Let us turn back. I've no desire to meet that fellow again! Last week I asked him to lend me five pounds."

"Well, he certainly might have done so; he has plenty of money."

"Yes, I know—and he did lend me the five!"—London Mail.

A Strategist. "That fellow is a greater strategist than Napoleon ever was."

"As to how?"

"He got a two dollar raise of salary a year ago and hasn't told his wife about it yet."—Pittsburg Post.

Obedience is not truly performed by the body of him whose heart is dissatisfied.—Saad.

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Home endorsement should prove undoubtedly the merit of this remedy. Years ago your friends and neighbors testified to the relief they had derived from the use of Doan's Kidney Pills. They now confirm their testimonials. They say time has completed the test.

Mrs. T. S. Norman, 911 Evans St., Greenville, N. C., says: "I gladly give Doan's Kidney Pills my endorsement, as they have proven of greater benefit to me than any other remedy I ever used. I suffered severely from a dull ache through the small of my back. There was also a soreness across my kidneys and I was hardly able to get around on account of sharp, darting pains through my loins. Upon arising in the morning, I felt tired and languid and had but little ambition or energy. Since using Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at Wooten's drug store, the backaches and pains have disappeared. I do not suffer from backache and that tired, languid feeling has disappeared."

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A THRILLING RIDE.

The Piano Run a Frenchman Gave a Locomotive Engineer.

"I was loitering around the streets last night," said Jim Nelson, one of the old locomotive engineers running into New Orleans. "As I had nothing to do I dropped into a concert and heard a sleek looking Frenchman play a piano in a way that made me feel all over in spots. As soon as he sat down on the stool I knew by the way he handled himself that he understood the machine he was running. He tapped the keys away up one end, just as if they were gauges and he wanted to see if he had water enough. Then he looked up as if he wanted to know how much steam he was carrying, and the next moment he pulled open the throttle and sailed on to the main line as if he was half an hour late. You could hear her thunder over culverts and bridges and getting faster and faster, until the fellow rocked about in his seat like a cradle. Somehow I thought it was old 30 pulling a passenger train and getting out of the way of a special. The fellow worked the keys on the middle division like lightning, and then he flew along the north end of the line until the drivers went around like a buzz saw and I got excited. About the time I was fixing to tell him to cut her off a little he kicked the dampers under the machine wide open, pulled the throttle away back in the tender, and how he did run! I couldn't stand it any longer, and yelled to him that he was pounding in the left side, and if he wasn't careful he'd drop his ash pan. But he didn't hear. No one heard me. Everything was flying and whizzing. Telegraph poles on the side of the track looked like a row of cornstalks, and trees appeared to be a mudbank, and all the time the exhaust of the old machine sounded like the hum of a bumblebee. I tried to yell out, but my tongue wouldn't move. He went around the curves like a bullet, slipped an eccentric, blew out his soft plug—went down grades fifty feet to the mile and not a controlling brake set. She went by the meeting point at a mile and a half a minute, and calling for more steam. My hair stood up straight, because I knew the game was up. Sure enough, dead ahead of us was the headlight of a special. In a daze I heard the crash as they struck, and I saw cars shivered into atoms, people smashed and mangled and bleeding and gasping for water. I heard another crash as the French professor struck the deep keys away down on the lower end of the southern division, and then I came to my senses. There he was at a dead standstill, with the door of the firebox of the machine open, wiping the perspiration off his face and bowing to the people before him. If I live to be a thousand years old I'll never forget the ride that Frenchman gave me on a piano."—Life.

Heat.

Little things like bacilli will live in a temperature of above 211 degrees F. Experimental observations of stokers have shown that man is a cousin to the salamander. Dante made six fiery circles of hell and felt constrained to resort to ice for the seventh and last condemnation of souls. Heat, in other words, is a relative term. Heat is beneficent if you like things hot. It depends on the point of view. Heat is supposed to be enervating. The hookworm is engendered by it. But, then, a race horse will go much faster on a hot day than a cool one. The fiercest rays of the sun appear to lubricate the joints. There are various kinds of heat, such as just common, everyday heat, prickly heat and the heat of debate, etc.—Kansas City Times.

A Spartan Father.

Recently a first year high school pupil handed her history teacher what she evidently considered an exhaustive and final study of Lacedaemonian customs. In it she stated that one Spartan habit of strengthening youth was to compel the boys to sleep always on beds and thistles.

The incident reminds one of a story that is told of one of the Camerons of Lochiel.

The chief, when bivouacking with his son in the snow, noticed that the lad had rolled up a snowball to make a pillow. He thereupon rose and kicked it away, saying sternly, "No effeminacy, boy!"—Youth's Companion.

Burning a Diamond.

The diamond was first burned by Davy and Faraday in 1814. It was held on a platinum rod in a glass globe of twenty-two cubic inches of pure hydrogen and the Duke of Tuscany's burning glass—a lens of fourteen inches and one of three inches separated six and one-half feet—concentrated the sun's heat. In three-quarters of an hour the stone burst into a scarlet flame. Out of focus it blazed four minutes and was consumed in two more trials.

Playing Safe.

"Johnny," said the teacher, "this is the third time I have had to punish you this week. Why are you so naughty?"

"Because," answered the incorrigible youngster, "grandpa says the good die young, and I ain't taking any chances."—Chicago News.

A Bold Jollier.

Mrs. Hasleigh—Yes, we've been having considerable trouble with our milk lately. Do you take your coffee with or without?

New Boarder—I take it within.—Boston Transcript.

An envious man waxes lean at the fatness of his neighbor.—Socrates.

SPRINKLE



a few handsome circulars or booklets about town and see your business revive.

Good advertising is to a drooping business what water is to a thirsty flower. We know how to print everything from a card to a catalogue in a way that will make your business hold up its head and bloom.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Wellington's Cool Interview With a Murderous Maniac.

One day as the Duke of Wellington sat writing at his library table quite alone his door was suddenly opened without a knock or announcement of any sort, and in stalked a gaunt man, who stood before the commander in chief with his hat on and a savage expression of countenance.

The duke was of course a little annoyed at such an unceremonious interruption, and, looking up, he asked, "Who are you?" "I am Dionysius," was the singular answer. "Well, what do you want?" "Your life." "My life?" "Yes; I am sent to kill you." "Very odd," said the duke, sitting back and calmly gazing at the intruder. "Not at all, for I am Dionysius," said the stranger, "and I must put you to death." "Are you obliged to perform this duty today?" asked the commander in chief. "I am very busy just now and have a large number of letters to write. It would be very inconvenient today." The visitor looked hard during a moment's pause. "Call again," continued the duke, "or write and make an appointment." "You'll be ready?" "Without fail," was the reply.

The maniac, awed doubtless by the stern old soldier, backed out of the room without further words and half an hour later was safe in bedlam.—London Graphic.

FULL OF GRATITUDE.

But the Little One Had a Queer Way of Expressing It.

Mr. Brown's business kept him so occupied during the daytime that he had little opportunity to enjoy the society of his own children. When some national holiday gave him a day of leisure his young son was usually his chosen companion. One day, however, Mr. Brown, reproached by the wistful eyes of his seven-year-old daughter, reversed the order of things and invited the little girl to go with him for a long walk.

She was a shy, silent, small person, and during the two hours' stroll not a single word could Mr. Brown induce the little maid to speak, but her shining eyes attested that she appreciated his efforts to amuse her—indeed, she fairly glowed with suppressed happiness.

Just before they reached home, however, the child managed, but only after a tremendous struggle with her inherent timidity, to find words to express her gratitude.

"Papa, what flower do you like best?" she asked.

"Why, I don't know, my dear—sunflowers, I guess."

"Then," cried the little girl, beaming with gratitude, "that's what I'll plant on your grave!"—Exchange.

Tennyson's Tactlessness.

Several stories are told of Tennyson's thoughtless speeches. "What fish is this?" he once asked his hostess where he was dining. "Whiting," she replied. "The meanest fish there is," he remarked, quite unconscious that he could have wounded any one's feelings.

Yet his kindness of heart was such that when his partridge was afterward given him almost raw he ate steadily through it for fear his hostess might be vexed.

On one occasion Tennyson was very rude to Mrs. Brotherton, a neighbor at Freshwater. The next day he came to her house with a great cabbage under each arm.

"I heard you like these, so I brought them," he said genially. It was his idea of a peace offering.

Women's Time Schedules.

Few women speak of a train starting slightly off the even hour, as the 3:02 train, for example, or the 3:12. "Three" will do. It bothers a man a heap to go hunting for a 3 o'clock train by feminine directions when it is a 3:12 train. For some women "3" will do for the 2:54 train; it's near enough. Then the man following feminine directions, unless he is on his guard against these pitfalls, is lost. Probably if it weren't for his business training, which teaches a man that 3:02 is not 3, not 3:01, not 3:01½, not 3:01¾, but 3:02, he'd be better natured about women's time schedules.—Boston Post.

The Soft Answer.

Two men were occupying a double seat in a crowded car. One of them was a long distance whistler and the other was evidently annoyed. "You don't seem to like my whistling," said the noisy one after a five minute continuous performance. "No, I don't," was the frank reply. "Well," continued the other, "maybe you think you are man enough to stop it?" "No, I don't think I am," rejoined the other, "but I hope you are." And the whistling was discontinued.—Argonaut.

OUR MARKET REPORTS.

Norfolk cotton and peanuts wired by J. W. Perry & Co., Cotton Factors.

Cotton	Today	Yesterday
Middling	16	16
Str Low Middling	15 7-8	15 7-8
Low Middling	15 5-8	15 5-8
Peanuts		
Fancy	4½	4½
Strictly Prime	4¼	4¼
Prime	4	4
Low Grades	3	3

By Wire to The Reflector.

New York Future Market

Wired by Cobb Bros. & Co., Bankers and Brokers, Norfolk.

October	13 92	13 77
December	13 82	13 64
January	13 72	13 59

Chicago Markets

September Wheat	1 43 8	104 1-
September Corn	60 1-2	63 1-
Ribs:		
September	11 42	11 36
October Ribs	10 70	10 85
Lard:		
September	11 55	11 45
October Lard	11 47	11 37

New York, Aug. 10.—At the opening cotton was easy except August, which was one point higher. New crop positions were 2 to 5 points lower. Cables made a disappointing show, due to rains in Texas, but in the face of this buying orders had little effect. After call the market rallied sharply. Opening: August 15.98; September 14.58; October, 13.74; January, 13.60.

New York, Aug. 10.—The uneasiness in short interests caused a strong opening in the stock market this morning. Thousands of shares of steel corporation, common stock sold just under 70%. The initial price of Union Pacific and Reading railroad were permanent. Other railroads and industrials being active, many making gains.

Chicago, Aug. 10.—Wheat was several points off this morning. Corn lost a little but more than regained it failing to follow wheat. Oats were steady. Provisions easier.

When He Didn't Stutter.

A confirmed stammerer went into a restaurant and met a few casual acquaintances, who at once commenced chaffing him most unmercifully respecting the impediment in his speech. At last one of them, a pert little fellow who had been making himself rather conspicuous by his remarks said, "Well, old man, I'll bet suppers round you can't order them without stammering." "D-d-d-d-d," says Brown, and, to the astonishment of the company and the discomfort of his challenger (all of whom were unaware of his being, as is often the case with stutters, a first class singer), he beckoned the waiter and sang the order without the slightest hitch, then turning round to his tormentor, said "N-n-n-n-n, y-y-y-y-y c-c-c-c-c p-p-p-p-p."—Argonaut.

The Start of an Author.

Soon after "Treasure Island" had appeared and attracted public attention to Robert Louis Stevenson, two gentlemen were traveling up to London from Norfolk. One of them was reading "Treasure Island." Presently, having finished the book, he dropped it into his traveling bag, remarking: "Well, I think I could myself write a better child's story than that." The other, who, by the way, was his brother, urged him to try. Six weeks afterward the former handed to the latter a complete tale in manuscript. It was "King Solomon's Mines," the first novel that made a reputation for Mr. Rider Haggard.

The Phrenological Test.

A distinguished phrenologist while dining at a hotel stated at the table that he had formed an opinion of the character of each one present. An Irishman said that he would propound a question and that if it was truthfully answered he would forever believe in phrenology. The phrenologist said he was satisfied and told him to proceed. "Thin," said the Irishman, "will yez be ather tellin' me am I married or single?"—London Telegraph.

FOR BUSY SHOPPERS.

Business Locals—The Reflector Bargain Column.

All advertisements coming under this head will be charged for at the rate of 5 cents per line, average six words to the line. All advertisers who haven't an account with us should send money with ad.

WILLINGHAM WILL TREAT YOU

right.

FRUIT JAR RUBBERS AND JAR tops at S. M. Schultz.

NOTICE—PEOPLE WANTING ME will call 304. W. J. Turnage.

I HAVE A NICE LOT OF DRY WOOD on hand, people wanting will call me up. Phone 304. W. J. Turnage.

IN WEST GREENVILLE BEAUTIFUL residence lots for sale on easy terms. See Higgs Bros. 27dtf

FOR RENT—TWO-STORY BRICK Building, situated on Dickinson avenue. Higgs Bros. dtf.

FOR RENT—A PORTION OF HOTEL Macon building, suitable for boarding-house. Terms reasonable. Apply to L. C. Skinner. dtf

JUST RECEIVED—A FULL LINE OF fall styles in John B. Stetson soft and stiff brim hats. Frank Wilson. 86

COLLARD PLANTS—PLANT THEM now. Ollen E. Warren, Florist. 811

PEARS FOR EATING AND PRESERVING. For sale by Mrs. R. M. Hearne. 810

FOR SALE—ONE EXCELLENT TWO story brick building in Cecil, Ga., well adapted for a supply business and is located on the best corner in town. Will sell cheap for cash terms, or will accept a piece of property well located as first payment. National Loan & Trust Co., Tifton, Ga. 812

FARM—I HAVE AN EXCELLENT farm of 500 acres, with 250 acres in cultivation in Sumpter Co., Ga., which I will sell at a bargain for cash or terms. P. N. Mathis, Cecil, Ga. 812

FOR SALE—FARM—FORMERLY known as A. W. Salisbury place, 3 miles from Hassells, containing about 350 acres. For information, address Mrs. Rosa Salisbury, Robertsonville, N. C. 814

P. M. JOHNSTON WILL BUY FOR cash any kind of copper, brass, lead, zinc, either in small or large quantities. 816

PHONE NO. 23 FOR P. M. JOHNSTON, the plumber. 816

Notice!

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of J. R. Corey, deceased, late of Pitt county, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to present them to the undersigned within twelve months of this notice, or the same will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said real estate will please make immediate payment. This August 8, 1910.

J. W. ALLEN,

Administrator of J. R. Corey. W. F. Evans, Attorney.

For House of Representatives.

To the Democratic voters of Pitt county:

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the House of Representatives from the county of Pitt, subject to the Democratic primary, to be held on the 10th day of September, 1910. S. T. CARSON. 99

Making it Rain.

"Popper," said little Willie Billups, "what does the paper mean when it says that when it comes to getting next to the people, Colonel Blinks has all the other candidates lashed to the mast?"

"That is the slang way of saying, my son," returned Billups, "that for keeping his eye peeled old man Blinks has his opponents skinned a mile."

"There are people in this world for whom the English language is not good enough when they come to the expression of what few ideas they have in their mental garages."—Harper's Weekly.

Highly Efficacious.

"George is not naturally a hasty man, and as his position requires great patience and capacity for waiting, he took a regular training course in both."

"How did he do it?" "He always went with his wife shopping to match things."—Baltimore American.

The Rolling Ocean.

She—Shall I have your lunch brought up to you here, dear? He (feebly)—No, love; have it thrown straight overboard. It will save time and trouble.—London Sketch.

Cobb Bros. & Co.

NORFOLK, VA.

Cotton Buyers, Brokers in Stock, Cotton, Grain and Provisions.

PRIVATE WIRE to New York, Chicago and New Orleans.

J. W. Perry & Co.

NORFOLK, VA.

Cotton Factors and handlers of Baggings, Ties and Bags.

Correspondence and shipment solicited.