

The Fireside.

THE TARIFF'S WALL OF WOE.

Election, oh, election. Is it really drawing near? With its joys and with its sorrows. With its hope and with its fear. There's a minor in the carol. Freshly sounds the voice of Quay. Beaver seemeth disconnected. Cooper's looks are turning gray: And the bush is never broken: By laughter light and low. As we listen, in the twilight. For the tariff's wall of woe.

Oh, tariff, loyal tariff! 'Tis not so very long Since we pressed her in the service. When things were going wrong. She made Rowan the Sheriff. She vanquished Gross and Banes. She purified the Nation. From all his sinful stains: But now she seems rheumatic. She's hobbling rather slow. And we listen, in the starlight. For the tariff's wall of woe.

Oh, tariff, faithful tariff! Alas, we can't but see The heavy rain-cloud lowering Above the G. O. P. We cannot strike the mixture Of water and of fire. All raged in this garment. Erewhile it was a coat: The railroad issue frights us. We know not where to go. So we weep, beneath the moonlight. At the tariff's wall of woe.—N. Y. Star.

AN EXPERIMENTAL COOK.

When Fred Sibley married Alice Wheeler he took her to a well-furnished, comfortable home, and to all appearance life opened out most auspiciously for those two who had become one.

For a time all went well. Mrs. Wheeler, the mother of Alice, lived with the young couple, as had been planned before the marriage. She was a woman of good sense and effaced herself as much as was consistent with her own self-respect, recognizing the right of the young people to perfect freedom under their own roof-tree.

She did more. Fred's means were not adequate to the expense of keeping a cook, and Mrs. Wheeler was a practical house-keeper. So she accomplished that part of the work with her own hands and furnished the young couple with those admirable meals which reached a historical fame as "Mother's cooking."

Alice Wheeler had been a teacher for some years when Fred married. She was quite familiar with that rigid domestic economy which is the wealth of most women's lives but she had lived in an atmosphere of love and good-fellowship where fault-finding was unknown. Her mother had managed the little household with wise provision, and Alice had given her time to sewing and intellectual culture. Of cooking and housekeeping she knew little.

All this had to be explained to Fred, who declared he wanted a wife for a companion, instead of a drudge. Alice gave up her school and married him on these conditions, and intended taking private lessons from her mother in all the minutia of housekeeping matters.

Why are people never satisfied to let well enough alone? Fred Sibley had been married less than three months when he came home one day and found the usual well-cooked, nicely-served dinner, and his wife presiding in her accustomed neat home toilet. I believe there is not a certain person—unable to ears polite who ever since the days of Job has gone to and fro in the land, involving families in domestic broils. He must have been at Fred Sibley's elbow that day and prompted him to say:

"Alice, I wish you would cook a meal occasionally." "But Fred," reasoned Alice, gently, "you know I cannot cook. I have always been a student or a teacher."

"Every woman should know how to cook," continued Fred, in the grandiloquent tone a young man uses when he asserts his authority.

"You might as well say that every man ought to make his own clothes, or build his own house," answered Alice, good-naturedly but with a strained inflection of voice. "Do not the meals suit you now?"

"Certainly," with a differential bow to Mrs. Wheeler, who—wise woman—took no part in conversation, "but I want my wife to know how to cook. Suppose your mother should be absent or ill, what would become of me then?"

"What would become of me?" thought Alice with a quivering heart, but she answered quietly:

"I shall learn something, Fred; you must have patience."

She had it in her mind to surprise him some day with a delightful meal. "Some day is not the time, Alice. I wish you would cook the dinner to-day without the help from your mother. Roast a chicken, cook peas, asparagus and potatoes, and make my favorite birds'-nest pudding," and the new autocrat of the breakfast table went to his business leaving his wife with a heightened color and displeased expression, for this sudden assumption of authority was distasteful to her.

For this husband of hers was only her senior by a year, and they "didn't mind" anything down in Judea," where he came from either. Mrs. Wheeler scarcely glanced at her daughter as she rose from the table and removed the pretty breakfast service. When the dishes were all in their places she went to her own room and locked herself in. Once during the forenoon she heard a sound of weeping, and opened her door.

"What is it?" she called anxiously. "I've cut my fingers off, but it's no matter," was the terse answer. Dinner time came, so did Fred. Mrs. Wheeler came down after he was seated. Alice was in her own place, very much flushed, with the black, symbolic characters of "the key of the kitchen" inscribed on cheek and chin, and the half amputated finger tied up in an old kid glove sheath. Fred's greeting was not very re-assuring.

"Why, Alice! You look like a chimney sweep!" "I feel like one," was the answer. Fred began with an attempt to carve the chicken. Neither knife nor fork made the slightest impression. He laid them down.

"Did you parboil it?" he inquired. "No, I didn't suppose chickens needed to be parboiled?" "Chickens don't," retorted Fred; "old fowls do. Nobody living can dismember this one."

Then he removed a cover and his lips began to curl. "What in—what sort of a mess is this?" "Peas on toast," answered Alice, with a brave swallowing of some obstruction in the throat—her heart probably. "Cats on toast," snapped Fred; "who ever heard of cooking peas in that way?"

"You have forgotten to ask a bless-

ing," suggested Alice, with a wicked twinkle of sarcasm in her eye. Fred instantly dropped his head and mumbled: "For what we are now about to receive the Lord make us thankful. Amen—what sort of a stew is there in this dish?"

"This is asparagus." "What's it all chopped up for like that? Well, I suppose I must dine on potatoes—w-h-o-w! they're burnt as black as my hat."

"I believe they did scorch a little," said Alice coolly; "they boiled dry. What's that a sign of, mother?" But at that moment Mrs. Wheeler excused herself, and without answering her daughter's question went to her room.

"Give me some pudding!" Fred commanded in the martial tone in which he might have said, "Give me liberty or give me death!"

He devoured a plateful while his wife regarded him as if he were some new zoological specimen. "Is the pudding good?" she inquired timidly.

"It doesn't need any praising," remarked her lord and master. "Give me another dose."

"Then the worm" turned. Alice rose from the table and all unconscious of her chief-cook-and-botte washer appearance confronted the would-be household tyrant.

"Mr. Sibley," she said in a clear, firm voice, and with what Semantha Allen would call a majestic mein, "I have cooked the first and last dinner I shall ever cook for you. If you had given me one word of praise or encouragement I should probably have gone on slaving and drudging to the end trying to pamper your despotic appetite with impossible cooking. Now I shall do my own work in my own way. And I will never again debase professional cook of her just perquisites."

She was as good as her word. The next day a red-handed daughter of Osmin was installed in the kitchen, and Alice resumed her situation of teaching, with more satisfactory pupils than pots and pans. For a week Fred sulked and felt himself aggrieved, but he has long since decided that his wife is a better helpmeet than his cook, and very wisely they never discuss bygone.

MODERN PLAYS. A scene-painter's outfit and a carpenter's tool-chest were hurrying down the street when they met a toiling dramatist.

"Out of the way," they said haughtily, as the toiling dramatist bared his head and bowed low; "we are going down to the lumber-yard to get a new American play."

"But," pleaded the toiling dramatist, "here is one I have just written. The heroine is a pure young girl—" "That settles it," they said harshly; "its domestic production. What we want is an American play that is purely English and hasn't a throb of any sort of purity in the whole five acts, and we can make it ourselves. Away, slight manager!" and trampling over his prostrate form they got their lumber and canvas in twenty-four hours, sawed out a play which they filled with circus posters and ran every night for two years.

MORAL.—The race is not always to the swift, but sometimes to the fellow who cuts across the course and gets there.

The Verdict Unanimous. W. D. Sult, Druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of rheumatism of ten years standing." Abraham Hare, Druggist, Bellville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my twenty years experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at Kirby & Robinson's Drug Store.

He is a great man who can sacrifice everything and say nothing. I have been bothered with catarrh for about twenty years. I had lost my smell entirely for the last fifteen years, and I had almost lost my hearing. My eyes were getting so dim I had to get some one to thread my needle. Now I have my hearing as well as I ever had, and I can see to thread as fine a needle as ever I did. My sense of smell is partly restored; it seems to be improving all the time. I think there is nothing like Ely's Cream Balm for catarrh.—Mrs. E. E. Grams, Rendill, Perry Co., Ohio.

PARLOR SUITS! OUR WAINUT SUITS, superior, for style and beauty are the best in the world. Stocked with the above goods and that they are offering them at Northern Prices.

CROCKERY and GLASSWARE, LAMPS and LAMP GOODS, Carpets, Rugs, Oil Cloths, Mattings, FURNITURE!

EVERY FARMER WANTS THE EARTH TO PRODUCE A LARGE CROP! AND AT THE SAME TIME Permanently Enrich His Land! This want can be met with a

PURE BONE FERTILIZER! Such a Fertilizer is now offered you in the old established

Lister's Standard Pure Bone SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME! For Cotton, Wheat, Tobacco, Corn, Oats, Grass, Tomatoes and General Application. Ammoniated Dissolved Bone Phosphate, PLAIN DISSOLVED BONE and CELEBRATED GROUND BONE.

Lister's Agricultural Chemical Works, 54-58 BUCHANAN'S WHARF, BALTIMORE, Md. Factory, Newark, N. J.

For Sale by—MORRIS & TAYLOR, Successors to W. S. Farmer, Goldsboro, N. C.; J. F. OLIVER, Mount Olive; L. C. HUBBARD, Clinton, N. C.; W. F. STANLEY, Kinston, N. C.; G. J. YELVERTON, Copeland, N. C. 1st 23-27

MRS. E. W. MOORE, Goldsboro, N. C., May 10, 1886-17

FALL GOODS

Money Saved to Merchants Buying Their Goods at Home!

We would call the attention of the public to our well-selected stock of Goods for the Fall Trade. Save your money and buy your goods at home, thereby saving your freights. We sell at Baltimore prices. We are manufacturer's agents, and wholesale agents for the celebrated

Gail & Ax, Lorillard, and R. R. Mills Snuffs. APPLES AND CABBAGE SOLD ON CONSIGNMENT. CONFECTIONERIES, FRUITS, &c., at WHOLESALE.

We also handle Tobacco of all kinds, Cigars, Cigarettes. Sole agents for the "Cross Out" and "Lone Jack" Cigarettes. Pipes, Cigar and Cigarette Holders, Meerchaum Pipes, Cigar and Cigarette Cases, Matches, Paper Bags, Wrapping Paper, Horsford's Bread Preparation, Star Lye, Crackers, Cakes, Fancy and Plain Candy, Sardines, Canned Oysters, Stationery, &c. We are still at our old quarters; don't forget the place. Give us a call before buying. Yours truly,

GRIFFIN BROS., Corner under Gregory House. GOLDSDORO, N. C. Oct. 7, 1886-17

LADIES FINE SHOES!

ROCHESTER, N. Y., September 15, 1886. We have made M. E. CASTEX & CO., of GOLDSBORO, N. C., our Agents for the sale of our Ladies' Fine Shoes. We make on the N. Y. Opera, Acme, Wauken Phast, and Creole lasts; the latter is just out and is very NICE. We use the McKay Machine and sew with best Barbour's thread. Every pair warranted. They are nice, neat and stylish. Give them a look when you want a Shoe and you will be pleased. We use the Gordian Patent Stay.

sept6-wawtf E. P. REED & CO. We Respectfully Announce To our Friends, Patrons, and the Public, That we are constantly adding to our Stock, and can supply your wants, with prices and goods that will compare with anything in Eastern North Carolina, consisting, in part, of

HARDWARE CUTLERY, TIN WARE, HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, STOVES, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, PUTTY, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, &c.

A Fine Line of Breech and Muzzle Loading Guns to Arrive Soon! SHOT, POWDER, CAPS, &c. Thanking you for past patronage, we hope to merit a continuance of the same

RESPECTFULLY, HUGGINS & FREEMAN, North Walnut Street, Near Bank of New Hanover. Goldsboro, N. C., August 23, 1886-17

GOLDSBORO, N. C., September 27, 1886-17 57 & 59, East Centre Street, Opposite Old Bank. FUCHTLER & KERN, CALL AND EXAMINE OUR STOCK BEFORE BUYING. Our Motto is "QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS."

HEADSTAYS, MATTRESSES and CHAIRS, BEDSTAYS, LOOKING GLASSES and BAR GLASSES, SIGNS, STANDS, EASELS, PICTURE FRAMES, MOUNTING, CHILDREN'S CAR, REAR, WASH STANDS, SAFFERS, SIDING, BOOKCASES, MIRROR, etc. We have made special arrangements to sell them as low as any Northern House, and to suit the public, and we are offering them at Northern Prices.

We call the Attention of Country Merchants to Our Line of the Latest Styles—such as Hair Cloth, Span Silk, Embossed or Crushed Plush. PARLOR SUITS! OUR WAINUT SUITS, superior, for style and beauty are the best in the world. Stocked with the above goods and that they are offering them at Northern Prices.

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MRS. E. W. MOORE, Goldsboro, N. C., May 10, 1886-17

LATEST FROM THE CAMPAIGN!

ASHER EDWARDS,

THE PIONEER OF LOW PRICES. Leading All Competitors!

That he was the Leader the public has had proof enough to know and admit. That he is the Leader can easily be proven, all that is necessary is to visit his

Mammoth Establishment

Where Low Prices Always Reign! Down They Go! Dry Goods Tumbling!

ASHER EDWARDS "THE HEAD BOSS!" Buys another Stock at Twenty Five Cents on the Dollar. One Fourth the Original Cost. Goldsboro receives the Largest Share of the Purchase. He buys no Goods to keep, and proposes to move this Stock at a still livelier rate than ever.

With Increased Steam, And Running on a Down Grade without Air Brakes, he will make the fastest time on record.

With the Fuel of Low Prices, he has already started a flame which illuminates for miles and miles.

STAND FROM UNDER! I have now in Store the Largest and Best Selected Stock ever offered by me in Goldsboro, and I am prepared to offer

UNSURPASSED BARGAINS! I will not weary and tire the public by enumerating all the goods I have on hand or mentioning any prices, but will merely Renew My Standing Challenge!

And Determination, to sell any article in my line at 25 per cent. less than the same article is advertised or sold by any other merchant in town. No matter how low they may offer goods to you, I, the Original Champion of Low Prices will undersell them.

A Public Benefactor! This title I justly claim, inasmuch as I was the FIRST MAN to bring down the price of goods in this city.

IT IS A FACT! That if you buy FIVE DOLLARS worth of Goods from me, you will carry away a Larger Bundle of Better Goods, than TEN DOLLARS worth from any other store in the State would make.

THE GOODS MUST GO! I will be very little trouble for you to call and verify this statement. I DO NOT ADVERTISE! To entrap Customers and when once in the Store, RAISE or ALTER the price of an advertised article. NO MISREPRESENTATION.

STOP AND THINK, BEFORE YOU BUY, AS ONE DOLLAR SAVED IS THAT MUCH MADE! The great increase in my trade has been to such an extent, that I am compelled to keep, now, the Largest and Most Complete Stock in North Carolina, consisting in part of Domestic, Staple and Fancy Dry Goods; a Full and Complete Line of Men's, Youth's, Boy's and Children's Clothing, from the lowest priced to the very best and Finest Merchant Tailor Work. Boots and Shoes of all grades and qualities. A full line of Ladies New-markets and Circulars made up in the latest style.

Cotton at 8 Cents, Is a Pretty Low Price, but it isn't so Low after all when you see how GOODS are SLAUGHTERED at ASHER EDWARDS' PALACE STORE!

It is true the crop is short and the worst is that you don't get hardly anything for your produce, but still there are people coming to my store daily saying: "Mr. Edwards, how in the world can Goods be made up at the price you are selling them?" The riddle to this puzzle I will leave for you to solve.

I Will Admit that my advertisement this season is later than usual; in fact my store being daily thronged with customers it was unable for me to do it any sooner. MY BUSINESS IS BOOMING!

1. Because Goods are Sold Cheaper than other Houses can buy them. 2. Because the Greatest Bargains are bought and the Benefit given to Customers. 3. Because I keep the Largest Stock and Best Selections in the city. 4. Because there is no misrepresentation. EVERYTHING is sold as Advertised. 5. Because the most innocent child and shrewdest of buyers are treated alike.

COUNTRY MERCHANTS AND DEALERS Would no well to avail themselves of the Rare and extraordinary Opportunity offered, for I can beat the prices of any Northern Market, and have just the kind of Goods that you can sell to advantage; besides I offer you Liberal Terms and Accommodation. My facilities for the accommodation of visiting Farmers are now complete in all respects. I have the very best Lot, Stables and Shelters in the State, all of which I offer to the public.

Take into Consideration That by buying from the "Original Champion of Low Prices" you will be happy and content when leaving town, but the purchases made of others so-called champions—whom, more becomingly, could be called Idle Boasters—will make you feel miserable and dissatisfied all your life.

DANGER! TAKE WARNING!! Don't be Deceived by Signs, Talking or Braggings. Always Look for the "Golden Eagle" and the Ornamental Sign in Gilded Letters: "ASHER EDWARDS."

Again extending to the public a cordial invitation to visit my "Palace Establishment," I will try to merit their confidence by FAIR and HONEST DEALING! Polite Salesmen are in Attendance and a Warm Welcome will Greet You! Come One! Come All! To the Great Rendezvous and Headquarters for Bargains, and you will be convinced that I am the HEAD "BOSS" AND CHAMPION OF LOW PRICES!

ASHER EDWARDS, 37 & 39, EAST CENTRE STREET, GOLDSBORO, N. C.