

Lo= The Poor Editor.

Not all of our readers know what it means to be a newspaper man. All of the luxury and delight of life are not, as is commonly supposed, centered in this specimen. From early childhood, we too were prone to think, thus, and the editor once dreamed that he wore nose glasses, and a Prince Albert, and marched proudly down the crowded thoroughfares, while every-one stepped back to give him room. In his distorted imagination people gave heed to his utterances, and the editor was a walking oracle tuned to sing the prophetic note of political and religious warning.

Afterwards when we secured a position on a city daily we walked around with our nose up in the air and felt good. It pleased us to have the police make way for us when an eager crowd were held at bay. It delighted us to ride on free passes and to go to the show without money and without price. We scarcely realized that our salary consisted mainly in such luxuries. We went up boldly against the free cigar, and other things, which were also free. It did our youthfulness much good to see how the other young men envied us and came to us to have their poetry manufactured, and looked up to us as men look up to the Washington monument.

In later years we turn a stiffened neck and look back on those balmy days ere patches on our garments grew noticeable. Time, in her ever fleecing caper seems twisted around the piazza of our pathway like an elastic band around a batch of old letters. And yet we are content. Today we do not turn back to ask for a renewal of that past. We are not calling on time to turn backward; nor do we desire to become a child again—not even for tonight. We are pleased with things as they are. The big generous hearted public we desire to thank for favors of the past. The man who saw in the scriptures those words commanding him to visit the afflicted has been to see us. Time and again has he called and borrowed our news counter as a support. He has not failed to do us the favor of reading our paper here, blowing the fragrant odor of his dirty pipe into our face, as he complains because the paper is a little late for him to read. Of course we do not complain that he does not pay for the paper. We had infinitely rather have him borrow a copy from the office, like a man, and tell us our mistakes than to read his neighbors paper and point them out behind our back. We are not kicking because, in a mistaken idea of doing us a favor, this man carries away the bulk of our exchanges, and has become so attached to our Charlotte Observer, or our Atlanta Constitution as to severely criticize us if we forget and carry it home with us. In carrying off this rubbish it is no doubt intended to alleviate the labors of the office boy. To this well meaning man we extend thanks.

Then there are the dear ladies. To these we also have a gentle word. We have labored faithfully to be true to them. When they bring us church sociable notices we give them free advertising space and murmur not. We have even broken important engagements to go to those sociables, and then paid two prices for every saucer of cream we ate. Money is not too plentiful with our profession, and this was somewhat of a hardship, but we do not begrudge them this. To the kind hearted merchant subscriber who does not advertise but pays for our paper three months in advance and then stops our reporter and generously gives him news which is worth about fifteen cents an inch on the weekly paper basis, we have nothing to say. It is but just, we are after all, a public organ. To the lecturer who fails to tell us that he intended to fumigate the ear drums of a be-

nighted populace with choice selections of mother wit—we mean no insult to his mother; it is but a phrase—and who afterwards discovers that we were not present, and did not even hear of his oration we humbly extend apologies. We know we should have heard of it. It is our business to hear of everything. Indeed, we are sorry. To the society lady who gave a reception, and sent us word we might call after the reception and get a report of it, we bow acknowledgements, and ask pardon that we spelled her name "Smith" in the usual way instead of "Smyth," as she lately discovered it should always have been. We have been somewhat derelict in reading our exchanges, and as we have poor news service we failed to learn the important fact. We have no doubt, however, that we have been cruelly scooped by our contemporaries, in this item, long ago. It is our luck. We make no charges or complaints because we stood an hour and a half on the steps in the rain and thoughtlessly cursed the footman who forgot us in his ecstasy with the housemaid, who fed him company cake, while the overworked butler served the guests. Our complaint is not based here. We are not angry with the minister who subtly led us into his pew along with his lambs and then discovered that we were a lion and fired his Gatling gun at us when we were out of cover. The ministry is after all an aberuncater destined to tear up such as we. Nay our sighs are not wafted hitherward. To the merchant who lured us into a free write up of his stock, in the faint hope of landing a two dollar derby on five dollars worth of space, to say nothing of the good will expended, and who afterwards presented us with a twenty-five cent tie, and then burst his vest buttons in magnanimity and condescendingly nodded at us for three days without extra compensation, we simply note in passing.

Even in our wildest fondest dreams of journalism we never for one moment harbored the thought that our poor editorial column was to be attacked and confiscated. This is the one straw which, alas, has seriously bruised, if it could not break our desert ridden camels back. We quote for the benefit of the few whom we may yet call friends the following letter:

"Edditer The Tar Heel

My dear Sur;—Wont you kindly write us a editorial abusing the men who sell in oppersition to us. We take your paper and think you ought to attack them for us. They are—who sells—much cheaper than we can. Kindly write them up at once and enclose find a stamp for mailing us three copies of your paper, which we already take one copy of.

With best wishes for your success we are, Etc."

No gentle subscriber; no, we cannot, we simply cannot concede to, your request. Choke us, sneer at us, steel from us; anything, only dont ask us to abuse those who undersell you. The scripture says pray for them who despitefully use you. Could you not try that. Providence has far more power than the "editter" and could put a coupling pin on the track much easier. Nay, we cannot, we cannot do this thing. We return your stamp all unlicked and fresh. Take it and put it on a letter to some one else. When you want us to accept a bag of seed potatoes out of season, or a load of kindling wood, in exchange for a subscription, call on us, but do not think that because we are a public organ we are to be played on by every wandering musician. If you stop our paper for this bold act we cannot help it. We will try to make out until hog killing time without you, and if the inevitable happens, why we will have to make the most of it. Thats the way Patrick Henry did when he was cornered.

Docter (to Mrs. Perkins, whose husband is ill)—Has he had any lucid intervals?

Mrs. Perkins (with dignity)—E's ad nothink except what you ordered, Docteri!—Punch.

The Masonic Bazar.

In the contests which the Masonic Bazaar held last week, the rings and watch which were raffled off, were the cause of no little discussion and excitement. There were some who were disposed to criticise the Masons for conducting what appeared to be a gambling affair. However, raffling while smacking of chance and luck, with something to loose for a great many and something to gain for a very few, is not generally termed gambling. Just what the difference is is hard to say, but it is conceded that this method of winning or loosing on money invested is not gambling. There were a number of chances sold and every one enjoyed it. The diamond ring went to Dr. Gregory, who drew the luckiest of all the premiums. This ring was a beauty. It was sold by Selig, and was indeed a splendid advertisement for this concern, in that it was all that it could have been. The watch which was drawn by the three year old boy of Captain Ballance, of the Norfolk and Southern Railway was also a very pretty thing. It was one of the best in stock and will make the lad a handsome present when he is of sufficient age to appreciate it. The second value ring went to Mr. Robert Jennings. This ring was set in diamond chips with two pretty opals, and was a prize worth having.

In other respects the Bazaar was a great success. The ladies who kindly assisted in the conduct, and management of the affair deserve especial thanks, for without them the bazaar would have been a failure.

It is to be hoped that the Masonic order received considerable benefit from this source, and should another entertainment be promised in the future, the Masons may be assured that a prompt response will be made on the part of the public.

CORINTH.

Correspondence of the Tar Heel. Corinth N. C., May 23, 1903.—Rev. D. P. Harris, pastor of Corinth church delivered an elegant sermon from Revelations 20: 12 verse. A large crowd was present.

Miss Beatrix Cartwright entertained some of her friends last Saturday. Among those present were Misses Effie Brite, Katie Brite and Idela Pritchard.

Miss Addie Williams returned home Wednesday.

Mr. W. T. Harris spent Friday in Camden.

Quite a number of people in this vicinity attended the Baptist Association at Woodville. Reports it fine and enjoyable if there wasn't so much dust.

Rev. P. S. C. Davis of South Norfolk Va., has returned after spending a few days with his brother Mr. Jousha Davis.

Miss Corra Davis entertained several of her friends Wednesday. Among them was Misses Maggie Mansfield, Lou Sivills and Addie Williams of Shawboro, N. C.

Death of Mrs. Raper.

On last Friday night Mrs. Margaret A. Raper, wife of Mr. Caleb Raper died very suddenly at her home near Weeksville, N. C. The dead lady was at the time of her sudden demise in her 66th year. Mrs. Raper was well known in Elizabeth City, and highly esteemed for those qualities which make the true wife, the sincere friend and affectionate and zealous mother. She was a devoted christian and died in the firm belief of a bright hereafter. Deceased is the mother of Mr. Henry Raper, of this city and an aunt of Mr. James Thompson, both of whom are citizens of this place. The public extends sympathy to the bereaved family who have suffered so great a loss.

Docter (to Mrs. Perkins, whose husband is ill)—Has he had any lucid intervals?

Mrs. Perkins (with dignity)—E's ad nothink except what you ordered, Docteri!—Punch.

Dr. A. WECK,

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ITS PLEASANT ON EUCLID HEIGHTS.

I'd like to live there for its growing into a desirable neighborhood and the Euclid Heights Co. are taking the proper step toward putting the property in the front rank. It has the advantage of being the nearest suburban property to the new Rail Road depot. Lets buy a lot and build before the lots grow to \$500 each.

Straw Mattings.

5000 YDS. OF FRESH, CLEAN, NEW GOODS:—quite a little pile of matting, but it will move quickly. We placed an import order for these goods last summer, when they could be bought right. They have been slow to arrive, but **THEY ARE NOW HERE** and we offer them, the choicest patterns, at money saving prices.

Japanese Thread Warps as low as 20c.—Damasks and Carpet Effects at 20c., and at 25c., we offer a line of world beaters. Roll Prices, Materially Less—China Mat'gs at 10c. to 33c.

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"A man living on a farm near here came in a short time ago completely doubled up with rheumatism. I handed him a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and told him to use it freely and if not satisfied after using it he need not pay a cent for it." says C. P. Rader, of Pattens Mill, N. Y., "A few days later he walked into the store as straight as a string, and handed me a dollar saying, give me another bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I want it in the house all the time for it cured me." For sale by Standard Pharmacy, Elizabeth City, W. J. Griffin Co., Manteo, N. C.

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