

Fisherman & Farmer.

A. H. MITCHELL,
Editor and Business Manager.

"The Smallest Hair Throws a Shadow."

Price Per Year \$1.50
Single Copy Five Cents.

Established 1886.

EDENTON, N. C., FRIDAY, May 11, 1888.

No. 151.

THE EDENTON GRADED SCHOOL.

Fall Term Ending Dec. 3, 1887.

PROF. L. A. WILLIAMS, Principal.
MRS. R. F. CHESHIRE, Assistant
MISS M. A. THOMPSON, Teachers.

RATES: ANNUAL: QUARTERLY
First Grade, - \$10.00, - \$3.00.
Second " - \$16.00, - \$4.50.
Third " - \$20.00, - \$6.00.
Fourth " - \$30.00, - \$8.00.

Charges are made from date of entrance. Proper deductions for protracted illness. The next term of this School will begin December 5th, 1887.

A special feature of the law incorporating our school is that every resident patron is credited with the Public funds apportioned to his children under the school law of the State.

Resident children who are dependent upon the Public School funds for education are received into the School at any time without charge.

This school and system offers the best educational advantages attainable in Edenton. By dividing pupils of several grades of advancement, among teachers employed for each grade, better and more efficient instruction is obtained at less cost than can be had otherwise.

Pupils from other districts are invited to enter the School at above rates of instruction and they can obtain good board at moderate prices.

By order of the board of Trustees of the Edenton Graded School, Oct. 1887.

B. F. ELLIOTT, President.
T. C. BADHAM, Sec. pro tem.

HOW THE GIRLS KISS.

The Tarboro girl bows her stately head,
And she fixes her stylish lips
In a firm, hard way and then lets go
In spasmodic little snips.

The Greenville girl removeth her specs
And freezeth her face with a smile;
Then she sticks out her lips, like an open book,
And cheweth a bean meanwhile.

The New Berne girl says never a word,
And you'd think she was rather tame;
With her practical views of the matter in hand,
But she gets there just the same.

The Raleigh girl, the pride of the oaks,
In her clinging and soulful way,
Absorbs it all with a yearful yearn
As big as a load of hay.

The E. City girl gets a grip on herself
As she carefully takes off her hat;
Then she grabs up the prize in a frenzied way,
Like a terrier shaking a rat.

The Washington girl, so gentle, sweet,
Lets her lips meet the coming kiss,
With a rapturous warmth, and the youthful souls
Float away on a sea of bliss.
—Naughty Exchange.

The Edenton girl, the pride of the Bay,
Sweet, stylish and pretty,
Kisses, and not a word to say,
And never thinks it naughty.
—FISHERMAN & FARMER.

"WOMAN."

WRITTEN FOR THE BENEFIT OF
YOUNG MEN.

ROCKY HOCK, May 7th, 1888.

TO THE FISHERMAN & FARMER.

What is woman? Only the sweet reminiscence of God to man. A being which if the earth were destitute of, the winds would seem to have no effect upon the human ear; and the sun refuse to shine in his brilliancy, and would shine dim on his daily route, from the time he showed himself in the East, till he sank behind the Western hills; there to weep and lament at the loss of such a jewel. But they are so fatal! Does not their folly make their fatality? Not always; not often. The madness may be ours, but the-ow it. Ah! do they not know how to arouse it; how to fan, to burn, to lull, to pierce, to slake, to inflame, to entice, to sting? Heavens! so well they know that their beauty must come, one thinks, out of hell itself. Women are so insatiate, look you; though they held all the world, they would not rest if one mote in the air swam in sunshine free of them! Some have eyes that burn your youth dead lips that kiss your honor blind! Faces, my God! how beautiful! They set themselves to gain your heart, and succeed, and the picture made there grow, and grow, and grow, so your life grow into hers until you live only by her breath. Why do they want your life? They may have rich lives, grand lives, great lives all at their bidding; and yet, know no rest till they have leaned down from their cruel height and have seized yours; that had nothing on earth but the joys of the sun and the dew, the falling of the night and the dawning of day, that are given to the birds of the fields. Their sweet words and lovely smiles will make your chest heave with the spasms that with each throe seems to tear your fame asunder; still you conquer them, your words go on, your eyes fastened on the burning white glare of the wall as though all the beauty of such a woman glowed afresh there to your sight. She may be vile; ay, but not to your sight till too late. Why is it that some men never love so well as when they love their own ruin? That the heart which is pure never makes theirs beat upon it with the rapture sin gives? Month

by month your picture may grow, and your passion grow with it fanned by her hand. She knows, that never would a man think her an earthly saint, and fancy her beauty like one who gives his soul for the price of success. You have your paradise: you are drunk; you think that even she, who in her superb arrogance, thought she was matchless and deathless. Then comes your reward; when the picture is done, her fancy has changed. A light scorn, a careless laugh, a touch of her fan on your cheek; could you not understand? Were you still such a child? Must you be broken more harshly in, to learn to give place? That is all! and at last her lackey push you away with his wand from her gates. You had not learned what a great lady's illicit caprices meant; you were still but a boy! she had killed you; she had struck your genius dead; she had made earth your hell—what of that? She has her beauty eternal in the picture she yearned for, and then laughs and sneers at your fate. What a wretched life you lead she cares not! Then you have reaped the reward of your own folly, and regret that the deceiving eyes of such a fair young lass ever met yours, and pierced cupid's darts through your very soul. Beware of the female sex! Their eyes are as guileful as the eyes of a tigress, their voices as piercing as the shrieks of a hooting owl. You may seek to find out one's disposition; you may soil her silk dress, accidentally pretended, but purposely; of course you begin to apologize; she says: "It doesn't matter," doesn't seem to get offended at all, and just so soon as you leave she will run up stairs and bury her teeth in the bed-post—so mad! They may seem as lovable and meek as a little pet lamb and yet, be as raving wolves. Some lads see a beautiful face with lovely eyes and sweet smiles, and never thinking of the momentary fancies, allow themselves to fall in love with those faces, and never stopping to think or consider what is in the hearts of such women; until their love has increased to that extent, that they can see no error whatever. Too late to grieve after the milk is spilled! His voice has still its old sweetness, his manner still its old grace, and added to these are a grave earnestness and a natural eloquence, that the darkness of his own fortunes and the sympathies with others that pain had awakened and brought to him. He wholly forgets their respective station; and only remembers that for another time in so many years, he has the charm of converse with a woman of high breeding, of inexpressible beauty and of keen and delicate intuition. Generally, in such cases, when you are united in the holy bonds of matrimony, then, and not till then, do you find that your taste are entirely antagonized, and you are not suited for each other's companion.

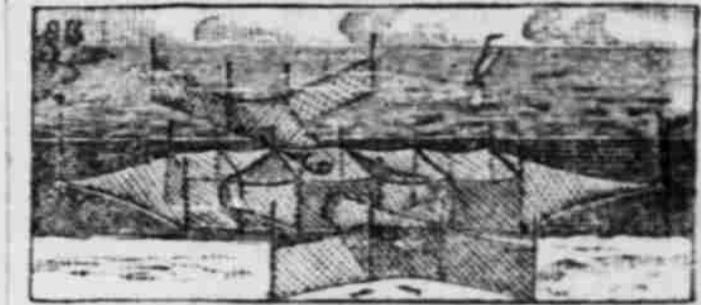
Too late! ladies, don't understand me to mean that there are no exceptions to the most of these rules. Young men take warning; thoroughly investigate the matter, and seek to find out the character and disposition of the one whom you are seeking for your companion, lest you plunge into a fathomless sea, there to wail and lament your own choice. Young ladies, if I have deviated from the truth in a single particular you will please excuse me. Yours Truly,
B. L. FLYNN.

A PENITENTIARY ROMANCE.

A curious story is going the rounds of a romance, which has its origin in the Georgia penitentiary, and has materialized in a remarkable way at Atlanta. Five years ago Mrs. Roon-ey and her daughter, Miss Isabella, of Fort Gaines, took a violent dislike to Mrs. Millirons, whose husband was said to have been a former admirer of the younger woman. One day the two women, assisted by their son and brother, set upon Mrs. Millirons and beat her to death. The son was hanged in Fort Gaines, the mother died on the night before her trial, and the daughter, Miss Isabella, was given a life-sentence in the penitentiary. For several years Isabella enjoyed the distinction of being the only white woman in the 1,500 inmates of the Georgia penitentiary.

The ladies of the Woman's Temperance Union interested themselves in the fate of the young woman and lately induced Governor Gordon to pardon her. The ladies put her in the Woman's Home, where she has given evidence of strong repentance. A couple of days ago a new phase was developed. Dick Davis made his appearance at the Home and claimed Miss Isabella for his bride. Dick was a long timer from Bibb county, whose term had closed. It seemed that he had made love to the girl while they were in prison together, and he sought the first chance to marry her. The ladies who had Miss Isabella in charge, after inquiring into Davis' record, finally consented to the marriage, and on Monday evening the event took place in the parlors of the Woman's Christian Home.—Ex.

Fish & Terrapin Trap



Pat. Dec. 25, 1886.

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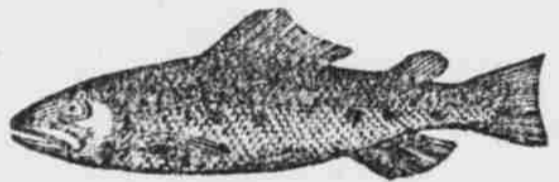
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NORFOLK SOUTHERN RAILROAD COMPANY.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT APRIL 30, 1888.

Mail Train leaves Norfolk 10:30 a. m., daily except Sunday, and arrives at Edenton 1:45 p. m. Leaves Edenton 2:15, and arrives at Norfolk at 5:30 p. m. Accommodation leaves Norfolk at 6:00 p. m., arrives at Edenton 12:00 p. m. Leaves Edenton at 4:00 a. m., arrives at Norfolk 10 a. m., daily except Sunday. Close connections at Norfolk with all rail and steamer lines.

At Elizabeth City—with steamboats for all points on Pasquotank, North and Alagator rivers.

At Edenton—with N. S. Railroad company's steamboats, Plymouth, Mary E. Roberts and Ranger, for all points on Chowan, Scuppernon, Little, Cashie and Roanoke rivers, and Jamesville & Washington, and Albemarle & Raleigh Rail Roads.

The steamer Plymouth, plying between Edenton and Williamston, will go to Hamilton on Tuesday and Friday of each week, leaving that place at 2 o'clock a. m., on Wednesday and Saturday.

Norfolk passenger and freight station at Norfolk and western Railroad Depot. Freight received daily, except Sundays.

Through tickets on sale and baggage checked between Edenton and Elizabeth City and Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York by Bay Line and Old Dominion steamers and N. Y. P. and N. R. R. from Norfolk and between Norfolk and Washington, Plymouth, Williamston, Windsor and Jamesville.
M. K. KING, General Manager.

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E. WOOD, Agent, Edenton, N. C.