

State Library  
Raleigh, N.C.



Published Every Friday.] Located in the Finest Fish, Truck and Farming Section in North Carolina. [Circulation Large.

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, December 27, 1889. No. 237.

### OUR MAN ABOUT TOWN!

WHAT HE SEES AND HEARS DURING THE WEEK.

Our Man, like the rest of the boys about town, is full of good cheer this Christmas and repeats, with becoming glee, the triumphal song: Ring, joy bells, ring, the day is here That waits the praises of the year; Peal forth the glory of the past, Bear Christmas cheer on every blast; The echoing notes for hearts of glee. For grief a mellow threnody; But thrill and cheer with every ring. To tell that Christ is born—our King. Ring, joy bells, ring for young and old A happy chorus, bright as gold; Toll for dead strifes and bickerings. Ring in the day of better things, Peace, mercy, love and charity, For saint and sinner, bond and free; To breezes far thy joy notes fling. To tell that Christ is born—our King.

It is astonishing to see, although the universal complaint of hard times and scarcity of money, how our people are buying and selling, how they eat, drink and keep merry, like in the olden time when things were acknowledged plentiful and money was "no object." Going in any of the stores Our Man About Town found a jam of customers anxious to spend their money for themselves and the little ones, anxious to purchase goods which are actually cheap, even cheaper than for many, many years. In

HOOPER & Co's. ladies and men were seen in numbers buying books, toilet articles, fancy crockery, &c. as presents for some favored of their friends.

W. O. ELLIOTT'S, right along side of Hooper & Co's, a constant flow was seen bearing away choice articles of dry goods, shoes, hats, &c.

MR. A. L. WHITE was up to his very eyes in business dispensing sweets as well as substantial such as but few confectioners and grocers ever keep. Peeping in at

MR. O. NEWMAN'S we find him busy waiting on customers and, as each bundle is wrapped and passed to its purchaser we behold that purchaser walking away wreathed in smiles looking like a lineal descendent of the remembered ubiquitous Tom Collins. At the WOODARD HOUSE

all was as merry as a marriage. Every body was pleasant; every one seemed content. It looked as if old Santa, himself, weary of his previous nights service, had called to refresh himself and give impetus to social conviviality. John Rogerson, the proprietor, was himself, in all his accustomed good humor and liberality of soul, and his boarders looked like "folks at home." That's a good place to spend the winter. From the Woodard House we tear ourselves to take in, further, the situation.

We go to our friend's, E. W. BURTON. "Now, here's something, you hear me; If he dont beat them, the devil's a dutchman." "As sure as gun's iron" he is selling goods and selling cheap and to please. Returning, we cross the street and stop to shake hands with our old friend

MR. J. M. SKINNER. Now, here's something substantial—a good man dealing in good goods. A life of reality is the only thing that gives him pleasure and positive existences are the only things upon which he will suffer himself to dwell, even in thought, for an hour. He is a practical man, a safe merchant and a good citizen. Right across Queen street, from Mr. Skinner's, is the fancy store and grocery of

JOHN M. WOZELKA. Every child in town knows where it is and almost every child in town has been accustomed to carry his nickle there for investment. O, the apples, the oranges, the candy, the cake that man does keep is truly astonishing, to the young and hungry. Passing down West side Main street we stop to shake hands with

E. L. BRINKLEY and his salesman, Mr. Ed. Smith. They are polite, genial gentlemen, and will always invite you in whether you wish to buy or, not. We say this knowingly for, Our Man never buys anything and they are as polite to him as they are to a man who has just sold his cotton. Interchanging the compliments of the day, we proceed to

MR. MOORE'S but, we didn't go in, although it is Xmas times when men generally excuse themselves for any indulgence temperance folks ordinarily condemn. Mr. Moore says he is doing a good business and we really think he is, the signs indicate it. Passing along to

L. F. ZEIGLER'S, the popular place where travelers, taking immediate leave for another and longer station, can be accommodated, at moderate rates, with special cars for the purpose. His is the depot of the rapid transit line which runs from Here to Hereafter. Louis is a conductor and can run a body through to Cemetery station without a break or, whistle. From the place where coffins are kept we pass to

T. B. BLAND'S and look at something to eat. It's a better sight, and don't you have a doubt about it. Mr. Bland is the best butcher this side of where the preceding generations took their departure from mundane existence. He can safely be compared with any green grocer in the country. After staying at Bland's long enough to see what was to be seen and to get hungry, we run up to see friend

JOHN QUINTON. He is up to his eyes in work. He is

actually too buisy to talk and, for that reason, we left him. John is a good boy worthy the patronage which he universally receives.

MR. SAM'L. GOODWIN keeps store below where Mr. Quinton lives and we halt there a while to enquire after his health and business. Like all the rest of the merchants, he is actively engaged, disposing of his goods and making friends by fair trades. Sam is a steady, safe, reliable business man and will succeed though you put him in a saw mill of opposition. Next to Goodwin's lives

ANDREW J. BATEMAN whose store, filled with toys, confections, jewelry &c. seems to be one of the principal centers of attraction. Andrew is a jolly fellow and an especial favorite among the children whose pleasure he always considers and whose wants, in Xmas times, he always supplies. His store is well filled with good things and costly articles fit for presents to the old as well as the young. Going from Andrew's we take a peep into the shoe shop of

LOUIS TILLERY and finding him quite busy we go to

J. E. BONNER'S large and well filled establishment. Hundreds of people are found supplying their wants in a most quiet and satisfactory manner. Every salesman behind the counter is almost too busy to say "good morning" and Bonner himself is up to his elbows in activity. Finding the place too active for loafers we, with a few others, take an early departure. Passing the Express and Telegraphic office we discovered our friend

MR. M. F. BOND as busy as a bee in a tar bucket, delivering packages sent by Santa Clause or his agents to anxious consignees. We stop at

DR. LEARY'S and find that drugs as well as dainties are in demand. The Dr quickly supplies the suffering and, in all his business care, never forgets that polite and cordial courtesy which marks him as of the progeny of the OLD SCHOOL. Down the street we ramble to take a peep at our estimable friend

MR. H. A. BOND, SR. who is occupying his old stand where, forty years ago, he did business accumulating a large fortune. He is the oldest merchant in town and remembers with pleasure the days when a direct trade was carried on between Edenton and the West India islands. It was then that he delighted in business and could make money easily and abundantly. He carries his age well and, with the rest of our friends, is passing the holiday in happiness.

CAPT JACOB WOOL'S is the next place we visit and, although the Captain keeps it "fit for gods," you never see any one drunk around him. He is one of the few men, who deal in wine, that will not sell a drunk man whiskey, or anything else. The Captain was an old soldier of the Mex-

ican war and is as stern in his adherence to rule in business as he ever was to the regulations of service. On the way up the street we take in the beauties of Cheap side halting, occasionally, in our passage to interview the old friends and patrons of the FISHERMAN AND FARMER. At

G. W. GRIFFIN'S, trade is brisk. He tells us that his success has been pleasing and he believes it entirely attributable to the fact of his having acted up to the old merchantile maxim "Quick sales and small profits."

R. M. LEE, a colored man, well known in this community is a marvel to every one. He would indicate by his present surroundings that he was of that class in business life who were "never born to die." Dick is like a cork, he'll come up, no matter how many times you sink him. At

O. H. DARDEN & Co's. we stop (in the front part of the house) to observe that here, too, was a place enjoying the extensive patronage of a trading people. This firm has been quite as successful as any in Edenton and is worthy, in every way, of the continued advance which has characterized them and their business. We halt at friend

C. M. MURDEN'S to find him safe and quiet and filled with pleasant contemplations as to "Who'll be the next." Bro Murden is an undertaker and therefore interested in the departures from Edenton either by the Rapid Transit line or, the Dirt train to Quiescent turn-out. Next we stop to shake the hand of the old clock,

SAM'L P. WINOX, who is eight day steady and with the sun. He never varies a minute and always strikes when the hour comes. He never runs down but, keeps his hands moving in the prescribed circle upon the dial plate of time and business. Next, we call at

A. L. GREGORY'S. Now, this is a Saloon and "don't you forget it" We didn't forget it for the simple reason that Gergory and his force has always been friends of this paper. His wines and brandies bear the right bead and his cigars are of the best brands. Customers hang around like bees over a watermelon rind and buzz away in thick-tongued confusion. It does its work and does it well, if you let it have its way and give it the time required for general pe meation. Mr. Gregory has been a very successful man of business and is now daily increasing in wealth.

WOODARD BROS to find them enjoying the rush of trade. This is a new establishment, owned and run by young Edentonians of pluck and energy backed by capital equal to every requirement. They are wholesale, as well as, retail dealers and command a large and extensive trade. Going over to the

BAY VIEW HOTEL we find a crowded house of pleasant company. This hotel, beautifully located, newly built and furnished and properly conducted, is a credit to our place. It commands a large share of the patronage and is, in itself, a fortune to its owner, J. E. Bonner. At the West end of the Bay View is our elegant

POST OFFICE, kept by the efficient, popular and polite L. L. Brinkley, Esq. We stop there, for a moment, to pass the compliments of the hour, and then we passed on to

THE BANK, not to "draw" or make deposit, to be sure, but, to make our bow to the Banker who is our Mayor and to congratulate him upon the peace and good order which everywhere prevails within our municipal borders. The next place at which we halt is the store of

M. H. DIXON, which he established in 1874. It is an iron front brick building filled with all the different goods usually kept in a first class grocery. Mr. Dixon is one of the best merchants in town and enjoys the confidence of purchasers. He buys and sells for cash and is, therefore, able to offer inducements even to merchants, doing business in the county, as well as consumers. Next to Dixon's is the new store called the

PEOPLE'S SHOE STORE, kept by W. R. Brothers. This is a new establishment and, like a new broom, it sweeps clean, that is, it is successful, even beyond the expectation of its owners and managers. May it ever so continue. Now we come to interview the oldest merchant, save one, in Edenton,

COL. R. G. MITCHELL. We find him enjoying the usual amount of trade and in the same good humor which has ever characterized him. We could write a volume on this man, filled with pleasant incidents in his life as connected with Edenton, its business and its pastimes. He and Gibson J. Cherry were the first to ship fresh shad, and other fish, from this to Northern markets, thus introducing a business which has brought to this section more cash money than any and all others combined. He has ever been prominent in all public commemorative occasions and is a source of inexhaustible fun fit for Xmas or any other similar occasion.

MR. R. J. MITCHELL, the proprietor of the Bee Hive Store, is the next man to whom we pay our respects. His is the largest dry goods, clothing, notion, and furniture house in town. He employs more men and sells more goods than any merchant here. This is accounted for in two ways: First, he knows how to buy, when to buy, where to buy, what to buy. Second, he knows exactly how to sell.

OUR PROFESSIONAL FRIENDS are keeping Christmas to the extent of their ability. Bro Vann is playing with the children; Bro. Pruden is circulating with his and Bros. Bond and Leary are claiming for their superiority of form and sprightliness. Bro. Wood is in the same boat with Bro Skinner. They are captains of their own crafts and are running them without mates or, deck-hands. Drs. Hoskins, Dillard and McMullan were out of town, as usual, when we were going the rounds of the city and therefore we cannot report as to them. They are good fellows and command the unbounded confidence of this entire public.

Having passed the rounds of the town we return to our office to say, in public print to one and all of the patrons of the FISHERMAN AND FARMER "A most happy and prosperous New Year!"