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 DRUG STORE IN "LAW BUILDING,"  
 Corner store, north end, keeps constantly in stock Fresh Drugs, Patent Medicines, &c. Prices as low as at any drug store in the city.  
 Also offers his professional services to the surrounding community, at day or night.

**MOORE & LINDSEY,**  
 INSURANCE REPRESENTATIVE  
 Continental, Fire, assets, \$5,239,981  
 Norwich Union, Fire, assets, 1,315,486  
 Hamburg-Bremen, Fire, assets, 1,129,604  
 St. Paul, Fire, assets, 1,541,061  
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 State agents for the Fidelity Mutual Life Association, of Philadelphia.

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 MILLWRIGHT AND MACHINIST.  
 Engines, Boilers, Gins and Cotton Presses for sale.

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**NIXON & GALLOWAY,**  
 ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,  
 GOLDSBORO, N. C.  
 OFFICE: Room No. 2, Law Building, up stairs.

**PORTER & GODWIN,**  
 CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS.  
 Plans and estimates furnished on application.

**EMPEROR WILLIAM IS DEAD!**  
**KORB STILL HANGS!**  
 WALL PAPER FOR EVERYBODY.  
 Full satisfaction guaranteed.

**F. J. HAGE, SR.,**  
 ARTISTIC WALL PAPER HANGER AND HOUSE DECORATOR.

**R. A. WATTS,**  
 DEALER IN FINE JEWELRY, WATCHES, Etc.

Repairing promptly done by experienced workmen.  
 Old Gold and Silver bought or exchanged for new goods.

**J. Y. JOYNER, N. J. ROUSE,**  
 Goldsboro, N. C.  
**ROUSE & JOYNER,**  
 ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

Will practice where services required. Claims collected in any part of the U. S.

**DR. THOMAS HILL**  
 Offers his professional services to the citizens of Goldsboro and surrounding country.  
 Office over Pipkin's store. Slate at John H. Hill's drug store.

**F. J. HAGE, SR.,**  
 SIGN AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER.  
 Correspondence Solicited.

**JOHN SLAUGHTER, JR.,**  
 Does all kinds of Tin, Slate and Iron Roofing.  
 My aim is to please.

**BAKER & MILLER,**  
 East Center St.,  
 DEALERS IN CLOTHING, SHOES, ETC.  
 Prices Lower Than the Lowest.  
 Repairing on Shoes neatly done.

**W. B. PATE**  
 Has replenished his stock of Fine Wines and Liquors, and invites you to call at his "Palace Saloon."

**E. W. COX,**  
 REAL ESTATE AGENT.  
 Office the second door from the corner of John and Walnut streets.  
 Collections of House Rents a specialty.

**DEPOT OF**  
**ROBERT PORTNER BREWING COMPANY,**  
 F. W. HILKER, Agent,  
 Goldsboro, N. C.  
 Correspondence solicited.

**S. H. BRYANT.**  
 Boots and Shoes made to order at lowest prices and shortest notice. Repairing neatly and promptly done at lowest figures. Leather and Shoe Findings of every description at the very lowest prices. I defy competition. Best stock carried in North Carolina.

**HAYWOOD FREEMAN,**  
 CITY HACK DRIVER.  
 Meets all trains, day or night. Passengers transported in any portion of the city. Orders left at Mr. J. R. Goff's store will receive prompt attention.

**THE SWORDFISH.**

**HUNTING AN ARMED MONSTER OF THE SEA.**

**The Best Fishing Grounds—A Cruise Usually Lasts Three Months—Harpooning the Fish—How They are Caught.**

During a fit of enthusiasm I shipped as green hand, to share all the perils of the vasty deep for a season's swordfishing of three months. I started one bright May morning, the Captain telling me to come down early, as they would haul off early into the stream and take advantage of the fair wind and tide to run down the harbor. Packing a few clothes and oilers in an old valise, next morning I was up betimes, hurried to the wharf, jumped on board, and we hauled away with a fair wind and tide and within two hours' time had passed Minot's Light and were breasting the waters of Massachusetts Bay. Then I had time to look around and take note of what was to be my home for about three months.

"By Jove," said I to the skipper, looking around me, "you don't mean to say that this is all the crew you carry?" Noticing for the first time there always seemed to be but four men on deck, the Captain and myself included. "Why, yes," replied he. "We don't need all Jerusalem to capter th' monster in his briny element and put this 'ere fishin' through. I'm owner as well as skipper of this 'ere craft, so I draw the vessel's share as well as skipper's. There are five men of us all told, including yourself and a boy. The cook and boy I hire and pay 'em by the month. These two men you see share the proceeds of the season's work with me—the 'mast-header' and 'man about deck'—and help pay the wages of the cook and boy and the 'great and small generals.' What I mean by 'great generals' is the cost of running rigging, wharfage, and all things pertaining to the vessel and fishing apparatus. The 'small generals' are the provisions. It doesn't take but two or three men to work a fifty-ton schooner and sailors do considerable in the extra line.

The skipper, myself and the mast-header intended to sleep aft, whilst the remainder of the crew bunked in the fore-castle. The vessel being of such a small tonnage made the cabin, to all appearance, a little cuddy, and it contained three bunks, which formed part of the room. On deck all of the men were busily at work, including the cook, who was preparing the morning meal. We were then bowling along, making ten knots an hour, which was good headway for a small craft, and the skipper remarked, "if the wind held that way until we got off Highland, Cape Cod, and then shifted around a couple o' pints to the northward, we ought to be near Block Island—the fishing grounds—by the next day."

It was rapidly growing light, down toward the horizon a heavy bank of clouds obscured the sun's rising, but above, toward the zenith and around toward the west, it was clear, betokening a beautiful day. The breezing salt air came in delightful whiffs, blowing away the dull load of a city's cares and work. While we were noting the situation the cook poked his head above the gangway of the fore-castle and informed us in loud tones that grub was ready. We went down, leaving but the steersman and one man on deck.

Going down we had to back down the narrow entrance, but at last we were all seated edgewise, so to speak, around a stationary table that fitted around the foremast. The skipper told us to "Hoe in; no ceremony here, my boys," and his bluff, hearty face wore a smile of satisfaction as he bailed out a liberal share of bean soup for himself from a large earthen dish that stood in the centre of the table. It is customary for all food to be served at once on the table and each must help himself or go without. Strong hot coffee, generally without milk, in mugs were laid alongside the tin plates.

The fishing gear had been overhauled and was now lying on deck ready for use, and the skipper having plenty of leisure time on his hands, let me examine it and gave me a thorough explanation about each article respectively. We also went out on to the bowsprit and examined the "pulpit" from which the swordfish is struck.

The pulpit is built out on the bowsprit, and is the only proper place from which to strike the swordfish, for the least noise disturbs him and drives him away. A large vessel going through the water will make less noise than a small boat that is constantly splashing up and down on the waves. Sometimes, too, the fish will turn on its slayers when badly hurt and endanger men's lives in a small boat. Nevertheless sometimes they are struck from a small boat, and always lanced by two men. The pulpit is made of a semi-circular piece of iron, and at right angles from its center a perpendicular iron shaft reaches into a plate of iron embedded near the bowsprit, which also forms a support for the feet. The semi-circular iron forms a support and brace for the man who strikes the fish. There is also a seat supported by two ropes.

The harpoon has a detachable head, so when the fish is struck the head of the iron turns crossways in the fish's body and cannot be withdrawn. It is called a "toggle" or lillie iron. A light rope is carried with it and held by a man in the bow of the vessel, together with a keg or buoy to which is attached the line. This the man throws overboard as soon as the fish is struck, and it marks the fish's whereabouts after death. A heavier line, called the fifteen-thread line, of about one hundred fathoms, is made fast to the keg. Part of it is held by the harpooner, while the remainder is either passed to a small boat alongside, in which two men are seated, or fastened stationary to the bow.

The fish is usually pulled to the vessel as soon as he exhausts the length of his line. The pole of the iron is about thirteen feet long, so it is never thrown, but when the fish is about nine or ten from the vessel, it is pushed into him with a darting motion. The fish is always struck along his upper dorsal fin, and killed by being lanced in the gills.

Next I went up and took a survey from the "crow's-nest"—the term used for the lookout on the masthead from which swordfish are sighted. So with some trouble, not having got my sea legs on, I managed to climb up to the cross-tree and thence over the futtock shrouds—a feat particularly difficult for a green fellow and even for one who has lost the practice—and in due time arrived at the crow's-nest. This I found to be a circular piece of iron large enough to encircle a man's body and riveted firmly about the topmast. About four feet below was a support for the feet made of hickory and fastened also very firmly to the topmast by iron clamps.

As I stood there I could see way off on the horizon. There being a pretty stiff breeze, the little craft would make a lurch as she mounted a wave, which made the topmast bend and forced me to take a firmer grasp and draw a long breath. It was some time before I could get used to the situation.

The next morning when I went on deck I found every man at his post. The skipper was in the pulpit, for he allowed no man but himself to strike the swordfish; the mast-header was up in the crow's-nest, on lookout; the man about deck was at the wheel, and the cook and boy were down below in readiness for any emergency. The dim, blue, flat outlines of Block Island could be seen in the distance. There was but little wind, and our craft rolled lazily, swaying the main-boom to and fro.

I climbed up to the cross-trees on the mainmast, just below the "crow's-nest," where the mast-header was, and snugly ensconced myself. "About how far off have you seen the dorsal fins show up during your piscatorial career?" I asked.

"Well, young man, that 'ere word beats my dictionary, but do you see that 'ere vessel with colors flyin' and her main peak droppin'?" pointing in the direction.

"No," said I, "I cannot see anything."

"Well, I can, and I can see a dorsal fin a little further than that."

I considered a little and I reckoned that if the man could see at that distance and the horizon estimated at about thirty miles distant from my view, even if he was four feet above me, I ought to see her sails; so I estimated the man's focus of sight at about forty-five miles.

Just then the mast-header sung out: "Fin, O! There she comes, right off our port bow, and coming head on." The man's more experienced eye had sighted the dorsal fin of the swordfish. Another appeared, and yet another. Would they come nearer? The vessel was moving very slowly. They were still nearing us and jumping out of the water, as if in play, or doubtless following their favorite food that moved under the surface. I could see their long swords glisten in the sun. On they came. The skipper threw up his

hand and a long wake of bloody foam. But his limit came to an end, and the stand up of the fish making a slack of the rope, no opportunity was lost by the crew in getting hold of it and dragging the strike toward the vessel.

Then commenced the fun. The fish, finding an opposition at the other end that could resist, would rush off, dragging all hands toward the bow. Then, growing weaker, he would slack up, and tumbled all hands up pell-mell over each other. But at last, with great exertion, we hauled him alongside.

He was then di-patched with the lance by a man who jumped into a small boat, while we on deck rigged double purchase blocks. Then, after a rope had been hitched fore and aft from his sword to his tail, we put the tackle on, and he was soon laid out on deck, glistening like a great rubber ball and covered with foam and blood. A bucket of water, however, dashed over him, brought him out in all his pristine glory.

He was a pretty fellow. His back and fins were neutral purple, gradated into white near his belly, and the sun reflected a sheen of silver luster over the whole. Like all mammalia, he was devoid of scales, and his eyes were a deep blue—a peculiarity of almost all fishes. He had two dorsal fins—upper and lower—two ventral, one anal and one caudal. He was a medium specimen, as the skipper told me afterwards, weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds un-dressed and measuring from tip to snout (sword) to end of caudal fin (tail) almost eight feet. Examining him still further, I pulled something from his body that looked like a worm. The skipper informed me that they were sorely troubled with the creatures, who bored into the fish's body a number of times.

His head, tail and fins were cut off and the entrails taken out preparatory to packing him in ice, but not before we had determined to try our hungry maws on him, so the cook came forward with his basin and selected the rare bits. These were steaks very much resembling halibut steaks, having a coarse, muscular grain and of a gray color. I found that at supper-time, after we had partaken of a slice or two that the flavor was quite pleasant and not unlike bluefish, but of a slight oily nature.

It seemed that the taking of this one fish brought us increasing luck, for the following day we sighted more fish and were fortunate enough to get three. The same scenes were enacted over, until the end of a fortnight we found we had fifteen fish, and, estimating their average weights at about 200 pounds dressed, our total take averaged 3000 pounds. This the skipper thought was a tolerable good fortnight's work if we had favorable winds to get an early market for them. The best market was New London, so we headed the vessel for that port, which we reached after a few hours' sail. The fish sold readily for eight cents per pound.—*New York World.*

It cannot always be told by the looks of a word how it should be pronounced. In England, for example, a man whose name is St. John is always addressed as Mr. Sinjun. A newspaper correspondent tells a Marblehead (Mass.) story bearing upon the same point. A case was on in the court at Salem, in which great interest was taken by the fishermen. The clerk called the first witness: "Captain Edward Crownshield, come into court"—no response. The summons was repeated with like result, and the bronzed and weather-beaten old tars began to look around with interest and curiosity. One stout old veteran on the front seat was especially curious, and watched the green baize closely to see who this distinguished individual was. The clerk intimated to the court that the witness was evidently not present, but the justice knew the locality and its inhabitants better than the scribe. "Let me try, Mr. Clerk," he said, with a smile, and called "Skipper Crunshle." "Here," responded the ancient in the front seat, who had apparently been expecting the advent of some distinguished naval officer, and failed to recognize himself under the high-sounding title.

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**Knuckle of Mutton.**  
 Cover with cut barley, a few capers, finely cut onions, and thin slices of turnips; season with pepper and salt; let it steam or simmer gently for an hour and a half, and then have ready melted butter and pour over, allowing it to steam or simmer for twenty minutes. A beautiful gravy will have collected, and the meat be as tender as a chicken. Garnish with Paysadu tongue, warmed previously by steam. The price of the tongue is far less than the British article, and the tongue has a sweet taste.

**Scalloped Onions.**  
 Boil, and if large cut into quarters. Put into a shallow dish, cover with white sauce and buttered crumbs, and bake until the onions are brown. Take off the outside skin of onions and cut. Pour hot water over them, add a half-teaspoonful of soda, and let them stand for half an hour or more. Put on to boil with a teaspoonful of soda in the water. Boil till soft, and then proceed as directed above. If one has to cut up a large quantity of onions it is well to do it under water, a part of the odor being thus absorbed. Some lay a piece of bread near the onions, thinking that it absorbs part of the odor.

**Pickled Cucumbers.**  
 For 600 cucumbers: Three gallons strong cider vinegar, three quart. water, one heaping quart of salt, eight ounces alum, one handful horseradish root cut in strips, three dozen small onions, parboiled and peel off outer skin, one-half pound sugar. Wash the cucumbers in cold water and rub off the roughness, put them into a large jar, sprinkle considerable salt over them and pour enough boiling water to cover them. Let them stand for twenty-four hours, then take out the pickles, empty out the brine and put the pickles again into the jar with the onions and horseradish, boil the vinegar and water with the eight ounces of alum, one quart salt, one-half pound sugar, about fifteen minutes. Take two ounces whole cloves, two ounces of allspice, one-half pound pepper corns crushed, two ounces mustard seeds broken, two ounces cinnamon broken. Sew these into one or two flannel bags and put them in the jar. If you like add two or three green peppers cut in slices. Now pour on boiling vinegar and cover your jar tightly. In a week pour off the vinegar, boil it, and pour over the pickles a second time.—*Detroit Free Press.*

**Chicken in Jelly.**  
 Clean and put on to boil a plump chicken, allowing a pint of water for each pound of the chicken's weight. When the water is heated to the boiling point skim it and set the pot back where it will simmer until the meat is tender, about an hour and a half. Then remove the chicken, skin it and remove all the flesh from the bones, then put the latter back in the kettle and let the liquor boil until it has been reduced one-half. Then strain the liquor and put it away to cool. It will get into a regular jelly. Then remove the fat, and put the hardened liquor into a saucepan, and add a quarter of a package of gelatine for each quart of jelly—soak the gelatine for an hour in half a cup of cold water—twelve pepper-corns, four cloves, a small piece of mace, a stalk of celery, an onion, the white and shell of an egg, salt and pepper to taste. Let the ingredients boil up at once, then put the saucepan back where it will simmer for twenty minutes. Then strain the jelly through a napkin. Put a layer of it three-quarters of an inch thick in a mold and put the mold in ice-water to harden. Cut the flesh of the chicken into long thin strips, season them well with salt and pepper and lay them lightly in the mold when the jelly is hard. Pour the rest of the jelly into the mold and put it away to harden. When the dish is ready to be served, dip the mold into warm water and turn it upside down on a platter; its contents will slide out in one mass. A garnish of parsley improves its appearance, and Tartare or mayonnaise sauce may be served with it. *Brooklyn Eagle.*

**Household Hints.**  
 Remove stains from cups and saucers by scouring with fine coal ashes.  
 If saffron bark is sprinkled among dried fruit it will keep out the worms.  
 Tin cleaned with paper will shine better than when cleaned with flannel.  
 Clothespins boiled a few minutes and quickly dried once or twice a month become more durable.  
 A little petroleum added to the water with which waxed or polished floors are washed improves their looks.  
 Tea or coffee stains will come out at once if they are taken immediately and held over a pail while boiling water is poured upon them.  
 Make starch with soapy water and you will find it a pleasure to do up your starched goods. It prevents the iron from sticking and makes a glossy surface.  
 When potter's ware is boiled for the purpose of hardening it, a handful or two of bran should be thrown into the water, and the glazing will never be injured by acids or salt.  
 Dry buckwheat flour, if repeatedly applied, will entirely remove the worst grease spots on carpets or any other woolen cloth, and will answer as well as French chalk for grease spots on silk.  
 Oilcloths should never be washed in hot soapuds; they should first be washed clean with cold water, then rubbed dry with a cloth wet in milk. The same treatment applies to stone or slate hearth.  
 Ink stains are entirely removed by the immediate application of dry salt before the ink has dried. When the salt becomes discolored by absorbing the ink brush it off and apply more; wet slightly. Continue this till the ink is all removed.  
 The dishes on which meat, game, poultry or fish are served ought to be large enough to leave a space of about two inches between the food and the border of the dish. It is very awkward for the carver to cut up a large piece on a small dish.  
 The French have a pretty manner of serving smelts. After frying them in the usual way, a little skewer four inches long, silver-plated or of polished wire, is run through two or three of the smelts, running it carefully through the eyes. A slice of lemon is then put on top of each skewer, which is served as a portion for one person.

**How Gourds Climb.**  
 The way the gourds climb is by means of spiral, curled tendrils, which are in reality small abortive stipules or leaf-appendages, specialized for the work of clinging to the external objects, be it bough or stem of some other plant, over which they rapidly spread themselves. The tendrils push themselves out on every side, revolving as they go, till they reach some slender twig or leaf-stalk to which they can attach themselves. It is curious and interesting to watch them as they grow, and to see how closely their movements simulate intelligent action. The little curled whorls go feeling about on every side for a suitable hold, groping blindly, as it were, in search of a support, and revolving slowly in wide-sweeping curves, until at last they happen to lay hold with their growing end, of a proper object. Once found, they seem to seize it eagerly with their little fingers (for in the gourd the tendrils are branched, not simple), and to wrap it round at once many times over, in their tight embrace. It is wonderful how far they will go out of their way in their groping quest of a proper foothold, and how, when at length they stumble upon it, they will look for all the world as if they had known beforehand exactly when and where to search for it. These actions come far closer to intelligence than most people imagine; they are deliberately performed in responsive answer to external stimuli, and only take place when the right conditions combine to excite them.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

**"Skipper Crunshle."**  
 It cannot always be told by the looks of a word how it should be pronounced. In England, for example, a man whose name is St. John is always addressed as Mr. Sinjun. A newspaper correspondent tells a Marblehead (Mass.) story bearing upon the same point. A case was on in the court at Salem, in which great interest was taken by the fishermen. The clerk called the first witness: "Captain Edward Crownshield, come into court"—no response. The summons was repeated with like result, and the bronzed and weather-beaten old tars began to look around with interest and curiosity. One stout old veteran on the front seat was especially curious, and watched the green baize closely to see who this distinguished individual was. The clerk intimated to the court that the witness was evidently not present, but the justice knew the locality and its inhabitants better than the scribe. "Let me try, Mr. Clerk," he said, with a smile, and called "Skipper Crunshle." "Here," responded the ancient in the front seat, who had apparently been expecting the advent of some distinguished naval officer, and failed to recognize himself under the high-sounding title.

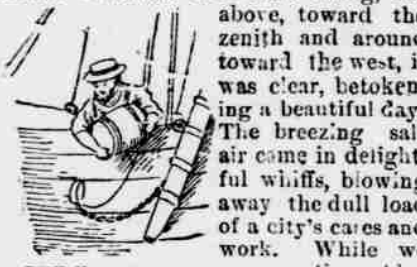
**Singular Split in a Watch Crystal.**  
 Joseph Bates has on his bench a six-teen-size watch crystal that has split edgewise nearly three-fourths of its length. The crystal gave the first evidence of splitting in April and has since been gradually working toward the other edge, and it is probable that before long the two parts will become entirely separated. It is enclosed in a metal ring and falls with the expansion and contraction of the ring, the thinner edge working as though it was hung with hinges. It is a great curiosity and might not be seen again in 100 years.—*Waltham Tribune.*



"COMING HEAD ON."



"FIN, O!"



THE KEG BUOY.



HOISTING THE FISH ON DECK.



IN THE PULPIT.