

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR FURNITURE?

We Have It For Everybody!

The Rich as well as the Poor can be Benefitted in Making Their Purchases of Us.

WE HAVE JUST OPENED

And invite your careful inspection. We know the price will please and as far as style and durability concerns, our stock will be

UNRIVALED THIS SEASON.

We are Receiving on Every Train

PARLOR FURNITURE,
CHAMBER FURNITURE,
HALL FURNITURE,
KITCHEN FURNITURE,
REED & RATTAN GOODS,
Mattresses and Springs,
Safes and Sideboards.

EVERYTHING UNDER PRICE

Because we don't intend to keep these Goods we shall move them as fast as they come in. You shall soon find out that we are the

Champion Furniture Dealers

Of this section, and we defy the suggestion of competition. We have got the stock and we are going to sell it.

Call and see us and be convinced that

WE MEAN EVERY WORD that we say. It is our aim to make a panic in the Furniture trade, and we will

LYNCH HIGH PRICES.

What are you waiting for? Why are you throwing your money away when you can save a great deal of it by trading with us?

Our Store is NEW,
Our goods in the latest fashion,
Our Stock is VERY LARGE,
And Best of All

OUR PRICES LOW.

TO DEALERS:

We can supply you with a complete line of Furniture at such figures as charged by well-known Northern Manufacturers.

I. SUMMERFIELD & CO.,

(Summerfield's Old Stand.)

EAST CENTRE ST.

Look out for the sign

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Weather—Commendable Caution—The Terror's Substitute—A Personal Remark, Etc., Etc.

The foolish man goes to his daily work with a glance at the morning sky. Saying low to himself, with a happy smile: "This day will be surely dry." Then he robes himself in his best silk hat and jauntily swings his cane. But at night he sneezes and coughs and groans with the "grip" that he caught in the rain.

The wise man looks out on the sunny sky and smiles in sarcastic glee. Then he rolls up his gossamer overcoat—He doesn't want the "grip," not he. So he hugs his umbrella and overshoes in the place of his dainty cane. And he meets all the girls that he ever knew. For there isn't a drop of rain.

WHAT SHE CAUGHT.
Stella—"You mean old thing! I've a notion never to speak to you again. You went off skating with Willie Dunn and never asked me to go along. I hope you caught a good cold!"
Minnie—"But I didn't. I caught Willie."—Time.

COMMENDABLE CAUTION.
Miss Dolliver (to the new girl)—"Noreena, throw this water out of the window; but be sure you look out. (Ten seconds later.) What's the matter?"
Noreena—"I looked out, mum, and I saw the water go all over as fine a gentleman as you'd care to meet."—Puck.

A PERSONAL REMARK.
Tawker—"To write successfully, writers have only to convey their ideas to the readers in the clearest and most direct way."

Writer—"But suppose a writer has no ideas to convey; what then?"
Tawker—"Don't interrupt me, please. I'll get around to your particular case presently."—Yankee Blade.

THE TERROR'S SUBSTITUTE.
The Terror—"You're sister's beau, ain't you?"
The Beau (dude persuasion)—"Why, yes. Do you like me?"
"You bet I do. When papa gets onto you, you'll take some of his attention from me. It will be real jolly to see him playing see-saw with you in the woodshed."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

NOT ENCOURAGING.
He—"By Jove, it's the best thing I've ever painted! and I'll tell you what; I've a good mind to give it to Mary Morrison for her wedding present."
His Wife—"Oh, but, my love, the Morrises have always been so hospitable to us! You ought to give her a real present, you know—a fan, or scent bottle, or something of that sort."—Boston Budget.

A SURE REMEDY.
"Did you ever call upon Dr. Banquet, professionally?"
"Yes, once. I was drowning."
"Drowning?"
"Yes. He diagnosed my case on the instant and wrote a prescription on a chip which he threw into the water where I could get it."
"What was the prescription?"
"Swim."—Life.

A DOMESTIC MONOPOLIST.
Mr. Billius sat in an easy chair occupying the only available space in front of the fire, with his feet sprawled out on two other chairs, and scowled at his wife.
"Maria," he said, "with all the furniture we have in this house it does seem to me we might afford at least one foot-stool."
"Would the earth suit you, John?" said Mrs. Billius quietly.—Chicago Tribune.

THE YOUNG KNOW EVERYTHING.
Husband—"Well, I believe I'll have to go to the public library. I can't find in my encyclopedia what I want."
Wife—"Is it very important?"
"Yes, dear, it is very important. I can't finish my article without it. But in the public library I think I will be able to find the authorities that I want."
"Huh! you better wait, dear, till John comes home from the grammar school! He might be able to give you the information you want."—Boston Courier.

FELT IT COMING ON.
Mamma (to family physician)—"Doctor, what are the symptoms of this influenza?"
Physician—"It begins in many cases, madam, with a feeling of languor—an indisposition to any kind of exertion."
Willie (setting down the coal bucket)—"I can feel it coming on, mamma."
Physician—"And a total inability to eat anything."
Willie (picking up the coal bucket again with great promptness)—"But I don't think I'm going to have it very bad."—Chicago Tribune.

SHOCKING TO RELATE.
The conversation had turned on popular superstitions when one of the company remarked:
"It is well, however, not to be too incredulous. I had an uncle who, at the age of seventy-seven, one day committed the imprudence of sitting down to dinner when by doing so he made thirteen at table."
"And he died the next day?" was somebody's breathless query.
"No; but on the very self-same day thirteen years afterward."
A perceptible shudder ran through the party.—Judge.

DIPLOMACY.
Tramp—"Please, can you give a poor man a little something to eat? But I don't want no bread, please."
Woman—"You don't want no bread, eh? I guess you ain't starving. You can just get along out of here."
"Wait till I explain, madam. You see the woman next door just now give me a piece of paving-stone for bread, and as she said she was the best breadmaker on this street—"

"The best breadmaker on this street? Just you come right in here, my poor man, and I'll show you what good bread really is. Lord, how some people does brag!"—Terre Haute Express.

SELF-DEFENSE.
The police judge declared that the hotel clerk had acted in self-defense and was therefore discharged. This is the way it occurred:

A man went into a hotel, and, after registering, started up to his room.
"Hold on," said the clerk.
"What's the matter?" the man asked.
"You haven't paid for your room. Our rule is that people who have no baggage must pay in advance."
"But I have baggage."
"You have not, sir."
"I say I have, for don't you see I've got the 'grip'?"
The clerk shot him, and was discharged, as above stated.—Arkansas Traveler.

A STRANGE COINCIDENCE.
Jack—"I never heard of a more remarkable coincidence in my life. I always used to say that I wouldn't marry a woman unless she had money; but when I saw Miss Nelliwell I fell in love and was bound to have her, money or no money, as in fact I told her at the time I asked her for her hand."
Harry—"But how about the coincidence?"

Jack—"Oh, yes, it turns out that she has a fortune in her own right; so, you see, I'm to marry a woman with money, as I always said I would."

Harry—"It is a little odd, that's a fact. And you didn't know that she had any until after you asked her to marry you?"
Jack—"Oh, no; I'm no such fool as that. I found out about the money the day before I proposed."—Boston Transcript.

WHERE GENIUS DIDN'T WORK.
He was just a plain tramp, unadorned with soap, and he carried over his shoulder a wooden snow-shovel several sizes too big for him. He pulled the bell in a business-like way and when she opened the door he said:

"Are you a Christian?"
"Ye-es" (in surprise).
"And do you believe that honest, earnest endeavor should be rewarded?"
"Ye-es."
"Heretofore I've had a large and lucrative practice in my profession, but this year the elements are against me. I know there's no snow on the premises, but it's going to rain this afternoon, and rain hard. Now I'll come back and shovel the rain off your sidewalk for a quarter if you'll give me ten cents advance money. Is it a go?"
"Yes, it's a go," she said, as she slammed the door in his face.
"And they say that genius and tact win every time," he sighed, as he shuffled down the stoop.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A PROPOSITION IN PHYSICS.
The husband of a Professor of Physics at a young ladies' advanced school was putting on his clothes the other morning, and his wife was lecturing on her favorite subject.
"The whole is always greater than a part," she remarked with confidence.
"Always?" he inquired, sticking his foot into his sock.
"Always," she answered with emphasis.
"I think not," he rejoined in a quietly aggravating tone.
"But I say it is," she asserted.
"For example, my dear"—and he held up his foot—"my foot is a part of my body, but the hole in the sock is not larger than the part. You will observe that the part cannot get quite through it at this moment. But, my love," and his voice softened, "by to-night I think your proposition will be correct."

Then he put on his shoes and completed his toilet in the midst of a silence that could be bent double before it could be broken.—Merchant Traveler.

A TOLLING MILLIONAIRE.
Cornelius Vanderbilt is at his office in the Grand Central station ahead of some of the Central's clerks. He works six times harder than any one of them. He has a dozen meetings of Directors on hand nearly every day in the week with all their conflicting interests and myriads of important details. He could not work harder if he really wanted to earn the interest on his individual fortune of \$100,000,000. After a long day of this monotonous drudgery, he frequently lectures at night to the Young Men's Christian Association and other bodies of the same character. On other nights he dances until nearly dawn. He was in every dance at the McAllister ball. But the lectures and the dances are in a measure recreations, and they revivify him for the daily struggle to retain his immense fortune. It is well known that the Old Commodore and William H. after him, remarked that it was "easy enough to get rich in New York. It requires a daily Gettysburg, a Seven-Years' War, a stern battle every day to keep your fortune after you get it, and to scuttle and ward off the pirates and brigands bent on getting it from you."—Chatter.

A young man may have the worst memory on record, but he will not forget to remove the price mark from the present he buys for his best girl—if the article cost less than \$10. On the other hand, he may have the best memory in the world, but if the present costs \$25 the price mark is inadvertently overlooked.—Norristown Herald.

Great Clearing-Out Sale OF WINTER GOODS

AT FUCHTLER & KERN.

THIS IS THE DULL SEASON, and it is time for you to make every Dollar do its full duty. All dollars have the same value at a bank, but you will find that you can

BUY MORE GOODS with your Dollar if spent AT OUR STORE, than you can purchase elsewhere for the same amount. TRY IT AND SEE! if we are not right.

The Cold Weather Has Arrived, and probably has come to stay for some time. Of course you are in need of

Clothing, Shoes and Boots, DRESS GOODS, UNDERWEAR,

Etc., to keep you warm. There is no better place to buy such goods than of us. OUR LINES ARE COMPLETE. We have them in every imaginable quality, but at extremely low prices.

Quick Sales and Small Profits

is our motto, and if you only will visit our vast establishment we are sure that we can save you many a dollar these hard times.

Polite and attentive salesmen always in attendance.

Fuchtlер & Kern, East Centre St. GOLDSBORO, N. C.

Leads All Competitors!

I. S. D. SAULS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

HEAVY AND FANCY GROCERIES.

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL LINE OF

FAMILY GROCERIES

FARMERS' SUPPLIES.

Including, Oats, Bran, Hay, Ship-Stuff, Corn, Meal, Flour, Meat, Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, &c.

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Celebrated Durham Bull Fertilizers.

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