VOL. X.

WASHINGTON, BEAUFORT COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1887.

NO. 37.

[For the Gazette.] DIRECTORY. BELEVA. MAILS.

Northern and Greenv.de-Due daily at 8 p. m. closes at 10 p. m. North and South side river mail. Due Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6 p. m. Closes at tolkowing mornings. Office Hours-9 a. m. to 10 p. m. Money Order and Registry Department—9 a. m. till 5 p. m.

COUNTY. Sheriff and Treasurer B. T. Hodges. Superior Court Clerk-G. Wilkens.

Astendent Public Instruction-Rev. Nat. Harding. Superintendent of Health-Dr. John McDonald.

CITY. Mayor-C. M. Brown. Clerk-Jas. H. Hoyt. Treasurer-W. Z. Morton. Chief of Police-M, J. Fowler. Councilmen-C. M. Brown, W. B. Morton, S. R. Fowle, Jonathan Havens, W. H. Howard, Ed. Peed.

CHURCHES. Episcopal-Rev. Nat. Harding, Rector. Services every Sunday morning and night. Sunday School at 3:30 P. M. Rev. Nat. Harding, Superintendent. Presbyterian—Rev. S. M. Smith, pastor. Services every Sunday morning and night. Sunday School at 3:30 P. M. Superintendent, Jas. L. Fowle. Methodist—Rev. T. Page Ricaud, pas-

tor. Services every Sunday morning and evening. Superintendent, — Warren Mayo. Sunday School, 3:39 p. m.

The happy sunny smile she wore, The clustering ringlets flowing o'er Her shoulders as she tripped along,

TEMPERANCE MEETINGS. Reform Club—Regular meetings every
Thesday night at 7:30 at Club Rooms.
W. C. T. U.—Regular meetings every
Thursdry, 3 P. M., at Rooms of Reform
Club.

An inner take of softed blue,
With dazzling pupil shooting through,
Protected by a lash and brow
Long and silken, arched and high,

Club and Union Prayer Meeting every Sunday, in Town Hall at 2:30. Mass Meeting in Court House every 2d Thursday night in each month

Orr Lodge, No. 104, A. F. and A. M. Meets at Masonic Hall 1st and 3rd Tuesday nights of each month—E. S. Hoyt, W. M., R. T. Hodges, Secretary.

th Thursday nights at Odd Fellows' The priming wet and shooting done. Hall—C. M. Brown, commander; Wm. While I still gazed toward the spot M. Cherry, collector. What I said the spot Where sweet Beleva disappeared.

Pamho Lodge, No. 715, lenights and Ladies of Honor. Meets 2nd and 4th Monday nights at Odd Fellows' Hall—Wm. M. Cherry, protector; T. P. Bow-The placid lake more tranquil grew,



Absolutely Pure. This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than ordinary kinds, the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only

ROYAL BAKING POWDERCO.

No More Eye Glasses. More Weak Eyes.



EYE - SACVE.

SORE. WEAK & INFLAMED EYES, Producing Long-sightedness, and Restoring the Sight of the Old. Cures Tear Drops, Granulation, Stye Tumors, Red Eyes, Matted Eye Lashes, and produc-

\$700 to \$2500 All expense, can be

page. Sold byall dru

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

And all Bilious Complaints

Safe to take, being purely vegetable; no grip-ing. Price 25 ets. All Druggists.

In gentle ever-fading lines, And ever drank by sands that make Foundations for the towering pines,

Where pipe the birds; and figs and To shed their perfume on the air, Already fragrant everywhere, Is where—beside this sunny lake— Dwelt the sweet maid Beleva; A sweeter child or prettier lake Could not be found; and for her sake, And my great love for her, I take The only comfort left to me

BY W. COTTEN DOWNING.

And fairer than the flowers that blow,

And sweeter than my rhymes can show-The fair, sweet child Beleva.

Where amber waters roll and break,

They say 'tis many years ago

A maiden purer than the snow,

I saw and leved Beleva

My love, my lost Beleva. That she is lost why should I say? My fair and sweet Beleva. When still she lives and dwells to-day In the same mansion near the bay, Where breaks the lakelet's amber spray Upon the golden sands for aye, As fair and sweet and dear to me As maiden unto man can be, Yet dead to me—fate cannot err— And I am ever dead to her; So she is lost to me for ave-

To dream of one as fair as she-

My sweet and fair Baleva. Twas by the clear lake's pebbly shore I first saw sweet Beleva: Singing a merry summer song; Her eyes—such eyes! two orbs of light-An outer sea of polished white,

Long and silken, arched and high, Lins where curled a Cupid's bow. With pearls inside and roses nigh, All blooming o'er a velvet check As thick as lilies in the creek; And such a form! Diana dreamed Of none more perfect than it seemed!
All this upon my vision broke, Like lightning from a t .under cloud,

And well I knew that Love's own dark was quivering then within my heart.

Pharanx Lodge No 10 I O O F. Meets every Friday night at their hall—M. Berg, N. G.; J. R. Ross, Sec'y.

Washington Lodge, No. 1490, Knights of Honor. Meets ist and 3rd Thursday nights at Odd Fellows' Hall—A. R. Crabtree dictator; J. D. Myers, reporter; J. R. Ross, F. reporter.

Chicora Council, No. 350 American Legions of Honor. Meets every 2nd and 4th Thursday nights at Odd Fellows' That would have been in canoe lying, But on the bottom lay my gun.

The priming wet and shooting done,

Excelsion Lodge, No. 31, C. G. C. In slanting lives, from out the bim Meets 1st and 2nd Tuesdays mights at Odd Fellows Hall—C. W. Comband of the far, far west; And, like a mighty painting spread in climes where Photones never

On which the pines are minarets. At this sweet hours the horse' neighnyoked in fields a mile awayis heard as plain as though they stood pon the shore in yonder wood; and every sound, or far or near, Falls clearly on the listening ear. Just then I grasped the truant oar,

My dream and reverie was done, And turned my frail canoe once more Toward the slowly setting sun. There was the landing by the cliffs, Where sportsmen moored their boats and skiffs, Some eighty rods along the shore, From where I saw the maid no more.

Indeed my realistic pen Can never tell my thoughts just then. On landing grated the canoe; I gathered tackle, bag and gun, hen bade a sorrowful adieu
To boat and lake and setting sun. while, the rugged pathway led

Until it reached more open glade, And broader road where, sometimes, sped On evening ride, equestrian maid. Just as I gained this broader road— Oh! horrors, what did I behold? running palfrey with a load More precious than its weight in gold! The reins were broke! and madly ran The frightened horse like startled deer: On! on a few more planges, and The rugged cliffs and death were near!

hair,
The same fair form beyond compare, Beleva's eyes, I loved so well, Were turned to me in more appeal; how my heart within did swell,-

To ages grew the moments then, As nearer horse and maiden drew; should I misstep, or miss the rein, Then all was jost I surely knew. Like trained athlete with muscles knit, I stood and felt I would succeed; On! on! I sprang and caught the bit, With grip of fate, and held the steed! One moment more and on my breast, Unharmed, did sweet Beleva rest. Oh! this short hour, so dear to me, Too sweet and pure as earthly bliss For heaven, whatever joys there be,

Cannot exceed its eestacies clasped her with the fondest laye, Her eyes met mine in tenderest glauce, kissed her fair white brow above Those orbs, where holiest lovelights

dance.

felt her heart beat, she felt mine. She saw my love, I, hers as well: One moment more these joys divine
Are lost! lost! To earth I fell.

ing quick relief and permanent cure.

Also, equally efficacious when used in other maladies, such as Ulcers, Fever Sores, Tumors, Sait Rheum, Burnss

My form is bent, my hair is white:
They tell me long years lie between The watches in that mental night;
And that till now I've idly caved piles, or wherever inflammation exist-Mitchell's Salve may be used to advat' Nor knew that her sweet life was saved

By me at cost of all but breath, ON TIME, BUT NOT ON ETERNITY.

get a parlor suit on time.

"Yes," said the dealer, "You can buy anything you want here on THROUGH THE BREAKERS.

Plot to Defeat Her Rival .--The Stratagem Worked Welland She took in Her Fellow.

IN TWO PARTS.

I did not see Horace for a long time, so when at last they let me ed to hear him say it. see him, the first bitterness of his her fear when the awful wind swept so suddenly across the sea; but how she had grown so weak at last and despairing, that she fell with the second wave, and never rose again. He sat beside me while I to grow natural to him to sit beside me; and at last I -watching | Horace bent to open it. his face-saw its sorrow fade, and the old look of content return to it-At first it was in silence that he sat beside me, and this silence I could understand and share; but gradual ly be would win me on to talk to him, and his eyes would brighten as he listened. So we grew dear friends again-dearer than we had ever been; and I forgot that white drowned face which lay now-side by side with my own mother-under the old cedar in our church-yard on the hill.

One night we had strolled there together, to lay some autumn blos soms on the grave; and so long h lingered by the grave in perfect si lence that my fears and my despair came back to me in overwhelming force. He had forgotten .ne. Before his grave eyes was the bright childish face of her who had won his first love. He was wishing she had been saved and I lost. Why had he brought me here, where I could see the white drowned face, it still below the waters, after the angry death had passed! Should I be obliged to see it thus before me all my life?

Silently, as we had stood there we turned from the grave, side by side; then suddenly Horace clasped me in his arms and kissed me. So tenderly, and yet so passionately, he kissed me, under the quiet stars, that at that moment I knew that I had won what I had so long vainly craved for. He had learned at last to give me a stronger and more fervent love than he had ever given to Elsie.

IV.

The same sweet face, the same bright it had been upon that autumn Oh! how I strung my nerves with tell me with what strength and me once again, as it had done at white face grow colder still, I won, her sweet face comes between those

tenderness he loved me.

been out at all to day?"

"No, Horace," if you put on plenty of fur; and it slow and clear,

my wife!"

apart, then, Horace?"

How a Shrewd Girl Laid a Deep

PART II.

Horace and I had been married nearly a year and this was Christ away for two or three days, but I her and let me go?" knew he would return for Christmas day, and so I sat waiting for ill?" him. Always I longed for his return when he had left me, but hardly ever so intensely as I longed for it this night. The wind was blow ing fitfully, now rising in sudden gusts, which brought back to me that horrible morning in the sea; and now lying fulled and calm, as night when Horace and I had stood

A Brooklyn man who had a bad I asked it eagerly, yet I knew ly a ray of hope. Even in the shall record for buying goods on the in- well that the time had come of ow- for he was leaning now against stalment plan and never paying for which I used to dream-he lavish, the tree-I could see how rigid and them, went juto a Fulton street fur ed on me now far more intensity of how coldly white his face had niture house and asked if he could affection than he had ever given to grown. his first love

"Miss you!" he echoed, folding the grass before him, and appealing wonderful dream the while. me within his arms, and laying his to him with my burning hands out

darling; and if I tried to say be

much, I should but fail." "Because you love me so, Horace? beside that grave. ished wife,"

as you love met"

loved."

The moon was riding gloriously truth that I had killed her. I told my neck, kissing me as he did so; him how Elsie had clung to me in and my heart beat joyously and proudly as I leaned on his strong arm, and felt that I was very dear

So earnestly and happily were w talking, so perfect was the beauty of the night that I had not notictold him this, and then it seemed ticed where we were going until we stopped before a gate, I knew, and

"We have wandered here almost unconsciously, my darling," he said-"but we will go in and stand a me ment in the quietness beside Elsie's grave. In our own intense happi ness we must not forget her upon this beautiful Christmas night; and it is her birthday, too. You remem ber, Margaret?"

I shrunk aside and whispered. "Not to night-not on Christmaseve-not on her birthday," but Horace gently led me on until we stood once more together beside that great square stone beneath the cedar. It was very chill and grown so happy? If he would but mad? speak; if he would but talk to me, and chase away these haunting without a movement of his white memories which had not visited me and rigid face. just as I saw it look when I beld since (in this very spot) he had that the words might ar wa this again. mouning in my ears, this rushing had be breathed her name at all to night, and raised this awful know; they cannot separate us."

memory! "Oh, Horace, see the white, dead "separated utterly and forever!"

facego

mas eve. My husband had been it away! she would have you save ned my love then; oh, take it now, between the words.

I heard the question in my busband's soft, kind tones, but there

more distinctly. "Listen," I cried turning to face

the blast of wind which came sweep | cry as might have reached to the listen!"

beside Elsie's grave, in that strange storm had passed, and left me stand- lence of the calm and beautiful slowly to the ground. silence which he broke at last to ing so, I fancied death had spread night. But when I saw his stern sea, and I knew why. That story dered why I had laughed. So strangely nervous and so timid I had grown that, when I heard my husband's step at last, I ran to meet him just as if he had come as a deliverer.

So strangely nervous and so timid I had grown that, when I heard my husband's step at last, I ran to meet him just as if he had come as a deliverer.

So strangely nervous and so timid I knew why. That story was to be told to Horace; here by the grave where the voices moaned; here by the grave where the voices moaned; how my start and angled.

So strangely nervous and so timid I had grown that, when I heard my husband's step at last, I ran to meet him just as if he had come as a deliverer.

So strangely nervous and so timid I had grown that, when I heard my husband's step at last, I ran to meet him just as if he had come as a deliverer. "Frightened, my darling!" he again. The white, dead face be ling can separate us now. Don't be questioned, tenderly, as he led me neath that stone cried out for jus frightened, Horace; you are my husback into the lighted room. "Tem- tice now; the voices of the wind band, I will not leave you. Did you pestuous is it not? But so beau- and sea cried out aloud their accu- dream that I could be so cruel? I tiful sammer dream! tiful out-of doors. The moon is full sation, I had a task to do in the was not half so cruel to her as that and the sky exquisite. Have you lull of that great storm, and I must would be, "Then, when dinner is over, I him in the shadow of the cedar, my knew that the love which had been will take you. It will do you good, eyes fixed upon him, and my words my very life was dead forever. I

will do me good, too, to have you Quite still he stood to listen, ror, the long anguish of the life to walking at my side again. You are while I told him all-quite still I which he doomed me; and, standing not airaid of this wind, my darling?" had finished; then, after an utter, still, I took my burning head with "No." terrible pause, he fell on his knees in my hands, and uttered shrick on beside the stone and hid his fade shrick, until silence of the sacred it is to be at home with you again, upon it. I did not speak or move soun I, and the beauty of the moon until he rose -after a long time light vanished in a great black "Do you miss me when we are Then I eagerly and piteously scann- darkness. ed his face, that I might glean on

is no minute in any hour of my ab sin there may have been, you caus- just as he did when I was ill once sence in which I do not miss you ed! If I had not loved you-" in the old past, so many years ago! full of the love he has just spoken

I knew it so well; but still I lov am the same Margaret whom you my husband's face will meet me, the flowers they are all true. Everydone, tempted by your love for me, is such a beautiful dream.

and clung to you, and pitied you' leaves fall softly on me by onebut never ceased to love you-nev | very softly, as if they fell a long, et, never! Oh, my husband, let it long away, perhaps from heaven e me slowly; love me a little-just itself. The sky is bright and blue a little-until I can bear its being up there above them, and the sun-I pushed my hair away from my lay its warm, sweet kiss upon my

throbbing temples; something was face. There are no fierce rushing Though bedecked with floral glories. the sea made in rushing over Elsie's dream and no driving waves. There face was deafening me-deafening is only peace and calm and sunshadow; and, between it and me, a not speak lest I should break my I told you that I was not to be at little girl with long, wet hair and dream.

can be happy still; we know it, we gloomy there, and I crept closer to to night and that wave came roll ing such a look of loving pitiful my husband's side; very chill and ing to us, and left her face-Hor- compassion that I cannot even trust very gloomy, even with his strong ace, Horace!" the words were an myself to meet it, lest it should protecting arm around me. Why eager, hurried whisper now, "take bring the tears, for tears would had he brought me here, when we me up, Horace! I am dying here; at waken me. And now across the had both learned to forget, and had her feet and yours; or am I lawn comes Horace; his face the

> He raised me from the grass "I will take you to your home,"

of the sea about my head, this cry with a vacant smile upon my parch of a faint and dying voice! Why ing lips; "we cannot be separated awe. I remember the different faces

my husband-my own husband, "Margaret, my darling, are you whom no one can take from me, when it is a hundred times more

> earnest than ever before!" But now I could see his face in was no hope for me.

"Horace!" I cried, with

ing over the valley below; "listen! dead around us, "Horace, forgive!" pain, only a great faintness. If I Coldly he drew back from me. I waited for its coming, with my and then-I laughed. I laughed arms outstretched; and when the loudly and horribly, there in the si- I should fall just so-softly and As we turn again the leaf

do it. I drew away from my hus- He turned from me, shuddering band's side, and stood opposite through all his frame; and then I saw, in all its fullest, darkest hor-

I have been very ill. I wake to

the knowledge slowly, as I lie and listen to the hushed breath and softened footsteps in my room.

"Oh, Horace," I cried—falling on wake to it very slowly, dreaming a wake to it very slowly, dreaming a the fiercest wave of all came then, softened footsteps in my room. I

The man didn't buy. N. Y. World. lips most tenderly on mine, "There stretched-"oh, my husband all the home, and Elsie sits beside my bed, our gratitude and love?"

Col lly and sternly he interrupted And my father comes for tidings of of, and-is it gratitude! My eyes me, bidding me come away from his child, with his eyes dim and gathered a little warmth and life Merchants Hotel. auxious, just as I used to see them from theirs. There is a feeling ut-"Because I love you so, my cher- "Oh, Horace, take me back to in that far back time. Horace is terly strange to me upon my thin, your heart?" I pleaded. "Why did living with us (in this dream of white iips-they are breaking into "You never loved any one before you bring me here?' You would mine) just as he did then; and he s smile. never have known, if you had not too waits for tidings, and comes "This is true, then? This is true, "I never have-I never can-love brought me here to night; and we with a soft, slow step to look upon and the the other was the dream?" any one as I love you, my own be should have been happy now-as me. Ah! if this dream may last a "All this is true, my darling, and we were before. Horace, I little longer; because, when I awake we are true; and the sunshine and

loved so dearly, an hour ago-only a stern and cold, as it must be thing is true except those terrible little hour ago to dearly, you said through all the rest of my sin shad dehrious fancies which have been BRYAN - HOUSE grief was past. He asked me many, through the frosty sky when we so dearly! I remember it, I remem- owed life; and instead of this bright with you in your fever. That was many things about that day, and 1 started out together. Horace had ber every word. You missed me face beside my bed will be the the dream; but it has passed now, A first class Hotel. Omnibus and Car told him all—save the terrible himself fastened the soft furs about revery minute of every hour of our memory of that crowded head I saw and all the faucies have passed too. separation, you said-oh, Horace beneath the waters. It is far bet Ah, there is a little look of returnremember that, and take me back ter to be dying, and to dream this ing health at last, and the line you See how I have loved you. If you dream, than grow quite strong and gave for me is saved! You are comhad-had ever done what I have well, and meet my misery again. It ing back to us from the gates of I should have wept, prayed for par 1 am now lying under the beach shall be happy once again !" don for you, and comforted you' upon the lawn, and the golden

light creeps amid their shelter to burning in my head, and the noise storms of wind in this beautiful and blinding me, for I could not see shine, and the rare, sweet fragrance Horace now; nothing but a dark of the autumn flowers I love. I dare

I see my father standing against "Ob, Horace, take me back! We the golden beach and watching me with the old look of love upon his have proved it, you have often said face. Elsie is beside me still (as it. You can forget this. I had for she has been all through this peace gotten until you brought me here ful dream) and in her eyes is shinkind and pleasant face of long ago cent-so long ago. He comes up to me (softly as they all come in this d: cam of mine), and I read the old told me how, he loved met If he he said, "and after that I wish that friendship in his eyes, and some-would only tell me so again loudly be a never look upon your face thing more; not hatred and con tempt, ah, no! but a great tender. "Why, Horace!" I whispered ness and a great compassion, and something that looks almost like you and I; we are married, you which I shall see when I awake, and

silently I pray that it may be God's "We are separated now," slowly, will I die before the waking comes. My hands are very weak and 'Oh no, Horace-no!" I cried, ap thin and wasted; and when he My cry had not broken his long pealing to him once again with ea- takes one into his, and kneels besilence, so I knew it was uttered ger hands and eyes. "You will side my couch, I can see the only in my heart. I looked up ear take me back? It was for your fear which darkened Elsie's eyes. My gerly, that the glance of his kind sake I did it, and you have loved voice is low and failing, but at last For good feeling and cheer, eyes might give me courage but me since, when I was just what I they understand my questionthat drowned face had come be am now. You valued my love then, reading it more from eyes then Ah, yes, I know you did! for that from my lips- and Elsie answers "Oh, Horace," I cried, groping knowledge was my happiness, and it in a whisper, and her warm lips with my hands, "take it away! take I could not be deceived. You val touching my cheeks and forehead

"No dream, my darling; no dream We have you with us, and we are nursing you back to health again. If care and love -- the truest, fondest love, my dear-can give you was something else I heard far the moonlight, and I knew there strength, then you will soon be your own self again."

So the words run in this summer dream of mine. I have no were a leaf upon the beach above me at the first faint breath of wind

"Margaret," Elsie whispers, when We do bid our former ways reddening leaves and my wide up turned eyes, "do you remember that THE FIRST COURSE UNSUC day we were together in the sea. when the wind rose so suddenly ! I will tell you-oh, my dear! what the

I am awakening now-awaking Bridget-Yis, mum, but sh my dream will be over--my beau- the toorane.-N. Y. Sun. "Tell me slowly-slowly," I plead,

my broken words most eager in their utter weakness; "no, let Horace tell; then I shall be -awake." "It is too much to tell to day," he whispers, wrapping a shawl about me tenderly-for he does not know that I lie shivering there only be. THE POOR PARAGRAPHIST. cause I know I am awakening; "how can I tell in a few simple words that brave unselfish act of His bosom when he rose to find yours? How can I speak calmly even yet of low you saved my dar ling at the risk of your own life; of how, when sie fainted and fell, you your strength all wasted—sunk down yourself beneath the water, and we were barely in time to save a few bottle of Dr. King's New I am lying in my own room at you! How can I tell of this, and of trie litters. We gnarantee them always.

Both their faces are near mine,

death. Oh, my dear, my dear, we

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

Is deserving of a sonnet, For a pretty face within is a vis ion of delight; But a hat of seven stories. With feathers and ribbons, makes a girl a perfect fright.

A pretty little bonnet

-Boston Courier. Great Amateur Actress (to ser vant)-How stupid of you, Bridget! home to anybody.

Bridget-But the gentleman sed. mum, that he is the largest soap manufacturer in the counthry. Great Amateur Actress (hastily) -Oh, tell the gentleman I will be

down at once.-Life. INSCRIPTION FOR A CHIM-

NEY. As sparks of fire To heaven aspire, So by thy life neavenward strife Then 'neath thy pall Not ashes all. But fire whose claim Shall write thy name.

-Wash, Star NECESSARY PROTECTION.

First Worshiper-Why are yo wearing those big thick earmuffs, Attorney con at Law Smith, it isn't cold ? Second Worshiper-I am going

to church. "So am I; but what of that ?" "We have discharged our choir and are going to have congregation al singing to-day."-Tid Bits.

THE LADIES' HATS AGAIN. And the ladies will doubtless b

good, And relegate that most obnoxious To innocuous desuetude. -Boston Courier.

NOTHING MEAN ABOUT HIM. Servant-The man who brought this bill says he is tired coming out

here so far to collect this bill.

Col. Yerger (who never pays anyhouse in this neighborhood if he wants to .- Texas Siftings.

TIME'S MOST UP NOW. Now bad habits come to grief That's new. And for ten or fifteen days

Adieu.

CESSFUL. Mistress (to new cook)-Bridget. the soup is quite cold. Didn't I tell

to warm the forcen ? with an icy shiver. In one moment Oi thought the soup would warrum HE OUGHT TO BE CUESNED.

> Whose duty it was to cure puesne, Loved a maid, and he kissed her In order to blister The girl who, he said, was insueane. -Cincinnatti Times Star.

> A doctor, near old Fort Du Quesne.

He thought that fate was too unkind. And disappointment thrilled

His hose with chestouts filled.

-Boston Conrier. Wonderful Cure. how, when sie fainted and fell, you rescued her, and held her safe above the water notil help come. Then There is the water notil help come. Then the water notil help come. Then the water notil help come. the water until help came. Then covery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's how you put her in safety, and- Arnica Slave for two years. Have nev Sold by D. N. Bogart.

Read our Club Offer,

Professional and Business Carad

Spencer Bros., Prop's.

The Drummers' Home. SAMPLE ROOM FREE. Polite Waiters. Good Rooms. Best table the market affords

Main St., Washington, N. C. THE TRAVELING PUPLIC WILL

FIND THE riages from the Bryan House come

H B BRYAN, Proprietor The Traveling Public when stopping at Bethel should always

BETHEL HOUSE, kept by WA James, Jr. Good board and ooms at reasonable rates.

New Arlington Hotel, Goldsboro, N. C.

JOE CRESSWELL, Clerk. BUILDING REMODELED AND REFUR-NISHED. Polite Servants and the best attention to Guests. the NEW ARLINGTON a welcome

Table supplied with the best the market affords. Bay View Hotel. Edenton, N. C. TERMS REASONABLE.

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Possesses Every Modern Conven-PHIL F BROWN & BRO,
Of Blue Ridge Springs, Va JNO. H. SMALL

Attorney-st-Law. THOS W. MANYBER

Aurora N. C. Will attend each Commissioners

11:12

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