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1753!

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The people know a good paper when they see it.

THE WASHINGTON GAZETTE.

"THE OLD NORTH STATE FOREVER."

WASHINGTON, BEAUFORT CO., N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1889.

NO. 16.

Proof of the Pudding.

The GAZETTE now has a circulation 75 per cent. larger than when the present editor took charge of its management, and the record of the postoffice will show.

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H. A. LATHAM, Editor.



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Second District, Frederick Phillips, of Edgecombe.
Third District, H. G. Connor, of Wilson.
Fourth District, Walter Clark, of Wake.
Fifth District, John A. Gilmer, Guilford.
Sixth District, E. T. Boykins, of Sampson.
Seventh District, James C. McRae, of Currituck.
Eighth District, B. T. Armfield, Iredell.
Ninth District, M. F. Graves, of Yadkin.
Tenth District, John G. Bynum, Burke.
Eleventh District, W. M. Shipp, of Mecklenburg.
Twelfth District, James H. Merrimon, of Buncombe.

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Second District, H. P. Cheatham, of Columbus.
Third District, C. W. McCluney, Pender.
Fourth District, B. H. Bunn, of Nash.
Fifth District, J. M. Brower, of Johnston.
Sixth District, Alfred Rowland.
Seventh District, J. S. Henderson, Rowan.
Eighth District, W. H. H. Cowles, Wake.
Ninth District, H. G. Ewart, of Currituck.

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Superior court clerk, G. Wilkins.
Register of Deeds, M. F. Williamson.
Surveyor, Mayo B. Waters.
Coroner, Wm. H. Gaskins.
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Clerk, J. A. Burgess.
Treasurer, J. B. Sparrow.
Chief of Police, B. T. Stewart.
Councilmen, J. H. Small, C. W. Tayloe, W. Z. Morton, Jr., C. M. Brown, W. T. Farrow, A. D. Peyton, Chas. Blackledge.

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Northern and Greenville, due daily at 8 p.m.; close at 10 p.m.
North and South side river due daily at 6 p.m.; closes at 6 following mornings.
Office hours, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.
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Methodist, Rev. W. R. Ware, pastor. Services every Sunday morning and evening. Sunday school at 5 p.m. A. W. Thomas, Superintendent.
Presbyterian, Rev. S. M. Smith, pastor. Services every Sunday morning and night. Sunday school at 5 p.m. Jas. I. Fowle, Superintendent.
Episcopal, Rev. Nat. Harding, Rector. Services every Sunday morning and night. Sunday school at 4:30 p.m. Rev. Nat. Harding, Superintendent.

TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.
Reform Club, Regular meeting every Tuesday night at 8 o'clock. W. C. T. U., Regular meeting every Thursday, 4:30 p.m. at Town Hall.
Club and Union Prayer meeting every Sunday, in Town Hall at 2:30 p.m.
Band of Hope meets every Friday afternoon.

LODGES.
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. H. Hodges, Secy.
Phoenix Lodge, No. 10, I. O. O. F., meets every 1st and 3rd Friday night at their hall, C. M. Brown, N. G.; W. J. Crumpler, Secy.
Washington Lodge, No. 1, A. G. O., Knights of Honor, meets 1st and 3rd Thursday nights at Odd Fellows' Hall, T. C. Arnold, Dictator; Arthur Mayo, reporter; J. R. Ross, F. Reporter.
Chicago Council, No. 350, American Legion of Honor, meets every 2nd and 4th Thursday nights at Odd Fellows' Hall, Rev. S. M. Smith, commander; C. W. Tayloe, collector.
Pamlico Lodge, No. 715, Knights and Ladies of Honor, meets 2nd and 4th Monday nights at Odd Fellows' Hall, C. W. Tayloe, Protector; W. M. Cherry, Secretary.
Excelsior Lodge, No. 31, O. G. C., meets 1st and 2nd Wednesday night at Odd Fellows' Hall, J. E. Clark, commander; Dr. H. Small, Secretary.

THE DYING CAROLINIAN.

Lay up nearer, brother, nearer,
For my limbs are growing colder,
And thy presence seemeth dearer
When thine arms around me fold.

I am dying, brother, dying,
Soon you'll miss me in your berth,
And my form will soon be lying
Neath the cold earth's silent turf.

Listen, brother, closely listen,
I have something I would say,
Ere the veil my vision darkens
And I go from hence away.

I am going, sweetly going,
For my faith in God is strong,
I am willing, brother, knowing
That He doeth all things well.

Tell my father when you see him,
That in death I prayed for him,
Prayed that I might, one day meet him,
In a world that's free from sin.

Tell my mother, God assist her,
Know that she'll not be grieved,
That her child would glad have kissed
Her when his lips grew pale and cold.

Listen, brother, catch each whisper,
'Tis my wife I'll speak of now;
Tell, O tell her how I miss her,
When the fever burnt my brow.

Tell her she must kiss the children,
Like the kiss I last imparted,
And my heart as when last I held them,
Folded closely to my breast.

Oh my children, Heaven bless them,
Would I could once more caress them,
Before I'm laid beneath the clay.

It was for them I joined the army,
'Tis my wife I know so well;
What my hopes were I need not tell,
But I have gained an opiate poison.

Yet He doeth all things well,
I'll see His sister's smile,
I'll see His mother's smile,
I'll see His father's smile.

Every kind and parting word,
And my heart has been kept tender
With the thoughts her memory stirred.

Tell them I never reached the haven
Where I sought that precious dust,
But I've gained a port called Heaven,
Where the gold will never rust.

Urges them to secure an entrance,
For they'll find their brother there,
Faith in Jesus and repentance
Will secure for each a share.

I must go, my Saviour's calling,
'Tis His voice I know so well;
When I'm gone oh do not weep,
Brother there's my last farewell.

LOVE AT NAG'S HEAD.

A Spot on the Carolina Coast
Where Nature Aids Cupid to
FOOL FOND FLUTTERING
HEARTS

As Youth and Maiden Wander
on the Sands in the Moon-
light.

THE STORY OF A SHELL- COVERED GRAVE.

[W. Cotten Downing, in Pittsburg Dispatch.]

About 40 miles above the dangerous reefs of Cape Hatteras, where many a goodly ship laden with freight of valuable merchandise, and still more precious human lives, has gone down forever to the bottom of the treacherous sea stands a large hotel and numerous cottages on a strip of the sandy beach with the usually placid waters of the Albemarle on one side and those of the more turbulent ocean on the other. The land between the ocean and sound at this point is in the shape of a horse's head, and the place from the earliest times has been called "Nag's Head." It is here that many of the wealthy people of the Carolinas spend their summer, and no more interesting or picturesque summer resort can be found from Maine to Florida. A few miles from "Nag's Head," on the sound side, can be seen historic Roanoke Island, its clusters of vine covered forest and its bowers of blooming wild roses.

Every part of this lovely isle of the South has its legend of history, and, as we ramble at eventide beneath the towering branches of live oaks, listening to the sweet music of singing birds and the hoarse murmur of the ceaseless waters, breathing the perfume of a million flowers, watching the blood red sun dashing his fiery chariots toward the western horizon while his slanting beams glisten and dance along the foam crested waves of the distant sea, we can but imagine Sir Walter Raleigh's astonishment and delight when he furled his storm-whitened sails and set foot on this lovely virgin shore. It was there Virginia Dare, the first child in America, was born, and either the deepening shadows of the murmuring pine trees or the unreal rhythm of chiming waters still hold the secret of

HER MYSTERIOUS FATE.

On the ocean side we look out, out, out, and naught can be seen but the mighty Atlantic. Its ponderous, white capped waves roar and rumble and break upon the golden sands up and down as far

as the eye can see. Soaring aloft, lazily, or darting with the swiftness of the wind, white winged sea birds dip down in the briny deep for a moment, then rise dripping with the salt sea's tears, and screaming over the silver scaled prey their talons hold. And the winds! 'Tis here they gambol and frolic; 'tis here they moan and shriek with the vengeance of myriad demons. Here the gentlest health-giving zephyrs bring out the roses on the pallid maidens' cheek in summer, and toy with beauty's flowing curls as tenderly as an enraptured lover. Here the hoarse, wild sweep of the storm is felt in winter—rushing, cutting, numbing in its most awful fury. Here the sun shines brightly along the vast expanse of the ever pulsing sea, and here the full, round moon sends her silvery radiance in showers of sparkling, glittering diamonds over the throbbing bosom of the rolling deep. Here the clouds gather and deepen and spread till they seem to touch the ocean as a mammoth pall, while the roar of the thunder detonates like exploding worlds, and the flashing, twisting, burning lightning scars and seams the very vault of heaven.

Youth and beauty ramble along the stretches of sandy beach or bathe in the chafing waters near the shore. Female loveliness and manly excellence promenade the water washed piers or congregate in reclining chairs on the cool verandahs where the tempered sea breezes blow. 'Tis here Cupid wings his tender darts most accurately, and many a lovely, blushing Southern maiden has arrived heart whole to depart in September engaged to some gallant beam whom she will follow to the altar and promise to "love, honor and obey" ere the Christmas tide has come. Ay, this is indeed

these banks, they are strong in their friendships and lasting in their dislikes. They know what it is to love and are unwavering in affection. They know what it is to hate, and are unforgetting in their enmities. Gain their esteem and they will shield and protect you—incur their ill-will and they will bound you to the death. The maidens love and wed and are as constant and true to the objects of their choice as the most cultured lady at the summer resort flounder down the beach. And their young men, while not as polished as city gentlemen, are faithful to the girls they marry. Indeed, they possess characteristics that might in many instances be copied to advantage by some members of our polite society.

A SHELL COVERED GRAVE.

Near one of the many cart roads running through these sandy barrens is an old burying ground. Huge boulders, brought as ballast for ships, mark some of the graves while others have plain weather-beaten boards at their head. One grave rather apart from the others is particularly noticeable from the large number of bright and curious sea shells entirely covering it. Why this one should be so differently marked from the others causes the inquisitive mind to ascertain at the neighboring cottage. A venerable gray haired woman responded to the call and tells the poetical and touching story of the young girl who lies entombed beneath the glistening pile. From her story it gathered that the maiden was the comeliest lassie along the banks, and that she had a lover of a wild and roving disposition whom she loved with the utmost devotion, and who loved her as truly in return. But her parents were unwilling for them to marry unless he would give up his roving life. So he promised her after one more voyage to quit going to sea and do as her parents wished. With a trembling heart she bade him good spend as his ship sailed away over the treacherous deep. Much bad weather prevailed after his departure, and the vessel was some weeks longer returning than its allotted time. The agonized maiden watched every passing sail till she longed to lay one hope in sight. She rushed to the pier to meet her lover, and the sad news that he had been lost in a storm at sea was told her as gently as possible. The shock was so great that she sank to the ground, and when lifted therefrom life was extinct. She was buried in the old graveyard, and on every anniversary of her death her companions, in a sad procession, go along the seashore gathering the prettiest shells, which they strew over her grave.

LOVE STRONGER THAN LIFE.

Turning away as the narrator finished her story, the thought presented itself that in all the annals of the rich and great, no instance of undelful true love could be found to exceed in tragic sincerity that of the faithful maiden reared among the simple and unlettered denizens of the banks:

"Oh! ship, with the dripping sail,
From across the foaming sea,
Do thy wet wings bring to me?
Has he sent true love to his dear,
Or perchance he's now with thee,
Oh! ship with the dripping sail?"

"Oh! ship with the dripping sail,
A symbol are they of woe?
Oh! how they wake my fears;
And thy broken spars I know
Ther's lack of news that cheer—
Oh! ship with the dripping sail."

"Oh! maiden!—the good ship said—
Thy lover was then with me,
And vowed he would rove no more
Over land nor yet over sea,
But would live for his sweet Lenore,
"Oh! ship, tell me not he's dead!"

"And maiden!—the good ship said—
"He was brave thro' the storm king's
reign,
Thy my gaffs and booms were gone
Thro' a mad dog's snarl again,
He was firm, but just at dawn
By a falling spar was slain"
"Oh! ship!—and the maid was dead

NO PERSONAL DEVIL.

SO SAYS A BAPTIST DIVINE
OF CHICAGO.

He Creates a Big Sensation by Expressing His Views at a Minister's Meeting—He Treats Bible Passages on This Subject as Figurative.

CHICAGO, Sept. 24.—Rev. H. H. Barbour, pastor of the Belden Avenue Baptist Church, created a sensation in the Baptist minister's meeting by reading a paper at this morning's session, in which he denied the existence of a personal devil, and treated the passages from Scripture speaking of such a personage as figurative and not literal.

Perhaps the most astonishing part of his paper was that which treated of the temptation of Christ in the wilderness, in which he said:

"Jesus was not actually led down into the wilderness immediately after his baptism, for he was already there: He did not maintain an absolute fast, for if so, he must have been miraculously sustained, in which case he would have been free from hunger and from the sufferings which made the temptation to turn stone into bread. The wilderness was not a barren waste, but merely a woody mountainous part of Judea, with vineyards, olive groves, and many fruit trees abounding in it.

"Christ was not literally taken to the Holy City and set upon a pinnacle of the temple. Had the devil taken him through the air he would have wrought a miracle, and only God can do that; had the devil attempted to walk with Christ to the temple, a journey of twenty or thirty miles, during which the fast could readily have been ended—and then to its pinnacle he would have been frustrated, for by law no foot could pass the first and only entrance of the temple under pain of death; the Jewish people could not pass the second, and the priests alone could enter the third in which the temple was. And though the devil a monk or priest would be for the occasion, Christ would not falsely have assumed the character."

Mr. Barbour's paper was followed by a storm of unfavorable comment, and will be the subject of discussion at next Monday's meeting.

Query Asked for Information.

MR. EDITOR:

In looking over the Laws of North Carolina of 1889 I find that in chapter 216, page 186, section 32, reads:

Every person, company or firm, for selling spirituous, vinous or malt liquors, or medicated bitters, shall pay a license tax semi annually, in advance, on the first day of January and July, as follows:

First, for selling in quantities of five gallons or less, fifty dollars for each six months, to be collected by the sheriff and paid to the treasurer of the county Board of Education for the benefit of the fund for public schools in such county, and goes on for larger amounts, etc.

Chapter 355, page 348, section 1, I find amendment that section one thousand and fifty be amended, viz: In the margin, justices of the Peace, etc., authorized to summon witnesses touching the whereabouts of places where intoxicating liquors are sold contrary to law.

The query is, does not a justice of the Peace who is appointed as one to take cognizance of all violations of law, violate the law gravely himself when he keeps and sells medicated bitters in his place of business. Is he, because he has been appointed a justice of the Peace by the powers, that he can be a privileged person, that he can violate the law with impunity?

These are questions that require an answer and also to be looked after by those whose duty it is to do so, and if they have not paid the tax, as required by law, they should be made to pay it so that the public schools may receive the benefit of the money. These matters should be brought to the attention of our Solicitor.

The selling of these medicated bitters by every county store keeper without complying with the law, should and ought not be allowed, or countenanced, and especially in a religious community, and in the near presence of a male and female seminary. In my opinion, Mr. Editor, there must be great danger of the scholars indulging in those medicated bitters, especially when their teachers are not aware of it, and that they are represented as stomach bitters, and good for every ailment printed on the labels. The price marked on the labels is fifty cents per bottle, but still they are sold two bottles for forty cents, or one bottle for twenty five cents.

ENQUIRER.

Baltimore American: The deadly carb stove should be fired before it begins its burning outrages.

A SOUTHERN WOMAN'S CHARM.

She Looks Like a Picture From an Old Beauty Book.

The charm of the Southern woman is not that she knows so much, is not that her gowns are the very latest style, or that she aspires to any high degree of physical culture, but that she is essentially a woman. She is a happy girl, she expects to be married some day. She does not think all this out, but still if the question were to be put to her she would tell you that it was the truth. She does not wear a tailor made gown with the chic of the New York girl, but is wonderfully bewitching in the white one that she dons in an evening, and in which, just now, she looks a bit like a picture taken from one of the old Beauty Books.

She wears a full, plain skirt, a bodice that is cut round at the neck, showing the white, firm flesh, and the sleeves are the veritable baby sleeves that are so exquisitely modest and yet shows the entire arm. About her waist is a white ribbon belt, and just in front is a buckle set with brilliants that grandma wore in her dancing days. Her hair is knotted low on her neck, and just on one side is placed a great creamy white rose. She will tell you that she heard that the beautiful girl who married the Duke of Portland inclined to wearing a flower in this way, and then she remembers that there was a picture home of some aunt who was famous in her time, and who had her rose placed just so, and from that she learned the proper method of arrangement. Now this is a pen-and-ink photograph of a real living girl who is going to marry a New York millionaire.—Boston Traveler.

The French Election.

The French people have just passed through a great danger and the Republic is safe. The fact affords just occasion for rejoicing wherever belief in the righteousness of free institutions exist, as it does in every American mind.

The contest in the elections of Sunday was a direct one between the Republic on the one hand and all the enemies of the Republic on the other. BOULANGER represented nothing but blind hostility to all that France now is, and a reckless purpose to aggrandize himself by overthrowing it all, regardless of what might follow. He is a destructionist pure and simple. He has no policy except to exalt himself. He represents no principle, no doctrine, no idea except his own cocked hat and the feathers which adorned it.

His success in Sunday's election would have meant chaos to France, and his hope was that in chaos he might find opportunity to parade himself in some fashion. His supporters were agreed in nothing except a desire to pull down the fabric of the Republic. They were Communists, Orealists, Bonapartists, Legitimists, Anarchists and wreckers for disorder's sake, leagued together for the occasion in an unnatural alliance, which could not have endured for a moment after achieving success in the immediate, destructive purpose. They were of one mind in meaning mischief, of a hundred diverse minds as to the uses to be made of mischief.

The good sense and patriotism of the French people have triumphed over this conspiracy of discordant elements. The Republic is not to be made a carcass for the vultures to wrangle over, and BOULANGER, beaten, humiliated and under condemnation in exile, while in all probability will come to be a power even for mischief. The mountain's defeat will set French wit leering at his pretensions, and the glory of the peacock is gone the moment its gorgeous feathers are stripped off. There is as little BOULANGER without his hat and boots as to Ludovic in THACKERAY'S picture when stripped of the trappings that had made him Ludovic Rex.—N. Y. World.

Sell Something.

This appeal is made to you because we know you make something that you can exhibit and sell at the State Fair. Show people what you can make and give them a chance to buy, making a profit for yourself and helping to show that your country makes something. If you cannot make anything larger than a clay pipe, show it, several barrels full of them, and sell them to merchants or to any who want to buy; or exhibit split-bottom chairs or furniture of any kind; shoes, home or factory make, cloth, home made cheese, preserves or jelly, and anything you make, up to steam engine or a saw mill. No charge is made for exhibiting or selling. Do this and help yourself and help advertise the county in which you live.

Alabama Farmers Making a Determined Effort to Suppress Plant Jute Bagging.

The members of the Farmers' Alliance in this portion of the cotton belt of Alabama are siding to break down the jute trust, which is being antagonized in every part of the State by the introduction of cotton bagging as a substitute for baling cotton. The latter system is a new one, and the farmers are as yet unable to prepare the material on account of the failure of the factories to supply the demand. Increased facilities are being rapidly adopted for turning out, and before long cotton bagging will entirely supplant jute, notwithstanding that a loss of 50 cents or \$1 per bale is sustained by those who use cotton-bagging. In some sections pine straw is being woven into bagging, which is said to be much superior to jute. It is not inflammable and will protect cotton better than any covering yet brought into use.—Greenville, Ala., Dispatch.

There is one paper in Illinois that tells the truth very plainly and emphatically. It is the Chicago Herald. It is in position to know all about the State press and what they have been saying all along, and it gives the fire-eating Radical press hot shot. It knows that ever since Grant was elected in 1868, the South has been set upon by the truculent editors who are brimful of bile and bitterness, and it tells them in the plainest words that they are liars and slanderers. Hear it:

"Forty-two years the Bourbon Republican press of Chicago has lied about the South. Under the false title of Northern courage, there has been poured upon the South an unceasing flood of libel and vilification. What for? Purely for home consumption. What the South did, these editors cared not, save that they had preferred to see this made true. The cause of the attacks was political, and the politics local. To elect a poundmaster an alderman, a justice of the peace, the popular heart was to be fired. The Moloch of Republican rancor must be fed with living sacrifice. The South being constantly in "rebellion," the local Republic in campaign was never considered obsolete. None of these lieters cared how many blacks might be massacred. * * * That has been the reason why the South has been vilified. That is the reason for the existence of the bloody chasm."—Wil. Messenger.

I have used S. S. S. for debility for chills and fever, and have found it to be the best tonic and appetizer that I ever took. It also prevented the return of chills.

A. J. ANLIN,
Eureka Springs, Ark.

Diek HORNBOOKER is a respected and well-to-do colored citizen of Springfield, Mo., he says that one bottle of Swift's Specific cured both himself and wife of a troublesome eruption of the skin.

MR. W. C. White is engineer on a boat on the Arkansas river, and his address is Little Rock. He says that S. S. S. has relieved him of blood poison, which was the result of chills and fever by toning up the system. He takes it in spring and summer months to prevent sickness from the malaria of the swamps on the river.

Mr. L. M. Geneva, of Vicksburg, Miss., says that his system was poisoned with nicotine from the excessive use of tobacco in cigarettes. He could not sleep, his appetite was gone, and he was in a bad fix generally. He took S. S. S. which drove out the poison and made a new man of him. 16c1

Their bold attempt to establish a great Southern Republic, and their intrepid valor and achievements in the great war, as viewed from the ruins of their lost cause, made the Southern people a profound study for the civilized world.—Asheville Journal.

The breath of a chronic catarrh patient of often so offensive that he becomes an object of disgust. After a time ulceration sets in, the spongy bones are attacked and frequently entirely destroyed. A constant source of discomfort is the dripping of the purulent secretion into the throat, sometimes producing invertebrate bronchitis. Which in its turn has been the exciting cause of pulmonary disease. The brilliant results which have attended its use for years past properly designate Ely's Cream Balm as by far the best and only cure. 16c2

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nov15

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