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"THE OLD NORTH STATE FOREVER."

H. A. LATHAM, Editor.

VOL. XIV.

WASHINGTON, BEAUFORT CO., N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1891.

NO. 16.

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Having permanently located in Washington, and fully equipped his office with all the latest and best instruments known to the dental profession, he invites the patronage of Beaufort and adjacent counties. Office at Hotel Nicholson.

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Best appointed Hotel in the State.

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The very best ICE COLD SODA

at Nicholson's Drug Store. Cream Soda and all the popular Syrups. 277 Drug Store under the new Hotel may28f

TROUBLE IN NEW YORK.

SOUTHERN MEN ARRESTED ON SUSPICION AND

Lodged in Jail in Default of Bond.

Notwithstanding the harmony heretofore existing between the North and South. We fear the key note of trouble has been touched and the old spirit of our late unpleasantness fully aroused.

What are we living for? Is not this a free country? Has not a Southern man the right to go to N. Y. without a written pass like the darkey before the war.

Intelligence reached us Sept. 15th from N. Y., saying, "two young men from Washington, N. C., were arrested this morning. They were arraigned before the Court under warrant, accusing the said parties

of monopolizing the mercantile belt of the city by a miraculous display of their hard dollars. Last week seems to have been set apart by the Northern mercantile billionaires, to make the big lick of the season by playing havoc with the money borrowers, closing their places of business for immediate payment of notes that were due and palling in those nice new goods at 60 per cent less than nothing.

At each appointed auction hour they met those two North Carolinians who apparently had plenty of the hard stuff, and seemed equally as well posted. The laws of N. Y., allowed the arrest of those unknown parties but only temporarily.

The young men have been identified and prove to be D. M. and J. M. Spencer, of the Racket Store, of Washington, N. C., and that they have bought more goods than any three houses in this place and can sell them cheaper than any man on earth can buy them, unless he gets them like they did.

They actually bought 973 suits of men's clothing from one house, 1194 youth's suits, 600 overcoats and 849 pair of pants from another man which took all he had. If they can manage to sell these goods for 10 per cent they will be satisfied and can save the customer about 40 per cent. 1000 pair sample shoes to be opened this week. Spot-cash has been the watchword by which we have been guided through the Northern markets, with an eye single to the discounts which is a special relic to be divided between our customers and ourselves enabling us to live easy and be of mutual benefit to each other. When you come to town call at the Racket Store Cor. Market and Main St., or at Spencer Bros. Dry Goods Emporium next to Brown's Bank. We have the Racket Store filled from bottom to top and will have more than enough to fill the Emporium. We expect to carry a line of fine Dress Goods of the latest styles with trimmings to match. You will also find in our new Brick Store the finest line of clothing, gents' furnishing and shoes ever kept in this or any other town South of Baltimore. Give us a call and compare our goods and prices. We don't charge anything for showing them and assure you we won't get mad if you don't buy. Many thanks for past patronage.

Respectfully,
SPENCER BROS. & CO.

THE SITUATION!

THE ALLIANCE, THE THIRD PARTY, THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY, COL. POLK, COL. SKINNER, COL. CREECY, AND COL. CLEVELAND.

BY A FARMER!

He Talks Talk That is Talk. It Makes Some Mad, Some Glad, And Puts All-A-Thinking.

EDITOR OF THE GAZETTE:—The writer is no hero worshiper, any predisposition of his mind in that direction age has corrected, with most of the illusions of youth. Experience has taught him to discriminate the meretricious in character from the true, pure gold from dross; but he hopes and believes the sentiment of gratitude will ever find an abiding place in his heart.

The writer has noticed a disposition on the part of certain Alliance leaders, notably, Mr. Ben Terrel and Mr. L. L. Polk to belittle Ex-President Cleveland. And this article is inspired by a desire to write some word, however feeble done, recalling to the minds of those gentlemen some of the services rendered the country, and especially the South by that eminent statesman.

Mr. Ben Terrel asked in one of his speeches: "Who is Grover Cleveland any way?" And the writer, best as he can, will answer Mr. Ben Terrel.

"Mr. Cleveland like many of our Statesmen is a self-made man, it was not on the rounds of a golden ladder he climbed to fame, his path to exalted position was strewn with thorns not with roses, made by his own right arm not blazed for him by loving friends and wealthy relations, and the fibre of his moral and mental makeup was toughened by the school of adversity. Mr. Cleveland's advance to distinction is phenomenal: first, Sheriff of a county, mayor of a city, and elected Governor of the great State of New York by an unprecedented majority and culminating in the Presidency of the United States, so unparalleled and rapid has been his rise, he is called the man of destiny. In each of these offices he has illustrated his own pithy aphorism, "A public office is a public trust."

"When Mr. Cleveland was elected President, the Democratic party rejoiced but trembled, the Republican party was maddened and predicted evil to the country.

"What has been the sequel?"

"The Republican party had been in power for a quarter of a century. A party that precipitated a civil war, which for its far reaching effects upon the material and social condition of the vanquished in the contest, was unparalleled in Ancient or Modern times; and whose subsequent reconstruction, policy and treatment of its fallen foe, makes the partition of Poland, "that blackest chapter in the book of fate, fade to snowy whiteness." The fire of sectional hate was fanned to a white heat, to perpetuate its power the race prejudice of the impressive negro was intensified, and by its vicious class legislation, has enabled the few under the forms of law to rob the many, and the trend of wise policy has been to divide the country into two classes the immensely rich and the wretchedly poor.

"Mr. Cleveland was made President, and not a year passed before the country realized that a wise head and a patriotic heart was at the head of the Government. His strong personality was impressed upon every branch of the Executive Department, sectional hatred was in a measure abated, the fears of the negro for his freedom dispelled, harmony between the races restored, the South so long under the ban was recognized in every branch of official life, and if Mr. Cleveland accomplished no more it was because he was handicapped by a hostile Congress. His veto of the pension grab bill is paralleled only by Andrew Jackson's withdrawal of the deposit from the Bank of the United States, or John Tyler's veto of Henry Clay's bill to re-charter the same.

"So clear was Mr. Cleveland in his high office, that praise was ex-

orted from his political enemies, notably, James Russel Lowell and Chauncey Depew.

"And who is Mr. Ben Terrel any way?" His history in brief is this as given by the press. "He was a small farmer in Texas, and made the cultivation of the natural grasses indigenous to his land a specialty, but was not an eminent success as a producer of cotton and corn, he sold his farm and now perambulates the country at a good salary, making speeches to the Farmers' Alliance and living on the fat of the land, and especially known as the patentee of that unique plan to amend the constitution of his country when found too small to cover his wild cat schemes to better the condition of the farmers; it is to do like the ladies with their dresses; cut a hole in it and insert a gusset.

Mr. L. L. Polk in a recent speech said, using the language of the slums, "He would take no Cleveland in his." Well, the writer is sure Mr. Cleveland would take no Polk in his. What a heterogeneous mixture that would make Polk in Cleveland and Cleveland in Polk. A combination of pure ozone with sulphuretted hydrogen, what the resultant compound would be, the writer is not chemist enough to say, or to put it differently a cross between a jackass and a blooded-race horse, that would be good for the ass, but bad for the horse.

But, to be serious, when wit and ridicule are employed to suppress error, expose venality and vindicate truth, its use is to be commended, but when designed (and state wit at that) as in this case, to disparage the upright, wise and the great, the shaft rebounds from the target and wounds the archer; ignoble minds draw attention to their want of moral and intellectual defects by assailing their superiors. What a contrast is here presented, to compare small things with great! Grover Cleveland exerts his commanding influence to heal the wounds made by a cruel war, would extinguish the fires of sectional hate, cement the ties of friendship which should bind all classes and professions, inculcate a reverence for the constitution, by illustrating it in practice and make more enduring the foundations of the Republic, which has been the source of so many blessings in the past, and gives promise of so many in the future. Whilst the other, this modern Cleon, this wily demagogue, travels the country distilling the venom of his poison into the minds of the farmers, and sowing the seeds of discord among the different classes of his fellow citizens.

It is thought Colonel Polk aspires to the Presidency, to wear the mantle once worn by Cleveland; well, the writer will not run the comparison once made by James G. Blaine, when a member of the House of Representatives, said, the mantle of Winster Davis had fallen on Roscoe Conkling; he will not say compare Hyperion to Satyr, an owl to an eagle, mud to marble, lead to diamond, but he will say, cover L. L. Polk with the mantle of Cleveland and he would be lost physically, mentally and morally.

And Colonel Harry Skinner, he cannot endure Mr. Cleveland, the mention of whose name in connection with the presidential nomination calls forth from him an indignant protest. The colonel is a political annex of the Farmers' Alliance, with it but not of it. A bright but small planet revolving about the periphery of that charmed circle, of which L. L. Polk is the central luminary. The Colonel you know claims to be the father of the Sub-Treasury scheme; well, no one will dispute with him the parentage of the rickety child, like father like son, the offspring bears the likeness of its father.

By the way, "mirabile dictu," Colonel Creecy has reproduced in the person of Colonel Harry Skinner, John C. Calhoun; now let Col. Creecy publish in parallel columns the display of oratorical pyrotechnics which his North Carolina Calhoun fired off in the last Legislature, and the speech of the South Carolina Calhoun made in Senate on the bill to repeal the Missouri Compromise, and let an intelligent public judge of the absurdity of the comparison.

"Let Colonel Creecy compare the crude productions of a Tyro with the immortal creations of a Rubens

or a Raphael; but do not compare the brain-work of Colonel Harry Skinner with the intellectual productions of John C. Calhoun, which a competent critic characterized as logic on fire. Colonel Creecy is "facile princeps" of the press, he touches nothing he does not ornament." The writer reads with delight his editorials, a combination of varied learning, common sense and humor, flavored with attic wit. Colonel Creecy has been called the Nestor of the North Carolina press; well it is said that Homer sometimes nodded, and the Nestor of Greek History, although the wisest of the Trojan heroes, if his domestic life was known, might disclose some act of folly. Is the bright, acute intellect of our modern Nestor feeling the effects, the sad effects of old age?

The craze just now is to ostracize lawyers, and Polk, McCune, Pfeiffer, Simpson, Mrs. Lese "id omne genus," are all turning their guns charged to the muzzle on the legal profession.

"Well, the good and the bad are mingled in all professions, and much of human nature in each. The writer has known farmers to carry many bad cases into court, but never heard one complain that his lawyer by ingenuity and eloquence made his bad cases appear the better ones. It is the instruction of history, ancient and modern, that the legal profession have always championed the cause of freedom, regulated by law, opposing alike the encroachment, of Kingly prerogative, and the licentiousness of liberty. In England's influence for good, was illustrated by the learning and achievements of a Littleton, a Hale, a Coke, a Bacon, a Holt, a Camden, a Blackstone, a Mansfield, a Thurlow, an Eldon, an Erskine, a Pitt and a Brougham; men who contributed much to the upbuilding and defending that great monument of civil liberty, which John Adams pronounced the greatest ever erected by the genius and wisdom of mankind.

In America on its roll are the names of a Marshall, a Jay, a Hamilton, an Adams, a Jefferson, a Madison, a Mason, a Henry, a Livingston, an Ames, a Gerry, an Otis. Men whose handiwork is impressed on the Constitution of their country, declared to be by the Earl of Chatham the greatest embodiment of political wisdom ever penned by uninspired man. Nearer our times are the names of a Story, a Kent, a Wright, a Webster, a Clay, a Calhoun, a Prentiss, a Louides, our own Gaston and Badger and others too numerous to mention.

Colonel Skinner has won laurels at the bar and in the political arena, the writer would not pluck one from his brow, but let him consecrate his talents and eloquent voice to conserving the Democratic party not to aid Polk and his condutors, to disorganize and destroy it. This is not written, Mr. Editor, in the interest of Mr. Cleveland's candidature for the Presidential nomination.

By reason of his pronounced opposition to the free coinage of silver, it may not be best for him to head the ticket in the next campaign, and the element of availability must be considered; he simply wishes to call attention to the leaders of the Democratic party in and outside of the Farmers' Alliance, to the debt of gratitude, due from the whole country especially the Southern portion of it, to one of the purest patriots and most extraordinary men this country has ever produced; of which they appear oblivious, not only oblivious to his services, but the charge of sub-serviency to Wall street and the creature of the gold bugs passes unrebuked by the press, if it has been, it has not fallen under the notice of the writer.

Mr. Cleveland with the full knowledge of the fact, that that powerful organization, the Farmers' Alliance, was a unit in favor of the unlimited coinage of silver, and the Alliance was sustained by a majority of the leaders of the Democratic party outside, yet taking no council from his political aspirations without equivocation or mental reservation writes his silver letter, as it is called, thus cutting the bridge behind him and politically signing his death warrant. Whatever may be Mr. Cleveland's political future, he will go down to history as the one man who in a venal

age preferred truth to error as he understood it, and loved his country better than office.

"If far s the land to hastening ill & prey. When wealth accumulates, and men decay."

The currency question is confessedly complex and difficult to solve, the writer by reason of his incompetency will not attempt to discuss it. It excites a smile, however, to hear the superficial sciolist with a self-confident air ventilate his crude opinions, on a subject that has perplexed learned and experienced specialists. "But fools step in where wise men dare not tread."

It is conceded that a debased currency is a curse to commerce, and none feel its ill effects sooner than the farmer or wage earner; as a specialist has said, it is like poison in the human system, poisoning all the veins and arteries of trade. If wise councils could prevail, this question would be eliminated from party politics, and discussed in a calm, judicial spirit free from party bias.

On the Sub-Treasury scheme, as it is designated, the Alliance is divided, if we may credit the statements of the press. In North Carolina it would seem to be more of a unit than in any other State on this question, and even here the heaven seems to be working. The bill introduced into the last Congress was pronounced by Senators Vance, Morgan, George, and others to be unconstitutional, impracticable and absurd. And if the writer understands its provisions it would be paternalism run mad, and make of the Federal Government a pawnbrokers shop. If the farmer may carry his corn, his peas, his oats and his cotton to a government warehouse and draw his 80 per cent of their market value, why may not the holder of cotton rags, scrap iron and old junk, do the same? If not why not? But Colonel Polk says that scheme is dead, and will not be revived; but calls upon the leaders of the old parties, (and you can read between the lines the trend of his remarks is aimed at the leaders of the Democratic party particularly) to bring forward some plan for the relief of the farmer, in the event of their failing to do so, he (Col. Polk) speaking for the Alliance and as one having authority, will wreck the old parties, and on their ruins build up a new party; these conspirators have each their different roles to play. Polk and his most trusted Alliance leaders is to inveigle as many of the Southern Alliance as they can and Pfeiffer, Simpson and Mrs. Lese are to serve as decoy ducks for the Western members. If Col. Polk and the leaders of the Alliance who sympathize with him, have at heart the love for the Democratic party which they profess, why do they not formulate the plan of their new Sub-Treasury Scheme, let its details be discussed, if it seems to be a good thing and constitutional, there is not a Democrat inside or outside of the Alliance, but will rejoice that a remedy has been found for all the ills of which the farmers complain and it will be incorporated in the platform of the Democratic party without a dissenting voice, and the authors of this remedy will be given credit for their discovery. Why these repeated demands upon the leaders for pledges in advance to submit to all the demands of the Alliance, with the threat suspended over them, if they are not given to disrupt the Democratic party? There fell under the eye of the writer recently a profession of unshaken fidelity to the Democratic party by a man who claimed to be one of the founders of the Alliance in North Carolina; he said there was no need of a Third Party; in the next sentence he said the Alliance will make no concessions, the Ocala platform must be accepted in its entirety, thus anticipating the action of the Democratic convention. Is this Democratic, does it accord with the traditions of the party, "shall we believe Philip drunk, or Philip sober." "Under which King, Bezoue."

The Farmer's Alliance is an illustration of how a harmless and a good thing, may be perverted to a bad purpose by the designing and the selfish; organized for mutual benefit in legitimate way the Cry-alis has shed its skin and now appears as a full fledged political organization. So persistent has Col. Polk worked upon the hopes, the fears, the self-interest of

the farmers, instilling into their minds the belief that all other professions, are parasites feeding on their earnings, that a spell has been cast over the minds of perhaps a majority of them; in their estimation he is the embodiment of the Alliance. Carrying its destinies on his Atlantic shoulders, to criticize Col. L. L. Polk is to criticize the Alliance. Is he not our Moses to lead us through the wilderness of financial embarrassment to the land which floweth with milk and honey, is not Dr. Mc one like unto Aaron the prophet of the Lord holding up his arm, and is not Pfeiffer the Republican, and Mrs. Lese the female suffragist, and Jerry the sockless, the negro equality man, all the way from Kansas, his horn blowers and fuglemen speak no evil of my lord Polk and his dignitaries lest ye be consumed by the wrath of the Alliance.

Secret political societies are exotics, the free soil of America is no place for them, their congenial home is the land of the Mafia or the soil of China where they are indigenous; here their presence poisons the political atmosphere and many independence of thought, and the spirit of freedom withers beneath their shade. What do we witness here in North Carolina, an attempt has been made to silence the voice of a free Democratic press, by suspending over the head of the editor, a threat of withdrawal of patronage, and most of the editors with a few notable exceptions, (which it would be invidious to mention) not from fear, as the writer is confident, of personal considerations, for no man in the State are more ready to follow their convictions of duty, when that duty is made plain to them; but the conditions surrounding them are so novel and their situation so perplexing, for fear of doing harm to the party they do nothing following the Fabian policy, make haste, slowly and await developments.

The writer believes this policy of inaction (although an honest one) is not the best, to parley with error in most instances as it has proved in this is to invite aggression. The arms of this octopod must be clipped or the party will perish in its cold embrace.

Polk and his satellites, with arrogant and aggressive precautions, demand the surrender of the Democratic party to all the demands of the Alliance; make the penalty of refusal, a withdrawal of influence and support. The writer predicts that an attempt will be made to capture the next Democratic State convention, and failing in the attempt, the conspirators will under the lead of Polk and his lieutenants withdraw, and turn their guns on their former political friends. The writer is confident they will fail to carry with them the best element in the Farmers' Alliance. The writer further predicts that all the dissatisfied elements with the old parties will fuse with the people's party or nationalists as they are called in New England, a party founded by Edward Bellamy, author of that unique production "Looking Backward" a book which had its origin on that soil where the Bible has been emancipated, and isms moral theological and political, are indigenous to the soil.

A wave of unrest and dissatisfaction with the existing social and political conditions is passing over the land. The theorists and political empirics, not finding any constitutional warrant for their nostrums to cure the evils of society, are appealing to a law higher than the constitution. The power of the Federal Government is limited by the constitution, a disposition is manifested to stretch it, and make it the Arbitrator and regulator of the domestic affairs of the people. Where is all this to end, the writer may be something of a pessimist, but to him the political sky looks murky, and the future of this Republic not inviting.

Let all true friends of the constitution gather on the deck of the old ship Democracy, her keel was laid by Thomas Jefferson, she was launched at the birth of the Republic, she has borne the flag of the constitution safely through many gales and seen her rivals founder in the storm, adverse winds have kept her from her harbor for many years but she will "fetch port yet" in the language of the Apostle to the soldiers and Centurion, "ye all shall be saved but ye must abide in the ship."

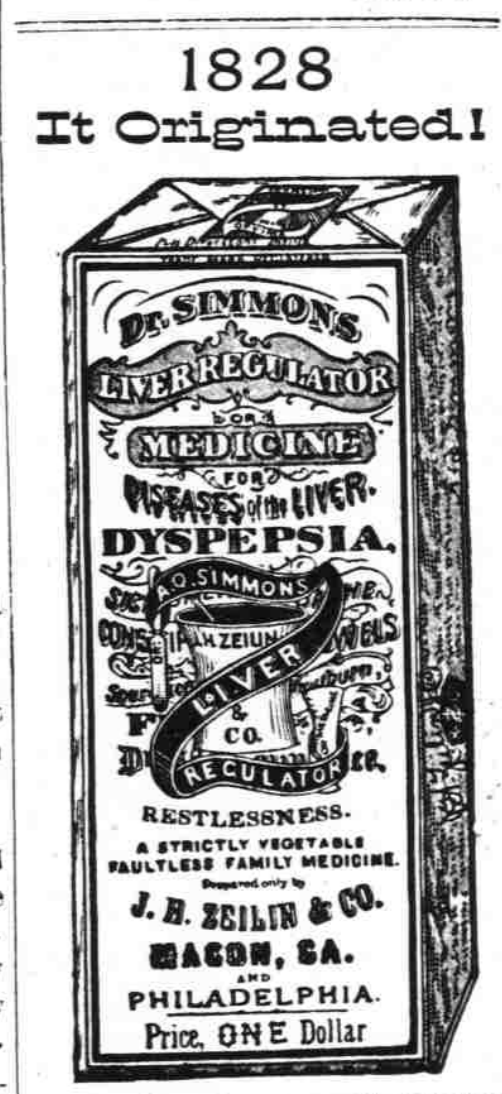
Now, Mr. Editor, one word personal to the writer, why has he written

this long article, perhaps too long; it is not the promptings of vanity, those who know the writer best will acquit him of egotism; but it is inspired by the hope, perhaps a presumptuous one, that it may call attention to the merits of a man, who deserves well of his country, and to induce his farmer friends to pause before they lend the aid of their powerful influence to designing men for selfish purposes, to disorganize the Democratic party. And to give emphasis to what he has written he will state that the writer is nothing if not a farmer, three-fourths of his time for eighteen years. At the close of the war he lived on a swamp farm dwelling in a leaky-log hut with a clay chimney, many miles from his family, that, too, at a time of life when he needed most the comforts of home, and it may give additional emphasis to say that he has received very nearly the limit allotted to man on the earth; yet in all that time he never held an office, never solicited one, never was the recipient of ten dollars of the public money, State, County or National, or had a litigated case in court. The writer can and does sympathize with that noble band of men, the farmers, the bone and sinew of the land, the bed-rock on which is reared the prosperity of all other professions and occupations; in all their trials and perplexities, but he asks them, would they if they could make their escape over the wreck of the Constitution of their country. It is well to have the strength of a giant, but it is not always best to use it like a giant. Sampson pulled down the temple, but buried himself beneath the ruins.

The writer thanks you, Mr. Editor, for the space allowed an old man to ventilate his thoughts, you and your readers have concluded by this time that the writer has as bad a case of the Colicoes scribbendi, as Col. L. L. Polk has of the ecocethes loquendi.

FARMER.

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