New Berne Weekly Journal.

H. S. NUNN, E. HARPER, } Proprietors. INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS. Terms $2.00 Per Year.

VOL. VI. NEW BERNE, CRAVEN COUNTY, N. C., JULY 5, 1883. NO. 14.

NEW BERNE ADVERTISEMENTS.

MACHINERY.

Having taken the Agency for the sale of the Engines, Saw and Corn Mills made by

THE TAYLOR MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

embracing a line of Engines of five different styles, running from 2 to 250 horse power, and Saw Mills of 5 different sizes, I am prepared to furnish you a Complete Outfit at as low figures as can be offered for strictly First Class Work; and before you buy I would especially ask you to compare the weights of said Machinery with that of other manufacturers, and draw your own conclusions.

I carry a full line of the following goods, and solicit a share of your patronage.

Send in your orders for Engines, Cotton Gins, Presses, Rice Treshers, &c., as early as possible, and thereby avoid delays and disappointments.

"Kentucky" Cane Mills,
"Cook's" Evaporators,
"Excelsior" Cider Mills,
"Maryland" Corn Shellers,
Rockaway and Champion Grain Fans,
Steam Engines, all sizes,
Rice and Wheat Threshers and Separators,
Carver Cotton Gins,
Carver Condensers,
Carver Cotton Cleaners,
Gullett's "Magnolia" Gin,
Hydraulic Cotton Press,
Power Cotton Press,
"Moore Co." Grit Corn Mills,
Drake's Pat. Shingle Machine,
"Kentucky" Shingle Machine,
Box Board Machine,
Acme Pulverizing Harrow, unsurpassed for putting in small grain.
"Go Easy" Feed Cutters,
Tennessee Wagons,
Hancock Inspirators,
Hogues Graded Injector,
Cotton Seed Hullers,
Saw Mills,
Circular Saws, Gummers,
Side Files, Swages,
Shafting, Pulleys, Belting,
Roanoke Hand Press,
Maid of the South Corn Mills,
Etc., Etc., Etc.

Write for terms and prices, and remember that no well regulated family can afford to be without a Gilbert Force Pump.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN C. WHITTY,

CRAVEN STREET, NEXT DOOR TO COTTON EXCHANGE,

NEWBERN, N. C.

Carraway's Liver Pills.

Contains no CALOMEL or other MERCULIAL Ingredients, but are composed of

Pure and Unadulterated Vegetable Ingredients

MAKING THEM THE

Surest, Safest and Best Liver Pill on the Market.

☞ Try them and be convinced of their merit.

☞ All Druggists and Dealers keep them. 25 cents per box. sep1w1y

GEO. ALLEN & CO.,

Pollok Street, New Berne, N. C.,

Offers

Truckers' Peas,

Seed Potatoes,

Cotton Seed

Peruvian and Bone Guano,

Good Luck Guano,

Merryman's Super-Phosphate

Lister's Dissolved Bone,

Whann's Plow Brand,

For Truckers and Cotton Planters.

PLOWS, HARROWS AND CULTIVATORS,

In Great Variety and at Very Low Prices.

GEO. ALLEN & CO.

HOWARD & JONES

HAVE A FULL STOCK OF

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

Gauze, Lisle Thread and Net Undershirts, all prices.
Full Stock of Eighmie and Elm City Shirts, guaranteed to fit, only $1.00.
Nobby Suits, Alpaca, Drap d'Ete and Sicilian Coats for warm weather. Large line of Dusters. See our $10 suits.
Collars, Cuffs, White Ties and White Vests.
Straw Hats in great variety, from 5 cents up.
Nobby Pearl Colored Stiff Hats.
Alpaca and Silk Sun Umbrellas. We have a few dozen Misses' Cossamer Rubber Circulars, which we will close out at $1.25.
Large line of Valises and Trunks.
If you need a Straw Matting call on us before you buy. We are constantly receiving and selling it.
We have a nice line of Low Shoes, Stacy Adams & Co.'s Patent Pumps and Gent's Slippers.
Gents' Colored Half Hose, full line.

Try Us First, when you need Anything in our Line.

HOWARD & JONES,

jly Opposite Episcopal Church.

Mr. and Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, rubbing his hands gleefully and contemplating his wife from the opposite seat of the railway car with a pleasent smile. "Now, my dear, suppose we take a look at the lunch of which we have had such remarkable accounts. If there is anything nice when a man is traveling, it is a home made lunch. Develop the viands, and let joy be unconfined!" and Mr. Spoopendyke laughed outright in anticipation of the gustatory delights in store for him.

"All right," giggled Mrs. Spoopendyke, opening the basket with trembling hands. "Now you hold that, and don't you open anything until I get it all out," and Mrs. Spoopendyke handed him a long roll of something done up in a coarse brown paper.

"How much more of this is there to get out?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, sniffing at the paper and detecting Bologna sausage, a thing he detested. "What is this, anyway, a club to keep the rest of the lunch in order? Is this thing the police force of this lunch? Fetch forth the law-abiding elements, if you've got any! Never mind the executive of this feast, produce the laboring faction, the tax-paying end of the business.

"Here's some cheese," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke "and a pie and some smoked beef and some herring and——"

"Haven't ye got some salt somewhere?" hissed Mr. Soopendyke planting the Bologna on end in the center of the pie. "How'm I to quench my thirst after eating all this truck, unless I have salt? Where's the mustard that goes with these mercies?" and Mr. Spoopendyke dove into the package of beef and and scattered the contents over his wife's lap. "I'll bet the Bologna can whip the cheese in four rounds!" he yelled, hauling the offending sausage out of the pie and jabbing it through the cheese. "Hurray! Now, we'll sponge him off with the herring for the next round!" and Mr. Spoopendyke seized a fish by the tail and slammed it into the basket.

"Don't!" pleaded Mrs. Spoopendyke, looking helplessly on. "I like those things, if you don't."

"Can't ye let the lunch have a little?" squealed Mr. Spoopendyke, hammering at the cheese with the sausage. "Of course you like these things! They're right in your line! All you want is a strike and a step-ladder to be a salt mine! Where's my lunch? Bring on the delicacies calculated to supply the waste tissue of Spoopendyke!" and the worthy gentleman drove the sausage clear through the pie and impaled the herring on the other end.

"Here's a Charlotte, and a——" commenced Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Hand me the blushing Charlotte!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, who had fixed his mind on cold chicken, and saw no realization of his anticipations. "Show me the Charlotte just budding into womanhood, and she shall have the pie! Give me—hey! What's th——"

"This is a can of beans!" exclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, brightening a little. You know you always like beans."

"Let's have em!" growled Mr. Spoopendyke, reaching for them. "What have you got to open 'em with?"

"I'm afraid I left the can-opener at home," roared Mr. Spoopendyke, setting his teeth and breathing hard. "Show me the spring that busts this cover off! Guide me to the combination of this stem-winding can of beans! Maybe this'll do it!" and Mr. Spoopendyke again grabbed the sausage and went for the can. "How'm I getting on!" he yelled, as the bologna flew in all directions. "Think you begin to smell those beans any more plainly than you did? Wa-h-h!" he shrieked, as a huge chunk of the pork broke off short and landed in his ear. "This hog don't know who he's fooling with! Let me introduce you to Spoopendyke!" and he ground the sausage flat against the can and dropped the sausage on the floor.

"I don't know what we're going to do!" murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke in great distress.

"Now watch the triumph of mind over beans!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, opening the window and placing the can on the sill. "The reward of genius!" be roared, as he brought the window down on the can.

Mrs. Spoopendyke dodged just in time, and her unfortunate spouse caught the bean part of the feast fairly in front, and was covered from his eyebrows to his ankles.

"That what ye wanted?" he gasped, as the full extent of the calamity dawned on him. "That what ye been trying to get me to do? Dod gast the measly beans!" and Mr. Spoopendyke made for the smoking-car and was seen no more till dark.

"I don't care," soliloquized Mrs. Spoopendyke, assuring herself that the Charlotte had not been injured. "He might have waited a moment, and he would have had some cold chicken. But, of course, if he has made a lunch on beans, he won't care for anything else." And with this consolatory reflection Mrs. Spoopendyke ate the chicken and Charlotte in alternate bites, and composed herself for a comfortable nap.—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine.*

Why the Young Man was Along.

A young lady who was very eager for the company of a certain young man sent him a note asking him to accompany her to a friend's house on a certain evening. When he responded she naively remarked: "I wouldn't have bothered sending for you, but my earrings are real diamonds, and I'm afraid to be out on the street at night without having some one to help guard them."

Mrs. Johnson, the widow of General Albert Sidney Johnson, and her daughter have left the South to make their home in New York City.—*Raleigh News and Observer.*

ALL OVER THE SOUTH.

Tea raising is the latest experiment in South Mississippi.

Ten million acres of land in Georgia are covered with timber.

A man in Eutaw, Ala., drives a large brindled bull to his buggy.

A turtle was caught a day or two since at Cedar Keys that weighed 425 pounds.

Selma, Ala., has sixty artesian wells, and the water from no two of them is exactly alike.

Mr. F. B. Sackett, of Titusville, Fla., recently took 900 pounds of honey from six hives of bees.

A "gennine tiger" has just been slain in St. Landry parish, La., which measured nine feet from tip to tip.

A strawberry grown by Mr. Childs, near Baltimore, measured 7½ inches about its greatest circumference.

A detective is in Texas on the trail of the defaulting Alabama State Treasurer, who is said to be ranching it out West.

A ten-pound girl was born to Mrs. John Rissner, age seventy-five years, of Henry county, Tennessee, a few days since.

Mr. Charles Goodright has 700,000 acres of land, located at the head of Red river, in Texas. He has a herd of 40,000 cattle.

New Orleans' commerce for the first five months of this year exceeds last year's by over $11,000,000—an increase of nearly a third.

A vein of silver ore three feet and a half wide has been found on the property of Mr. Powhatan Williams, of Floyd county, Virginia.

New Orleans is now the second grain exporting port of the United States. During the past five months 460,000 tons have been shipped.

An Atlanta man has invented a wheel for wagons in which, if a spoke breaks, neither tire nor rim is removed to put in a new one. The invention has been patented.

Florida has 630 factories, working 2,749 hands, with a capital invested of $1,670,930, paying annually in wages $989,592, and yielding annually in products, $4,685,403.

A female artist of Augusta has painted on a board of curled Georgia pine a branch of cotton in various stages of fruit development which she will send to the Louisville Exposition.

Mr. Percy E. Battaile, of Louisanna, has caught in the last twelve months, with a steel trap fixed on the top of a very tall persimmon tree forty-one hawks, five owls, five crows and a large number of birds. One of the hawks weighed four pounds and measured four feet and four inches from tip to tip of the wings. Many of the hawks were of the very large kind.

A young lady in Denison, Texas, received a note from a young man she was unacquainted with, couched in improper language, requesting an interview. She made the appointment, and when he made his appearance she drew a revolver and snapped at him twice. Unfortunately there was no explosion, and the "masher" escaped.

Thrilling Fight With a Lioness.

Peter Marvin, an animal trainer employed at the winter quarters of a circus in Philidelphia, recently had a desperate encounter with a lioness named Juno in a close room filled on three sides with dens of beasts. The lioness had become jealous of the attentions shown three cub lions in a den directly opposite her own. After feeding the cubs the keeper patted them for a while, which threw Juno into a violent rage.

Marvin turned to quiet her and as he advanced toward the cage he stumbled and fell against the bars. In an instant she seized his right arm above the elbow. In order to protect his head and body the man fell and with his left hand grasped the bottom of the cage. Juno held his right arm with one paw and struck through the bars at his head with the other. A lad named Donohue grabbed an iron bar and tried to make Juno drop Marvin. The boy's efforts only increased the rage of the beast.

By this time every animal in the place was wildly excited, and their roars and crief were heards squares away. As there is a small army of workmen about the place the lion-house was soon surrounded with men. In the meantime Juno had torn the flesh from Marvin's arm, struck him several wicked blows on the shoulder and then allowed him to drop to the ground and crawl away.

Just as the rescuers reached the doors they heard a sound of crashing timbers, accompanied by a series of roars. Juno had thrown her body against the bars and broken through. The interior of the building was dark, and no one dared to venture in. They heard Juno around the place and they hesitated. They supposed that Marvin was dead. He, however, managed to reach the rack in which the heavy iron bars used to clean the cages are kept. Snatching one of the irons he boldly advanced on Juno, who cronched in a corner. Above the din of the beasts within the men at the doors, to their astonishment, heard Marvin ordering the lioness back to her cage. This reassured them and they started to enter. As the doors opened Juno sprang over Marvin's head and took refuge in a stall. Marvin shouted to close the doors, and, following the now cowed lion, struck her twice with the iron bar. Then he poked her out, and with an angry roar she vaulted back into her cage and the danger was over. Marvin's injuries were attended to by a physician, who said he would not lose the use of his arm.

A Terrible Loss.

"The boat has turned over and drowned your son," said a man, approaching a fishing party, and addressing an old gentleman.

"Great goodness!" exclaimed the old man, bursting into tears. "He was my hope in this life. He was the best boy on the place; and beside that, he had the bait-cup with him."

WESTERN FLOODS.

LINCOLN, NEB., June 26.—A great rain fell Friday night in Nemeha valley, destroying crops, washing away bridges, roads and houses. Thousands of hogs and hundreds of cattle were drowned. The money losses will aggregate enormously.

ST. LOUIS, June 26.—On this side of the river the whole of the levee is now submerged, and the lower floors of stores are flooded, from a few inches to a couple of feet deep. Business in houses on the river front is suspended, except in two or three "doggeries," which have scaffolds built, and where whiskey is still dispensed for five cents a drink. The Chicago & Alton, in connection with the Indianapolis and St. Louis and Wabash roads, are driving piles in the break in their track, about Venice, and it is expected they will have a good trestle across the gap by Wednesday and their trains running.

A large number of farmers and land owners on the American bottom, and residents of Venice and other towns between East St. Louis and Mitchell, held a meeting at Venice yesterday, and adopted resolutions calling for aid. Many of the people who make this appeal are camped in tents on ridges, surrounded by water, or in the open air on the bluff beyond. Some are housed in box cars on the railroad tracks, and a good many of them will be obliged to be fed. Their crops are totally destroyed and they are destitute of money and the necessaries of life.

The situation in East Carondelet and Cahokia grows worse daily. Water covers all that section of country. The railroads which lost their tracks have abandoned the ferriage system between here and Alton, and have arranged with the Vandalia road to run their passenger trains. The Indianapolis & Saint Louis will send their trains to Effingham; thence to Mattoon. The Wabash road will use the Vandalia track to Altamount, whence it will take its own track; and the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy will run to Smithboro, where they will connect with their own roads. All the other Eastern lines are using their own tracks, and all the western roads are getting trains through with good success. The Vandalia track, about which there has been some apprehension, is still two feet above water.

Advices from Chester, Randolph county, Ills., say that St. Mary's levee, opposite that point, in Missouri, broke Sunday night. St, Mary's bottom, a large wheat-raising section, is nearly flooded, and 20,000 acres of wheat are under water in the bottom alone. From Chester to Grand Tower, southward, on the Illinois side, a distance of twenty-five miles, with an average width of ten miles, and embracing an area of 250 miles, nearly all are submerged and crops destroyed, entailing a great loss. North of Chester, nearly all the way up to St. Louis, the bottom is said to be inundated, except here and there a high ridge, which is out of water. Thousands of families are either living in flooded houses, or have fled to the bluffs for safety; and the loss to the crops and to general farm property is almost incalculable.

The American bottom extends from Alton to Cairo, something over three hundred miles, a large part of which is pretty thickly settled. All this great tract is subject to overflow in a freshet like the present.

The town of St. Mary's, on the Missouri side of the river, is partly submerged, and Kaskaskia, on the Illinois side, is to be abandoned, the people there having sent to Chester for a steamer to carry them away.

A levee two miles above Cape Girardeau, Mo., about fifty miles above Cairo, and another at Press Landing, twenty-five miles down the river, broke Sunday night, and a large volume of water rushed over the bottom.

Other points on both sides of the river below here, particularly on the Illinois side, are almost in the same condition as above described, and it may be said that pretty much all the bottom land between here and Cairo has more or less water on it.

Her Daughter's Husband.

A traveler saw a woman take a man by the collar, yank him up the steps into a railroad car, jam him down into a hot seat near the stove, pile up a valise and two big brown baskets with loose covers and long handles at his feet, shove a lady into his lap, and say:

"Now, sit there until I help Mary Jane on the car, and don't move till I come back."

When the woman reached the door the traveler said to her:

"Is that man your husband?"

"N-A-W-W!" roared the woman. "He's my daughter's husband, and she hasn't spirit enough to say her soul is her own."

This true story teaches us that some travelers haven't enough sense to diagnose a family party when they see one.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

Where It Came From.

"Mr. Maples," said the junior partner of the house, as he looked over the expense account of one of his travelers just in, "your expenses are just $25 more for two weeks than the last man on the route."

"Is that so? What sort of a man was he?"

"One of our best salesmen."

"Did he smoke, drink and chew?"

"He did."

"Stop at all the best hotels?"

"Yes."

"Take sleepers and parlor-cars?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, it must be that when he struck that fat grocer at Troy he won $25 at draw-poker where I lost it! I was going to suggest to you that if I was to remain on that route it would pay the firm to hire some one to give me a few lessons.

"Jones, did you ever have any interest in the public stocks?

"Why, y-e-a, zur. I stood in 'em once about four hours."

HARD FACTS.

Delivered at Trinity commencement as a graduating speech by A. C. Weatherby, of Greensboro, N. C., and reported by Rev. N. M. Jurney.

'Tis true that the unqualified vote of the ignorant, black and white, is endangering American institutions, but they are most endangered by the wickedness of intelligence in high places. The ignorant are duped, but the intelligent knowingly adhere to party dogmas and to demagogues of their own political strife. The right man for the presidency of '84 is not the question, but who can save the Republican party or lead the Democratic party into power? A self-governing people! yet governed by political prejudice and party ring leaders. The political Judas lures the unsuspecting with his smiles, and is a disciple of the monopolist; and his course in Congress and the Legislature is more with a view to re-election than to the pressing needs of his constituents.

Even birds and fish are protected, by law, and not a hand is raised to shield us from the teeming pauperism of Europe and that American leprosy—Mormonism! Trial by jury! yet the goddess of justice has been bribed until it is proverbial that the wealthy know no law, and their crimes no punishment. What is our polite society? The unguarded ground of polished criminality, where demons in purple roam, where innocence is exposed to fiendish stratagem, and virture to the siren notes of popular voice.

Is crime repudiated in high life? A ball is given in honor of the murderers of Jennie Cramer. The Kansas outlaw is virtually the guest of a governor. Sullivan, the pugilist, is pointed out with pride, and his name appears upon the page with that of Talmage. Duelists and murderers represent in Congress some of the States of this *proud Christian* Union. Petty theft is punished, but an official may rifle a bank or State Treasury with impunity, or an ex-Senator divorce his wife one day, marry the next and scarcely stain his reputation. Cards and demijohns are parlor ornaments, and she who ought to discountenance the very appearance of evil knowingly welcomes the reveler, and is attentive to lips polluted by many an oath. Matrimony has become a financial matter. Sons and daughters are bought and sold much as the cattle of a Texas drover—to the highest bidder. The true woman is wooed and won, but the silly coquette must be bought. Men seek intrinsic worth, but worthless dandies the deformed devotees of fashion and their dowers.

Idleness, extravagance, and games of chance are fashionable, and business failures innumerable. Much is expended for the stage, tobacco, beer, dress-patterns, cosmetics, false hair and dime novels, and 15 per cent. of us as a whole, cannot write our names(!) The license of beardless bachelors and rosebud maidens is fearfully liberal. From the cradle they don the toga of unrestrained liberty; and are participants in the follies of the theatre, ball room, skating rink, and midnight parties.

Age and wisdom are deliberately pushed aside by babies in boots—the champions of society, who nurse gloved hands and shoe-pinched feet, and whose aversion to labor is as marked as their love for the idler's lounge. They prefer idle gossip and fiction to the essential subjects of science, literature and domestic economy; and even their billet-doux are the quintessence of error. They spend childhood, not with mother, but in society and learn nothing of life's duties, yet first class marriageable stock in trade.

High political and social life are now filling the darkest page upon our national record. Yet there's worth! Let the dandy puff his cigarette, parade the thoroughfare and toss his nimble cane, but he who holds the plow will sooner steer the ship of state and shape the nation's happy destiny. Let the belle of fashion display her dry goods, jewelry, and painted cheeks, but in the mother helping maid is womanhood, whose native beauty, virtue and chastity are the peerless ornaments of her sex. There is the nation's hope, the mother of the church, and the angel of home and happiness. Let children have their toys, let robed statues stand and mummies sleep—the living, active brain and willing hands will do the world's vast work.

The First Bloom.

Mr. Fabius A. Whitaker seems to have a secret contract with the Weather Bureau, or Old King Sol, to ripen his cotton a leetle ahead of time. Any way he came to town yesterday with the first "bloom," just as he has done for three successive years. And his cotton is fine, as well as early, taking first premium at last two State Fairs.

SECOND BLOOM.—Near Wakefield, on Sunday last, Mr. David C. Dudley, aged 70, the oldest Professor of Typography in North Carolina, if not in the whole country, was united in marriage with Mrs. Eveline Strickland, a lady some ten years his junior.

Wake county is bent on beating the "Best Record" in matrimony, as she already leads all other counties in North Carolina in number of children. Recently in Eastern Wake a young man took a bride who is 15 years older than himself; and his sister married a day or two afterwards a man 50 years older than herself. Cupid plays some curious pranks nowadays; but it's all right. The cement of Love can build the home of Happiness out of all sorts of materials.—*Raleigh Farmer and Mechanic.*

Prof. Gruber, of Iredell county, well known to the lovers of good music in this State, was last week awarded by the jury of Martin county $2,500 damages for the scalding of his little daughter by steam from one of the steamers of the Jamesville and Washington Railroad Company. He entered suit for $5,000. We learn that the Railroad Company has taken an appeal.

STATE NEWS.

Gleaned from our Exchanges.

Elizabeth City *Economist:* Saturday night, at South Mills, in a drinking store, a homicide was committed upon a young man named Burnham, a son of Isaac Burnham, of Camden county, by a negro, with a deadly weapon known as a black jack. It appears that some white men were drinking in the bar when the negro came in for a drink and pushed his way up to the bar. Burnham who was present upbraided the negro and ordered him out. The negro went out and returned and without saying any thing struck Burnham on the back of the head, of which blow he died. The negro was arrested and lodged in Camden jail.

Goldsboro *Messenger:* Mr. Wm. S. Elmore died at his residence, near Mount Olive, on the 15th inst., aged 41 years.——Capt. Swift Galloway, Soliciter of this judicial district, having completed his spring circuit, returned last Monday to his home in this city for the vacation.——Capt. J. J. Robinson came near having a costly experience last Saturday evening experimenting with a quantity of gasoline that had been spilled in the street in front of his store. The Captain threw a lighted match into it to see if it would blaze, when, to his astonishment, it flared up with a vengeance, and devoured his chicken-coop with all its contents in less time than it takes us to tell it. In fact, it was with great difficulty that a serious conflagration was prevented. There is a moral to this little experience.

Wilmington *Star:* We learn that five members of the same family in this city were made sick a few nights since from eating cake and drinking lemonade.——Nine dogs, captured without badges, were slaughtered yesterday. The whole number killed so far foots up 29.——Capt. W. A. Cumming informs us that Mr. W. C. Elam was a private in Co. C, 3d N. C. Infantry. Our impression is that he also served in a Virginia company.——Adam Green, colored, was brought to this city on the 27th inst., under a commitment from Justice R. N. Bloodworth, of Burgaw, Pender county, charged with having burglariously entered an inhabited house in that county by breaking into it in the night time. He was not suffered to give bail, but was ordered to be confined in the county jail in this city until the next term of the Superior court for said county.

Roanoke (Weldon) *News:* The railroad shed is receiving a new coat of paint.——This is the time when people become tenderly attached to country cousins.——The protracted meeting at the Baptist church is still in progress and nine have professed and will be baptised.——Little Eva Potter broke her arm between the elbow and wrist a few days ago. She was walking across the railroad track when she stumbled and fell, her arm striking the rail. She suffered apparently but little pain and is now getting on very well. We hope she will soon recover.——We learn that about a mile below Norfleet's ferry there have been seen three alligators. How they came there or what they do, no fellow can find out. They generally remain out of sight. If a dog is made to howl they will appear, as dog is their favorite dish. They have been seen by quite a number and are supposed to be the first that ever existed in this latitude.

Greensboro *Patriot:* A gentleman just in from the country says that the road from Jule Dick's to Asa Clapp's —a distance of several miles—is filled with hundreds of small frogs about one inch long. The frogs do not resemble any thing of the frog species ever seen in this section, and it is believed they fell with the heavy rain on yesterday.——Judge Gilmer is holding Chambers Court today, and it is a lonesome looking affair. When a reporter stepped lightly into the temple of justice the judge was munching peanuts, Major Graham, of Hillsboro, was reading a huge pile of manuscript, and Col. Fuller was setting in the jury box in a semi-comatose condition perilously bordering on a judicial snooze. A gentleman, apparently indifferent, occupied the dock. There was no affinity about anything or anybody, and the reporter rubbed his eyes, yawned and silently escaped without ascertaining what all the trouble was about.

Wilmington *Star:* Capt. G. L. Dudley, formely of this city, but now private secretary to the Governor, is quite sick.——A colored convention has been called to meet at Columbia, S. C., on July 18th, to elect twenty-five delegates to the National Colored Convention that meets at Louisville, Ky.——For the eleven months ending with May, 517,290 foreign immigrants have arrived in this country. For the same period in 1882, they number 694,536. Germany leads largely. If this keeps up in ten years there will have arrived nearly six millions of foreigners.——Our old friend Ike Young always comes up squarely planted in his number elevens. The Powers may shift the collectors, alter districts or abolish, but "Kurnel" Ike is quite sure to keep his place. He has made for twelve or fourteen years an efficient officer, and his accounts have always passed inspection, although there were numerous Barkises standing around anxious and "willing" to take his place. He will have a larger and somewhat different District, but with the old name, the Fourth.

Conscience Pricked Him.

The following letter was received a few days ago by Major W. H. Whitaker, of Enfield:

DEAR SIR—I hereby reclos you five dolars. I hops it will pay you for dat tirkey gobler you los a few years go. I is a penting now an I don't want to di til dis am settled. God done bless my scul but I had to pay for dat tirkey fust. hope de lord will bles you.

YOUR SERVANT.

May 31st, 1883.

The writer doubtless thought it is better late than never. Many people do not refund at all.—*Roanoke News.*

Little Clay Litchfield.

MR. EDITOR:—During an excursion on the steamer *Edgecombe* from Aurora on the 25th inst., the subject of this sketch, after the steamer had nearly reached her wharf, in running along the lower deck to reach his mother, stumbled and slipped overboard to rise no more. Mr. Willie Forbes, of Washington, and a colored man, on the instant the disaster was known by the screams of the ladies, plunged overboard to his rescue; but he was never seen after he sunk. The accident happened about five o'clock p. m. and at nine p. m. his body was recovered from whence it had rested face downward in the mud.

He was the son of J. M. and Susan Litchfield his wife, and grand son of the late Wm. A. Thompson, a recent resident of your city, who was drowned December 4th, 1882, at the burning of the steamer *Enterprise*, while on his way from this place to Washington.

Little Clay was born September 23d, 1877, and would have reached his 6th year the 23d of next September. He was not only the pride of his almost heart broken parents, but the general pet of the entire town from his genial and gleeful disposition, and his fascinating boyish ways.

He is now beyond the stars; a glittering gem among the jewels of Jesus; looking down on his heart-grieved parents from his star lit throne with a pitying sorrow, yet nestling lovingly in that bosom which is his safeguard and shield when the stars shoot from existence—the sun dissolved into chaos, and the world wiped from eternity. He will rest there forever, a radiant, happy angel; and at the midnight hour will oft appear in visionary dreams to his afflicted parents, beckoning them with his winning smile to come and enjoy with him that eternal happiness in the city whose streets are paved with gold, and whose lights are the rays from the eyes of angels—those eternal suns of God.

Fatality by water seems inherent in the family. First, the head of the family whose locks had begun to assume the frosten hue; now, the little bud in the bloom of childish prattle—in the very heat of blissful amusement—*a plunge—a wee struggle—then the protecting arm of Jesus.* Oh! the uncertainty of life! "Here to-day, there to-morrow!" May God pour the oil of comfort upon the hearts and soothe the inmost grief of bereived parents.

T. P. BONNER.

Aurora, June 27th, 1883.

Goldsboro *Messenger* please copy.

The Wilson Normal School.

MR. EDITOR:—The Wilson State Normal School opened formally last Wednesday under very flattering circumstances. The speeches made were full of good will, cheer and enthusiasm. The register showed 87 names on the first day and on Friday 180, representing about 30 counties.

Prof. J. L. Tomlinson, superintendent, is highly pleased with his corps of instructors, and right worthily does he occupy the chief seat. His talks to the teachers are running over with valuable, and I may say, indispensible advice. They are looked forward to, day after day, for something new and interesting is always sure to be heard.

Prof. E. V. DeGraff, a whole normal in himself, is surpassing his last year's record. The teachers are carried away with him, his work, his subjects. He is so attractive that the business men of the town may be found at the school rather than at their places of business.

The lawyers, doctors and ministers of the community seem eager to hear all they can from him. Your correspondent does not exaggerate in saying that his superior is not to be found North or South.

Prof. A. L. Phillips is doing excellent work, and those present are gaining valuable information from his talks on geography and history. Teachers desiring maps and statistics of their own counties, or the counties they expect to teach in, have need only to make application to him, and they are furnished *gratis*. The Superintendent is fortunate in securing the services of the young man. Mark my prediction, you will hear from Phillips before the world grows much older. This week Prof. E. P. Russell, the director of the conservatory of music, Edinborgh, Pa., and Prof. Little, Washington, D. C., will be present, making heavy strokes in their specialties—the former famous as a teacher in music and elocution, the latter of whom Col. J. P. Sanford, the great traveller and lecturer, says: "I never saw his equal as a teacher of drawing. Some 50 or 75 teachers from all parts of the State are expected this week. Lecturers will appear before the Normal every few evenings during the term, among whom may be mentioned, Maj. Robt. Bingham, Supt. Scarboro, Rev. A. D. Mayo, Hon. K. P. Battle, Prof. DeGraph, Prof. Russel. The teachers, having heard so many good things about the New Berne Graded School, are anxiously awaiting the arrival of the worthy superintendent, Prof. D. B. Johnson.

A majority of those present, although having taught during the past ten months, do not seem to grow weary under the instruction, but many who came to stay two weeks, say they expect to stay until the very close if possible.

The work done here will be felt throughout the bounds of our good old state; my only regret is that every teacher in North Caroiina cannot be present.

FERNBOLT.

Pamlico Items.

Pamlico Enterprise.

The schooner *Annie E. Hall*, Queen master, arrived last Saturday. The captain's wife and daughter accompanied him on the trip.

Mr. Paul Daniels is a happy man, or ought to be, for his amiable wife presented him with a fine boy and girl on Wednesday. May it be ever thus.

We were shown last week, by our young friend John Davenport, a pair of young foxes which he had captured and was endeavoring to tame. John is preparing for the circus.

Shipped from Stonewall yesterday: Potatoes 83 barrels, onions 8 crates, beans 1 crate. Total to date 275 barrels potatoes, 77 crates beans, 18 crates onions. Total shipments from Bayboro: 222 barrels potatoes, 1 crate onions.

We understand that there will be a picnic at Baird's Creek on the 4th of July—Wednesday next. The Bayboro band, assisted by Mr. Forbes, will be on hand, and the lively music emitted from the instruments will no doubt make the 4th a gala day in that section of our country.

Trucking has not proved as remunerative to our farmers this year as was expected. We hear of some, however, who have realized as much as $2.75 per barrel on their potato crop. This we look upon as being far better than cotton at ten or even twelve cents per pound.

For some time since we have been noticing the JOURNAL speaking of our friend George Credle as "Major," and we were at a loss to find how he merited this title, and have just learned from a friend of ours, who is a resident of Hyde county, where the Major used to live, that he was a major of militia in the war of 1813 and was stationed at Harker's Island. His youthful appearance is attributed to his careful raising by Col. H. W. Walsh.

While Edward Porter was painting the spire of the Presbyterian church in Ithaca, one of the climbers fastened to his boots gave way. After he had fallen many feet he caught hold of a dangling rope and saved himself, though his hands were badly torn.

Professional Cards.

GEO. M. LINDSAY,
Attorney at Law
SNOW HILL, Greene County, N. C.
References: Hon. A. S. Merrimon, Hon. T. C. Fuller, Raleigh, N. C.; A. Horne, Esq., Clayton, N. C.
Will practice in the counties of Greene, Lenoir, Jones and Wayne. Collecting and conveyancing a specialty. Business entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. sep28 w1y

LEONIDAS J. MOORE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
(Office opposite Gaston House,)
New Berne, N. C.
Will practice in the Counties of Greene, Lenoir, Jones, Onslow, Pamlico and Craven, also in the U. S. District Court.
Prompt attention paid to the collection of claims. apr1w1y

P. H. PELLETIER,
Attorney-at-Law.
Will practice in the Courts of Carteret, Jones, Onslow and Craven.
Special attention given to the collection of claims, and settling estate of deceased persons.
PELLETIER'S MILLS,
mar1w1f Carteret County, N. C.

R. W. NIXON, F. M. SIMMONS & CLEMENT MANLY.
NIXON, SIMMONS & MANLY
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Will practice in the Courts of Craven, Jones, Onslow, Carteret, Pamlico and Lenoir, and in the Federal Court at New Berne. feb24dawly

P. MURPHY PEARSALL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
TRENTON, JONES CO., N. C.
Will practice in the Counties of Onslow, Lenoir, Duplin, Sampson and Jones.
Collecting a specialty. sep16-dawly

GEORGE V. STRONG, Raleigh, N. C. DANIEL K. PERRY, Kinston, N. C.
STRONG & PERRY,
KINSTON, N. C.,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW.
Having formed a copartnership for the practice of the law in Jones county, will regularly attend the courts of the same. Prompt attention paid to collections.
may12-dawlyr STRONG & PERRY.

PHIL. HOLLAND, JR. GREEN H. GUION.
HOLLAND & GUION,
Attorneys at Law,
(Office one door west of Gaston House.)
Will practice in the Counties of Craven, Jones, Onslow, Carteret, Pamlico and Lenoir. Prompt attention paid to collections.
apr3-dawly.

DR. J. D. CLARK,
DENTIST,
NEWBERN, N. C.
Office on Craven street, between Pollock and Broad. apr17-dawly

DR. G. K. BAGBY,
Surgeon Dentist,
Will be in New Berne from the
1st to the 15th of each Month.
In Beaufort from 15th to the 30th.
Office in New Berne, over E. W. & S. W. Smallwood's, corner South Front and Craven streets.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of nitrous oxide. mar21-dawly

New Berne Advertisements.

A. H. POTTER & CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
CONFECTIONERS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
FRENCH & AMERICAN CANDIES.
And dealers in Foreign and Domestic Fruits Nuts. Also Cigars, Tobacco, Toys, etc.
Pollock street, next to Geo. Allen & Co.,
w-1y NEW BERNE, N. C. sep23

Furniture!
When you come to New Berne for Furniture be sure to call at
JOHN SUTER'S,
ON MIDDLE STREET.
Second door above K. K. Jones.
He keeps on hand Parlor Suits, Chamber Sets, Walnut Bedsteads, Bureaus, Wardrobes, Mattresses, Chairs, Lounges, Sofas, Center Tables, etc. For sale at
ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.
jan2w1y

GEORGE BISHOP,

NEW BERNE, N. C.,
Keeps constantly on hand the FINEST QUALITY of
Metallic Burial Caskets and Cases, Rosewood and Walnut Caskets and Cases, in all sizes, handsomely furnished.
—ALSO—
Poplar Coffins of all Sizes.
Orders by telegraph day or night promptly shipped by first train after order is received. octl8w1y

Guano and Kainit.
1,500 sacks Pine Island Guano,
1,000 sacks Fish, Bone and Potash,
1,000 sacks Kainit, at $13.50 a ton.
500 sacks Pacific Guano.
500 sacks Royster's High Grade Acid Phosphate.
700 sacks Norfolk Fertilizer at $18 a ton.
Peruvian Guano.
E. H. MEADOWS & CO.,
Corner Pollock and Middle sts.,
Warehouse—Cotton Exchange Place,
NEW BERNE, N. C.

FARMERS AND COUNTRY MERCHANTS,
TAKE NOTICE!
We are again at our old stand, in our NEW STORE. We have a full line of
Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes,
all of which we are offering very low at wholesale and retail. Call and take a look at our goods and get our low prices. Orders solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed.
d1w ROBERTS & BRO.

DAIL BROS.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS
—AND—
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
NEW BERNE, N
April 1, d w