THE JOURNAL

VOLUME VIII

[illegible]

J. C. BUXTON ... [illegible]

If President CLEVELAND ... [illegible] ... fear our friend ... the longest petition ... [illegible]

... bidding the appointing ... member of the ... to an office ... Of course ... combe ... the chairman ... reported ... ed to ... Judge CONNOR ... doubt not he will make ... and upright Judge.

The Davidson Dispatch ... with a million and a half of population there are but two Republican newspapers in North Carolina ... added that a bold and independent, genteel and self-respecting ... paper at Raleigh ... some service ... [illegible]

Would not a Democratic ... bold and fearless ... demn the wrongs ... own party ... we not such a ... The Farmer ... stance. There ... healthy opposition ... ent proves beneficial ... Thirty or forty ... Republicans in the ... Assembly would ... have improved legislation.

PLANT CORN.

The outlook ... England and Russia ... farmers ... effect it will have ... markets of the world ... land is a great manufacturing country. Two-thirds ... made in this country ... mills and at other European towns. How, and to what extent a war ... tween these powers will effect the cotton market cannot with any definite precision be foretold ... is a fact that so far as the war cloud looms up the cotton market is depressed while breadstuffs advance. With these facts before them it is well that the farmers be sure to do that which they should do ordinarily, plant corn enough for home consumption and a little to spare to your unfortunate or misguided neighbor. Where ... has been killed ... crop of corn ... manure, can be made ... been killed ... spring oats ... hominy ... blow over ... by the country ... cotton.

THE NEW YORK POSTOFFICE.

While the ... office of postmaster ... New York is of no immediate ... this region, yet ... portance of the ... nitude of patronage ... effect ... Democr... States and ... New York ... ant factor ... dent.

[illegible]

THE WRONG PLACE FOR PARTYISM.

We print the following from the Goldsboro Messenger:

A CARD FROM COL. W. J. GREEN.

To the Young White Men of Democratic Proclivities of the Third District of N. C.

Having been notified by the War Department that I am entitled to nominate a cadet to the U. S. Military Academy at West Point ... [illegible]

W. J. GREEN.

Fayetteville, N. C.

[illegible]

COMPLAINTS.

[illegible]

The White Legion.

[illegible]

GENERAL NEWS.

[illegible]

STATE NEWS

Gleaned from our Exchanges.

[illegible]

... ragged edge, expecting each mail to bring news of a successor, but the powers that be are not in such a hurry as the office-seekers.

Smithfield *Herald*: In Wilson county, near the Johnston line, last week, Josiah Ward, a white boy, while fooling with a rifle, emptied the load into his head through the mouth, which caused instant death. ——We learn that Davy Snead, colored, of Bentonville township, was bitten by a rabbit dog, belonging to G. W. Parker, Esq., about six weeks ago. He is now very strangely affected, and is a great sufferer. He was bitten on the calf of the leg, and at one time the leg was very much swollen. It was lanced by Dr. Wellons, and now it seems to shrink away, it gives him so much pain he seldom ever gets a good night's rest.——Masters Cebe Harper and Henry Hood went out hunting Monday, both bent on a few hours' enjoyment shooting birds and other game, but ere they had gotten out of the enclosure of the orchard, which is adjoining the yard of Rev. J. J. Harper, a distressing accident occurred. Henry used a double barrel gun, and after having emptied both barrels of the gun, he reloaded it, springing both hammers of the gun back for the purpose of placing the caps on, holding the muzzle of the gun directly in front of him, and whilst he was in the act of letting down the hammers, Cebe it seems standing about four feet in front of him, one of the barrels discharged, the whole load passing through his right arm between the elbow and shoulder, causing a serious and painful wound and shattering the bone.

Chatham *Record*: Mr. Alleus Stone, of Williams township, sold last week at Parrish's warehouse a lot of tobacco at the rate of five dollars a pound! He planted only one acre in tobacco as an experiment, never having planted any before, and he has already sold from that acre $400 worth, and has on hand 300 pounds more which is worth 20 cents a pound. Pretty good yield for one acre, isn't it? ——The oldest inhabitant does not remember such unseasonable weather as that which we have experienced this month. Everybody thought that the severe weather of February would surely be followed by a mild March, but this month has been more wintry, if possible, than even Februrary was. This is the most backward spring that has ever been known, and the farmers are very despondent. The oat crop is almost entirely ruined and wheat is badly damaged. Usually many of our farmers have planted some corn by this time, but we doubt if a grain of corn will be planted in Chatham this year before the first of April. As yet there are no signs of vegetation. The fruit trees even have not begun to swell their buds, and we venture to assert that it is the first March ever known here when no peach bloom could be seen.

Anna Eichberg.

In the June of 1879 two stories were published simultaneously, "The Story of Lesken" in the Century, or rather in Scribner's, and "The Professor of Dellingen," in Lippincott, and to both of these stories was appended the new name of "Anna Eichberg." Very clever stories they were, with all sorts of good qualities—humor, pathos, subtlety of preception, originality of plot, and, above all they fulfilled what Mr. Howells calls the very first requirement of a story, namely, "to be interesting."

"The Story of Lesken" told of a violin player who in his youth, mad with music, forgot his appointed wedding day, in the excitement of going to hear a great musician play, and the bride meantime married the young musician's father, and then Lesken came to America and wedded music, and played, and lived, and died and was forgotten. It was one of the notable stories of that season's Scribner's. Everybody asked "who is Anna Eichberg?" and she proved to be a girl barely out of school, the only daughter of the distinguished musician, Julius Eichberg, the director of the Boston Conservatory of Music. From that time Miss Eichberg's welcome into literature was assured. "Brown's Retreat" was one of the ablest stories ever published in the Atlantic Monthly—the tale of a convict, who kept a strange little shop, over the door of which he had put in a grim jest "Brown's Retreat." To come between himself and the public he made use of a poor little waif, who is sketched with a touch not unworthy of Dickens. The blended pathos and humor of this charming tale are beyond praise. It was succeeded by still other brilliant stories, among them "The Freak of Fate" in the Century, and "Mr Pampalon's Repentance" and "Mr. Carmichael's Conversion" in Lippincott's; also charming children's stories in St. Nicholas and Wide Awake. As a storyteller Miss Eichberg has proved herself the possessor of very rare powers. Her characters live—they are not merely types, they are individuals. Her poems also are very striking.

Those who know Miss Eichberg well are aware of certain unpublished poems which prove her gifts to be not alone those demanded for good prose. She wrote the words of the well-known national hymn "Our Country Great and Free," to which her father composed the music. After it was first published Miss Eichberg, then a shy school-girl, was taken to see Mr. Longfellow. The poet opened the door himself and said to her in his genial way: "Miss Eichberg, you come crowned with laurels." No wonder she was dumb with awe and pleasure.

AN IMPRESSIVE FACT.—A ... in the Simian origin of man was listening to the remarks of a French lady who had recently returned from England. She related with vivacity the different objects she had seen, and during one of her pauses to take breath he ... "May I ask what impressed you most during your stay in London?" "... certainly," she answered, without changing her ... the ... of the monkeys of the Zoological Gardens on the day of Darwin's funeral."

[illegible]

Perils to Civilization.

The dynamite outrages are making thoughtful people look upon the future with apprehension. A mixture of oil and nitric acid makes an explosive so dangerous that it places it in the power of murderers, cranks or madmen to tear down cities and kill human beings by the thousand. The number of evil disposed persons in this populous world of ours is very large, and sometimes there is a contagion of crime just as there are epidemics affecting the healthiest large sections of the community at one time. A well known lecturer at Johns Hopkins University, taking a gloomy view of the immediate future; Chemical knowledge, that has done so much for mankind, has armed the madman and the murderer with agents that may lay waste the populous centers of civilization. There seems to be no way of meeting this new peril. Vast numbers of human beings are unspeakably cruel. They delight in slaughter and human suffering. The history of despots, and outbreaks like the French Revolution and the massacre of St. Bartholomew, show that the ... [illegible] are only waiting their chance to glut their savage ferocity. One writer intimates that the only solution is to prevent the crank and murderer from being born. The criminal classes, the diseased, and the ill-conditioned must not be allowed to become parents. This seems chimerical, however, and is no solution for the peril that exists at the present day. When complicates this problem is the fact that many have cause to hate the governments and the social regulations under which they live. The Russian Nihilist justifies his killing of officials by showing how he is deprived of liberty of speech and of the press, and that every one who lives in the dominion of the Czar is liable to be sent to Siberia, or even deprived of life by the reigning despot or any of his minions. The Socialist says: "Why should I live in misery in a world full of plenty. I am willing to work; but I do not fare as well as the rich man's cattle." It is because so many have a real grievance against the existing order of things that makes the red-handed redresser of wrongs—that is, the dynamiter—so dangerous to our present civilization.—*Demorest's.*

A Gruesome Bill of Fare.

I have before me a menu of a dinner of the Thirteen Club of San Francisco. It is a gruesome sight. On the front page is a curious design of an owl hatching thirteen skulls. On the back is a striking picture of a skull set artistically on two cross bones. Around both illustrations is a wide, black line. Within narrower mourning lines on the inside is printed the motto and on the opposite page is a list of thirteen ceremonies, each one of which defies a superstition. There are thirteen members only, and each one passes under a ladder to the table. As supposed unlucky things to do the list embraces the presentation of jack-knives, spilling of salt, breaking the mirror, casting the evil eye, spilling the wine, belling the black cat, cutting the nine of diamonds, spying the moon over the left shoulder. Each member at this dinner wears an opal in some setting, and toasts are proposed to the illustrious memory of Jonah, to Friday, and to the magpie and the owl—birds of evil omen. The music includes Beethoven's Funeral March, the Dead March in Saul, Chopin's Funeral March, and the Brindisi, from "Lucrezia Borgia." There are numerous quotations and all of them are somber and deathly.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Tobacco.

It has long been known that among the evil results of the excessive use of tobacco is the tendency to what is known as amblyopia, which is an impairment of the usual sight. It is substantially an atrophy of the optic nerve. Tobacco injuriously affects every organ of the human body. It may soothe by deadening the nerves, and the stimulation it gives is pleasant while the influence lasts; but even with the strongest men it deranges the digestion, irritates the nerves, impairs the eyesight, as well as befouls the person who uses it. Only three animated beings use tobacco—a noisome and poisonous worm that lives on the plant, the wild goat which feeds on its leaves, and human beings with depraved tastes that chew, snuff and smoke it.—*Ex.*

A PETRIFIED OYSTER.—While digging a well at Rome, Ga., a workman found, at the depth of sixty feet down in the bowels of the earth, a petrified oyster. A legend exists to the effect that a church supper held in Rome twenty five years ago was almost a failure on account of its oyster escaping from a back window and taking to the woods. It is supposed that this petrified bivalve is the missing oyster. We suspect it was ... ized by a mule between its shoulder blades. The oyster must have been terribly frightened to burrow so deep in the earth.—*Norristown Herald.*

HAWTHORNE AND THE FLY.—A fly is the most impertinent and indelicate thing in creation—the very type and moral of human spirits whom one occasionally meets with, and who, perhaps, after an existence troublesome and vexatious to all with whom they come in contact, have been doomed to reappear in this congenial shape. Here is one intent upon alighting on my nose. In a room now—in a human habitation—I could find in my conscience to put him to death; but here we have intruded upon his own domain, which he holds in common with all the children of earth and air, and we have no right to slay him on his own ground.—*Letter to His Wife.*

PRIDE IN ONE'S WIFE.—"Yes," ... [illegible]

An Application that was Refused.

A Washington correspondent to the Philadelphia *Record* tells the following: I think I have a new Lincoln-Stanton story. At least the congressmen who told it spoke as though he had just discovered the document which is its basis. It was an application for a chaplaincy in the army, with a series of endorsements by Lincoln and Stanton on its back which ran over the available space on the application and down on a slip of paper which had been added to receive them. These were the endorsements, each being dated: "Dear Stanton: Appoint this man a chaplain in the army. A. Lincoln." "Dear Mr. Lincoln: He is not a preacher. E. M. Stanton." Three or four months elapse, evidently, and then we have: "Dear Stanton: He is now. A. Lincoln." "Dear Mr. Lincoln: But there is no vacancy. E. M. Stanton." "Dear Stanton: Appoint him a chaplain at large. A. Lincoln." "Dear Mr. Lincoln: There is no warrant of law for that. E. M. Stanton." "Dear Stanton: Appoint him anyhow. A. Lincoln." "Dear Mr. Lincoln: I will not. E. M. Stanton." And he didn't. But apparently ... his application on file, for there it is among the dry old documents.

The Future of Medicine.

Those who profess to know claim that therapeutics, the science of cure, has really made no progress. Galen and Hippocrates, it is believed, were quite as successful in dealing with ordinary complaints as the most advanced physicians of our own day; yet medical science has made marvelous advances in every other department, especially in surgery and the knowledge of diseases; yet with all this it is suspected that the old women of former generations with their "yarb" teas and simple medicines were quite as successful in treating common ailments—colds and the like—as are the usual run of physicians with their powerful mineral drugs and bookish learning. All are agreed that more dependence is to be placed on sanitation and hygiene than on medicines. Diseases can be prevented, but if serious are a puzzle to the doctors of any school. There are some specifics that are known to be useful, but no drug is infallible, and each individual system is a new test even to the best known medicines. The problem, after all, is not so much how to cure disease as how to avoid being sick.—*Demorest's.*

A Chief Justice Edified.

The late Chief Justice Bigelow, of Massachusetts, who was, in his way, a little overbearing and assertive of his dignity, was on one occasion brought to his bearing in a way as effective as it was amusing. He was riding in a car which did not stop at Quincy, where he resided, and as it was passing by he pulled the rope and the train was brought to a sudden stop. The conductor rushed into the car and demanded:

"Who rung that bell?"

"I did," said the Chief Justice.

"Why?"

"Because I wanted to get off."

At which the railroad official indulged in some remarks which were not complimentary and hardly respectful. The Judge afterward complained to the President of the road, who promised to look into the matter. But he found that although the conductor might have used hot language the Chief Justice was not without fault, and said nothing about it. When they next met, by chance, the latter demanded of the President whether he had reprimanded the conductor.

"I spoke to him," was the reply.

"Well, what did he say?"

"He said he was coming up some day to adjourn your court."

The irate magistrate saw the point and did not pursue the investigation.

HE WAS NOT CANDID.—Gilhooly applied to Col. Doolittle for a temporary loan. He said:—

"Be so kind as to loan me forty dollars."

"Look here, my dear friend," said Col. Doolittle, "if you had approached me in a straightforward, candid manner, I would have let you have the money, but you addressed me in a manner that caused me to doubt your honesty."

"What do you mean?"

"You said: 'Be so *kind* as to lend me forty dollars.'"

"What should I have said?"

"If you had been a candid man you would have said: 'Be so *stupid* as to lend me forty dollars.'"—*Siftings.*

FREAKS OF MEMORY.—There are many cases on record of memories so treacherous that men have forgotten their own names. One of the funniest instances of a capricious memory is given by Joseph Jefferson, the actor.

A story is told of an English actor, who, after playing one part for a very long time, forgot his lines one night.

"It's very strange," said the stage manager, when the actor came off, "that you are not 'perfect' in that part by this time. You have been playing it for two hundred nights."

"Well," said the actor, "do you expect me to remember it for ever?"

Skin Diseases.

[illegible]

The Man and the Monkey.

[illegible] ... he had bad sores, some big, some little sores, a long time. They both took much medicine and died, the sores was all they left me."

"Yes, yes," replied the man, "I see how it is ... Blood Poison caught on the wing, and ... born with both complaints, ... pine away and die when ..."

"I have ... used over sixty bottles one drug store ... and it no good. Money ... Some doctors ..."

... "you got hold of the wrong medicine. Go to the drug store and get one bottle of B. B. B. and before using all of it you will feel better. It is a quick cure. It will cure all sorts of sores, Scrofula, Blood Poison caught on the wing, Itching Humors, Catarrh, Blood and Skin diseases and Kidney Troubles."

"I be so thankful for your kindness, and will get B. B. B. today," replied the monkey.

EYES OF FIRE.

... kiss those eyes of fire, ... would quench desire ... sleep my lips in bliss, ... every kiss.

... young dude ... something for his ... B. B. B. is the ... one bottle will ... that dude is not all alone in ... by a "jug full" ... considerably "rattled" just ... business, but B. B. B. ... the least money and in the shortest time ... Purify.

... "we are going to have some honey made at our house." "How do you know" asked Josie. "Because mamma sent the servant after B. B. B., and I don't know what bees are good for only to make honey."

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ATTRACTIONS FOR 1884-5.

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MARY MAPES DODGE.

[illegible]

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"Historic Girls," ... E. S. Brooks.

"Ready for Business," ...

"Driven Back to Eden," ... E. P. Roe.

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