LOOK AT OUR LIST

---FOR---

NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER.

There is but ONE WAY to do the Business, and we have Discovered it.

Our Large Stock of everything you can call for in DRY GOODS,

Uniformly Reduced in Prices,

To meet the Present Strain in the MONEY MARKET.

Dress Goods (in all grades) reduced 20 per cent.

Calicoes, 4c. and 5c.---the best.

Six dozen spools of Cotton for five cents	5 cents.
46 inch Bleaching, Pillow Case goods	10 "
Knitting Cotton	20 "
Linen Cape Collars	5 "
Fine Kid Gloves (all shades and black	50 "
Hamburg Edging	4 "
Handkerchiefs	3 "
Gentlemen's Fine Dress Shirts	50 "
" " Linen Collars	10 "
" " " Cuffs	20 "
Towel Crash	5 "
A nice Shawl for	10 "
A fine Corset, any size, only	25 "
Ladies' Hose, Misses' Hose, Children's Hose, Baby Hose per pair	5 "
Gents' Half Hose	5 "
Bleaching (full 1 yard wide)	5 "
Extra heavy Unbleached, yard wide	5 "
" " " ¾ yard wide	4 "
Full size Towel	5 "
Very heavy Linen Towel	10 "
Genuine Turkish Bath Toilet Soap	5 "
Fine Linen Napkins	5 "
Hairpins, 200 for	5 "
First quality Brass Pins, 360 for	5 "
A fine Skirt for	50 "
Extra Ladies' Vests	25 "
" Gents' "	25 "
Tooth Brushes	5 "
Albums	10 "
Sewing Machine Oil (large size)	5 "
Flannel	8 "
Canton Flannel	6 "
Carpets	17½ "
Pants Cloth	10 "
Beautiful Cretonne	10 "
Elegant Tricot Dress Goods	6 "
Genuine Torchon Laces	3, 4, 5, 7, 8 "
Cotton and Linen Laces	1 "
Picture Frames	10 "
Edgings, 12 yards for	5 "
Jerseys (new lot just in), from	50c. up.
Shoes, from	50c. up.

We have just received TEN BALES of KNITTING COTTON in hanks, which we are offering at the *exceptionally low price of TWENTY CENTS per pound.*

TO THE

Wholesale Trade.

We are prepared to offer the Country Dealers every inducement to trade with us, that *careful buying*, and our *large facilities for so doing*, admits of, and if *there is anything wanted by* them that should be found in a FIRST-CLASS WHOLESALE ESTABLISHMENT, we have got it RIGHT IN STOCK. If you cannot *come, write us.* We are always *glad to answer* all *correspondents* in relation to *our business.*

Please keep your eye on our "ad." as we are always alive; and between now and January 1st we may possibly surprise you all. Our Holiday Goods are still to come.

Thanking all of our many Customers for favors already received, we close this little list asking for a continuance of the same, and with the hope we may add many more to our already long line of buyers,

We are,

Very truly yours,

O. MARKS,

Pollock St., directly opposite Episcopal Church Pump.

MAX SCHWERIN. GEORGE ASH.

THE BOSS CLOTHING AND SHOE STORE.

SCHWERIN & ASH

HAVE **Removed**

To the BISHOP BUILDING on Middle St., Corner of Alley, directly opposite the Baptist Church.

ALL DRY GOODS WILL BE SOLD AT COST AS WE ARE GOING OUT OF THAT LINE.

We are SOLE AGENTS for the A. A. HATTEN'S MEN'S and BOY'S CALF SEWED $4.50 SHOES. The only Shoes sold in this city that are WARRANTED by the manufacturer to last 1 year. Every Pair is Warranted. Should any give way within any reasonable time, return of damaged pair and make your choice of another pair. Or we will refund the money if you prefer it. Remember we sell no worse shoe than the "Boss" in exchange. It will pay you to look at our goods and prices.

SCHWERIN & ASH,

Middle Street.

ap30 d w tf

DAIL BROTHERS, Wholesale Grocers,

HAVE REMOVED TO THEIR

TWO STORES SOUTH OF THEIR FORMER STAND,

And keep of FLOUR, MEATS, COFFEE, SUGAR, SYRUPS MOLASSES, SALT, TOBACCO, SNUFF AND CIGARS, an everything in the GROCERY LINE, A FULL STOCK and at LOW PRICES for CASH. a24 b

K. R. Jones

COMMISSION

Merchant.

Consignments of Grain, Cotton, and other

PRODUCE

SOLICITED

PROMPT ATTENTION GUARANTEED

Dry Goods, Notions, HATS, BOOTS AND SHOES, GROCERIES OF ALL KINDS

Pork, Bacon, Flour Sugar, Coffee, Salt, Syrup and MOLASSES, SNUFF and TOBACCO.

HARDWARE

—ALSO—

Spades, Shovels, Hoes, Axes, Nails Plow Traces Hames, &c. &c.

Farmer's Supplies

GENERALLY

—ALSO—

MOTT'S SWEET CIDER, THE BEST MADE, CONSTANTLY IN STOCK

Prices low for cash. Satisfaction guaranteed. Highest cash prices paid for country Produce.

☞ *Call and see me*

North West corner SOUTH FRONT & MIDDLE Streets, NEW BERNE, N. C.

Mar. 9 tf

Furniture !

When you come to New Berne don't fail to call at

JOHN SUTER'S,

ON MIDDLE STREET.

Opposite the old stand.

He keeps on hand Parlor Suits in Damask, Silk, Walnut, Redstead, Bureaus, Wardrobes, Mattresses, Chairs, Lounges, Sofas, Center Tables, etc. For sale at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

Jan2w1y

THE

LATEST AND BEST

SEWING MACHINE.

It is universally conceded to be the finest-finished and best-made on the market.

Its wood-work is elegantly decorated in Ebony and Gilt.

AGENTS WANTED.

FOR PARTICULARS ADDRESS

Leader Sewing Machine Co.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

FOUTZ'S

HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS

DAVID E. FOUTZ, Proprietor. BALTIMORE MD.

BOOK STORE.

J. L. HARTSFIELD,

DEALER IN

BOOKS and STATIONERY.

School Books and School Supplies a specialty

Confectioneries.

Tobacco, Snuff, Cigars, Tags, Glassware, Crockery, Folding Table, &c.

One door south of Loftin's Bank.

Very truly,

J. L. HARTSFIELD

EASTERN NORTH CAROLINA

MARBLE WORKS,

NEW BERNE, N. C.

Monuments, Tombs,

ITALIAN & AMERICAN MARBLE

JOHN A. ELLIS, Proprietor.

Mr. Ellis is my authorized agent in Kinston. may 3 1y

THE JOURNAL.

NEW BERNE, N. C., [illegible] 1887.

JOSH BILLINGS.

There is, and always, people and other animals will mourn for the loss of one who has shed sunshine on their paths in the person of Josh Billings, dead. The man whose wonderful spelling led a score of the deepest truths of philosophy has passed away after a life in which, while apparently a jester, he was the chief element in a [illegible] world in vain.

Henry Wheeler Shaw was a man who did not know he was a genius until he had passed the prime of life. He would not have knowing then had the [illegible] known of the writings of Artemus Ward. When he did he claims think he had some humor, however, he made up for the years he had lost; he woke to find himself famous, and his future was one of unswerving, brilliant success. He was a Massachusetts boy, born among the Berkshire hills 65 years ago. He came of what is known as "good stock." His father and grandfather before him had been members of Congress, and in the stormy days of Henry Clay his father was a political manager for the Kentucky chieftain. Their love for politics was not inherited by their son and grandson. So far as can be learned, he had no particular love for anything that might seem an avenue to fame. For 14 years, from 1820 to 1834, his life was spent in Lanesboro. From thence he followed the spirit of the time and went west. There he led a frontier life. He roughed it and was apparently ready for anything that might turn up. At one time he steamboats, then he rose in the social scale by running a country store, dealing out flannel and fish, muslin and molasses, physic and pork, and ambition only to run an honest commercial dollar, and live an honest commercial life. Whether the store was a success or not does not appear. Probably it was not, for he next blooms out into an auctioneer, a business which needs more tongue than capital, and which has so often proved a haven for the bankrupt in purse. He does not seem to have been a success at that, for he finally left the West and wandered east, until he found Poughkeepsie, and hung out the red flag once more. In his leasure time, and he doubtless had a good deal of it, he read a little and wrote a little for a local paper. His articles were intended to be humorous, and doubtless they were, but they failed to strike the public as he wished. They were always accepted, but they brought him no cash, and he began to wonder if he was really a failure in life. At that time everyone was reading what Artemus Ward was writing, and Shaw began to think that he had written some things nearly as good as those over which the public was laughing. The more he thought of it the more he was convinced he was right. What, then, was the trouble? It came to him as a flash that if he wanted to catch the public he must dress by his style of spelling. He adopted the style which was then considered outrageously wrong, but which may some day be considered pretty nearly right, and wrote a sketch in that style. To his intense surprise and delight it was copied by other papers. He was so much encouraged that he put his soul into an "Essa on the Mule," sent it to the Boston *True Flag*, and was paid $1.50 for it. This was the first money he had ever earned by literary work. He was then 15 years of age.

This a Boston paper gave the first encouragement to an obscure man of genius, who was in later years sought for by journals eager for the privilege of giving him a princely income. Boston encouragement put heart into Shaw. He realized that there was something in him, after all. He had mistaken his path in all the years before. He had been one of the misplaced men of which the world is full.

Success attended him. He had some reverses, but he persevered and his fame and his profits grew apace. Later, he entered the lecture field, and it was there that his experience as an auctioneer stood him in good stead. He delivered a thousand lectures in 17 years, and wherever he went he was welcomed. He was not only a humorist, but a philosopher. Twain and Nasby followed him, but did not trespass on his particular field. He wrote steadily, and was rewarded. The New York *Weekly* paid him $100 a week for a half column of matter, and he made splendid profits from his publications. His Farmer's Almanax had a sale of 127,000 copies in its second year, and in 10 years his profits from it amounted to $50,000. He was offered $5,000 a night to lecture in Great Britain and Ireland, for his fame had gone before him to the ends of the earth. —*News Letter.*

AN ALL-YEAR-IN-FISH-CULTURE.—Science says: Heretofore, in planting salmon, it has been customary to place the little fish in the stream and allow them to shift for themselves, but the new idea is of placing them in protected pen-rivers, where they can be [illegible] living food [illegible] growth to the proper size, assured, will no doubt, add [illegible] salmon culture.

A [illegible] has been made at the st[illegible] of the [illegible] St. Tish Comm[illegible] of Wytheville, Va., where [illegible] have become [illegible]

A Touching Story

Young [illegible] emigrants who arrived at Castle Garden the other day was an old woman, bent with age. She had lived the allotted threescore years and ten, and her feebleness made her an object to universal pity. On the steamer she occupied stifling quarters in the steerage, but her companions were kind to her, and the voyage was made as endurable as possible. She said that her name was Janowski, and that she came from Cracow, Poland. She told an interpreter that she had a daughter somewhere in the State, near the Atlantic Ocean, but where she did not know. The government officials finally decided to send her back to Poland, under the law which prohibits the landing of emigrants who are likely to become public burdens. The old woman protested, but in vain. The day for sailing arrived, and she was told she must go on board the vessel. Age had made her childish, and she sank upon the rude wooden seats and cried as if her heart would break. An official gathered up her bundle of clothing, when the shawl which was wrapped around it became loose and the clothing fell out. An envelope, torn and soiled, fell on the floor, and the official picked it up. It bore the postmark Newark, N. J., and was addressed to the old woman in Cracow, Poland.

"Where did you get this?" asked the interpreter, of the old woman.

"My daughter Jennie sent that," she replied, sadly. "She is my only child, and all that I have on earth."

It was decided to take Mrs. Janowski to Newark and endeavor to find her daughter. A gentleman who had become interested in the old woman volunteered to go with her, and the next morning they started.

Arrived at Newark, inquiries were made and a Hebrew woman was found who said that she knew Jennie very well.

"Come this way, and I will show you," she said.

The two proceeded up Canal street until they came to a frame house in front of which a crowd had assembled.

"Jennie is to be married today," said the guide. "The ceremony is just being performed."

The old woman forced her way through the crowd in the narrow entry. In the neat but poorly furnished room the wedding guest had assembled. The bride, attired in a dress of spotless lawn, trimmed with fresh dasies, stood beside the groom, a fine looking young Hebrew, awaiting the pleasing words which should make them one. A commotion was hear in the hallway, and as the guests at the door separated, the bride uttered a cry of "Mother!" and the old woman pushed into her daughter's arms. The scene between mother and daughter was very affecting, and tears of joy were shed at the nuptial feast.

A Canvasser's Experience.

Canvassing for books, selling maps, patent articles and medicines is a disagreeable method of obtaining a living, and few people engage in it through choice. But every man and woman making an honest endeavor to earn a livelihood is entitled to respect and more courteous treatment than canvassers generally receive. A gentleman who is now wealthy gives an amusing account of his experience canvassing in the days of his poverty. He says:

An advertisement under the beguiling caption of "Ten dollars a day made by canvassers," met my eye.

I was eager to earn fifty cents a day, and sent my last dollar for the articles with which I was to "easily and pleasantly earn ten dollars a day."

In return came two dozen boxes of indigo, powdered and put up in small tin boxes, with perforated tops. For this "useful and valuable article in daily demand," as the advertisement read, I was to ask twenty cents a box, one was told that I could easily sell one hundred a day if I was "bright and smart."

A printed circular outlined my method of procedure for me. It read, "Call at every house in your city, ring the bell, ask for the lady of the house, and say, pleasantly,—

"'I am introducing a new and useful article, madam, the merits of which,' etc. Call also at stores and offices. Gentlemen will gladly purchase the article for their wives.

So I started out. At the first house I rang the bell; a saucy-looking girl came to the door.

"Good day, miss!" I said. "Is the lady of the house in?"

"Yes, she is, an' she's goin' to stay in—in her room, an' we don't want nothin', an' none o' yer sass, an' you clear out!"

All this without stopping to breathe, and then the door was slammed in my face.

At the next house a woman came to the door, who was, I felt sure, the lady of the house.

"Good day, madam!" I said. "I am introducing a"——

"Introduce it some place else, girls," she said sharply, and I had to step back quickly to keep from having my head caught in the door.

"Failure number two," I said, trying to be cheerful.

I was ascending the steps of the third house when a window overhead was raised, and a shrill female voice cried out,—

"Get out!" "If you come upstairs I shall throw the contents of a pitcher of water on you!" "I know what you've come for, I know it, and we don't want any!" "Put out!"

"Well, I'M out, I'm enough. There [illegible] Nothing like trying the next one, I suppose." I said [illegible] to myself.

[illegible] "Madam, I am introducing a [illegible] article for the down-stairs washing."

"Come in!" she cried in an eager voice. "I'm a washerwoman myself, and I want to see that article. Why, I can do a week's washing in half a day with it! Why, it's the greatest invention of the age! Why don't you sit down and let me see it work? Why, I'm so glad to see it!