STEAMERS.

EASTERN CAROLINA DISPATCH

The Fast Freight Line

BETWEEN

Newberne, Eastern North Carolina Points, and Norfolk, Baltimore Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Rec via Elizabeth City, N. C.

Commencing FEBRUARY 1st, the steamers EAGLET and VESPER will run on regular schedule time, leaving Newberne every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, for Elizabeth City, and returning the following days.

These steamers in connection with the Atlantic N. C. R. R., Norfolk Southern R. R., New York, Phila. and Norfolk R. R. and the Pennsylvania R. R. form a reliable and regular line offering superior facilities for quick transportation.

No transfer except at Elizabeth City, at which point freight will be loaded on cars or through to destination.

Open all goods to be shipped via Eastern Carolina Dispatch daily as follows: from Boston by E. R. R. Barge, by F. W. & B. R. R. Pier 35 Central St. Station; Phila. Pennsylvania R. R. Dock St. Station; New York by Penn. R. R. Pier 22, North River. Freight forwarded from New York and New England R. R.

Rates as low and time quicker than any other line.

An additional boat will be put on this route as soon as practicable, and a schedule arranged for four trips each week.

GEO. HENDERSON, Agent.
Newberne, N. C.

OLD DOMINION STEAMSHIP COMPANY RE-OPENED.

The Old Dominion Steamship Company's Old and Favorite Water Route, via Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal.

TRI-WEEKLY LINE

FOR

Norfolk, Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Providence, And all points, North, East and West.

On and after FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1887, until further notice, the

Steamers New Berne and Pamlico

will sail from NORFOLK, Va., every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, at six A.M., for NEW BERNE, via Washington, making connection with the Steamers of the N. & T. R. S. B. Co., for Kinston, Trenton, and all other landings on the Neuse River.

Returning, will sail from NEW BERNE every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, at 4 P.M., for NORFOLK, making connection with the O. D. S. S. Co.'s ships for New York, B. S. P. Co.'s steamers for Baltimore, Clyde Line Ships for Philadelphia, and M. & M. T. Co.'s ships for Boston and Providence.

Our untiring efforts to please our patrons, and our almost perfect service for the past twelve years, is the best guarantee we can offer of the efficiency of our service in the future.

Order all goods care of O. D. S. S. Co., Norfolk, Va.

Freight not received for shipment after 4 P.M. on sailing days.

Passengers will find a good table, comfortable rooms, and every courtesy and attention will be paid them by the officers.

E. B. ROBERTS, Agent
Washington.
CULPEPPER & TURNER, Agents, Norfolk, Va.
W. P. STANFORD, G. F. & P. Agt., New York City.

Change of Pier in New York.

The N. C. Freight Line

FOR NEW YORK, BOSTON, PROVIDENCE, and all point North and West

Leaving this date will receive freight in New York for New Berne at PIER 7, NORTH RIVER, Office of New York and Baltimore Transportation Co.

Shippers should remember that this is one of the best Steam Lines out of New York, making close connection with Baltimore for New Berne, insuring fast time and avoiding change.

SEMI-WEEKLY STEAMERS

Between New Berne and Baltimore

(Touching at Norfolk)

Leaving New Berne for Baltimore TUESDAY and FRIDAYS at 1 P.M. Leave Baltimore for New Berne WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAY

Agents are as follows:

ALEXR. FOSTER, Gen'l Manager,
90 Light St., Balto. Md.
A. N. McDARRIS, Agt., Norfolk, Va.
W. P. Clyde & Co., Philadelphia, 12 South wharves.
Tues & Satur. Trans. Line, Pier, North river.
G. W. Hampson, Boston, 33 Central wharf.
E. S. Jenckes, Providence R. I.
T. S. Peck, Pier 1, East River, Berrick wharf.
Steamers—Boston, Tuesdays and Saturdays.
" New York daily.
" Baltimore, Wednesdays and Saturdays.
" Fall River, Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays.
" Providence, Saturdays.
Through bills lading given, and rates guaranteed all points at the different offices of agents.

Avoid Breakage of Bulk and Ship via

N. C. LINE.

THE NEUSE & TRENT RIVER Steamboat Company

Will run the following Schedule on and after January 1st, 1887.

Steamer Trent

Will leave New Berne for Trenton every Wednesday at 8 A.M., returning, will leave Trenton every Thursday, touching at all points along the river.

Steamer Kinston.

On and after January 1st, 1887, the Steamer Kinston will leave Kinston for New Berne every Monday and Thursday at 6 o'clock a.m. returning, will leave New Berne every Tuesday and Friday, stopping at Jolly Old Field and touching at all landings on Neuse river. Close connection made with steamer Stern at Cove Creek on the Old Dominion Steamship Co.

J. J. DIBOSWAY at Newbern, Agent.
W. F. STANLY, Kinston.
D. S. BARROW, Pollokville.
I. T. WILSON, Agent at Trenton.
J. F. QUINERLY, Jolly Old Field.
J. R. HAYES, Quaker Bridge.
J. M. WHITE, Gen'l Manager, Kinston, N. C.

J. J. TOLSON,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Choice Groceries and Provisions,

Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes

BROAD STREET

NEW BERNE, N. C.

Goods guaranteed as represented. oct9 d3t wtf

E. M. HODGES,

MANUFACTURER OF

Carts, Wagons, Wheels, And Wheel Stocks, Axles, &c.

Repairing done on short notice.

Work guaranteed, and prices lower for the same work than can be obtained elsewhere.

A liberal discount offered to the trade.

GIVE ME A TRIAL.

Queen Street, Kinston N. C.

NEAR NUNN'S HOTEL.

sep2 w6m

WHAT AILS THE NATION?

The Average Length of Life Decreasing—Not Pestilence—Not Famine All our own Fault.

[illegible]

SEEDS! SEEDS!

Grass and Clover Seeds.
Seed Grain and Potatoes.
Garden and Flower Seeds.
Vegetable & Flowering Plants.

Prices quoted on application.
Descriptive Catalogue mailed free.
Correspondence Solicited.

T. W. WOOD & SONS, SEEDSMEN,
No. 10 S. FOURTEENTH ST
Mention this paper. RICHMOND, VA.

"MOORE COUNTY GRIT"

The best Millstone in the World for Table Meal. Samples of meal sent on application. Send for prices on Portable Corn Mills, Upper and Under Runners and Mill stones. We are agents for Engines, Boilers, Saw Mills, Cotton Gins, Pumps, Belting, Pulleys &c. Can for Roller-Mill Outfits which save 40 to 75 cents per bushel in every barrel of flour to makers. Write stating what you want and learn how we can help you to the reliable. Address, North Carolina Millstone Co., Parkwood, Moore Co., N. C.

EDUCATE! EDUCATE!

What Better Can Be Done For The Children?

AURORA ACADEMY,
AURORA, N. C.

[illegible]

Pure Lime.

We now are the only Lime Kiln in the city and offer Pure Stonelime for sale free of sand. [illegible] per ton, sacked.

W. P. BURRUS & CO.,
Commission Merchants and Dealers in Lime
Market Dock
NEW BERNE, N. C.

Live Well on a Little Money,

[illegible]

W. F. Hill's

Old Market Site.
NEW BERNE, N. C.

Looking for a [illegible] place to stay while in town? Want to remain over night or longer? [illegible]

THE JOURNAL.

NEW BERNE, N. C., MARCH 31, 1887.

A SILENT PRAYER

[illegible]

Planting Cotton in Checks.

[illegible]

FARMER JOURNAL.—In the March Farmer and Cultivator for March we printed a communication from C. B. Ferrell, Esq., Montgomery, Ala., headed "A bale to an Acre" which is exceedingly interesting for two reasons: 1st, Because of the large yields per acre secured by Mr. Ferrell. He says: "I made *three bales on one acre* last year, and produced such satisfactory proof of it as to receive three premiums from our State Fair, and two premiums from the Alabama Fertilizer Company, aggregating $250. The land was sandy, with clay subsoil, to which I applied 2,000 pounds of compost Furman's Formula and 200 pounds of Alabama Fertilizer to the acre. One acre produced three bales and four acres produced six and a half bales, while on ten acres I made ten bales. My bales weighed 500 pounds each." But a 2nd interesting feature is his *method of cultivation*. He says: "I plant my cotton *in checks* and cultivate *exclusively with the plow*, except in bringing it to a stand. It is better *never to permit the hoe in it at all*. Thin out by hand. *It is the hoe that eats up the profits of cotton.*" Italics mine.

Now these statements so interested me that I sat down at once and wrote to Mr. Ferrell and inquired more particularly as to his methods, how far apart he laid off his checks—how he applied his fertilizers—how he planted, &c., and in reply received the accompanying letter which fully explains itself, and which I forward to you for publication, in whole or in part, because I believe it will be interesting and prove profitable, withal, to all who are engaged in the cultivation of cotton. I am, myself, trying 25 acres in cotton this year planted and cultivated in checks, and will take pleasure in reporting results.

Very Truly Yours,
G. W. SANDERLIN.

BESTON, N. C., Mar. 24, '87.

MONTGOMERY, March 14, '87.

Rev. G. W. Sanderlin, Beston, N. C.:

Dear Sir—Yours of the 11th inst. was duly received, and in reply will cheerfully comply with your request. To answer fully and understandingly all of your questions will require a long letter and I fear your patience will be sorely tried. Then, to begin:

I use compost made by Furman's Formula, only using cotton seed meal instead of the cotton seed and always stable manure (well rotted) instead of muck or fence corner soil. I make a pen 10 feet square and put in about six inches of well rotted stable manure, and on this I put 400 pounds of acid phosphate, 400 pounds of cotton seed meal and 100 pounds of kainit thoroughly mixed, then another layer of stable manure, and same quantities of acid phosphate, kainit and cotton seed meal, each as above, and thus build up your pens about five feet high. Of this, I apply about 2,000 pounds to the acre as I will explain further on.

I break up my land thoroughly with a two horse Avery turning plow *broadcast*, then lay off rows four feet wide with a long broad shovel as deeply as a strong mule can pull it, fill this furrow with compost, which should be cut down perpendicularly with a sharp spade as you haul it out, as this mixes the different ingredients, as well as pulverizes the whole heap, as you fill the furrows made by the shovels, list on them with a one horse turning plow, completely covering the compost, and do this as fast as you put it down, to prevent evaporation as much as possible. I use a two horse wagon with two hands and follow the plows, opening with the shovel plow, carrying four rows at a time. It is astonishing how rapidly this can be done. I let this be till I am ready to plant, when I break out the middles with a one horse Avery turning plow, then run, at right angles across the beds with a short dull scooter plow, very lightly, so as not to drag out or expose the compost rows three and a half feet wide and drop the seed, fifteen or twenty, rolled, with the hand, on top of the beds and over with a board, the hoe would be better to secure a good stand.

When the cotton is up well, I bar off with a turning plow as usual and thin to two to four stalks to the hill. It is better to do this with the hand, as you know the negro is more apt to leave the largest and best stalks, whereas with the hoe he will cut up those most convenient, to save trouble, whether they be the best or the worst; then I run a very small eight inch sweep as close as I can not to cover the cotton, and in 5 or 6 days I bar across as lightly as possible and run round with the same small sweep and push the dirt well round the cotton. In 5 or 6 days I use large sweeps running as closely as possible, but very shallow. Then in about the same time, never at longer intervals than eight days, use the large sweep across again very lightly, thin to one or two stalks with the hand, and then cultivate the crop one way and keep it up till picking time. After your ground is well and deeply broken and your crop is planted, never plow deeply again. Shallow cultivation and a heap of it, is the thing required for cotton. Never break up the roots if you can possibly avoid it, and the same with corn. I plow till picking steps me. Never let the grass germinate. After the third plowing and cross plowing the cotton will shade the ground so as to prevent the grass from germinating.

In order to increase your crop, after the beds are thrown up and before planting run a short scooter over the compost and put in the drill about 200 or 300 pounds of a good fertilizer. I used the Alabama fertilizer; the Gossypium is a splendid fertilizer and I am using it the present year. After putting it down run a board over it, or run a scooter in the same furrow so as to incorporate it with the soil and prevent its destroying the seed by contact. The better the fertilizer is mixed with it, the better. No good fertilizer can come in direct contact with the seed without injury to the seed.

You will see by perusal that I do not follow my directions. Your seed will be put in fresh beds, and the fertilizer strings or plowings will prevent the grass from sprouting early, and by using the hand, or by avoiding the use of the hoe, your young stands are not disturbed in their growth. The best plants are left in the hill and you have no some skins of scarred stalks. You must bring your stand of one or two stalks to the hill wherever you think it safe to do so. I do not think the checks should be less than four feet. Mine were four, but I am sure if I had not been blessed with such a dry fall, my cotton would have been too close and would have rotted. Cotton wants air, and must have it in order to fruit well. The present year I shall put my hills two feet each way, or 8x4.

I know of no better way of putting in your compost than with a wagon. Drive on two rows and have two hands with shovels to fill four furrows as you go, and have a mule or horse to haul on the rows as you fill them. Be sure to do this as fast as you put it down. This I regard as very important, as you can get all the strength of the compost. It will not take long to do this, but remember that nothing can be done well without labor, and nothing is worth doing that is not done well. I always regard my crops of cotton and corn as half made when planted. The great mistake of our planters is in trying to cultivate too much land with too little work—that was my mistake for over twenty years. I relied too much on the natural fertility of my soil and worked it too little. I have been experimenting in corn, cotton and oats for a long time. I have found by experience and observation that proper preparation is essential to a full crop. Nothing will do well in poorly prepared soil. I never plow my land when wet; it injures land and crop. The last season was a wet one. I had a neighbor on a piece of land adjoining mine who used as much fertilizers as I did and who plowed his land while wet. I suggested to him that I thought he would gain nothing by it. He said he was obliged to kill the grass or he would make nothing. He only replanted the grass, injured his land *and made nothing*. I waited for my land to dry, benefitted the land and made a full crop.

I believe I have answered all of your questions, and now I will give you some of my experiments in corn and cotton. I do not confine my farming operations to cotton, but diversify my crops. In 1865 I selected an acre of the poorest sandy land on my farm and broke it up well with a two horse plow; put about 2,000 pounds of fertilizers, made by Furman's formula, in checks three feet each way. The caterpillars were bad, yet I gathered 1700 pounds of seed cotton from it. I had a five acre piece of the same kind of land, though a little better, and planted it in drills, with the fertilizer under it, and fed it the second plowing. On this piece I made four bales of cotton, weighing 500 pounds each. Adjoining this, I planted corn and applied my fertilizers at first plowing and made fifty bushels to the acre, and the whole ground was covered as has the corn itself with the luxuriant crop of peas I ever saw. Last year I had the county surveyor to measure off four acres, which I planted in cotton, in checks as above described, and I made on the four acres six and one-half bales cotton. On one of the four, also measured off by the county surveyor, I made three bales cotton weighing 500 pounds each. On a part of the four acres—say three-fourths, or an acre—the land was badly washed, leaving scarcely any soil.

On an adjoining five measured acres I broke the land well, bedded it up in 3½ feet rows, planted two rows in the yellow "golden dent" corn and three rows in cotton, alternately, and cultivated the whole five acres just alike, and I gathered 734 bushels of corn and between 2½ and 3 bales of cotton, the corn came off early and was no injury to the cotton, that I could perceive. I planted the corn about 15 to 18 inches apart and applied my fertilizer at first plowing. I planned one acre in cotton in drills and used fertilizers without phosphate. I made a large wood, but it was not so well fruited. It seemed to give way during the first hot spell in July, while my other cotton, to which I had applied fertilizer containing acid phosphate and kainit, kept green and making till frost. I am satisfied I lost a bale by the frost.

I had on exhibition at our State Fair a stalk of cotton six feet high, 8 feet in diameter, with 250, not 150, as was published in the Cultivator, open bolls on it. This was seen and examined by thousands in attendance at our Fair. I had about one and one half acres of poor, washed land laid side which I broke well two or three times, fertilized with the "AA fertilizer" and planted in sweet potatoes and gathered 250 bushels, some as large as a man's head, and all of them of good size. These I also had on exhibition at the Fair and failed to get a premium, for there were none there that beat mine.

I give you these experiments for what they are worth to you. If you are disposed to cull any parts of these statements for publication, I have no objection. They are known to a great many who attended our Fair. If you are benefited, that is reward enough for

Yours, etc.,
C. B. FERRELL.

A HEARTLESS COUNTRY.—"Good people in the country that are taken sick there," writes an editor of the Topeka (Kansas) Capital, "should not be allowed to die. The people in this country are so heartless that they will not even bury a man who dies among them. They just let him lie where he falls, and the coyotes come down from the bluffs and eat him up. We have seen a man who had lived here for years, and who was known by everybody, die in a house with a dozen people in it, and not one of them would go near him for fear he might ask them to do something for him. The people in this country are heartless. We chased a man down the street the other day who had the smallpox, and he died in a ditch before we could get a coffin for him. We had to bury him in a dry goods box. The people in this country are heartless."

A Narrow Escape.

A "revival meetin'" was in progress in the little Baptist meeting-house at Ponog, and Enos Boyd, as he walked up and down the sandy street in front of that place of worship, could hear the hymns as they floated through the half open windows, and between the singing could catch the low voice of some one asking the prayers of the congregation. Enos, though a very good fellow, was not religiously inclined. Then why was he hanging around the meeting house on this pleasant September night like a Peri before the gates of Paradise? Why, Bessie Barton, the prettiest girl, to his eye, in all the Providence plantations, had taken it into her head to attend the conference meeting that night. That's what he was hanging around there for. A very substantial Peri was Enos. Very bronzed and weather beaten, with a savor of the sea about him. He was the owner of the fastest and largest cathoat that sailed out of Cowesett Bay, and made a substantial living for himself and his widowed mother by fishing about the rocky islands of Hope and Despair, in the waters of the Narragansett.

He was just turned twenty three, and was inordinately proud of a sandy mustache which bedecked his upper lip. He had light curling hair which he wore, his enemies said, a little longer than was absolutely necessary, a clear blue eye that could pierce the gloom of a dark night at sea, and a big brown hand that could guide his boat through the rough storms that sometimes swept down from the Warwick Plains and made the Cowesett a dangerous place of water.

"There, I guess they are about through," said Enos to himself, as the sound of "Coronation" came floating out into the night.

There were all sorts of voices, some in one key and some in another, that swelled the grand old hymn, but the hearts of the singers were in the words, and the effect was far from unpleasant as the melody swelled and faded in the night air.

Enos thought he could detect the sweet voice of Bessie among the others:

"Bring forth the Royal Diadem,
And crown him Lord of all."

The singing ceased and Enos heard the deep rumble of Deacon Foster's voice leading in prayer.

Then came the doxology, and the conference meeting was over.

Among the throng that poured out of the meeting house came Bessie. But it was not the Bessie whom Enos had escorted to the church door earlier in the evening.

There were the same brown eyes and wavy hair, the same ripe lips and ruddy cheek, the same clear skin and trim figure; but it was not the Bessie that Enos had plighted his troth to some two months before.

Two hours ago she had been all smiles and laughter; now she was serenely solemn, and her face was as that of one who has looked upon some great and hidden mystery.

"Enos," she said, solemnly, as the young man approached her side and they started on their walk home, "no, I can't take your arm to-night, Enos, I've got religion!"

Enos was on the point of uttering a very strong exclamation, but he restrained himself, saying:

"Well, suppose you have; there's no harm in taking my arm, is there? Aint we engaged?"

"We were, Enos," replied Bessie; "but I don't know. Oh, Enos, if you would only get religion!"

Enos was thunder struck; and the walk from the meeting house to the home of Bessie's parent's was not a pleasant one for either of the lovers.

When Enos was going away at the garden gate, he said:

"I suppose I can kiss you, Bessie; can't I?"

"No, Enos," replied Bessie; "not until you've got religion."

* * * * *

Days glided into weeks, and September waned into October. The "revival" was over, and there was little to break the monotony of life in the quiet New England village of Ponog. Some of those who had "experienced religion" at the great awakening "backslided," and some "continued in the faith." Among the latter was Bessie Burton, and the breach between her and Enos Boyd was constantly widened by the reckless conduct of the young man, and the considerate help of the village gossips, who took a lively interest in the matter.

One cloudy day—a day with threatenings of rain in it—and a stiff northeast wind blowing by fits and starts, Enos had been to the fishing grounds out in Narragansett Bay, as usual, and now that it was getting toward dark, had put a reef in his sail and was steering for home. Usually he had one or two companions with him, but today he was quite alone. As he approached the stormy headland of War wick Neck, the wind blew with increased violence, and the rain, which had been threatening all day, began to fall.

He had delayed at the fishing grounds later than usual that day, it being a good day for fishing, and now as he passed the Neck the light suddenly flashed out over the waters from the light house on the bluff. The sea was running high, and as it here, where the tides from Cowesett Bay met those surging through the Narragansett, the waters dashed themselves together in wild confusion. Clouds of spray broke over the boat, her bee rail was buried in the foam, and she quivered from stem to stern as the pressure on her sail drove her with the speed of a race horse through the water.

The wind blew stronger and stronger. Every minute it grew darker and darker, and dangerous cross seas that began to run—for the wind had hauled to the eastward—snapped their white teeth at the boat like hungry wolves as she sped through the darkness.

He was running dead before the wind now, with his boom on the port side. There was too much sail on—it was easy to see that. If he could only reach the peak halyards, and drop the peak, he would be all right; but he could not for an instant take his hand from the tiller. Suddenly the boat seemed to pause. There was an instant's sound of flapping canvas. Enos realized in a flash that he had kept the boat too far "off," and that she was about to tube. With all his strength he put the helm hard a-port, but it was too late, and with a scoop like that of some great white bird the sail swept across the boat. Enos felt the boom strike his shoulder with terrific violence—was conscious of a mighty rush of waters, and then—oblivion.

Meantime there was some anxiety among the fishing portion of the little village. Two boats had not come in, and a party of men, clad in oilskins, went down to the entrance of the harbor to see if there was any trace of them. When Bessie learned that one of the missing boats was Enos's, a terrible fear fell upon her, and love overcame every other consideration.

Putting on her hood and a thick cloak, she went out into the night and the howling storm, following the men down the beach, and breasting on against the wind and rain. The men had stopped on the sandy point that made out between the harbor and Cowesett Bay, and as Bessie came up with them she saw them straining their eyes toward a patch of white just visible in the intense darkness, and sweeping rapidly up in the storm. Two other women were on the beach, mothers of the two young men in the other boat, beside Enos's, that was out in the storm.

"Why, my child," said they, "what are you doing out in a night like this?"

"Have either of the boats come in?" faltered Bessie, with trembling lips.

"No; but one of them is approaching the harbor now," they said.

The women sheltered themselves behind the men, peering over their shoulders at the sea.

In a few minutes the approaching boat passed the point, and was greeted with a shout by the men on the beach. She rounded to and dropped anchor in the shelter of the point, and the people on the beach ran over to the shore of the harbor, the men calling out that it was Cyrus Dodge's boat, and the two women who had sons on that boat laughing and crying for joy.

"But, sir, they are lifting a heavy body into the dory and bringing it ashore."

That heavy, helpless, motionless man was Enos Boyd. They laid him on the sandy shore, behind a little hillock that sheltered him from the storm. His face was white as marble. A low moan that escaped at intervals from his bloodless lips, was all that told of life. They had come along just as his boat had been capsized, the men on Cyrus Dodge's boat said, and had picked him out of the water. His arm had been broken by the boom when his boat jibed, and he was suffering from that and from being half drowned.

Bessie stood over her lover for a minute, with her hands clasped in an agony of fear, and then, throwing herself on the ground at his side, cried:

"Enos! Enos! speak to me Enos!"

That voice pierced the dark depths through which he seemed to be sinking, and faintly raising his uninjured arm, and opening his eyes, he said:

"Bessie!"

The girl placed her hand upon his head, and, bending over, kissed his forehead. A faint smile overspread the pallid features of Enos, and he said:

"Bessie, I guess I've got religion."

They carried him up to the village, and in a few days he was about again, though with his arm in a sling.

In a few weeks there was a quiet wedding at the home of Bessie's parents, and as there could be no really successful wedding without a bride and bridegroom, those roles were assumed by Bessie and Enos.
—*N. Y. Ledger.*

A Rumor from Shiloh.

"Endurin' of the war" it was not safe in Kentucky for Southern sympathizers to rejoice over Southern successes. A certain old "secesh" from the hills of Tate's Creek in Madison County had been frequently admonished by Judge Turner, of Richmond, Ky., that if he was not more cautious he would land in Camp Chase or some other Northern prison. One day the Judge observed his old friend glancing anxiously in to his office as he passed and repassed the door. Calling him in, the Judge asked him what was the matter. "Well," said the old man, "Jedge, if you'll lock yer door I'll tell you." After assuring himself that there were no listeners he proceeded:

"Jedge, I hearn as the rebils an' the Yankees had had a master fight. As I hearn it, the rebils an' the Yankees they met away down on the Massissippi River, an' they fit three days in an' three days out, an' the een uv third day cum John C. Brackenridge, Kentucky's noble son an' axed fur the priverlege uv the fiel' fur fifteen minits, an', Jedge, they do say he slew er hundred thousand uv 'm."

MEN AND SOIL.—"Separated from the soil," said Mr. James Parton, the historian, in a recent lecture, "man never yet has succeeded in thriving. At best, without it, he is a potted plant, and some of the pots are miserably small. I have visted many factories in New England, and I find what wherever the operatives have a good sized garden, with access to pasture for a cow, the people are healthy, contented and saving. Whenever this is the case, the factory population is able to live without actual starvation or extreme destitution in the event of the mills being closed for even a long period. Whenever they are separated from the soil, as in some of our large and crowded cities, there is squalor, demoralization and despair."

Their Ages.

Pope Leo XIII is 76.
Queen Victoria is 67.
Milan, king of Servia, is 32.
Louis, king of Portugal, is 48.
Humbert, king of Italy, is 42.
The emperor of Germany is 89.
Abdul Hamid, the sultan, is 44.
George, king of the Greeks, is 41.
Charles, king of Roumania, is 47.
Pedro II, emperor of Brazil, is 61.
Leopold, king of the Belgians, is 51.
Charles III, prince of Monaco, is 68.
The king of Spain is a few months old.
Alexander III, emperor of Russia, is 41.
William III, king of the Netherlands, is 69.
Francis Joseph, emperor of Austria, is 56.

LOVE is said to be the motive power of the world, and yet fifty-six women out of every ninety-two will stick to it that a well-seasoned broom-handle is more reliable than moral suasion for immediate results.

JAMES REDMOND,

NEWBERN, N. C.,

WHOLESALE LIQUOR DEALER

AND MANUFACTURER OF

Ginger Ale,
Sarsaparilla
Lemon Soda
Buffalo Mead.
California Pear Cide
Etc., Etc.

IN CONNECTION WITH THE AGENCY FOR BOTTLING

The Bergner & Engel Brewing Company's Lager Beer, Porter, &c.,

I KEEP ON HAND A FULL LINE OF

WINES AND LIQUORS AT WHOLESALE,

Which will be sold by the Barrel or Gallon at VERY LOW FIGURES for CASH.

Ginger Ale equal to Best Imported, and superior to any procurable in North Carolina.

1887 SPRING. 1887

Look! Look! Look!

O. MARKS

You will find at the Store of O. MARKS the Largest Line of Dress Goods, Plain and Fancy, Dry Goods, Notions, Ladies, Gents, Misses, Children's Shoes, Boots and Slippers, Cloths, Mattings, Oil Cloths, Carpets, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Straw Goods, and in fact everything you can think of, to be found in a Dry Goods Emporium. Our Store is packed to overflowing this season with Drives and Bargains. We can please you all. Money is not plentiful, so look well before spending it.

Our (4-4) 1 yd. wide Homespun	5c.
Our (4-4) 1 yd. wide Bleaching	5c.
Our good Ginghams	5c.
Our Fast Color Prints	5c.
Our Pants Goods	10c.
Our elegant line of Worsteds for	10c.
Our elegant White Lawn—very wide	5c.
Our elegant Hamburg Edgings (5,000 yds)	5c.
Garter Webb	1c.
Ottoman all silk 1½ in. wide Ribbons	5c.
Nice large Towels	5c.
Big line colored and white Cape Collars	5c. worth 10c.
Crochet Needles	3c.
Colored Hamburg	2c.

Buttons! Buttons! Buttons! Buttons!

Gents' ½ Hose	5c.
Ladies' Hose	5c.
Misses' Hose	5c.
Children's Hose	5c.
Straw Hats	5c.
Ladies' Gloves	5c.
Beautiful Handkerchiefs (Ladies)	5c.
Large Handkerchiefs (Mens)	5c.
Knitting Cotton (best)	5c.
Pocket Books	5c.
Tooth Brushes	5c.
Dress Buttons (2 dozen)	5c.
White Pearl Buttons (2 dozen)	5c.
"Raw Silk" Handkerchiefs	5c.
1,000,000 Toothpicks for	5c.
Nice Cuffs	5c.
Men's Linen Collars (latest style)	10c.
Men's Linen Cuffs (latest style)	18c.
Men's Linen Collars ("Dude")	10c.
Nice Jersey for	40c.
Nice Corset	25c.
Nice Gold Plated Breast Pin	5c.
Large line beautiful shades "Cheese Cloth"	5c.
All linen Crash	5c.
Rice Buttons (cards)	3c.
Ladies' Slippers	49c.
Rick Rack Braids	5c.
Toilet Soap (nice)	3c.
Nice Linen Doyleys	5c.

Elegant and Beautiful Line of Dress Buttons, One Half New York Cost.

Paper (elegant note)	5c.
Envelopes (to match)	5c.
Fine Turkish Towels	10c.

Biggest and Cheapest Line of Goods Ever Seen in this City.

Novelty Braids	25c.
Nice Dress Silk	75c
Nice Satins	40c.
Cream Crinkles	8c.
Colored Crinkles (lovely)	12½c.
Beautiful line Seersuckers	10c.
Beautiful line Organdies	8c.
Ladies' Handkerchiefs (all linen	5c.

See That Beautiful Line of Etamines.

Fans! Fans! Fans! Novelties! Novelties!

Lead Pencils, rubber tipped	2 for 5c.
Jerseys, all wool) "big job"	90c. up
Chambrays (imported)	15c.
Satteens, beautiful line (worth 30c.	12½c.
Muslins, lovely line	5c.
Hair Pins	1c.
Velvets	40c.
Baby Shoes (nice)	40c.
Turkish Bath Soap	5c.
Best $1.25 Shoe in the city.	
Best $1.00 Shoe in the city	
Best 75c. Shoe in the city.	
Best $3.00 Shoe in the city	
Spool Silk (emb.	1c.
Parasols, nice	50c.

Largest line of Parasols ever brought here.

WARNER'S HEALTH CORSETS. Full line of Corsets, all styles and prices.

WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT.

More complete than ever. We cater especially for the wholesale trade. We guarantee as usual to "DUPLICATE ANY BILL BOUGHT IN A NORTHERN MARKET IN LESS THAN BALE LOTS.

TO EVERYBODY

We would say, that any Goods purchased from us that are NOT FULLY AS REPRESENTED, can be returned and the purchaser will be FULLY SATISFIED before leaving. We want the trade of every one, great and small, and it will be to every person's advantage to see us before purchasing anything in our line. Very truly,

O. MARKS.

Pollock Street, New Berne, N. C.

Ask your retailer for the James Means' $3 Shoe. Caution! Some dealers recommend inferior goods in order to make a larger profit. This is the original $3 Shoe. Beware of imitations which acknowledge their own inferiority by attempting to build upon the reputation of the original. None Genuine unless bearing this Stamp.

JAMES MEANS $3 SHOE.

For Gentlemen.

Made in Button, Congress and Lace. Best Calf Skin. Unexcelled in Durability, Comfort & Appearance. A postal card sent to us will bring you information how to get this Shoe in any State or Territory.

J. Means & Co
41 Lincoln St. Boston, Mass.

BUTTON

Our celebrated factory produces a largely quantity of Shoes of this grade than any other factory in the world. Thousands who wear them will tell you the reason if you ask them. JAMES MEANS $3 SHOE for Boys is unapproached in Durability.

Full line of the above shoes for sale in New Berne by

HOWARD & JONES.

Jan30 d w 3m

FOR MAN AND BEAST!

Mexican Mustang Liniment

CURES

Sciatica,	Scratches,	Contracted
Lumbago,	Sprains,	Muscles,
Rheumatism,	Bruises,	Eruptions,
Burns,	Stitches,	Hoof Ail,
Scalds,	Stiff Joints,	Screw
Stings,	Backache,	Worms,
Bites,	Galls,	Swinney,
Bruises,	Sores,	Saddle Galls,
Bunions,	Spavin	Piles.
Corns,	Cracks.	

THIS GOOD OLD STAND-BY

accomplishes for everybody exactly what it claims for it. One of the reasons for the great popularity of the Mustang Liniment is found in its universal applicability. Everybody needs such a medicine.

The Lumberman needs it in case of accidents.
The Housewife needs it for general family use.
The Canaller needs it for his teams and his men.
The Mechanic needs it always on his work bench.
The Miner needs it in case of emergency.
The Pioneer needs it—can't get along without it.
The Farmer needs it in his house, his stable, and his stock yard.
The Steamboat man or the Boatman needs it in liberal supply afloat or ashore.
The Horse-fancier needs it—it is his best friend and safest reliance.
The Stock-grower needs it—it will save him thousands of dollars and a world of trouble.
The Railroad man needs it and will need it so long as his life is a round of accidents and dangers.
The Backwoodsman needs it. There is nothing like it as an antidote for the dangers to life, limb and comfort which surround the pioneer.
The Merchant needs it about his store among his employees. Accidents will happen, and when these come the Mustang Liniment is wanted at once.
Keep a Bottle in the House. 'Tis the best of economy.
Keep a Bottle in the Factory. Its immediate use in case of accident saves pain and loss of wages.
Keep a Bottle Always in the Stable for use when wanted.

WARNER BRO'S CELEBRATED CORALINE CORSETS

FLEXIBLE HIP NURSING HEALTH ABDOMINAL CORALINE

Over 9,000,000 worn during the past six years. This marvelous success is due—

1st.—To the superiority of Coraline over all other materials, as a stiffener for Corsets.

2nd.—To the superior quality, shape and workmanship of our Corsets, combined with their low prices.

Avoid cheap imitations made of various kinds of cord. None are genuine unless "DR. WARNER'S CORALINE" is printed on inside of steel cover.

FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING MERCHANTS.

WARNER BROTHERS,
359 Broadway, New York City.

GEORGE ALLEN & CO.

DEALERS IN

General Hardware

Agricultural Implements. Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Hoes and Axes, Wood's Mowers and Reapers, Steam Engines, Cotton Gins and Presses, Fertilizers, Land Plaster, Kainit Mechanics Tools and Hardware, Lime, Brick, Cement, Plaster Hair, Paint, Kalsomine, Varnish, Oil, Glass, Putty and Hair. Freezers, Refrigerators, Oil Cook Stoves, Eureka Burglar Proof Sash Locks, warranted to give security and satisfaction.

PRICES VERY LOW.

GEO. ALLEN & CO.