STEAMERS.

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 6 a. m., returning, will leave Trenton every Thursday, touching at all points along the river.

Steamer Kinston.

Will leave New Berne for Kinston on Tuesdays and Fridays at 6 o'clock, M. Returning, will leave Kinston on Mondays and Thursdays touching at all intermediate Landings on Neuse River.

J. J. DISOSWAY at Newbern.

W. F. STANLY, Kinston.
D. S. BARRUS, Folloksville.
W. E. WARD, Agent at Trenton.
M. C. SMITH, Jolly Old Field
J. B. BANKS, Quaker Bridge.
J. M. WHITE, Gen'l Manager.
eb24dw Kinston, N. C.

EASTERN CAROLINA DISPATCH.

The Fast Freight Line

BETWEEN

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

Commencing APRIL 2th, 187, the Steamers EAGLET and VESPER will run on regular schedule time, leaving Newberne every MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY at FIVE P.M., for Elizabeth City, and return on 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 transfers except at Elizabeth City, at which point freight will be loaded on cars to go through to destination.

Direct all goods to be shipped via Eastern Carolina Dispatch daily as follows: from Norfolk by N. & N. R. R., Baltimore, by P. W. & B. R. R., President St. Station; Phila. by Pennsylvania R. R., Dock St. Station, New York by Penn. R. R., Pier 27, North River, Providence and Boston by New York and New England R. R.

Rates as low and time quicker than by any other line.

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

GEO. HENDERSON, Agent,
feb20 dw 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.

FOR

Norfolk, Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Providence,

And all points, North, East and West.

On and after FRIDAY, JUNE 27TH, 1887, until further notice, the

Steamers New Berne and Pamlico

will sail from NORFOLK, Va., for NEW BERNE, via Washington, making close connection with the Steamers of the N. & P. R. S.B.Co., for Kinston, Trenton, and all other landings on the Neuse and Trent Rivers.

Returning, will sail from NEW BERNE for NORFOLK direct, 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. P. 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 all shippers as to what we will do for them in the future.

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

Freights not received for shipment after 11 a.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
MESSRS. CULPEPPER & TUNKS, Agents, Norfolk, Va.
W. P. STANFORD,
G. F. & P. Agt., New York City.

Hyde Line Company.

NEW BERNE, N. C., APRIL 8, 187

SUMMER SCHEDULE OF THE STEAMER

MARGIE,

To go into effect on and after May 1st, 187.

Wednesday—Leave New Berne at SEVEN A.M. for Bayboro, stopping at Adams Creek, Smiths Creek, Vandemere and Stonewall.

Thursday—Leave Bayboro at SEVEN A.M. for New Berne, stopping at Stonewall, Vandemere, Smiths Creek and Adams Creek.

Saturday—Leave New Berne at SEVEN A.M. for Bayboro, stopping at Adams Creek, Smiths Creek, Vandemere and Stonewall.

Monday—Leave Bayboro at SEVEN A.M. for New Berne, stopping at Stonewall, Vandemere, Smiths Creek and Adams Creek.

By this arrangement we are able to make close connection with the Northern steamers, also having good accommodations both for passengers and freight at very low rates, and ask the merchants and producers along the line to give it their cheerful support. Freight received under cover every day of the week.

For further information enquire at the office, foot of Craven street.

Or any of its agents at the following places:

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S. L. MCCONIGHAL, Smiths Creek.
D. H. ABBOTT, Vandemere.
C. H. FOWLER, Stonewall.
FOWLES & COWELL, Bayboro.
ap29 dw W. P. BURRUS, G. M.

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Fine Flour of all Grades.
Selected Teas, Pure Coffees and Spices,
Butter and Cheese, from the best dairies.

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Goods delivered at any part of the city free of charge.

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Wilber R. Smith, President, Lexington, Ky.

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REAL ESTATE AGENCY

OF

W. B. Boyd.

Being in correspondence with several parties North who desire to make investments in farms, etc., in this vicinity, persons having farm or wood land for sale would do well to give me a description, with price etc.

No charge made if a sale is not effected. Charges moderate when sales are made.

W. B. BOYD,
South Front Street.
3d room east of Gaston House

FAITH CURE FAIRLY BEATEN.

Chaplain Hall Writes the Following Remarkable Letter.

From the Lexington, N. C. Dispatch.

For many years my wife had been the victim of nervous dyspepsia, a [illegible] chronic, distressing and [illegible] incurable type from which [illegible] of her sex suffer, languish and [illegible] the worse because the remedy [illegible] was inherited. She had [illegible] systematic treatment of many of the best physicians in New York and elsewhere without permanent relief. In fact there were times when [illegible] were all prostrated. Her table [illegible] all articles of food except [illegible] and toast. Her sleep was [illegible] sometimes [illegible] sleeplessness, a [illegible] great weakness and prostration [illegible] I have [illegible] in the morning as I immediately start into merely for the sake of the slight and transient relief they gave.

International malaria fever set in, complicating the case and making every single nerve in her body [illegible] intense. By this time the [illegible] gastric nerves had become very seriously involved, and she had chronic Gastritis, and also what I may be allowed to call chronic intermittent malaria [illegible] Fever. [illegible] nervous [illegible] and [illegible] it may seem, she actually lost EIGHTY GRAINS A DAY FOR DAYS IN SUCCESSION. This could not last. The effect of the quinine was, if possible, almost as bad as the two-fold disease which was wearing away her strength and her life. Quinine poisoning was painfully evident, but the fever was there still. Almost every day there came on the characteristic chill, and racking headache, followed by the usual weakness and collapse.

About this time I met specially my friend Mr. Norton, a member of the firm of Chauncey Lotus & Company, bankers, of Albany, who, on hearing from me these facts, said: "Why, I have been through almost the same thing, and have got over it." "What cured you?" I asked eagerly. "Kaskine," he said, "try it for your wife." I had seen Kaskine advertised, but had no more faith in it than I had in sawdust, for such a case as hers. Mrs. Hall had no higher opinion of it than the strength of my faith. On my recommendation I got a bottle and began its use as directed.

Now recall what I have already said as to her then [illegible] and read what follows. Under the Kaskine treatment all the [illegible] symptoms showed instant improvement, and the daily fever grew less and soon ceased altogether. Side by side these diseases vanished, as [illegible] had tortured their victim for ten years—the dyspepsia alone having, as I have said, existed for twenty years. Her appetite improved from week to week, until she could eat all [illegible] food that any woman could eat, without any suffering [illegible]. With renewed [illegible] of food came, of course, a [illegible] of flesh until she now [illegible].

She still takes Kaskine [illegible] but with [illegible] as well. I [illegible] the case a remarkable miracle. Nevertheless, [illegible] entitled to [illegible] from the time she [illegible] with Kaskine [illegible] no other [illegible].

If you [illegible] these lines [illegible] calculated [illegible] you [illegible] me to make [illegible].

Chaplain [illegible]

P. S.—[illegible] are published without [illegible] case any one [illegible] the genuineness of [illegible] I will cheerfully [illegible] publications addressed [illegible] Penitentiary.

Other letters of [illegible] from prominent [illegible] which stamp Kaskine as a [illegible] of undoubted merit, will be [illegible] Pamphlets. Price $1 per [illegible] bottles, $5 for [illegible]. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

The Kaskine Company, 44 Warren St., New York, and 33 Farringdon Road, London.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

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One of this firm will always be at the following places at times specified below:

Trenton, Jones county, Saturday of each and every week.

Beaufort, Carteret county, Thursday of each week.

Jacksonville, Onslow county, the first Monday in each month.

THE JOURNAL.

WOODS OF YOUTH.

There dim and cool the mosses sloped
Away where dizzy perfume rise,
Where birds to fairy kisses oped
Their honeyed lips in dumb surprise.

Rare songs from feathery singers dripped
Half lazily, like languid showers,
When clouds in tenderness have dipped
To bathe the face of the flowers

Fretted by stone and trailing vine,
A rivulet slipped through the green
Cool stillness, and in dreams divine,
I bowed to listen and to lean.

Out o'er its deeply matted way,
For the rythm of its flow,
I caught the music of a lay,
I dropped to boyhood's long ago.

And leaning, longing but to hear
The liquid flow of that lost air,
I saw a face reflected clear
Deep shaded o'er with auburn hair

A face I lost when youth broke o'er
A fragrant hedge of roses white,
To trail mid labyrinths that bore
Hope's flowerets sparkling in the light.

O woods of youth, with memory's stream
Threading thy silence with a tear,
I linger in thy lap and seem
To hold my vanished boyhood here.

—Alonzo Hilton Davis.

PRIDE'S BARRIER

"I cannot understand why it is, Constance, that you dislike Dr. Graham. Why, dear, he is the noblest man I ever knew."

It was Constance Fenton's aunt who spoke; and just then a man came slowly up the walk.

"Verily," quoth Mrs. Martin, under her breath, "speak of angels and you will hear their wings. Here comes Launt now."

Dr. Launt Graham was not a handsome man; yet few came to know him who did not acknowledge the nameless fascination the strong, dark face possessed.

But Constance had seen too clearly through her aunt's transparent wiles to bring her two favorites together, and, girl-like, her heart had armed itself not to submit to be thus led supinely into the fetters of a betrothal. So, though she did not really dislike Dr. Graham, she had always treated him with a proud reserve.

In another moment the young man was with them, and Constance was replying to his words of greeting with her usual formal coldness.

Dr. Graham did not pretend to notice the indifference of her manner; but puring his conversation with Mrs. Martin, his eyes often rested upon the beautiful face so listlessly turned away, and a secret pain went quivering through his heart. He thought he understood it—he was poor, while she was an heiress. She had seen that he admired her, and in this way was showing her sense of his presumption.

After a little while Constance suddenly rose, saying:

"Aunt Margaret, I think I will feel the better for a stroll on the cliffs this sultry afternoon. You have Dr. Graham to keep you company, so you'll excuse me if I run away from you for a short time."

Going into the house, she re-appeared in a few moments arrayed for her walk.

Launt Graham sighed as he watched her erect, graceful figure till it passed out of sight.

Old Mrs. Martin heard the sigh, and looking up quickly, she caught the look of pain which passed over the dark face. Launt had always been to her more like a son than a mere friend. She had known him from his boyhood, and of late it had been her pet dream to bring about a marriage between her lovely, orphaned niece and this youth, in everything but money her equal. She laid her hand gently upon his arm.

"Launt, why is it you and Constance never seem to get along? I cannot make it out."

"But I can," he answered, quickly. "Though in poetry—

'The rank is but the guinea's stamp
A man's a man for a that'—

it is not so in real life."

"No, no," the old lady exclaimed. "Though Connie is proud, it is not in that way. Mark my words, Launt; she will come to know and appreciate you yet."

Launt's eyes thanked his kind old friend for her encouragement, but they did not brighten with any hope at her words.

A while later found him on his homeward way. His road lay along the cliffs, and as he neared them, high up upon a pinnacle of rocks, her slight form, in its white dress, clearly defined against the sky, he saw Constance.

Even as he looked he saw her wave, and then a shriek, in a woman's voice, rang out upon the air. She had become suddenly dizzy, and had fallen from her dangerous position. A cold thrill ran through the young man's veins. How he reached the spot he never knew. There, half way down the cliff, suspended between life and eternity, was the form of the woman he loved. In her descent a prickly thorn bush had caught the floating muslin drapery of her dress.

Could she be saved?

Accustomed from his childhood to the cliffs, Launt was an intrepid climber; but he knew that though he could descend to where she was, to return laden as he would be was almost an impossibility. But every moment of delay lessened the chance of rescue, and without further hesitation, Launt threw off his coat and began his dangerous task.

It was done, and successfully; and with his hands cut and bleeding from the jagged edges of the rocks which they had grasped for support. Launt bent over Constance's unconscious form, as she lay on the greensward where his arms had deposited her. Launt chafed her cold hands within his own and called her by name. Her eyelids trembled and then opened, and the blue orbs they curtained rested for an instant upon his face. Then they closed again. Raising her in his arms, Launt hurried down the steep path in the direction of the cottage.

"She surely cannot dislike me now," Launt thought to himself that night; "but if she is proud, I am prouder. She shall not have any cause to think that I presume upon her gratitude."

So, as Constance grew well and strong once more, the young doctor who had saved her life, and who had been so gentle and kind during her illness, soothing her pain of body with his medicines, and helping her to pass the tedious hours of convalescence with his companionable society, resumed all at once his former impassive manner. At last the time came when Constance was to return to her own home. It was evening. Dr. Graham was there, and they were all in the moon-lit garden together, when old Mrs. Martin, remembering some forgotten duty, went into the house, leaving the two young people together.

"Your aunt tells me that you are about to leave us, Miss Fenton."

Launt's voice was calm and steady. One would think, to hear him, that it was a matter of supreme unconcern to him.

A faint flush rose to Constance's cheek; but she replied with equal indifference.

Ah, how [illegible] its impenetrable [illegible] between two loving hearts

For sometimes Constance [illegible] understood what that strange sweet thrill meant which stirred her heart when over Launt's [illegible] but now she was [illegible] to the edge [illegible] and came off [illegible].

"If I could [illegible] I receive [illegible] he thought, [illegible] And so, hope by proxy [illegible] standing [illegible].

Three years came and went. The last saw the head of Mrs. Martin, crowned with her [illegible] by the young man whom she had loved as though he had been her own. There was sincere mourning among both rich and poor when the tolling bell announced them that she who had been such a true friend and loyal sister had passed to her final rest.

Few had ever worked harder than Launt in his profession, for fortune had been [illegible] in coming to him.

But now, all of a [illegible] through a simple invention to ease pain, he awoke one morning as Byron did [illegible] and found himself famous.

Two years before Launt had heard, through Mrs. Martin, that her neice had gone abroad; but since then, no news of Constance had reached him. The invention which had made his name celebrated was for a certain phase of spine disease, and it was no uncommon thing for him to be called from his home to attend cases in distant places.

Such a call now reached him; and one day he ascended the steps of an elegant dwelling in an adjacent city. The little patient who was to be intrusted to his skill was brought to him in his mother's arms, and in the young girl who accompanied them Launt recognized, with a start, her who was so often in his thoughts, and whose whereabouts he had entirely lost.

The surprise was mutual, and as he saw the expression of joy which sprang into her eyes, Launt felt with a sudden thrill of hope that he had not been forgotten.

He learned, he left Mrs. Allen's house, that girl who had been, when he has met her, an heiress, was now poor—earning her livelihood by teaching the invalid child whose deformity prevented him from going to school

It was the old story of riches taking to themselves wings. The bank which had held all her money had failed, and Constance, too proud to apply for aid to her friends had quietly set to work to maintain herself.

A week later, in Mrs. Allen's parlor, Launt awaited Constance's approach.

He had come with the determination to tell her all that had been in his heart for her the past years, and once and for all learn if there were any hope for him.

Constance listened with averted face; but the tell-tale blood rose to her very brow as his words of love and longing fell upon her ears.

"I should have told you this long before, but pride kept me back. I could not have the imputation of mercenary laid at my door, and so I waited."

Constance lifted her eyes slyly to his, and in their bible depths Launt read his answer.

With a quick motion he clasped her to him.

"My own, at last! Oh, Constance say that you love me, for I can hardly realize my good fortune."

"I have loved you ever since you saved my life at so great peril to your own," she answered, softly; "and though now it is you who are rich while I have nothing, I will not let pride come between us again for, dear, I know that though wealth is good and pleasant to possess, love, sweet love, is better far!"—N. York. Ledger.

The English Sparrow.

Many years ago we first made the acquaintance of the sparrow, and we were fascinated by his saucy, contented drollery. It was in London, and just outside the window within which our studies were supposed to be carried on was a leaden roof whereon could be observed at every hour the domestic manners and social customs of these restless little rascals. We were never tired of their antics—their tempestuous love making, their indefatigable housekeeping, their petulant quarrels, sharp-tongued and sharp-beaked too; and they cast shrewd little glances from time to time at us with much the expression of a party of savages making merry near the great idol of some divinity. Since those days, like most other Americans, we have become rather blase on this subject, less responsive to the sparrow's advances, and have finally come to consider him no better than a winged rat. In fact he is in one respect a good deal worse, for he is using what the rats cannot do, driving our song birds from their former haunts about our homes to distant and unknown resorts where they can be free from his chattering persecutions. Most of our home there are power song birds than ever within our recollection. Not a single cat bird came to our summer, nor could we hear of one even in the neighborhood to [illegible] where heretofore the valorous little blue-back not a meager, but a martial note an oriole. Formerly there were many, and the groves morning and evening resounded with their mingled notes; last year they were fewer; this year there were none. A pair of scarlet tanagers and a pair of orchard orioles were indeed seen for a week or so, but were soon killed or driven off. Only the robins and the spotted thrushes held their ground, and whoever will how long they will do so! These three pests, sparrows, red squirrels and strolling cats have among them done the mischief, and every lover of birds should give orders to have all such vermin shot on sight.—American Magazine.

The chevalier who was tossed over the fence by a bull was willing to concede that for once he got the wrong pitch.

TO THE BOYS.

BEN. PERLEY POORE, LIBRARY HALL, D. D., LL. D.

It is now mid-summer vacation. Some counted the weeks, then the days, till it would begin. Some put on special "steam" to be ready for the examination and the expression, "commencement." Some counted the days of the term as well lest they were excused from coming to commencements. Many got [illegible] with marching partisans? [illegible] Is it [illegible] are now enjoying the [illegible] and [illegible] Perhaps [illegible] with friends in the country, some are in the mountains, some [illegible] some [illegible] I have [illegible] fathers are [illegible] mothers doing [illegible] the children around [illegible] helping in the work by made, many from others, [illegible] But we have [illegible] the first [illegible] days [illegible] impressions, and the [illegible] of hard tasks; and it [illegible] to occupy a [illegible] time. In the goals to [illegible] that this paper is written and respectfully submitted to the boys of America—boys here, for these weeks, are double selves.

You have all learned, of course, that any born American boy may become President of the United States. I advise you not to aim at this exalted position. A good many of you—if you did—would be necessarily disappointed, and the man who makes it his life-long aim has a good many troubles before him. To make every utterance so as to please every section of a party, to take every step so as to satisfy every "organ of public opinion," to render the needed service to every public spirited citizen who will support you if you help him, and to accommodate yourself to the modifications constantly occurring the life and in the sentiment of a nation—all this implies hard work, particularly if it is all the time needful for you to toil for honest bread and butter. If you are called to the place of President by the majority of your fellow citizens, without effort of yours, why, it is a different matter. You can turn round and say, as the minister did to an objecting parishioner who thought him unfit for the place, "Why, that is exactly my idea; but what is the use of you and me setting ourselves against the whole parish?" Your position, in your own mind, and the mind of others, will be very different from that you would occupy if you had spent your days and nights in planning, professing, placating, and long rolling generally, for the presidency.

One other thought may be stated in this connection. A President of the United States, as we said lately, sacrifices much. A ubiquitous press is after him. The words he utters in confidence in his room are immediately in quotation marks, in about ten thousand "organs," of whose forty millions of readers only a few raise the question: How could the reporter have heard that! No! you will be, on the whole, more free in some other place than that of the President.

Then what will you do with yourselves? Some will do well to learn good, honest trades, like that of carpenter. Our American boys are in too many cases bent on "going into business," meaning to make a [illegible]. So they toil for long years on less salaries than our German "tradesmen" earn, and at far less risk and cost of living. There is nothing second-rate in the position of an honorable, capable mechanic, "working with his hands the thing which is good," as an inspired tent-maker put it. Make up your mind to be I Boys. That you be honest in all you do; that you will, if possible, be among the best of your kind; that you will not spend in the week all you earn in a week; and that you will not throw off father and mother, because you are twenty-one, but if they need it, will care for them, even if you were fifty-one. Do not entangle yourself with too many artificial associations. A man may be in so many "societies" that he has no home or home-feeling. Do not promise blind obedience to any society. A young man gets a good many authorities over him as the years go on. He has sometimes sweet, good sisters that are a little arbitrary. He is bound to obey his parents. There comes up a sweetheart, the very perfection of her sex, and not at all arbitrary, but so good and wise that you would not go against her will for the world, and have to obey her. She does not abdicate on putting on a wedding-ring. There are, besides, the authorities of Church and State; there is the voice of conscience; there is the will of the Creator. Why add to the many forms of obedience to which you are committed a pledge to do what you are directed blindly? Keep your freedom wherever can; put the best labor on the market; trust to the working of the law of "demand and supply."

Or you may go into what is called "professional" life. The "professions" used to be law, medicine and the ministry. There are others now, just as truly distinct, and justly recognized, such as the teacher's, the engineer's, the architect's, the artist's. Do not choose hastily. A young man loses by changes of plan, as a rule. It takes all the time one can give, usually to master a department of effort. What you do, do with all your might. Let this be illustrated: A young surgeon is called to see a coachman who has cracked a finger joint. "Oh!" he says to himself, "only a broken knuckle; a coachman's at fault, and a trifling fee," and he puts it through much as the coachman would mend his whip. The young "Dr." may get a flaming sign, but he will not get solid practice. The right kind of man will take as much pains as if it were the spine of the nation. He is doing his duty in his best way. The coachman sees it. He has a tongue and a heart, if he has not a long purse. The coachman's mates for years to come, if he lives of the right sort, he feels some interest, even in the little finger of his employe, and he will be apt to say: "It was a good breakfast as healed wounds rightly so-and-so." I guess the young doctor knows his business." Boys! that is the way reputation is made, and it is worth [illegible] the trouble. The world knows character in business, which is better than even reputation. Be thorough in the least thing you have to do. All the world over, a tree is known by its fruits. All the world over by men's works they are instructed or condemned.

It is easy to see how this principle works in the law. Conduct the trifling cases with all the pains and skill you can, and more important interests will be put into your hands. Let me speak of my own profession, into which, I hope, many of you will work your way, for, whatever may be said against "weak" or unworthy brethren (the rare exceptions, and therefore notable), there is no noble work than it implies on the face of the earth. The same toil, energy and capacity on other lines might get you more money, but there are rewards here that cannot be reckoned in dollars. You get the congregation of Little Brookville, with thirty members, nineteen women and eleven of the other sex. It meets in a wooden structure in the backwoods style of architecture. You may say to yourself: "A mere handful of poor people; anything is good enough for them. Wait till I get a big city congregation, then I'll preach sermons as will be sermons." This course is—I do not speak now of its wickedness—silly, suicidal. Or you may say: "I am here at my post of duty; let me put myself into it, and do it in the very best way I can." This is manly, praiseworthy, noble. It is the way—I do not now speak of the higher consideration of what is due to God and to man—to get on. The thirty members cannot hold twenty hearers. You, by doing your best this week, learn to do better next week. And so reputation, and the merit that deserves it, grows. But it is not needful to go on with the illustration.

Boys! this is the sum of the whole matter. Choose your future line of life, after consultation with your parents and best friends, deliberately. Then for all yourself put it, heart, heart, hand and time. The man of any calling is an amount to [illegible]. To succeed you must go under the [illegible] the duties of your life, and you cannot do better than to begin to learn and practice that method now, even in summer vacation.—B.

Our New Navy.

A visitor to the Atlanta at the Brooklyn Navy Yard is immediately struck by the appearance of the ship, even before going on board. She is so totally different in appearance from anything we have hitherto been accustomed to. We find nothing of the graceful sweeping lines, tall, raking masts, and maze of rigging so inseparably associated in our minds with former ships of war. Everything here is hard, severe, stringht, nothing of the jaunty or graceful—a practical utility visible everywhere.

The broad open decks of the frigate of '61, with its rows of big black guns glistening in the sunlight, give place to a few of the modern high power, small bored naval rifles. Their breeches set low to the deck, and to the old artillerist have a most bewildering lot of wheels, cogs, tracks, and scientific inventions, all covered in by a heavy bullet-proof shield, looking much like a huge inverted coal scoop, from out which extends the gun barrel, long, slender, tapering.

The great perfection and finish to which these guns have been brought is better realized as soon as the breech of one is opened. The interior shines like burnished silver, and the grooves, threads, and rifling are as clean cut and perfect as the mechanism of a watch.

Not the least curious part of these rifles is the new system of firing. The old fashioned ways of ramming a long priming wire into the vent hole to pierce the cartridge case before firing, which necessitated appreciable time and care, especially in battle, has given place to a new invention by which a curious piece of mechanism, a veritable breech loading firing lock, is screwed on to the breech closer, in which a bullet loaded cartridge is fired into the main charge. The bullet from this discharge traverses a fine smooth bore cut through the main breech closer, piercing the main cartridge and instantly opening up a passage for the flame to follow and ignite the charge.

The marines of the Atlanta are armed with the Springfield rifle, while the crew have the Lee modified magazine gun, which can also be used as a single shot. These new arms require the men to carry much more ammunition than formerly, and the old fashioned cartridge boxes are replaced by broad belts carrying 80 rounds, the whole supported by suspenders over the shoulders.—Scientific American.

Keep Your Temper.

The English politicians are not over-polite in their allusions to opponents; but the literary men who have taken part in the recent exciting controversies have gone beyond the politicians in vituperation. There is a poet in England, named Coventry Patmore, who sent to the London Times, the other day, a violent epistle. He began by calling the late ministry madmen, and ended by describing Mr. Gladstone as a person of "restless and ruthless ambition."

As our own politics are now growing warm, and as the debating-society season is not distant, we venture to make two remarks appertaining to the art of public discussion. 1. The speaker who strictly observes the decorums of debate and keeps his temper is the one who has weight with an audience. 2. The speaker who does not treat his opponent with personal respect loses his power over an audience.

We have heard and read a great number of debates, some of them very exciting and important; but we have never known one exception to these rules.—N. Y. Ledger.

The Spirit of Love.

Beyond all question, it is the malleable constitution of nature that there is efficacy—divine, unspeakable efficacy—in love. The exhibition of kindness has the power to bring even the irrational animal into subjection. Show kindness to a dog, and he will remember it; he will be grateful; he will intuitively return love for love. Show kindness to a lion, and you can lead him by the mane; you can thrust your head into his mouth, you can melt the untamed ferocity of his heart into an affection stronger than death. And if this blessed influence should extend over the earth, a moral garden of Eden would exist in every land; instead of the thorn and brier, would spring up the fir tree and the myrtle; the desert would blossom, and the solitary place be made glad.

The captain of a base ball team proposed to get some of the hands employed in a pottery to join it, because potters make such excellent pitchers.

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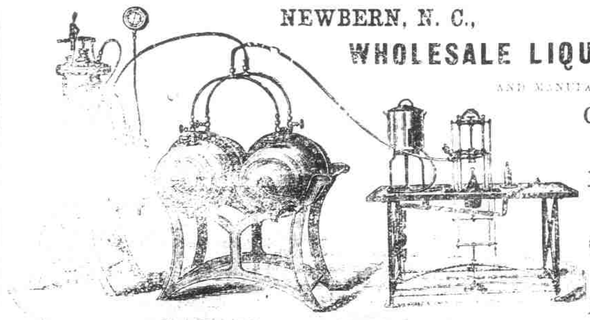

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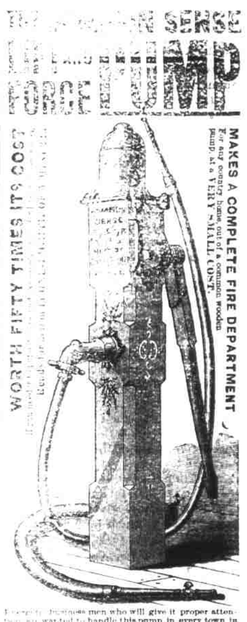

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