J. A. BRYAN, Pres. L. H. CUTLER, Vice Pres.
G. H. ROBERTS, Cashier.

THE NATIONAL BANK OF NEW BERNE, N. C.

INCORPORATED 1865.

Capital,	$100,000
Surplus Profits,	86,700

DIRECTORS.

Jas. A. Bryan, Thomas Daniels,
L. H. Cutler, Chas. S. Bryan,
George Allen, F. M. Simmons,
G. H. Roberts.

THE JOURNAL.

LEAVING THE HOMESTEAD.

[illegible]

Farming—Its Dignity and Importance.

A long cherished desire of the American farmer is fulfilled at last. A long defered duty was performed when the 50th Congress raised the Commissioner of Agriculture to the full rank and dignity of a cabinet minister, and President Harrison deserves the thanks of the farmers for selecting as the first Secretary of Agriculture the Hon. Jeremiah Rusk, a practical farmer, who from the humble walks of life has by his own energy and worth been raised to a seat in the highest councils of the government. His hard common sense, his practical experience, his dauntless courage, his wise statesmanship, will without a doubt place this new branch of our government on a par with the other departments and will give a new impetus to the agricultural industries of the nation.

It is refreshing to note that the importance of agriculture and the fact that farming is a science is being admitted. The old idea that anybody knows enough to farm is a great mistake. It requires as much knowledge, as clear judgment, as good business tact, to be a successful farmer as it does to succeed in any other activities of life. Knowledge is the symbol of succes, the key that unlocks the coveted treasure.

The farmer is dealing daily with the essentials of life, hence a thorough knowledge of his profession is indispensable. A knowledge of the great economic questions of the day and their effect and bearing upon his industry is a necessity; a knowledge of government is a duty; self-government among the farmers of America is an instinct; and history teaches that where the ownership of the soil is largely distributed, good government is the rule.

It has been truly said that whatever disturbances may threaten the order of society, whatever wild theories transplanted from other climes may seek foot hold here, the republic of the United States must rest upon the basis of agriculture, where the farmers of the revolution and the farmers of the constitution placed it.

The farmer in this country who owns broad acres which he has earned by his own industry, and whose title is in his own name, is not apt to have any sympathy with the communistic theory that no one has a right to ownership in the soil. We are glad to know from personal observation that the man who has the product of his labor in wheat, in corn, in pork and in beef, is not easily led astray with wild and revolutionary theories.

Our government rests largely upon the shoulders of the farmers. They are responsible for its success and perpetuity. They are the conservative elements in society, and in the end are guiding, restraining and controlling force in government against theories of administration that have drenched other lands in blood; against the spirit of anarchy that would sweep away the landmarks and safeguards of our Christian society and republican government; against political murder and ballot box corruption; against the encroachments of the saloon and other kindred vices, the farmers of America stand and will continue to stand as the shield and buckler, themselves the willing subjects of laws and therefore its safest and strongest administrators. Hence the justice and importance of having a representative in the council of the administration.

The importance of developing every branch and phase of agriculture cannot be over estimated. It is the foundation of all our wealth, prosperity and happiness. It is the foundation on which all other industries rest.

"Agriculture, commerce and manufactories are the three pursuits that enrich a nation, but the greatest of these is agriculture, for without its produ[illegible] spindle cannot turn and th[illegible] cannot sail. We honor commerce with its busy marts and the workshop with its patient toil and exhaustless energy, but we have been there, but history teaches that the most heroic champions of human freedom and the most illustrious apostles of its principles have come from the broad fields of agriculture. It is at the handles of the plow and amid the breathing of odors of its newly opening furrows that the character of Cincinnatus was formed expanded and matured. It was amid fields of waving grain, amid the songs of the reaper and the tinkling of the shepherd's bell that were matured those rare virtues and principles of patriotism and self-sacrifice which clustered star like in the character of Washington, and lifted him in moral stature head and shoulders above even the gods of ancient story.

With the new recognition that the agricultural industry has received does it not imply new responsibilities? Then let it be the patriot's inspiration of every farmer to the extent of his ability to develop the industry and use his opportunities for the good of the whole people.

A Clever Boy.

"Father," said a hopeful sprig, "how many fowls are there on this table?"

"Why," said the old gentleman as he looked complacently on a pair of finely toasted chickens that were smoking on the dinner table; "why, my son, there are two."

"Two!" replied young smartness; "there are three, sir, and I'll prove it."

"Three!" replied the old gentleman, who was a plain matter-of-fact man and understood things as he saw them; "I'd like to have you prove that."

"Easily done, sir; easily done. Isn't that one?" laying his knife upon the first.

"Yes, that's certain," said his father.

"And isn't that two?" pointing to the second; "and don't one and two added together make three?"

"Really," said the father, turning to the old lady who was listening with astonishment to the learning of her son; "really, this boy is a genius and deserves encouragement. Here, old lady, do you take one fowl and I'll take the second, and John may have the third for his learning."

The Mother's Influence.

The sand rock which turns the edge of the chisel bears forever the impress of the leaf and the acorn received long, long since, ere it had become hardened by time and the elements. If we trace back to its fountain the mighty torrent which fertilizes the land with its copious streams, or sweeps over it with a devasting flood, we may find it dripping in crystal drops from some mossy crevice among the distant hills; so, too, the gentle feelings and affections that enrich and adorn the heart, and the mighty passions that sweep away all the barriers of the soul and desolate society, may have sprung up in the infant bosom in the sheltered retirement of home.

"I should have been an atheist," said John Randolph, "if it had not been for one recollection, and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and caused me on my knees to say, 'Our Father which art in heaven!'"

What the Heart Is.

The heart is like a plant in the tropes, which all the year round is bearing flowers, and ripening seeds, and letting them fly. It is shaking off memories and dropping associations. The joys of last year are ripe seeds that will come up in joy again next year. Thus the heart is planting seeds in every nook and corner; and as a wind which serves to prostrate a plant is only a sower coming forth to sow its seeds, planting some of them in rocky crevices, some by river courses, some among mossy stones, some by warm hedges, and some in garden and open field, so it is with our experiences of life. they sway and bow us either with joy or sorrow. They plant everything about us with *heart* seeds. Thus a house becomes sacred. Every room hath a memory, and a thousand of them: every door and each window is clustered with associations.

Inconsistent Man.

"I paid for this one, seventy five cents," said the wife, showing her husband her purchases.

"One seventy five?" said her husband, examining the article. "Then you have been swindled. It is not worth more than one dollar and a quarter."

"You misunderstood me," corrected his wife: "I said seventy-five cents—not one seventy-five."

"Seventy five? Well, you ought to have got it for half a dollar."

Admiration and Laughter.

Admiration and laughter are of such opposite natures that they are seldom created by the same person. The man of mirth is always observing the follies and weakness, the serious writer the virtues or crimes, of mankind; one is pleased with contemplating a fop, the other a hero; even from the same objects they would draw different ideas.

To despise theory is to have the excessively vain pretension to do without knowing what one does, and to speak without knowing what one says.

The Boy's Evening.

Where the boys spend their evenings, how they spend them, and with whom, are questions of vital importance to every parent. At no time during the day are the streets so full of evil influences as at night. It is the hour for social gatherings among all clases, and the time when every variety of sin can best hide its deformity beneath a gilded exterior. Those whose influence is of the most dangerous kind, either pass the day in some occupation, or spend it in idleness in hidden retreats of vice. To guard against the harm that such might do is then comparatively easy. As night approaches, it becomes more difficult. Then are these elements turned loose, ready to pollute the atmosphere of any circle that will admit them, and to corrupt the morals of all who come within their influence. It is the time, too, when our boys are free from the labor or the study of the day. At this hour of leisure how shall we keep them out of the reach of evil associations?

The rule commonly given is to make home pleasant. This is very good; but simply to carry it out in the abstract is not sufficient. We must study the boys' dispositions and tastes, and be governed by these in making the home attractive to them.

Most boys are of a social nature, and must have companions. Let them receive suitable ones at their own home. The parents need not consider it beneath their dignity to help fill this want. Join with them in something that interests them; it may be something instructive at the same time. Get their confidence in childhood, and retain it. Furnish them with interesting books and games, taking care that these are the right kind. Read aloud to them, and get them to read to you. Converse freely on a variety of topics, not by thrusting forward your own opinion on every occasion, but by drawing out, cultivating and expanding their ideas and thoughts.

When all this and much more has been done, do not expect to try to keep them always at home. Allow them to go to suitable places at proper times, and often go with them yourself. Let them know that you trust them to the full extent to which they show themselves worthy of being trusted. Instill good morals and a spirit of true manliness. Encourage every good deed, and teach them that principle should control their actions. Give them a chance to make good of themselves if of the right material, they will succeed in doing so.—Exchange.

Mistakes to be Avoided.

He who can take the mental and moral measure of his neighbor with perfect fairness, is a rare bird in the social flock. We are apt to gauge one another by standards warped by prejudices arising from long way out of the straight line of abstract right. In fact, only a great mind can judge other minds with entire impartiality.

A good classical scholar usually feels more or less contempt for a person utterly ignorant of Latin and Greek. Even a college-bred man, if caught tripping in his reading of the dead languages, is sure to be taken to task by the pedants and martinets of the schools.

The truth is, that to undervalue the man who knows little or nothing of the subject in which you yourself are thoroughly versed, is human nature. If the greatest philosopher alive should call the captain of a ship her binnacle, the man at the helm, though perhaps unable to read or write, would account him an ignorant lubber.

One of the most common mistakes committed by persons who move in what are termed the higher circles, is to estimate men by their outward polish. Persons who show no regard for the conventionalities of the fashionable world are generally held in low esteem by fashionable people. We have more than once seen, with no small degree of indignation, a plain, honest, sensible man, unacquainted with the usages of society, made the butt of a group of lisping, effeminate puppies, incapable of anything beyond the veriest small talk. Beau Brummel considered "a fellow who could send his plate twice for soup" a creature utterly beneath the notice of a gentleman. In the estimation of that tailor-made man, to break a rule of table etiquette was a graver offence than to transgress one of the Commandments.

The opinion which an unsuccessful man expresses of a fortunate competitor is almost always unjust. The merits of the eminent lawyer who has more clients than he desires, are invisible to his thread-bare professional brother Counsellor Suitless; nor can the Rev. Drowsy Drawl, who preaches a small congregation to sleep every Sunday, see anything remarkable in the discourses of Dr. Lucid, whose voice stirs men's hearts like the sound of a trumpet, and into whose church the multitude crowd until the very aisles are full. As a rule, if you don't entertain a good opinion of one who has eclipsed you in the world's estimation, the best way is to keep that opinion to yourself. The probability is that it is tinctured with prejudice; but even if impartial, few will believe that there is not a spice of envy at the bottom of it.

Again—Never despise a man for not knowing something that you do know. It is not improbable that he may know a thousand things with which you are entirely unacquainted. In forming an estimate of your fellows, try to come out of your own individuality, to discard self, and to measure men by principles and not by prejudices.

The Real and the Ideal.

Pixley—Who is that girl, Jack? I don't think I ever saw a more homely damsel—fiery red hair, freckles, a wart on the chin, and cross eyed.

Jack—That? Oh, that's the young woman who eloped with her father's "ignorant and ugly farm hand" two weeks ago.

"Not the young woman described in the newspapers as the 'lovely, beautiful and accomplished daughter of Farmer Hayseed?'"

"The same."

"And who is that remarkably fine-looking young man who is now in conversation with her?"

"Why, that is the 'ignorant and ugly farm hand' with whom she eloped."

THE BELLS OF CHRISTILEE

ERNEST W. SHURTLEFF.

The sunset banners of the day
Shone o'er the orange-colored sea,
And o'er the sandy beaches gray
Low rang the bells of Christilee.
With sails as white as sea gull's wings,
Outspread to catch the sweet salt air,
The barques lay like enchanted things
Upon some mystic ocean fair.

From skies beyond the crystal flood,
The crimson beams of growing light,
Poured on the calm the peace of God,
And melted in a glory bright.
And slowly, softly died the day,
Across the sleeping twilight sea,
And sweetly o'er the beaches gray
Rang out the bells of Christilee.

Half sad, upon the shore reclined,
I listened to the rippling tide,
Till peace stole through my troubled mind,
And care and thought in slumber died.
I slept, yet in my sleep I heard
The sea's sweet hymn in minor key,
The low cry of the ocean-bird,
The ringing bells of Christilee.

When lo, I dreamed a sudden storm
Broke o'er the ancient ocean grim,
The tempest, clad in cloudy form,
With darkness veiled the zenith dim!
The stars died out, the night grew wild,
And yet no terror came to me—
For [illegible] storm beguiled,
I heard the bells of Christilee.

Cold darkness chilled the ebon sky,
The sea in foothills fury dashed;
I heard the winds around me cry
While lurid lightnings flamed and flashed.
The thunders shook the troubled shore,
O'erhead the storm swept wild and free;
Yet wind, nor storm, nor thunder's roar
Could still the bells of Christilee.

I woke. The night was glad with stars;
The moon's bright smiles made calm the skies;
The ripples on the sandy bars
Shone like a thousand sparkling eyes.
Ah, never in the life I hold,
Shall I forget that summer sea,
The peace, the holy lesson told
By those sweet bells of Christilee.

'Twas only in my fancy's view
The lightning rent the skies in seams,
And all the angry winds that blew
Were but the spirits of my dreams.
So while upon my inner ear
The raging storms swept loud and free,
Still could the outer senses hear
The peaceful bells of Christilee.

They taught me, in this life of mine,
When round my path the winds increase,
To listen for that voice divine
That stills the tempest with its peace;
And now I hear a gentle tongue
'Mid all the storms that come to me
As in my soul, by memory rung,
I hear the bells of Christilee.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Western Editorial Life Has Its Ups and Downs.

We extract the following items from the last issue of the Arizona Kicker:

THE LAST STRAW.—For the last six months Maj. Davis, of this burgh, has lost no opportunity of abusing us and boasting of what he would do if we did not step softly. Last Saturday the major, who has no more right to that title than a mule has to that of professor borrowed a shot gun and gave out that he had camped on our trail and meant to riddle our system with buckshot on sight. Word was brought to us, and although we were very busy at the time superintending our combined weekly newspaper, harness shop, grocery, bazaar and gun store (all under one roof, and the largest retail establishment in Arizona), we laid aside our work and went over to Snyder's saloon in search of the major. We found him, and we gave him such a whipping as no man in town ever got before. He lies a broken and stranded wreck on the shores of time, so to speak, and the doctor says it will be six weeks before he wil find any more trails or do any more camping.

EXPLANITORY.

As several versions of the incident that occured in our office Saturday night are flying around town and have probably been telegraphed all over the world, we deem it but right to give the particulars as they occurred:

We were seated in the editorial chair, writing a leader on the European situation, when a rough character known around town as "Mike the Slayer" called in. As we had never had a word with the man we suspected no evil. As a matter of fact we reached for our subscription book, supposing of course, that he wanted the best weekly in America for a year. The Slayer then announced that he had come to slay us, not because we had ever done him harm, but because the influence of the press was driving out the good old times and customs.

We retreated towards the door of our harness department.

He pursued us with a drawn knife.

We then felt it our duty to draw our gun and let six streaks of daylight through his body, and as he went down we stepped to the door and sent a boy for the coroner. It was a clear case of self-defense, and the inquest was a mere formality. We lament the sad occurrence, but no one can blame us. We paid his burial expenses, and in another column will be found his obituary, written in our best vein and without regard to space. No other Arizona editor has over done half as much.

NO HARM DONE.

The boys got after a stranger the other evening who was pointed out as a horse-thief, and ran him all over town with the object of pulling him up to a limb. In some manner he gave them the slip, and in their zeal they got hold of Judge Downey and held him up to a limb for over a minute before the error was discovered. The judge is gu-guing around with a sore throat and stiff neck and threatens to bring about fifty damage suits.

Take a friend's advice, judge, and hush up. You got off powerful easy, considering your general character. While it was a mistake, the boys we not so far wrong after all. We wish such mistakes would occur oftener.

We can defile ourselves, but we cannot cleanse ourselves. The sheep can go astray alone, but he can never return to the fold without the assistance of the shepherd.

Atlantic & N. C. Railroad

TIME TABLE No. 16,

In Effect 6:00 A. M., Tuesday, June 18th, 1889.

GOING EAST. No. 51. Ar.	Lve.	SCHEDULE. Passenger Trains. Stations.	GOING WEST. No. 50. Ar.	Lve.
p m	3 30	Goldsboro	11 30	a m
4 06	4 09	La Grange	10 42	10 45
4 35	4 40	Kinston	10 [illegible]	10 13
6 [illegible]	6 10	New Berne	[illegible]	8 [illegible]
7 [illegible]	p m	Morehead City	[illegible]	7 [illegible]
		Daily.		

GOING EAST. No. 1.* Mixed Ft. & Pass. Train.		SCHEDULE. Stations.	GOING WEST. No. 2.† Mixed Ft. & Pass. Train.	
a m	6 30	Goldsboro	9 00	p m
6 [illegible]	7 05	Best's	8 04	8 19
7 2[illegible]	7 [illegible]	La Grange	7 34	7 44
7 4[illegible]	7 5[illegible]	Falling Creek	7 06	7 10
8 12	8 [illegible]	Kinston	[illegible]	6 42
8 50	8 5[illegible]	Caswell	[illegible]	5 35
9 15	10 02	Dover	4 55	5 10
10 3[illegible]	10 36	Core Creek	4 24	4 30
11 00	11 05	Tuscarora	3 54	4 00
11 3[illegible]	11 41	Clark's	3 32	3 42
12 15	2 00	Newbern	10 32	3 00
[illegible]	2 1[illegible]	Riverdale	9 41	9 46
2 48	2 50	Croatan	9 28	9 33
4 1[illegible]	4 1[illegible]	Havelock	8 59	9 04
4 37	4 42	Newport	8 17	8 27
4 5[illegible]	4 5[illegible]	Wildwood	8 00	8 05
5 01	5 01	Atlantic	7 47	7 52
5 16	5 21	Morehead City	7 17	7 27
5 23	5 28	Atlantic Hotel	7 05	7 15
5 31	p m	Morehead Depot	a m	7 00

*Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.
†Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Train [illegible] connects with Wilmington & Weldon Train bound North, leaving Goldsboro [illegible] a. m., and with Richmond & Danville Train West, leaving Goldsboro 2 [illegible] p. m.

Train [illegible] connects with Richmond & Danville Train, arriving at Goldsboro 3 10 p. m., and with Wilmington and Weldon Train from the North at [illegible] p. m.

Train [illegible] connects with Wilmington and Weldon Through Freight Train, North [illegible]

S. L. DILL, Superintendent.

Atlantic & N. C. Railroad Co.

PASSENGER DEPARTMENT,
NEW BERNE, N. C., May 28, 1889.

TO AGENTS AND THE PUBLIC.

[illegible] Rates of Fare, Round Trip Tickets, [illegible] Stations below to points on the W. N. C. R. R.

SEASON 1889.

Tickets on sale June 1st, 1889. Good returning until [illegible] 1889. Tickets to be taken off sale Sept. [illegible], 1889.

From	Goldsboro.	Kinston.	New Berne.	Morehead.
To				
Hickory, N. C.	$10 50	$11 10	$12 50	$14 25
Morganton, N. C.	11 [illegible]	11 [illegible]	13 [illegible]	15 10
Old Fort, N. C.	12 70	13 30	14 70	16 45
Bl'k Mount'n, N. C.	13 25	13 [illegible]	15 25	17 00
Ashville, N. C.	13 90	14 50	15 90	17 65
Hot Springs, N. C.	15 40	16 00	17 40	19 15

INSTRUCTIONS TO AGENTS.

1st. Agents will in no case deviate from these rates without proper instructions.

2d. Children under five years of age, free; children of five and under twelve years of age, one half the within named rates.

3d. Tickets must be limited to twenty-four hours beyond schedule time in each direction.

4th. Agents will see that the contracts of tickets are properly filled out and signed, and notify purchasers that the conditions must be fully complied with.

5th. Rules governing the checking of baggage on regular one way tickets will apply for baggage checked on tickets sold at the within rates.

S. L. DILL, G. P. A.

Atlantic & N. C. Railroad,

PASSENGER DEPARTMENT,
NEW BERNE, N. C., May 25th, 1889.

Season 1889 Round Trip Tickets.

[illegible] Rates of Fare, Round Trip Tickets, from [illegible] named below to Morehead [illegible] 1889. In effect June 1st.

From	To	Season	Sat. Night
Goldsboro	[illegible]	[illegible]	$3 00
La Grange	[illegible]	[illegible]	2 60
Kinston		[illegible]	2 00
New Bern		[illegible]	1 50

S. L. DILL, G. P. A.