THE JOURNAL.

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NEW BERNE, N. C., FEB. 6 1890.

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EVERY day adds new attractions to the New Berne Fair Grounds.

IN less than three weeks the great New Berne Fair will be in full blast.

DISCORD reigns supreme! Reed abolishes all parliamentary law, and rules by his own imperial will.

MEN study a woman as they study the barometer; but they do not understand till the day afterward.

THE clouds never grow so dark over the Christian's path but that the sunlight of God's promises can shine through.

"THE burglars who entered President Harrison's house in Indianapolis a few nights ago carried off valuables in blocks of five."

WHAT a boy is at fifteen, his mother has largely made him; what a man is at forty, his wife has largely made him.—Dr. Harsha.

"CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW as the king of clubs and William H. Vanderbilt as the king of diamonds, ought to make a good pair to draw to."

THE Greensboro Patriot comes to us again after months of suspension. We gladly welcome it, and predict for it honor and usefulness.

GOV. CAMPBELL, of Ohio, is reported as saying that Mr. Brice did not spend a cent improperly to bring about his election to the Senate.

LET not him who prays suffer his tongue to outstip his heart; nor presume to carry a message to the throne of grace while that stays behind.—South.

PORTUGAL has sent a dispatch to all of the Powers requesting the formation of a conference to determine the disputed rights between England and Portugal.

THE true Christian is like the sun, which pursues his noiseless track and everywhere leaves the effect of his beams in blessing upon the world around him.—Luther.

IT is suggested that Chaplin Milburn is the hope of the country. There is no law, rule or custom limiting the length of prayers, and Mr. Milburn can easily occupy the whole morning session.

MR. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN announces that he will endeavor to girdle the globe in sixty five days. The hope has been expressed that he may attempt it and get lost in China, or some other seaport town.

IT is claimed that the wealth of the United States amounts to $1000 per head. We will be much obliged if those having our share will forward it to us at once. We need it and must have it.

'TIS nothing for a man to hold up his head in a calm; but to maintain his post when all others have quitted their ground, and there to stand upright where other men are beaten down, this is divine and praiseworthy.—Seneca.

THE New Berne JOURNAL every day gets in a few lines about the Big Fair that is to begin there on the 24th of February.—Goldsboro Evening Dispatch. Yes, we do! We are trying to give the people some idea of what we are doing. The JOURNAL never gets tired of "blowing" a good thing for Eastern North Carolina.

WE have received a copy of the Goldsboro Evening Dispatch. It is published by the "Dispatch Publishing Co." and the name of the editors are not given. From this number we judge that the intention of the publishers is to make it a neat, newsy local paper. We welcome the Dispatch to our exchange table.

PERSONS who fail sometimes imagine that they can relieve their failure by scolding and fretting at those who succeed. But the fact ever is that this but makes the case worse. Attention is all the more directed to the failure, and it becomes the more signal. If you do not succeed yourself, do not fret and scold at those who do.

SENATOR VANCE played ball with Ingalls in the Senate Thursday, and showed up in his own happy, good natured, but pointed way, the absurdities of the erratic highflier from Kansas. His comet tail comparison was the best and most apt illustration of the exceeding thinness of Ingalls' speech that we have yet seen.—Wilmington Star.

I NETER saw in any sermon of Christ's anything that looks like strain. There was a splendid ease about Him. It came out of Him because it was in Him, and He could not help giving it. His meat and drink was to do the will of Him that sent Him. He rested by doing; He obtained refreshment for His weariness by getting on with His work.—Spurgeon.

IT is just as certain as anything can be that at some future time the Republican party, when in the minority in the House, will most severely suffer as a consequence of the partisan unwisdom of its present leaders. They are sowing to the wind and the party itself will reap the whirlwind. This whole business is contrary to genuine Republicanism in letter and spirit.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

THE Rev. H. M. Wharton does in his meeting what we never heard of in a meeting before. He spends ten minutes before each sermon in drawing "lessons from the news papers." He does this most happily and impressively. He regards the news of the day as the "unfolding providence of God." Our fear is that other preachers will try to do the same thing and make themselves ridiculous. Bro. Wharton, however, claims a patent right on it.—Western Recorder.

"ANOTHER student from Andover applied to the Congregational Foreign Mission Board to be sent as a foreign missionary, declaring his mind was not made up as to whether men would have a "new probation" beyond the grave. Whereupon the Board did the only sensible and Christian thing and postponed their decision till the uncertain brother should make up his mind. And behold another full fledged "martyr." Some things in this world make one sick."

THE Democrats of North Carolina should meet every where to protest against the action of the Republicans in the House. Grumbling and sitting still will do no good. There ought to be a meeting in every village and hamlet in the districts of Brower and Ewart to condemn their conduct in sustaining Reed. Do this now, at once, and with vigor; and you will discover that at the next election both those districts will be represented by Democrats.—Charlotte Chronicle.

THIS is a great world, the United States is a great Republic, and there are great economists in Washington. There are some queer things in the world, however, and a few strange things in the Republic. But in one thing both are alike. Rich men receive most presents, and poor men the most curses. To use an old plantation proverb, "Dogs to a nigger, children to a poor man, and money to a rich man." It is quite evident that Roger Quarles Mills, of Texas, thinks that there ought to be a more equal distribution of the dogs, the children, and the money.—N. Y. Sun.

THE dispersion or distribution of the negroes throughout the Union would be the certain cure of political ills, as it would be the certain death of many political demagogues, as Senator Vance suggests. But the negroes alone can determine this matter for themselves. We hold tenaciously that the best labor for the Southern farmers is the negro, and we would deplore their deportation in numbers sufficient to render labor uncertain and to turn so many teeming fields into wild wastes. Bankruptcy would follow a general departure of the negroes.—Wilmington Messenger.

LOYALTY TO PARTY.

A leading Democratic paper of this State has been twitted because of its loyalty to party. We did not read the specifications, but we are sure that our able contemporary might have pleaded guilty to the charge without offense to its readers or dimming the lustre of its name.

What is loyalty to the Democratic party? It is fidelity to patriotism, devotion to the Federal and State Constitutions, and obedience to law.

If there is any other ark of safety we know not in what waters it floats; if there is any other bulwark of liberty we know not where it is to be found.

There may sometimes be too much of the vehemence of party spirit displayed, but there never can be too ardent attachment to the great principles of the American Democracy.

The idea that party allegiance is only binding during a great national campaign is a fallacy dangerous in its tendencies and hurtful in its influences. The conflict is a perpetual one. The hand to hand combat may not be raging in its fury, but the watch fires of liberty never go out, and around them the true and the brave are gathered ready for battle.

At this moment great interests are at stake, and it is a matter of congratulation that the Democracy is standing in solid phalanx by the ark of the Constitution.

Never was our system of government more severely tested than it is now. No hostile cannon breaks upon the startled ear, but the miners and sappers are at work at the foundations of our citadel. The race issue is a grave one, but it dwindles into insignificance beside the stupendous question: Shall the American system of Government be preserved?

Rome, in the days of its power, never exhibited such a spectacle as is now presented at Washington Cæsar had his legions and his Anthony, and still was not master of the Roman Senate. Reed rules in the capitol at Washington according to his imperial will. The Representatives of the people, elected by a free ballot and a fair count, are ejected from their seats, or stand like chained slaves in a capital of a free people. Propositions are entertained for the subversion of State laws and the establishment of Federal courts unknown to the Constitution. But yesterday a bill was introduced in the Senate to organize a Republican government for the State of Mississippi.

In such a condition of affairs the Democracy must stand by its colors or abandon the Republic to misrule and ruin

No paper, no man, can receive a higher compliment than to be told that he is loyal to the Democratic party. All that is venerable in the past, all that is valuable in the present, and all that is hopeful in the future, rests on the purity, strength and perpetuity of American Democracy.

CHEERFULNESS.

Be cheerful! But we are told that "Cherfulness is dependent upon circumstances over which we have no control, and, saying to us, 'be cheerful,' is very much like saying to the hungrey and naked 'be ye clothed and fed,' without furnishing the where with-all it can be done."

Cheerfulness is a quality that can be improved, and is as much the subject of growth as are trees and flowers. The germ may be very delicate, but with proper culture it will bloom in inmorral beauty.

Place a child under pleasant circumstances, with objects all around him permeated with the spirit of cheerfulness, and there is little danger of his becoming morose, gloomy and complaining.

Light is a great dispenser of cheerfulness. Rise with the first dawn of the morning, throw open the shutters and let in the light robed in beauty and the soft south wind frighted with music and fragrance. Go out in the glad sun shine and look upon the rippling waters, the green landscape glittering with meriads of dew-drops, and the meadows gay in flowers and musical with birds.

If it please you better, go to the field an see the smile of God resting in the fruit of your labor, or to the dock, and find the breeze unfurling the sails of your craft to the winds of a prosperous commerce.

How many parents think of the evils of darkness on their children? No child can cultivate a cheerful spirit in the midst of darkness and gloom. If children are to be children of light, they must walk in the light, and they will reflect it in their glad faces and it will come leaping up as living fountains in their hearts.

No man or woman has a right to be a growler. A cronic growler is worse than a contagion, more intolerable than a night-mare. Many a heart has its secret greifs, and in the presence of hallowed sorrow we bow in profound reverence. It is not of these we speak but we refer to those who in a Kallidoscope sees only the dark spots, in a panorama only the weeds that fleck the brooder expanse of golden grain and ripened fruit.

We should cultivate the habit of seeing the best and talking brightly and cheerily. Those who do thus are loved and sought. There is no mere earthly blessing to be compared to a sunny disposition, rejoicing in the present and looking hopefully to the future.

Mr. Calhoun was always cheerful in company. If some great burden of State, or some personal greif, bowed him down, he retired and communed with his own soul. A distinguished statesmen now gathered to his fathers said of him:

Calhoun's kindness of heart was inexhaustible. He impressed me as being deeply but unobtrusively religious, and was so morally clean and spiritually pure that it was a pleasure to have one's soul get close to his soul—a feeling that I never had for any other man. He seemed to exhale an atmosphere of purity, as fresh and sweet and bracing as a breeze from the prairie, the ocean, or the mountain—an atmosphere which one could safely breathe all in and be better and purer from the inspiration. He was inexpressibly urbane, refined, gentle, winning; and yet he was strong and thoroughly manly, with an elegant and engaging invincibleness pervading his softness and gentleness. I admired Benton; I admired Clay still more; I admired Webster, on the intellectual side, most of all; but I loved Calhoun, and as I came to know him well, and saw his exquisitely beautiful nature mirrored in his face, his countenance seemed angelic, and his benignant greeting in the morning was like a benedictiion that lasted the whole day.

IN Edgefield, S. C., Friday, Benj. Gardner cowhided J. Norris for not fulfilling his engagement with his sister. A challenge to fight a duel to the death was sent by Norris and accepted by Gardner, both were arrested and placed under bond to keep the peace. It was believed Saturday that the bonds would be forfeited and the duel take place at an early day.

COL. FRED. D. GRANT is very popular as Minister to Austria. Dr. Hugh Hagan, of Atlanta, Ga., now in Vienna, writing to the New York Tribune says: Colonel Grant and his charming wife are the heart's love of every American in Vienna."

"MR. CRISP's crisp sentences in the House last week bid fair to blaze his way to the United States Senate. The Georgia papers are naming him as a successor to Senator Brown." Mr. Crisp is appreciated in Georgia, but the signs all point to Gov. John B. Gordon as the successor of Senator Brown.

JAKE KILRAIN has been in the ring again. This time he was victor over Felix Vacquelin last Sunday morning in the city of New Orleans. He polished off the Frenchman in three rounds.

SENATOR A. H. COLQUITT, of Georgia spoke for Temperance in New York city last Sunday. In the course of his remarks he said: "There would be no talk of solving the race problem if the rum shops were closed."

THE New York Chamber of Commerce will discuss on Thursday of this week the customs administrative bill that recently passed the House. It is probable that they will condemn the measure and adopt measures to defeat it.

THE 24 of February is coming and the people are coming in multitudes by sea and by land.

THE NATIONAL EMBROILIO.

The condition of affairs in the National House of Representatives is disgraceful. Congress has been in session for more than two months, and has absolutely done nothing for the public weal. Business is depressed in every department of industry, and working men in every locality feel oppression as a mountain weight crushing out their energies and wasting their substance. Why is this? Every Congress is governed by its own rules. It is usual, on the meeting of Congress, to pass a resolution declaring the rules of the last Congress in force until the adoption of rules by the sitting Congress, but no such action has been taken, and the present disgraceful condition of affairs in the result. The Speaker is the supreme dictator and acknowledges no rule but his own despotic will. In the language of the Washington Post, "It is the duty, as it should be the pleasure, of all right minded members on both sides of the chamber to end this partisan and unprofitable contention at once, by insisting upon a report from the committee on rules, and proceeding to the work before them like men with a patriotic sense of their obligations."

How long the Republican majority will continue their revolutionary measures cannot be conjectured, but it is probable that they will rule with an iron hand until they have consummated their purpose of seating contesting Republicans in defiance of every principle of justice and right.

That the people will sanction such usurpation we do not believe, and we look to the future for the complete condemnation of the Republican party and its revolutionary methods.

THE CAPTURE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS—THE END OF THE REBELLION.

The Century Magazine has decided merit, but punlished as it is in the city of New York, and relying for its support chiefly on the North, it is favorable to that section on all questions involved in the late war between the States. It is true that its columns have been open to the writers of all sections, and some of the highest tributes to the soldiery of the South have appeared in its pages.

The February number of this popular magazine contains two articles of special interest to the people of the South. One of these is on "The Capture of Jefferson Davis—The End of the Rebellion," by John G. Nicolay and John Hay, private secretaries of the President, and the other is on the "Pursuit and Capture of Jefferson Davis," by Gen. James Harrison Wilson and William P. Stedman.

The first is a chapter in the life of Abraham Lincoln, which has for many months been in preparation by his private secretaries, and is intended to magnify his name.

The other is from the Federal Generals, who with all the soldiery of the Federal Government at their command, stimulated by the offer of one hundred thousand dollars in gold, and whatever Confederate treasure might be found—amounting probably to a million of dollars, crown their military renown by the capture of Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Miss Howell and two female servants.

It is just to Nicolay and Hay to say that their account has the semblance of impartiality, inasmuch as they give the version of Mr. Reagan, Confederate Postmaster General, and copious extracts from the writings of Mr. Davis and General Johnston: but, on the whole, their article is misleading, and places the Confederate chieftain in an attitude incompatible with his character and inconsistent with the known facts of history.

The Federal Generals give long details of the disposition of troops necessary to accomplish the grand event that is to place them among the conquering heroes of the world. The movements of divisions, the mustering of squadrons, the vigorous pursuit, the indomitable resolve, the impetuous charge and the glorious victory are all described.

But the chief object of General Wilson seems to be to establish the fact that President Davis was captured in female attire. It is not pretended that Wilson or Stedman, or Pritchard saw him thus habited. The whole story rests upon the statement of a lieutenant who saw him in the shadow of the pines on "a dark and dismal morning."

It is not a matter of importance how Mr. Davis was dressed that dark night, when alone he met the flower of the Federal army, and in response to the order to "surrender," shouted back his proud defiance. The country, the whole country, will not be agreed on this question of dress, but so long as memory lives and honor has a home in the South, the statement of Mr. Davis will be accepted, as consistant with his character for truth, and every quality of a noble and virtuous manhood.

A preacher, lately, expatiating on the nature of man, pointed out that one great point of distinction between human beings and the lower animals consisted in the capacity for progress. "Man," exclaimed the preacher, warming in his theme, "is a progressive creature; other beings are stationary. Think, for example, of an ass! Always and everywhere it is the same creature, and you never saw a more perfect ass than you see at the present moment." His congregation never doubted the truth of the assertion.

He who wisely uses his wealth need not have it for his tombstone.

To the Disciples of Christ in N. C.

At our State Convention the Committee on Evangelizing made a report which was adopted without a dissenting voice, asking each and every church to give a general average of twenty cents per number this year to have the Gospel preached throughout North Carolina. The preacher and the officers of the church together, are requested to raise one fourth of this amount (the small sum of five cents per number) during each three months of the year and forward to the Corresponding Secreary on or before the first day of January, April, July and October, 1890.

By reference to the table of church statistics you will find the full amount for the year which your church is asked to give in the column headed, "Die for State Missions." Divide this into four parts and you have the sum for each three months.

The board suggest one of the following methods of raising the money:

From among the most faithful, zealous brethren and sisters in the congregation, appoint one or more to take this special work and secure some amount from every one who is able and willing to give for this good work.

Take up four collections on your regular preaching day in December, March, June and September. If you do not receive an amount as large as you have been asked to give, appeal to the brethren to make up the deficiency.

The convention decided that every one who is able to give anything can give five cents every three months, and those of larger means can pay much more than this.

The pledges taken by Bro. J. L. Burns afford an annual income of about $500, but this is not sufficient. Our watchword for this year is, "Two thousand dollars for State missions." It will require every dollar of this to carry on the work. May each one who has pledged pay it promptly, and all help, that the Lord's work may not suffer.

By order of the Board,
H. C. BOWEN,
Corresponding Secretary.
Williamston, N. C.

The Congo River of To-Day.

From an article under the above title in the February Century, by one of Stanley's former officers, we quote the following: "On the Congo there are no beasts of burden, there existing merely a manual transport, the porters being the natives of the Bakongo tribe, inhabiting the cataract regions. In physique these men are slight and only poorly developed; but the fact of their carrying on their head from sixty to one hundred pounds' weight twenty miles a day for sometimes six consecutive days, their only food being each day a little manioc root, an ear or two of maize, or a handful of peanuts, pronounces them at once as men of singularly sound stamina. Small boys of eight and nine years old are frequently met carrying loads of twenty-five pounds' weight.

"Throughout the cataract region the general accepted money currency is Manchester cotton cloth made up into pieces of six yards each. The European cost of the cloth paid to these natives for transporting a load to Stanley Pool from Matadi, including rations, amounts at the present day to five dollars for a load of sixty-five pounds. Five years ago the cost was only one-third of this amount; but it has increased on account of the opposition of the various trading houses that have established stations at Stanley Pool for the ivory trade on the upper river."

Emerson on Newspaper Reading

The following is from "Emerson's Talks with a College Boy," in the February Century:

"Newspapers have done much to abbreviate expression, and so to improve style. They are to occupy during your generation a large share of attention." (This was said nearly a quarter of a century ago. It was as if he saw ahead the blanket editions.) "And the most studious and engaged man can neglect them only at his cost. But have little to do with them. Learn how to get *their* best, too, without their getting yours. Do not read them when the mind is creative. And do not read them thoroughly, column by column. Remember they are made for everybody, and don't try to get what is n't meant for you. The miscellany, for instance, should not receive your attention. There is a great secret in knowing what to keep out of the mind as well as what to put in. And even if you find yourself interested in the selections, you can not use them, because the original source is not of reference. You can't quote from a newspaper. Like some insects, it died the day it was born. The genuine news is what you want, and practice quick searches for it. Give yourself only so many minutes for the paper. Then you will learn to avoid the premature reports and anticipations, and the stuff put in for people who have nothing to think."

A man writes me that he can swear in seven different languages. He says his style of delivery is effective, and he can swear the smoothest and vilest of any man in the swearistic field. He wants to hire out to compositors on large dailies, and claims than in ten hours he can do all their swearing for a week with his tongue tied behind him. Give him a call and listen to his blued edged words of inspired eloquence.—San Francisco Wasp.

An Ohio lady is the mother of a large family of children, and they are all rather diminutive. A few days after the birth of the youngest, a little niece of the lady called to see the baby. After looking at the tiny specimen a few minutes, the child remarked: "Aunt Maria, don't you think it would be better to have less of 'em and have 'em bigger?"

A gentleman coming home at evening, spoke harshly to his little three year old, who was playing very noisily. The little lady dropped her playthings and retreated hastily to a corner. "What's the matter?" asked papa. "Well," said the child, "I've been a good girl all this day, and now you come home and make trouble the first thing."

Never whip your brain. All high pressure is dangerous. Study to think as easily and as quietly as you breathe. Never force yourself to learn what you have not talent for.

A SONG OF THE SEA.

Adown the bay, upon their way,
The white ships leave the land;
Two sun-brown children, at their play,
Are seen upon the strand.
No clouds are in the sky above;
The air around is still;
They dream their early dream of love,
As young hearts always will.

The moments fly. The years go by,
With all their weal and woe;
Along the bright and shining sand,
Two lovers gaily go;
The watch the white sailed ships depart
And mark the misty air,
They wonder if their blended lives
Will be as bright and fair.

They part upon the sandy shore;
The lover sails away;
The maiden sees a stately ship
Pass on the peaceful bay.
Then like a snowy bird it wanders
Upon the tranquil deep;
And twilight falls upon the world,
As silently as sleep.

Above the bosom of the bay,
The full-moon grandly gleams;
The restless ripples rise and fall,
Amid its silver beams.
The breeze grows brisk; the billows rise,
They soon are tipped with foam,
While, gazing at the quiet skies,
The sailor dreams of home.

The waves grow white, dark falls the night;
The storm clouds slowly rise,
They hide the shining stars from sight,
That deck the midnight skies.
Then over the deep the dread winds sweep
And howl along the strand,
While wild, the bounding billows leap
And surge upon the sand.

Above the bosom of the bay,
The red sun gleams once more:
And thro' the hazy, purple air,
It shines upon the shore.
The wind above the weary waves
Has died into a moan,
Adown the damp and shining sand
The maiden glides alone.

Along, with fleet and nimble feet,
She hasteus on her way,
Nor heeds the wide returning tide,
Approaching from the bay.
She paused, with a sudden cry
More dreadful than the storm,
Half buried in the shining sand,
She sees her lover's form.

Then, sinking down with dripping gown,
She wails in wild dismay.
Gone is the gleam of her sweet dream,
So bright but yesterday.
With sullen pride, the cruel tide
Arises round her form:
She goes to greet the sailor love
Who perished in the storm.

When tempests sweep along the deep
The fishermen can hear,
Above the gale, a woful wail
Of agony and fear.
And when at night with mystic light
The bright stars shine above,
The spirits of the lost are seen,
In death they meet and love.

The New Postmaster at Sanders' Store.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Mr. R. W. Humphrey, it is said, is the new postmaster appointed at Sanders' Store, though, as yet, the present incumbent has had no official announcement of that fact from headquarters. In reply to some JOURNAL correspondent recently Mr. Humphrey bases his acceptance of the position upon the *personal persuasion and influence* of both *Democrats and Republicans.* (Italics mine.) In doing so he has left two inferences reflecting somewhat on the old postmaster. I asked Mr. Humphrey to correct the impression his letter was likely to make on the public mind against me, and in reply he expressed surprise that I should have taken exception to the wording of his article, denying that he intended any reflection on myself. But the private denial does not cancel the effect of the published inference of his article, which is equivalent to saying that the Democrats and Republicans of this community united in a petition for his appointment in the place of the present incumbent, demonstrating the popularity of the one and the disfavor of the other.

Now, to this community, who know the facts, no reply is necessary to this unfair inference; but to those without I wish to say that this does me an injustice which I feel called upon to rebut. No dissatisfaction has ever reached my ears during my incumbency as postmaster at Sanders' Store the past ten or fifteen years from the patrons of this office. Nor is it true that the community, or even a respectable portion of it, has even been, or is now opposed to my postmaster ship, and I may say without appearing in the role of self-laudation, if left to it now no change would be made on intimation that I wanted the place. Had Mr. Humphrey said that I did not want the office, but had asked the Post Office Department to put some one in my stead, then his statement reciting the influences causing him to accept the position of postmaster at Sanders' Store would have been shorn of all unfair inferences respecting the old incumbent. The other inference is that I wrote the objectionable article—but as Mr. Humphrey so strongly denies any intention to do me a wrong I pass it by without comment farther than to say I knew nothing of the article or its author until referred to in Mr. Humphrey's reply.

Very respectfully,
J. W. SANDERS.

Not only should careless statement regarding our neighbors be ignored, but facts themselves should often be subdued in the interest of right thinking and fairness to our fellows.—Frank B. Welch in Arkansaw Traveler.

A six year old boy wrote his first composition on water: "Water is good to drink, to bathe in, and to skate on. When I was a little baby, the nurse used to bathe me every morning in water. I have been told that the Injuns wash themselves but once in ten years I wish I was an Injun."

Love is exactly like war in this—that a soldier, though he has escaped three weeks complete on Saturday night, nevertheless, be shot through his heart on Sunday morning.

Nature is upheld by antagonisms. Passion, resistance, danger are educators. We acquire the strength we overcome.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing whatever you do without a thought of fame.

What we really are, somehow or other will ooze out in tone, in look in act and that tells upon those who come in daily contact with us.

When you hear a woman says she has a bad husband just ask her what she has done to make him a good one.

There is nothing lower than hypocrisy. To profess friendship and show enmity is a sure proof of total depravity.

It is well the book of life is opened to us page by page. Were all the hard lines bared at once the task would be too hard to master.

Be noble, and the nobleness that lies sleeping, but not dead, in other men will be increased.

A DINNER AND A KISS.

J. M. HEATHERINGTON.

I've brought your dinner, father,
The blacksmith's daughter said,
As she took from her arm a kettle
And lifted its shining lid
"There's not any pie or pudding,
But I will give you this,"
And upon his tow'ring forehead
She left a childish kiss.

The blacksmith took off his apron
And shaved in hope, meek,
Wondering much at the savor
Hid in his humble food;
While all about him were visions
Full of prophetic bliss,
But he never thought of money
In his little daughter's kiss.

While she, with her kettle swinging,
Merrily trudged away,
Stopping at sight of a squirrel,
Catching some wild birds lay
And I thought how many a shadow
Of life and fate we might miss
If always our food and dinners
Were seasoned with a kiss.

Jones County Items.

Our farmers have finished killing their hogs.

Two steam saw mills full blast within 3 miles of Trenton.

Seed cotton continues to come into Trenton in small quantities.

Trent river is getting very low—too low for timber men

The fine dry weather in January has placed the farmers well up in their farming operations.

Hen fruit is plentiful and sells readily at Trenton at 10 cts per dozen in trade

The health of the county is remarkable good. Not a single case of the "grippe" in the county, that I have heard of.

The warm, favorable winter has been the means of making the cattle in better condition than I have ever seen them at this season of the year.

Farmers are preparing to seed many acres in oats this Spring. We learn that they will also plant this season a larger crop of irish potatoes.

The board of education is in session today (Monday) also the board of commissioners. Small crowd in Trenton, as the farmers are to busy to attend.

The exodus fever is slightly on the rise again in this county. Several are now boxed up ready to start for the land of promise as soon as transportation can be obtained.

Mr. Windsor Dail had at Trenton on Saturday last some large sharks teeth and specimens of bones taken from a marl bed in the Chinquapin section of Jones county.

Thomas Castett who resides near Trenton is dotting his little plantation all over with large manure piles. Thomas believes in a few acres well tilled and thoroughly fertilized.

Notwithstanding the short crops and the cry of hard times we see no difference in the trade at Trenton as the farmers appear to buy as usual and pay mostly in cash very few are asking credit from the merchants.

We are very sorry to learn that many of our citizens have had much of their meat to spoil as in many cases the loss has fallen on those who were unable to lose it being compelled to kill them as feed was short.

Two families exodusted from Trenton township during the past week to the land of promise without making much noise. Several of their nearest neighbors knew nothing of their departure until they were well on the way to their new homes.

Jones county is about 55 miles long with an average of 12½ miles wide. The river Trent is navigable to Trenton for steamboats, and is one of the most accomodating rivers in the United States, as it winds itself around and gives nearly every plantation a landing.

Mr. C. E. Slover offers for the best country made tub a premium of 25 lbs of family flour. We have in our county a host of tub makers. Why can't they compete for this premium and at the same time show the people their workmanship? We see some extra well made axhelves at Trenton today, made by hand by Mr Rufus Nobles, of this county. We hope that Mr. Nobles, will send some of them to the New Berne fair.

When we were a boy 52 years ago Mr. Nathan Foster a citizen of Trenton township, who, as a farmer, was many years in the advance of the times, said that day in the practical, progressive ideas of reclaiming old worn out lands, hauled out over many acres of his farm swamp mud, which caused it to make heavy crops of corn. I passed over the same fields a few years ago and to my surprise that same land where the mud had been hauled was much darker and produced better corn than any other adjoinitg it. Our farmers in Jones county have in our midst a mine of wealth in their swamps if they would only utilize it. Suppose our farmers had spent the same money which they have thrown away for worthless fertilizers, in cutting out swamp mud on their lands—how much better crops would they now produce! And instead of their trying to borrow money to run the farm they could have money to improve it and to lend to others in need of it. We trust our farmers will call a halt to purchasing so much of the commercial fertilizers and commence utilizing their rich swamps by composting it with another of Eastern Carolinas inexhaustible products—oyster shells burned to lime. Just try it, farmers of Jones, and see how cheaply you can renovate your old wornout fields, which if not helped in some way in a short time, must be turned out to grow the old field pine.

How's Your Liver?

The old lady who replied, when asked how her liver was, "God bless me, I never heard that there was such a thing in the house." was noted for her amiability. Prometheus, when chained to a rock, might as well have pretended to be happy, as the man who is chained to a diseased liver For poor Prometheus there was no escape, but by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, the disagreeable feelings, irritable temper, constipation, indigestion, dizziness and sick headache, which are caused by a diseased liver promptly disappear.

The human race is divided into two classes—those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit still and inquire, "Why wasn't it done the other way?"

ARE YOU SKEPTICAL!

If so we will convince you that Acker's English Remedy for the lungs is superior to all other preparations, and is a positive cure for all Throat and Lung Troubles, Croup, Whooping Cough and Colds. We guarantee the preparation and will give you a sample bottle free. Sold by R. Berry New Berne, N. C.

NOTES BY THE WAY—NO. 1.

By a Through Passenger on a Local Freight.

Your correspondent is acting in a new role. And why not? Good jobs are scarce—opportunities for excursions at somebody's else expesense are rare—besides the "Winter Fair," must be advertised—the dear people must be informed what pleasure and benefits await them if they will only come to New Berne the last week in February. So here goes for a brief tour, for the purpose of seeing to the posting of our beautiful bill—in itself a decoration—talking up the Fair and encouraging and urging everybody to "come with us that we may do them good."

To a person who keeps his eyes and ears open, something generally happens, which interests him, and might interest others if they knew it. Being benevolently inclined, we propose to "divide and share" the good things—though we don't promise anything very intensely interesting or startling.

A BAD START.

We left New Berne on Monday night, the 27th ult., at 7 o'clock, on the freight train, it being on account of extra work and some "contingencies," four hours late. You have heard of the patience of Job—but his was not "nineteenth century" patience, neither we opine did he ever run a local freight train, off schedule time. It rained a little at the start—the train was a long one—the wheels like "Pharoah's chariots" dragged heavily—there was much work to do—so we made haste slowly. But engineer Marshall pulled us through all right, and we came into Goldsboro at one o'clock (not nine) with conductor Willis looking as "sunny" as if just from a picnic.

ELECTRIC LIGHTS.

The electric lights had just been established—this was the second or third night—and lighted the streets brilliantly. There was an occesional wavering or flickering which will no doubt be quickly remedied. The lights at Wilmington as we saw them the next night, were entirely steady. The burners at Goldsboro are attached to poles, in Wilmington they are suspended by the wires. In the former case there is an appearance of greater stability, but the light being close to the pole, casts a broad heavy shadow to a long distance. In the latter case, though it looks a little fragile, the illumination is much more perfect.

AT THE GREGORY HOUSE

were many persons, waiting to take the midnight trains. We found a nice bed, were fast asleep by two, slept "fast" till nearly six, and then were off for Wilmington. Walking down from the hotel to the train—quite a little distance—we fell in company with a gentleman from South Carolina who, with a certain resemblance of movement to the "Treasurer of Candace," had come to Jerusalem (Goldsboro) to worship (Patti Rosa) and was returning to Mt. Olive, where he is engaged in teaching.

MILD WEATHER THEORY.

As we naturally spoke of the weather, he said he had a theory respecting the cause of this mild season. "The earthquakes raised the bed of ocean under the Gulf Stream, thus making the water more shallow, and causing it to be widely extended, and hence to run nearer to shore, and to flow more slowly—all these causes combining to soften the climate." We gave him one of our premium lists, and called his attention to its tempting offer of prizes. He went through it with evident satisfaction, till the premium offered "for the best yield of corn on one acre, *not less than thirty bushels* was reached and by way of comment on the small yield required told this

BIG CORN STORY.

The American Agriculturist of New York offered a prize of $500 for the largest yield of corn on one acre in the United States, and one of the agricultural societies of South Carolina offered an equal amount, if the winning party should be a resident of South Carolina and grow the corn in that State. A South Carolina farmer was the successful competitor, and received the two prizes, amounting to $1,000. The yield was *two hundred and fifty four bushels and forty nine poands*, equal to fifty-one barrels, less seven pounds. The sequel to the story is, that so much labor was bestowed upon it, and so much money expended for commericial and home made fertilizers, that the crop was grown at a loss of about $80.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by R. N. Duffy. jan 17

Stranger—Want a good item? City Editor—Why, yes. Stranger—Well, I'm just going home unexpectedly with two friends and a set of poker chips, and I thought perhaps you'd like to have your war correspondent see my wife receive us.

Clarke's Extract of Flax Cough Cure.

It is a sure cure for whooping cough. It stops the whoop, and permits the child to catch its breath. It is entirely harmless. Good for any cough of childhood or old age. It heals the bronchi and lungs, and stops the cough. For winter or bronchial cough this syrup is the best ever discovered. Only one size, large bottle. Price $1 00 at F. S. Duffy's drug store.

Clarke's Flax Soap makes the skin smooth, soft and white. Price 25 cents

The bleakest landscape in the world brightens into something like beauty when the sun shines upon it. So love, the richer, sweeter light of the soul, makes thy face beautiful.

Prof. Loisette's MEMORY

DISCOVERY AND TRAINING METHOD

In spite of deliberate imitations which miss the essency, and practical results of the Original, in spite of the grossest misrepresentations by envious would-be competitors, and in spite of "base attempts to rob" him of the credit of his discovery, all of which demonstrate the undoubted scientificity and popularity of his teaching, Prof. Loisette's Art of Never Forgetting is recognized throughout the Hemispheres as marking an Epoch in Mental Culture. His Prospectus (sent post free) gives testimonials from all parts of the globe who have acted on his System by correspondence, showing that his system is *used only while being studied, not afterwards*; that any *book can be learned in a single reading*, *mind-wandering cured, &c.* For Prospectus, Terms and Testimonials address
Prof. A. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Avenue, N. Y

Grit is the grain of character. It may generally be described as heroism materialized; spirit and will thrust into the heart, brain and backbone, so as to form parts of the physical substance of the men.

Both in appearance and manner, the Czar has become a Muscovite of the old Cossacktype. He is a colossal figure, being a giant, both in height and girth, quite bald, with a flat nose, an immense sweeping moustache, and a stupendous beard, which flows over his chest.

AUTOMATIC SEWING MACHINE!

Prices reduced. Every family *now* can have the *best* Automatic Sewing Machine in the market at reduced price. For particulars send for our new Illustrated Circular with samples of stitching. Our Illustrated Circular shows every part of the Machine perfectly, and is worth sending for even if you *have* a Machine. Kruse & Murphy Mfg. Co., 455 and 457 West 26th St., N. Y. City.

AT COST!

NO ADVERTISING DODGE.

The balance of our Winter Stock of Clothing and Underwear we will close out

At Cost, for the Next Thirty Days.

to make room for our Spring Goods.

Barrington & Baxter.

Lumber! Lumber!

Are you going to build, or are you needing lumber of any kind? If you do, write to me, as I can make your prices lower than you can buy elsewhere. All kinds of building material always on hand, either rough or dressed. Flooring, weather-boarding, ceiling, moulding, etc.

G. W. RICHARDSON,
jan12 dw6m Cove, N. C.

"La Grippe!"

"Have You Got the Grippe?"

J. F. TAYLOR, THE GROCER,

has the grip on a stock of the Best Goods, Groceries, Meat, Lard, Cheese, Butter, Flour, Coffee, Sugar, Tobacco, etc., ever brought to this market.

He has a grip on these goods, but he will

Let Them Go Quick!

at Very Low Prices. Go to see him Call at once at

J. F. TAYLOR'S,
Wholesale and Retail Grocer,
Middle Street.

P. S.—Our prices are LOW.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

The firm of J. A. Mattocks & Co. is this day dissolved by mutual consent. J. A. Mattocks will assume all liabilities of the late firm and receipt for all accounts due the same. All persons indebted to the firm are earnestly requested to make immediate settlements.

Stella, N. C., Dec. 30, 1889.

J. A. MATTOCKS,
j10 dw1m N. M. HARGET.

SAMUEL JACKSON

Is at his OLD STAND on

South Front Street.

It will pay any Horse Owner to call and see him at once for

Trimming & Shoeing Horses

as he is