

# Read Carefully--Get a Bottle from your Druggist and be Convinced.

## JOHNSTON'S VEGETABLE "NOLANDINE"

The Great Virginia Vegetable Alternative, Blood Purifier and Renovator of the Human System has been used Successfully in the following Diseases, as Certificates will Attest:

**Liver Complaint, Jaundice and Bilious Derangements; In Mercurial Blood Poison, Scrofulous and Eruptive Diseases, Costiveness, Indigestion, Flatulence, Periodical Sick Headache, and Female Complaints.**

### TESTIMONIALS:

#### Derangement of the Liver.

RICHMOND, VA., July, 1885.  
This is to certify that I have known of the superior qualities of JOHNSTON'S VEGETABLE "NOLANDINE" for the past ten years, and during that time, at intervals, have had occasion to use it in person and in my family, and have always found it a sure cure for derangements of the liver and kidneys, indigestion, headache, &c., and a good tonic.

L. C. DAVIS,  
804 North Fifth Street.

#### Kidney Affections.

RICHMOND, VA., July, 1885.  
I have been afflicted with kidney troubles for several years, and have used JOHNSTON'S VEGETABLE "NOLANDINE" with the most successful results. It has cured me of all my troubles, and I feel as well as ever.

WILLIAM DICKINSON,  
Superintendent of Coal Mines.

#### Bilious Derangement.

RICHMOND, VA., May 1885.  
I can heartily recommend JOHNSTON'S VEGETABLE "NOLANDINE" to any one suffering from Liver or Kidney troubles, and bilious derangement of the system. Its prompt and permanent action in my case affords me the most convincing evidence of its efficacy.

CHARLES P. SELDEN,  
Hardware Merchant, with Sinker Sewing Machine Co.

#### Dyspepsia and Catarrh.

RICHMOND, VA., April 19, 1885.  
During the past twelve months I have had frequent opportunities of testing the curative properties of your Vegetable "NOLANDINE" in the following diseases, and in not a single case did it fail to accomplish all the good I claimed for it. Dyspepsia and other Catarrhal affections of the stomach and bowels, catarrh of the bladder, and irregularities of the menstrual system, and all other ailments connected with the digestive system, have all been cured by your Vegetable "NOLANDINE". I have found it very efficacious.

JAS. H. GARLICK, X. D.,  
Proprietor of London's Dental Hall.

#### Malaria.

OFFICE CHEESEBARK AND OILS,  
RAILWAY COMPANY,  
RICHMOND, VA., March 1, 1885.  
I lived on lower James River for eight years in the malarial district. My wife and I were both afflicted with the deadly poison. I exhausted the usual prescribed and domestic remedies without any benefit. I was induced to try JOHNSTON'S VEGETABLE "NOLANDINE". Before using two bottles my liver was restored to its normal condition, and a new opening in the best of health. My wife and children derived the same benefits from "NOLANDINE".

J. A. WYATT.

#### Delicate Females.

121 EAST BROAD ST., RICHMOND, VA.  
I had but little to recommend your Vegetable "NOLANDINE" for the relief of female troubles, but I have used it with the most successful results. It has cured me of all my troubles, and I feel as well as ever.

SARAH ANN KAROCHÉ.

#### Chills and Fever.

321 N. CLAY STREET,  
RICHMOND, VA., April 19, 1885.  
I was afflicted with chills and fever during the fall of last year. I could not get any relief from the usual remedies. I was induced to try JOHNSTON'S VEGETABLE "NOLANDINE". I used it according to directions, and in a few days I was cured. I feel as well as ever.

J. B. DOWDEN,  
Proprietor of London's Dental Hall.

#### Liver Complaint.

OFFICE OF J. W. CALDWELL,  
RICHMOND, VA.  
Dear Sir--For the benefit of persons suffering from Chronic Liver Complaint, I beg leave to call their attention to your Vegetable "NOLANDINE". It is a powerful blood purifier and renovator of the human system, and in this respect it is superior to any medicine I have ever used. The effects of your "NOLANDINE" in my case, has been on the liver and system, entirely free from nauseating and debilitating consequences following the use of other remedies. I feel as well as ever.

J. W. CALDWELL.

#### That Fight

The Original Wins.  
C. F. Simmons, St. Louis, Mo., writes to the U. S. Court Reporter J. J. Quinn, Philadelphia, Pa., dated July 10, 1885.  
I have used your "NOLANDINE" for several years, and have found it a sure cure for all my troubles. It has cured me of all my troubles, and I feel as well as ever.

#### More Eye-Glasses

NO MORE WEAK EYES.  
I have used your "NOLANDINE" for several years, and have found it a sure cure for all my troubles. It has cured me of all my troubles, and I feel as well as ever.

#### Mitchell's Eye-Salve

A Certain, Safe, and Effective Remedy for SORE, WEAK, & INFLAMED EYES.  
I have used your "NOLANDINE" for several years, and have found it a sure cure for all my troubles. It has cured me of all my troubles, and I feel as well as ever.

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE. SIX BOTTLES FOR FIVE DOLLARS. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Manufactured by the **NOLANDINE COMPANY, Richmond, Virginia.**

For sale in New Berne by the following Druggists:

**F. S. Duffy, R. N. Duffy, R. Berry, J. W. Jordan.**

#### THE SONG FOR ME.

J. ENDERSON.  
On a winter night when the fire was bright,  
I asked the maiden to sing to me,  
What she would sing to me there?  
I asked the maiden to sing to me,  
What she would sing to me there?  
She warbled a song of "La Belle France,"  
And a song of Italy,  
Her voice fell clear on my loving ear,  
But there were not the songs for me,  
Her voice fell clear on my loving ear,  
But there were not the songs for me,  
Their accents hung on her "wishing tongue,"  
As I listened dreamily on,  
And I fancied I saw in her eyes,  
Where she was the flower and the sun,  
I fancied I roved in distant climes,  
Where she was the flower and the sun,  
And a lay of Germany,  
But at last she sang me "Home, Sweet Home,"  
But at last she sang me "Home, Sweet Home,"  
And I knew the song for me.

#### A TRIBUTE.

LAVY ADA MACKENZIE.  
Thy magic tones embody all of music's  
trancing power,  
The whither of thy fingers speed with  
"La Belle France,"  
As warbles on the sweetest notes the  
evening zephyrs sing,  
So thy soul interweaves with music's  
echoing,  
Like springs from unseen fountains that  
thy tuneful melody  
With its influence o'er us steal thro' all  
our inner springs,  
Thy voice doth rise in bird-like notes,  
The sweet joy brings  
Ascending higher with each pause as  
wings of holy prayer,  
When near thy home of sweet repose  
thou dost sing,  
Enraptured by the soulful strain that's  
breathed in your song,  
We feel its influence o'er us steal thro' all  
our inner springs,  
Thy heart and soul grow tremulous with  
the sweet joy brings  
Fair Euterpe of seraphic scope, divinely  
gifts are thine,  
May inspiration's muses still thy laurels  
And may thy happy lot be crowned by  
every earthly bliss  
As joy as thy own sweet notes of  
marvelous tenderness.

#### Abandoned Not Saved.

The following pathetic fox story comes from England:  
A fox was fairly hallooed from a hiding place, amidst a ledge of rocks, high, secure, and inaccessible, yet, withal, conveniently enough situated for those nightly forays by which she had laid half the hen roosts in the district under repeated contribution. As the hounds were at hand, the fox bounded away through the bushes, distancing her pursuers in the first instance, and holding out the promise of a day's excellent sport. The exertions, however, were too violent to be long continued, and the hunters knew, from the increased yelling of the pack, that she was gaining upon the enemy every moment. At this juncture a gentleman who rode foremost in the chase observed the animal pause, look around, and then bounded away, apparently with fresh vigor and increased speed. He followed by this circumstance, he rode up to the spot, and there found a very young cub, which the affectionate mother had carried at least two miles in her teeth, and which she did not abandon till the very last extremity. Situated as they were, the party had no means of restoring the cub, but, as a reward for the delivery of the mother, the whipper-in was immediately ordered to call off the dogs and recommence the sports of the day in a totally different quarter.

#### THE BURNING OF CAMERON KEEL.

ERNEST WHITELEY.  
O men! the greenwood in summer's  
sweet day,  
When the Cameron hunters last rode  
down the dale!  
O dreary his death, homeless, ashen and  
bleak,  
When from his last hunting came the  
Cameron keel!  
To his cousin came Archibald, riding like  
a hawk,  
"The Lowlanders come, and are seeking  
thy sire!"  
"Alas!" cried fair Mary, "his gone to  
his grave!"  
"Go seek him by Errowood!" He turned  
his head,  
"I must borrow your best one,"  
The hunt has them all!  
Not a parker's left left left left!  
"And my father's! my father's have two  
dred and more!"  
And the wood where they hunt is so far  
from here,  
It will keep call a week ere they bring  
back the deer.  
"But our walls are so strong that a man  
and a servant  
With a meadow may laugh at a  
Lowlander's raid;  
And I will give my own page to my father  
to tell him  
To tell him--himself and the quarry in  
sight!"  
They mastered the servants; they numbered  
and sold  
Three and a half score, with the young  
and the old.  
There were eggs to be fended, nine who  
could not  
But of these four could only a woman's  
bow bend.  
The first day the foe fought with arrows  
and the  
The next day the foe fought with fire,  
and the  
The third day they fought with ram-  
ladders and ax;  
The fourth day they fought but the trees  
at their backs.  
The first day the foe lost a score of good  
men;  
The next day the foe lost of brave foot-  
men ten;  
The third day their leaders fell dead by  
the gate;  
The fourth day all led in vengeance and  
hate.  
There was joy like the victors for those  
in the wall,  
But Archibald: "Now do I fear most  
of all."  
For they dragged up whole pine-trees as  
fill the stone walls were all overleaped  
by the wood.  
The foe toiled all the day, and they  
held on bravely,  
And they toiled all the next day, till  
hidden from sight,  
When a sudden guess a fortress lay  
under the heap.  
Then the fire made a coal-pit of Cameron  
Keel.  
But a wind came and smote like the  
vengeance of God!  
Through the forest like hell-troops the  
Lowlanders fled through a furnace  
of wrath,  
Till the body smoldered, a coal in  
the path.  
O long on the border has cruelly dwelt,  
And sharp the pain given, and keen the  
pain given,  
But alas for the torment in Cameron  
Keel!  
And the name of the beds--where the  
Lowlanders sleep!  
You just bring a couple of little  
quarrels into your family and they'll  
breed like sparrows.

#### Kill the Cotton and Tobacco Moths.

The cotton caterpillar, boll worm, and tobacco together cost the farmers of the South over \$60,000,000 annually. These three pests are the larval form of three species of moths which are most destructive during the day and fly during the early hours of the night and again very early in the morning. They may be caught in lantern traps or poisoned by baits, and this may be prevented from laying the eggs which produce the worms. These moths are very fond of sweets. A bait made up of one quart of molasses, one quart of vinegar and a tablespoonful of Paris green, white arsenic, to which a gill of whiskey may be added, will make good bait. Place a portion of the bait in a shallow pan or dish and place floating on the liquid a few strips of wood. The moths will alight on the strips and sip the liquid. The pans containing the liquid may be placed on stakes through the field--one dish for every 3 or 4 acres will be sufficient. A simple lantern trap made by sitting a torch lamp in a pan containing some water on which is a layer of kerosene will attract and destroy many moths. Light the torch at dark and keep burning three or four hours from June to last of August as long as moths are seen.

#### The Black Rot in grapes is here in North Carolina.

and it behooves grape growers to be on the alert to stop its ravages. From what I see of it this spring I am of the opinion that this fungus will never be as destructive here as it has been in the mountains of Virginia and elsewhere. This is owing to the fact that the weather here does not come here about the time it begins to develop. I have seen marks of it on a few vines, but in every instance this year the vegetative portion of the leaf has been checked before making spores and unless very wet weather comes it is probable that the fruit will not be attacked. Only one or two vines at the N. C. Agricultural Experiment Station have been attacked, and no effort has been made to check it as the design is to study this season its progress. It is now well known that in the Bordeaux Mixture and Eau Celeste we have the means for checking it. Directions for these mixtures will be found in the Annual Report of the Station.--W. F. Massey, Horticulturist.

#### What Cured Minnie.

Minnie was a pretty girl, but she was out of temper. She would sit for a long time and make up the most ugly faces as any one who did not please her.

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To his cousin came Archibald, riding like  
a hawk,  
"The Lowlanders come, and are seeking  
thy sire!"  
"Alas!" cried fair Mary, "his gone to  
his grave!"  
"Go seek him by Errowood!" He turned  
his head,  
"I must borrow your best one,"  
The hunt has them all!  
Not a parker's left left left left!  
"And my father's! my father's have two  
dred and more!"  
And the wood where they hunt is so far  
from here,  
It will keep call a week ere they bring  
back the deer.  
"But our walls are so strong that a man  
and a servant  
With a meadow may laugh at a  
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And I will give my own page to my father  
to tell him  
To tell him--himself and the quarry in  
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They mastered the servants; they numbered  
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Three and a half score, with the young  
and the old.  
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The fourth day they fought but the trees  
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Till the body smoldered, a coal in  
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And sharp the pain given, and keen the  
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But alas for the torment in Cameron  
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And the name of the beds--where the  
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You just bring a couple of little  
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Then the fire made a coal-pit of Cameron  
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But a wind came and smote like the  
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Through the forest like hell-troops the  
Lowlanders fled through a furnace  
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Till the body smoldered, a coal in  
the path.  
O long on the border has cruelly dwelt,  
And sharp the pain given, and keen the  
pain given,  
But alas for the torment in Cameron  
Keel!  
And the name of the beds--where the  
Lowlanders sleep!  
You just bring a couple of little  
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#### THE BURNING OF CAMERON KEEL.

ERNEST WHITELEY.  
O men! the greenwood in summer's  
sweet day,  
When the Cameron hunters last rode  
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O dreary his death, homeless, ashen and  
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When from his last hunting came the  
Cameron keel!  
To his cousin came Archibald, riding like  
a hawk,  
"The Lowlanders come, and are seeking  
thy sire!"  
"Alas!" cried fair Mary, "his gone to  
his grave!"  
"Go seek him by Errowood!" He turned  
his head,  
"I must borrow your best one,"  
The hunt has them all!  
Not a parker's left left left left!  
"And my father's! my father's have two  
dred and more!"  
And the wood where they hunt is so far  
from here,  
It will keep call a week ere they bring  
back the deer.  
"But our walls are so strong that a man  
and a servant  
With a meadow may laugh at a  
Lowlander's raid;  
And I will give my own page to my father  
to tell him  
To tell him--himself and the quarry in  
sight!"  
They mastered the servants; they numbered  
and sold  
Three and a half score, with the young  
and the old.  
There were eggs to be fended, nine who  
could not  
But of these four could only a woman's  
bow bend.  
The first day the foe fought with arrows  
and the  
The next day the foe fought with fire,  
and the  
The third day they fought with ram-  
ladders and ax;  
The fourth day they fought but the trees  
at their backs.  
The first day the foe lost a score of good  
men;  
The next day the foe lost of brave foot-  
men ten;  
The third day their leaders fell dead by  
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