

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Two counterfeits have been arrested at Shelby, in this State. COL. POLK has been re-elected President of the National Alliance.

So far as the McDougal trial has progressed the testimony is very damaging to the defendant. THE Richmond Dispatch wants the South to pension Mrs. Jefferson Davis and urges it editorially.

THE Presbyterian Orphanage at Barren Springs, N. C., was destroyed by fire Friday afternoon. INFLUENZA has reappeared in many places in the southern part of France, and the disease is of a very severe type.

GOVERNOR JACKSON, of Maryland, has appointed Charles H. Gibson to be United States Senator vice Senator Wilson, deceased. ARRANGEMENTS have been perfected for four ocean steamship lines between Newport News, Virginia, and London and Liverpool.

MRS. DIAZ, wife of the President of Mexico, will probably be chosen leader of the women of Mexico who will take part in the Columbian Exposition. THE Post says: The third party is thoroughly organized. If it only had the money and the votes it might out quite a figure in the next campaign.

VICE-PRESIDENT Levi P. Morton signed his first dollar as a clerk in a village dry goods store at Shoreham, N. H. Hence the name of his well known hotel. EX-PRESIDENT Cleveland's letter of congratulation to Gov. Bates appears to be a hint that the latter will be an acceptable running mate. There is nothing equivocal about either of these men.

AN Indianapolis paper says: It may be Cleveland and Gray or Gray and some New Yorker. Indiana and New York will be the battle ground, and will furnish the Presidential ticket. THE anti-sub-treasury men were ruled out of the Alliance Convention at Indianapolis. They have issued a call for a National Convention of anti-sub-treasury Alliance men at Memphis in December.

THE Boston Daily Globe nominates William Brewster Russell, of Massachusetts, for the presidency, and affirms that he can carry Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. With the sixty-seven electoral votes of these States, and the one hundred and fifty-nine of the South, he would have three more than the number required to elect. No doubt Mr. Russell would make a good president, but he is young—he will not be 35 till January 6, 1892—and can wait till 1896 or even 1900.

WORKMEN are engaged in tearing down John Brown's fort at Harper's Ferry. One of the contractors stated that a stock company of Chicago capitalists had purchased the fort and everything both inside and out will be sent to Chicago. The building will be re-constructed on the World's Fair grounds.

IN his remarks before the mining congress at Denver Nov. 19, Senator Walcott said that he wanted to be understood that in the future, as in the past, no difference what his position with the Republican party or its Chief Executive might bring him into disfavor in the councils of the party in the Senate, or no difference how much it would obscure the sunlight of Presidential patronage from shining upon him, he would be found fighting to the end of his official and public life for the restoration of silver into its former place and for its free and unrestricted coinage and recognition as a money metal.

THE next battle for the Presidency will be fought on the issue of Tariff Reform, no matter what candidates may be in the field. Nothing can be accomplished in the way of legislation before the election of 1892 that will shift the battle to other issues. As the Democrats are in control of the House of Representatives, it will be in their power to make the position of their opponents more intolerable by the passage of a bill to put wool, iron ore, coal, salt, lumber, fax, hemp, and cotton free on the free list, and repealing that clause of the McKinley act which empowers the President to reimpose duties on sugar, molasses, coffee, tea and hides in certain contingencies of which he is to be judge.—Phil Record.

THE paragraph below from a New York letter makes disclosures regarding the healthy financial condition of the South which are highly gratifying. The writer says: "Bank officers report that the South has taken much less money than usual at this time, and shipments to that quarter have practically ceased. An unusual feature is that the Southern interest borrowing money have paid off their loans and materially reduced their debts to institutions, which is almost unprecedented at this season of the year. The West is taking very little—so little, in fact, as not to be a factor in the monetary situation, and the outlook is generally for a long period of easy money. Pay out of debt and then keep out."

TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

"Better late than never" is a good adage, but it is safer to be on time. Taking time by the forelock is an evidence of genius, and some times it carries with it indubitable proof of wisdom.

The Alliance council at Indianapolis has taken time by the forelock. For months the February meeting has been looked to as the inauguration period of the Third Party, and it advocates would not wait the allotted period. The saying of a countryman, "Change the situation and you change your mind," has taken its place among the world's maxims, and no resolution, edict or decree is superior to it. The conditions that it was supposed would exist at the time of the February meeting, met during the session of the council at Indianapolis. Then why delay action? Why not take time by the forelock and become masters of the situation? This was the question that suggested itself to Alliance leaders at Indianapolis, and they answered it according to the dictates of wisdom.

As a result, the coalition has been formed, the confederation established, and the allied armies put upon the field under the banner of the People's Party.

We cannot publish, in extenso, the proceedings of a secret order, nor can we give the minutiae by which they were brought about. All that we now know is that the Alliance and the F. M. B. A., have come to terms with the Executive Committee of the People's Party, and Cattiline is their leader.

It is now in order for Democrats to take time by the forelock and swear allegiance to the American Democracy. Livingstone, of Georgia set a splendid example when, in reply to the resolution offered in the Indianapolis council instructing Alliance Congressmen to vote for an Alliance Speaker, he said: "I was elected as a Democrat, and I shall vote for the nominee of the Democratic party." Alexander, Branch, Grady and Williams occupy the same position that Livingstone does, and with Livingstone they will stand by the Democratic party.

The people of North Carolina should take time by the forelock and not wait for the meeting of the national conventions and the nomination of Presidential candidates. The late elections showed exactly the purpose and result of the People's Party. It defeated Campbell and elected McKinley in Ohio, and wherever it has been inaugurated is seen the trail of the serpent. It is extended to cut into the Democracy and lift high the conquering banner of the Republicans. It is the precursor of force bills, and the inevitable prelude to the humiliation of the South, the overthrow of local self government and the inauguration of corruption, savagery, and vassalage.

Democrats organize, not alone for party triumph, but for the preservation of constitutional liberty and Christian civilization.

DO NOT TRY IT. The Washington Post, always able and conservative, raises its voice against the revival of Mr. Hoar's national elections bill, commonly known as the Force bill. It says: "It would be though incredible, after the events of the last Congress and the lesson of the last national election, that any one would be foolish enough to offer such a proposition; but, incredible though it be, the fact remains. There are actually a number of politicians in this country who still believe that Mr. Hoar's bill was a wise and patriotic measure, and that the health and happiness of the Union would be promoted by its resurrection."

While it is admitted that the lessons of the Billion Congress have been well learned by the people, it cannot be denied that the advocates of the Force bill are deriving encouragement from the late elections, and that they will receive additional encouragement from the action of the Alliance council at Indianapolis.

The elections show that the People's Party cut into the Democratic party and secured the election of McKinley in Ohio. The late council at Indianapolis prepared the way for the coalition by which the People's Party is to be perpetuated and made a factor in the next Presidential election.

Intelligent Republicans see what the result will be. They understand the Napoleonic policy of first dividing and then conquering an enemy. The Democracy divided, and the triumph of the Republican party will be followed by force bills, and all manner of legislation oppressive of the South and destructive of local self government.

If there is any patriot who because of his affection for any order, or the oppression that afflict agriculturalists, is thinking of abandoning the Democratic party let him be admonished by the logic of facts and "nail his colors to the mast."

The Republicans although defeated have not surrendered. With devilish ingenuity they are ready to take advantage of any weak point in the Democratic line and press the South to the wall.

Democracy is no experiment. It is the cornerstone of our fabric of government. Without it the Republic is a failure, and all we know or dream of despotism is the portion of our people. It is the promoter of national and individual wealth, the guardian of our honor and the protector of our homes.

Cheerish the Alliance, make it the minister of agricultural progress, social order and domestic happiness.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Thanksgiving Day! It is a day of memories. It surveys twelve months of busy life and recalls the mercies of our God as they have shone out like stars in the canopy of night.

Contemplating the Great Creator and the works of his hands, the Psalmist exclaims, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him and the son of man that Thou visitest him."

We are creatures of His hand and we should render to Him joyful thanksgiving for life: for these bodies of ours and the souls that inhabit them. The eye takes in all that is beautiful, the ear is charmed with the melody of music, and over the soul floats waves of pleasure and happiness that an angel might envy. Life is a mystery that we may not explore, but it is a glorious mystery, spanning Time and Eternity. What a world is this we live in! Fit home of the sons of God. Every day and hour should be replete with joy and praise because of this magnificent temple whose foundation is the everlasting hills and whose dome is the starry firmament.

This is a national thanksgiving day, and we look over our broad expanse of States and Territories, we see fields waving with golden harvests. Never were the food crops of the United States so abundant, never were our vines and our orchards so laden with delicious fruits. Thanks be unto our God, that America has food and to spare, and that the famine stricken peasantry of Russia may eat of our bread and receive strength and courage in their struggles for a higher and better life.

With heart and voice let us render thanks for our civil and religious liberty. Civil commotions have come and past. The ebb and flow of popular emotion has beat upon this impregnable fortress, but, towering above the waves and the tempest, it stands the citadel of our strength and monument of our glory.

But thanksgiving day has a nearer and dearer significance. It is a voice sounding over hill and dell, States and continents, saying, "Come Home! Father and mother stand at the gate and listen, then brothers and sisters shout in chorus, they are coming! The curtain drops, for those long parted have met."

We need not tell of the dinner, and recitals of family incidents, for they are sacred.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive." Who can tell the joy that thrills the soul as one of life's unfortunates looks up through tears and says, God bless you! Oh! I had rather give a cup of cold water to one of these little ones than wear a monarch's crown.

ELSEWHERE in this issue of the JOURNAL is a letter from Mr. J. B. Banks, Sr. of Jones county, to which we ask special attention. Mr. Banks is one of the largest farmers in this section of the State, and we believe he represents the sentiments of his people in refusing to follow Col. Polk into the Third party, and declaring a preference for Mr. Cleveland as the Democratic nominee for President. Mr. Banks says he is "heartily tired of seeing the Farmer's Alliance, a non-political organization, misrepresented."

THANKSGIVING—Planting Cabbages and Sowing Wheat—A "Paymell" Recollection—Death of Mr. R. H. R. H.

The leaves have lost their green and gold.

The proud grocer has succumbed to the stress of Thanksgiving.

Owing to sickness Rev. A. R. McArn did not fill an appointment here last Sunday.

There will be a union thanksgiving service at the Baptist church Thursday. All the invited.

Our truckers are having fine weather for planting out cabbages, warm and showery. We learn that a good many are engaged in the cabbage line this season.

The festival given by the ladies of the M. P. church last Friday evening was a success financially, and one or two others. Some fish buyers were buying little mullets at 35c per hundred.

Playing marbles by old and young is the most sport there now. Coon hunting by the boys and ducking is part of the fun too, sometime one out and trees a coon in a hollow tree, goes home for his axe and before he gets back, another has slipped there ahead of him and he has the coon then gone long—so it is.

A former Lament the Poor Returns From Cotton.

EDITOR JOURNAL—The cotton crop is nearly all housed in many of the counties of this State, and if any man has been benefited by making it if he so let him now speak or forever hereafter hold his peace.

In my section they are bankrupts and they are crying out for help. I have seen their condition in the cotton belt, the New South, will be deplorable. Let them no longer be charged with shiftlessness and idleness, but let them be charged with the wrong crop. All work and no pay makes industry and skill, dull boys, to wear the plebeian lineage betrayed by the crooked dealer who profits by making products below the cost of production—hence hard living.

The poor cotton men may appropriate Colveridge's beautiful words: "Blessed is he who has found his work." We leave the thought to sages and philanthropists.

A faded gown may be colored, a beautiful and natural brown or black, at will, by using Buckhams' Dye for the Whites.

TRENTON, N. C.

Dear, Wild Turkeys—Gards—Preaching—Onslow Railroad—New School Building.

The Pamlico correspondent is informed that Jones county, is the paradise of hunters. Game of all kinds is abundant. Of this section is very plentiful, Deer abound in our woods in droves. It is not an uncommon occurrence to hear of a well grown buck being captured by a boy or man. One day by a light wood knot, two fine ones have been captured in this manner within a mile of my home.

The wild turkeys have been in Trenton to roost. We learn that at 4 o'clock on Tuesday, Mrs. Job L. Kinsey's yard last week, Mrs. G. E. Andrews killed two of them.

Our friend, the Onslow Itemizer, has seen the gourd many to the acre. Our friend don't tell whether these gourds were long, short or crooked, handled good or bad, but you may have more gourds to the acre than Jones has about this time but Jones can show more good straight and crooked handled gourds than I can show. My friend Onslow the precise length of these gourd handles for fear that some JOURNAL reader might doubt his veracity I am going to send him a second Sunday school to plant in his gourd ground. Now if you desire long straight handles train the vine to a tree if crooked is desired let the vine run on the ground and when the gourds are ready to harvest, they will certainly see a real spring curiosity.

We now having preaching three Sundays every month at Friendship meeting house near Trenton. Rev. G. W. Harrison Free Will Baptist on the first and third Sabbath, Rev. Vernon Missionary Baptist on the first and Rev. L. W. Gilliam Methodist on the fourth. All have fair congregations. We now have a second Sunday school by a Disciple Minister as there are several members around here.

The Wilmington and New Berne Railroad is certainly progressing very slowly, we expected to hear news and when the iron horse long before this time.

What has become of the annual fruit agents? We have not seen one this year.

Mr. S. Barker has moved his goods in his new store preparatory for the winter trade.

The High School building is being raised at Trenton.

No marriages to report this week ladies and gentlemen you must hurry as we need such items to make my items a little interesting.

Trenton has a large crowd to-day, Saturday.

NEW RIVER AND ONSLOW COUNTY. The Garden Spot and What Makes It So—Farming—Trucking—Trading and Hunting.

I believe now, that New river is the garden spot of Onslow county, and why? Because in its waters grow the best oysters and are caught the best fish, and on its shores are some of the best lands for farming in all styles, timber and fruit, and the best facilities for manure, and it is healthy. The lands are adapted to cotton, corn, peas, potatoes, both kinds, and all other crops, and the water is so good that it is hardly surpassed as the frosts and cold are more temperate there than any where in the county, and perhaps in the State.

And the best part of it is, that it is so near the water, that you can run up and down the river every day connecting with the W. O. and E. C. R. B. at Jacksonville, from the mouth of the river and all along its banks, and in many places, you can get a good haul of oysters, and a fine catch of fish, clams, lumber, cotton and anything else.

We have excellent lands for trucking. We say trucking, because that is the thing now, cotton and other crops, and the water is so good that it is hardly surpassed as the frosts and cold are more temperate there than any where in the county, and perhaps in the State.

And the best part of it is, that it is so near the water, that you can run up and down the river every day connecting with the W. O. and E. C. R. B. at Jacksonville, from the mouth of the river and all along its banks, and in many places, you can get a good haul of oysters, and a fine catch of fish, clams, lumber, cotton and anything else.

We have excellent lands for trucking. We say trucking, because that is the thing now, cotton and other crops, and the water is so good that it is hardly surpassed as the frosts and cold are more temperate there than any where in the county, and perhaps in the State.

And the best part of it is, that it is so near the water, that you can run up and down the river every day connecting with the W. O. and E. C. R. B. at Jacksonville, from the mouth of the river and all along its banks, and in many places, you can get a good haul of oysters, and a fine catch of fish, clams, lumber, cotton and anything else.

We have excellent lands for trucking. We say trucking, because that is the thing now, cotton and other crops, and the water is so good that it is hardly surpassed as the frosts and cold are more temperate there than any where in the county, and perhaps in the State.

And the best part of it is, that it is so near the water, that you can run up and down the river every day connecting with the W. O. and E. C. R. B. at Jacksonville, from the mouth of the river and all along its banks, and in many places, you can get a good haul of oysters, and a fine catch of fish, clams, lumber, cotton and anything else.

We have excellent lands for trucking. We say trucking, because that is the thing now, cotton and other crops, and the water is so good that it is hardly surpassed as the frosts and cold are more temperate there than any where in the county, and perhaps in the State.

And the best part of it is, that it is so near the water, that you can run up and down the river every day connecting with the W. O. and E. C. R. B. at Jacksonville, from the mouth of the river and all along its banks, and in many places, you can get a good haul of oysters, and a fine catch of fish, clams, lumber, cotton and anything else.

HAPPINESS.

"Thou shalt be happy!" So I told my heart One summer morning many a year ago.

"Thou shalt be happy; thou shalt have thy share Of mirth and feasting in the great world's show; Thou shalt have health and wealth, high fame and praise; Thy place shall be with those who sit above; Thou shalt have sunshine on the fairest days; And, best of all, my heart, thou shalt have love."

Thus, on the morning of my days, I spoke Unto my heart, and gladly it replied: "The world's all before us; we can make Joy for ourselves, a never-ending feast; So we set out, my heart and I, in mirth, To seek for happiness—upon the earth. God gave us health and wealth and we are thus, for a season, waiting joys to come; God gave us fame and praise; a little while we were, my heart and I, amid the Of love's leading us, till one, more dear Than the rest, spoke gentle words and sweet. Then we grew jubilant with right good cheer; And happiness came on with flying feet. Drear, near—but passed. Alas! my heart and I. We could not hold the radiant wondrous feast; One rose-cup of berries in feasting by Was ours—one precious look—the first, the last. She will return, we said, with love's new birth; There must be happiness for us on earth. We lost fair health, my heart and I, and fell. Soe sick were sorrowful, found dreary ways; We lost our wealth, and none drew near to tell. Of comfort waiting us in better days, But where is happiness? Alack! we fled. She has not come to beckon as we wait; We have no magic spell wherewith to bind. The bright spirit vanished to earth. We missed The royal road to happiness; but lo! Something is saved us from the wreck of all; We have content, though doubtful great and small. And peace entitles our crosses great and small. We lose our hearts and I, the world's true worth. And seek for happiness; but none can give it.—All the Year Round.

Not a Slave to Her Children. A lady visited a pleasant home where there were two daughters; aged sixteen and eighteen, respectively. There was no servant in this house, yet the mother had plenty of time to chat with her guests; she did not rise till breakfast was ready, and in fact, seemed seldom to visit the kitchen, or trouble about the meals, while every thing came up as the table in good order. Both of the young ladies were educated, could play the piano well, and were, as the term goes, "accomplished."

The guest, marveling a little at the neat management of the household, one day questioned the hostess.

"My friend," said the latter, "if a mother wishes to be a slave to her children, and still wish to save them from work, they will think nothing of it, because all young people are thoughtless. They would be horrified if they knew that their mother was working herself into the grave for them; they simply do not think. But train them up to work, and they will think nothing of it; they will accept their share of labor as a matter of course."

A mother who saves herself for her children, is a great deal kinder to them than one who kills herself for them. You can afford to keep a servant, but I think the house is pleasant without one. Besides, I want the girls to learn how to work; they may be obliged to some day. I waited on them while they were small, and now they are very willing to wait on me."—Selected.

Late Tomatoes. The season of tomatoes can be materially protracted by plowing or spading up a piece of ground upon the approach of frost, and after smoothing it down nicely, pulling up the vines loaded with green or partly-ripe fruit and spreading them over the ground about a foot in depth. If these are covered with straw mats or loosestraw to protect against freezing, uncoversing them in the spring, the fruit from the earth will ripen the fruit as perfectly as did the sun in September. A truck farmer on Long Island tried the experiment last year, with the result that he made more money from what ripened in that way than from all he had previously sold. His last picking sold readily at \$2.50 per basket, showing that with tomatoes, as well as many other kinds of vegetables, late crops are often more profitable than early ones for farmers living near good markets.

Inferior Goods. The only safe way for purchasers is to insist on having the genuine article, and not allow themselves to be swindled by having plaster said to be "just as good," or containing superior ingredients imposed on them. These are only tricks to sell inferior goods that more compare with ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER than copper does with gold. One trial of ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER will convince the most skeptical of their merits.

The eminent Henry A. Motz, Jr., Ph. D., F. C. S., late Government Chemist, certifies: "My investigation of ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER shows it to contain valuable and essential ingredients not found in any other plaster, and I find it superior to and more efficient than any other plaster."

Ask for ALCOCK'S, and let no solicitation, or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

The early bird gets the worm, but the early worm has a deuced hard time of it. Early rising isn't always what it is cracked up to be.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint. It is not worth the small price of 75c. to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you do not use the only medicine that gives a think so called guarantee, and get a bottle of Shole's Vitalizer, every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use it until you are cured. Sold by New Berne Drug Co.

If you have a place of business be found there when wanted?

Scrofula is one of the most fatal among the scourges which afflict mankind. Chronic sores, cancerous humors, emaciation, and consumption are the results of scrofula. Ayer's Sarsaparilla eradicates this poison, and restores to the blood, the elements of life and health.

TROT, MY GOOD STEED, TROT.

Where my true love abideth I make my way tonight— Lo, waiting, the Epiphany. And call him in delight: "Come treading with my dear— Oh, his not, good steed, but trot Trot from my lover here!"

Alcock I cast the bride And ply the whip and spur, And say I Speed this reply: While faring on to her; "Oh, true love, fear thou not— I will not weary thee, And double fed be yours, my steed. If you more swiftly trot?"

I vault from out the saddle And make my good steed fast: Then to my breast My love is pressed— At last, true heart's last! The garden drawing lies. The stars fold down their eyes— In his dear spot, my steed, myigh not, Nor stamp in restless wise!"

Oh, passing sweet communion! Oh, young heart, warm and true! The old, old songs Love finds forever new! We sing these songs, and then Commemorate the moment when It's "Good steed, trot from this dear Trot, trot me home again!"

RICHMOND, N. C. Good Sabbath School—Day School— Farewell Sermon—Beautiful Marriage.

ED. JOURNAL—Will you admit into the columns of your excellent paper a few items from Richlands?

The stillness of a tired babe lulled to sleep in the caressing folds of its mother's arms, does not overmatch the quiet that prevails around this lovely little village. A sudden yelp from an awakening dog would startle the fallen leaves and set them to rattling.

We have an interesting Sunday school under the superintendency of Dr. J. B. Nicholson. Perfect harmony of feeling and action pervades the entire body of old and young, the most cheerful on each bright Sabbath morning.

Concern also for the day school is manifesting itself freely. New pupils are being enrolled, and there is much promise of continued increase in numbers.

Rev. Mr. Forbes preached his farewell sermon here on last Tuesday night to a large and attentive congregation. He has made an abiding impression on the people, and many a heart has heaved a sigh at the thought of his departure from among us.

A most beautiful marriage took place in the Methodist church on Wednesday morning last. Mr. Lee Franklin and Miss Annie Mills composed the happy pair. After greeting and congratulations from many well wishing friends the newly wedded couple set out for Raleigh, where they will be spending a part of the honeymoon.

We would not wish them to find all roses and never a thorn while they travel the rugged pathway of the life together; but, since they have launched upon life and its treacherous sea, may they steer clear of breakers till their little bark be safely moored to the other bank.

A NEW VEGETABLE. Something Like a Potato and About as Good.

A new vegetable is about to be introduced to the people of the United States through the Department of Agriculture. It is nothing new nor less, says the Washington correspondent of the "Globe," Democrat, than the root of the calla lily, which is a vegetable somewhat in appearance the ordinary Irish tuber, with the addition of a few whiskers that have nothing to do with the taste or with the qualities of the vegetable as an agent. However, it is more elongated, and when cut the interior is a trifle more vivid. But a section of it is so potato like that you would not be likely to distinguish any difference in cooking. It has first to be boiled in order to destroy certain acid properties, after which it may be fried, roasted, baked, or what not, according to the fancy.

Barren Springs have begun to raise these calla roots for market. The plants grow readily in swamps, and so thickly that the yield of a single hooded acre is enormous. They require little manure, but the multiplication of their buds under ground, so that the grower has simply to dig up the offshoots and leave the parents to propagate anew.

For centuries the Egyptians have cultivated a similar crop during the seasons of the Nile's overflow, and at the present time calla lily tubers are being raised in some of the Japanese markets. So prolific and palatable are they that their propagation in the many parts of the United States, where conditions are favorable, may safely be looked forward to as an agricultural industry of the future. Industrial Journal.

How to Drink Milk. Some complain, says a contemporary, that they cannot drink milk without being "distressed by it." The most common reason why milk is not well borne is due to the fact that people drink it too quickly. If a glass of it is swallowed hastily, it enters the stomach and then forms in one solid, corded mass, difficult of digestion.

If, on the other hand, the same quantity is sipped, and three minutes at least are occupied in drinking it, then on reaching the stomach it is so divided that when coagulated as it must be by the gastric juice, while digestion is going on, instead of being in one hard, condensed mass upon the outside of which only the thin film of mucus is to be seen, it is more in the form of a sponge, and in and out of the entire bulk the gastric juice can play freely and perform its functions.

We have a speedy and positive cure for ophthalmia, diphtheria, cancer mouth and all the eye troubles. It is called REMEDY. A nasal injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and relief. Price 50c. Sold by New Berne Drug Co.

The less a man who won't pay his debts prays in church the better.

For speedy relief and cure in cases of bronchitis, take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It controls the cough and induces sleep.

A western man says this is a "rough world" and it is his opinion that very few who are in it now will ever get out alive.

To give heartfelt praise to noble actions is, in some measure, making them our own.

GENERAL.

Where my true love abideth I make my way tonight— Lo, waiting, the Epiphany. And call him in delight: "Come treading with my dear— Oh, his not, good steed, but trot Trot from my lover here!"

Alcock I cast the bride And ply the whip and spur, And say I Speed this reply: While faring on to her; "Oh, true love, fear thou not— I will not weary thee, And double fed be yours, my steed. If you more swiftly trot?"

I vault from out the saddle And make my good steed fast: Then to my breast My love is pressed— At last, true heart's last! The garden drawing lies. The stars fold down their eyes— In his dear spot, my steed, myigh not, Nor stamp in restless wise!"

Oh, passing sweet communion! Oh, young heart, warm and true! The old, old songs Love finds forever new! We sing these songs, and then Commemorate the moment when It's "Good steed, trot from this dear Trot, trot me home again!"

RICHMOND, N. C. Good Sabbath School—Day School— Farewell Sermon—Beautiful Marriage.

ED. JOURNAL—Will you admit into the columns of your excellent paper a few items from Richlands?

The stillness of a tired babe lulled to sleep in the caressing folds of its mother's arms, does not overmatch the quiet that prevails around this lovely little village. A sudden yelp from an awakening dog would startle the fallen leaves and set them to rattling.

We have an interesting Sunday school under the superintendency of Dr. J. B. Nicholson. Perfect harmony of feeling and action pervades the entire body of old and young, the most cheerful on each bright Sabbath morning.

Concern also for the day school is manifesting itself freely. New pupils are being enrolled, and there is much promise of continued increase in numbers.

Rev. Mr. Forbes preached his farewell sermon here on last Tuesday night to a large and attentive congregation. He has made an abiding impression on the people, and many a heart has heaved a sigh at the thought of his departure from among us.

A most beautiful marriage took place in the Methodist church on Wednesday morning last. Mr. Lee Franklin and Miss Annie Mills composed the happy pair. After greeting and congratulations from many well wishing friends the newly wedded couple set out for Raleigh, where they will be spending a part of the honeymoon.

We would not wish them to find all roses and never a thorn while they travel the rugged pathway of the life together; but, since they have launched upon life and its treacherous sea, may they steer clear of breakers till their little bark be safely moored to the other bank.

A NEW VEGETABLE. Something Like a Potato and About as Good.

A new vegetable is about to be introduced to the people of the United States through the Department of Agriculture. It is nothing new nor less, says the Washington correspondent of the "Globe," Democrat, than the root of the calla lily, which is a vegetable somewhat in appearance the ordinary Irish tuber, with the addition of a few whiskers that have nothing to do with the taste or with the qualities of the vegetable as an agent. However, it is more elongated, and when cut the interior is a trifle more vivid. But a section of it is so potato like that you would not be likely to distinguish any difference in cooking. It has first to be boiled in order to destroy certain acid properties, after which it may be fried, roasted, baked, or what not, according to the fancy.

Barren Springs have begun to raise these calla roots for market. The plants grow readily in swamps, and so thickly that the yield of a single hooded acre is enormous. They require little manure, but the multiplication of their buds under ground, so that the grower has simply to dig up the offshoots and leave the parents to propagate anew.

For centuries the Egyptians have cultivated a similar crop during the seasons of the Nile's overflow, and at the present time calla lily tubers are being raised in some of the Japanese markets. So prolific and palatable are they that their propagation in the many parts of the United States, where conditions are favorable, may safely be looked forward to as an agricultural industry of the future. Industrial Journal.