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MY SHIP.

"My ship, Great God, it is sinking
Are the words from a sailor on deck,
"And the sea-brine I shall shortly be drinking
When the mad waves have washed me from wreck.
There are loved ones over yonder who are waiting
In old Europe, the land that I love,
But no more, never more, shall I see them
Till I'm taken up home far above
"Oh moments are sweet at sun-set,
For alas, ere long, it is night.
Though the darkness will soon have been vanished
And the sun freely gives us his light.
But an hour and the pride of my lifetime,
Will be sunken and lost from all view
And the fact it will always be hidden—
Sure no man can ever construe.
Death awaits me I know for I see him
He's ugly, and meagre, and thin
But I'll yield to his icy cold fingers.
For slowly yet surely he'll win
Oh, the dear ones are waiting unconscious,
Of the fury which around me does lie
Dear mother, dear father, dear sister,
Farewell I'm going on high.
The moon-light will play on the waters
Under which I'm buried so deep,
And the tears of a mother and sister
Will trickle while quietly I sleep.
The water is now climbing o'er me
It beats so boistrous and wild
My pen I will cast in the ocean
These lines they shall drift in a vial.
Sweet future could I but behold thee
I would look although I'm downcast
And behold old Enoch and Joseph
While writing and living my last.
My name it is Randal McDonald
My soul o'er yonder'll be found
In the dawn of the last earthly morning
When Gabriels great trumpet shall sound.

—G. A. CATON

THE PEDDLER'S PERIL.

The sun sank behind the Western mountain peaks, and the short twilight of Southern latitudes came on apace. After a time the man of the house came in. He was tall and thin. Two ferret-like eyes gleamed sharply upon the peddler from amid a shaggy tangle of white hair and beard.

He placed his long rifle in a rack over the door, unslung his shot pouch and then seated himself and gazed gloomily into the fire, without vouchsafing either a greeting to the stranger or a word to his own family. Nan, passing by, whispered to the peddler:

"Don't ye mind uncle, he's got one of his bad spells on now, but if he ain't bothered it'll pass off by and by."

The peddler nodded, and began a tale concerning one of his adventures in Texas. He was soon interrupted by Aunt Viney.

"Sit up, stranger," said she "We hain't got much to eat, but such as it is your welcome."

The old man ate his supper in solemn silence, after which he took his hat and abruptly left the cabin. Aunt Viney saw fit to explain.

"Mose, my old man, hain't been exactly hisself since the revenoo men carried his son John off five years ago last April."

"'Stillin' I s'pose."

"Yes, 'nd top of that he shot one of 'em while they were tryin' to take him, 'nd they put him in pen'tensh'ry at Nashville for ten years."

The peddler remained silent for a moment or two. But when the dishes were washed and put away he again entertained the two women by relating sundry reminiscences of his own career, and also describing the wonders of certain great cities he had visited.

After awhile Mose again stalked silently in and took a seat in a far corner. While the peddler talked he continued to eye him closely, as if suspicious that the stranger was not just what he should be.

"Speaking of the telephone," continued the peddler, "some folks in these mountains don't believe that people can talk to each other, 'nd them a hundred or more miles apart, but I tell ye it's a fact. I've seed it done myself."

"That's as big a lie as ever was told," exclaimed old Mose, rising and making for the door.

He seized his rifle as he passed, threw a menacing glance at the peddler and once more left the cabin.

"Old man's a little touched in the head, ain't he?" asked the peddler, who seemed to take no offense whatever at the old man's rude behavior.

"Ever since John was took off he's had queer spells come over him every now and then. I must say he's more'n apt to be 'spishus of strangers when they come around. He's always thinkin' of revenoo spies."

It was Nan who replied, for Aunt Viney was making preparations to retire for the night. When the girl and the peddler were left alone the latter seemed somewhat curious about this son John, who for so many years had been under the ban of the law.

"John was always good to Uncle Mose and Aunt Viney, 'nd that's one reason Uncle Moses takes it all so hard now."

"I s'pose, bein' as you're kin to 'em, you must a-felt powerful bad when they took him off?"

He eyed Nan closely as he spoke, and the girl blushed slightly.

"I ain't no real kin to 'em," said she. "My folks is all dead, 'nd they raised me from a little gal, but John 'nd me was always good friends."

"Nothin' more?"

The girl looked at him reproachingly.

"It's about bedtime," said she coldly. "Shan't I show you where you're to sleep?"

The peddler rose, took up his pack and followed her into the little shed-room. There was an open window by the bed, through which the full moon was shining.

"You won't need no light, I reckon," she remarked. Then, bidding him good-night, she returned to the main cabin and went to bed herself.

But for some reason she failed to sleep. The bright moonlight, the rasping cry of katydids from the trees without and the discomforting nature of her thoughts kept her awake. She felt vaguely uneasy about Uncle Mose. Where was he? Very likely at the little moonshine still up Bear Hollow, half a mile away. He often spent the night there engaged in his illicit toil. She remembered his unfriendly treatment of the peddler, whose heavy breathing could now be heard through the thin partition wall. He had once laid in wait, rifle in hand, for a passing drover, whom he had set down for a spy.

Only Aunt Viney's prompt appearance had prevented a probable murder. Uncle Mose, though a good man enough when in his right mind, was a dangerous, uncertain personage when stirred by the memory of his son into a spirit of half insane hostility against all the world.

So uneasy did Nan become that at last she rose, slipped on her dress and stole out into the moonlight. An impulse she could not control impelled her to peep in at the peddlers open window. She was prompted by an indefinable fear. What she saw there caused her to start back, clasp her hands and gasp for breath. Then, trembling in every limb, she looked again.

Acting under a new impulse she turned and fled along the trail leading to the still. Arrived there she found the place silent and deserted. There was no fire in the furnace and nothing to be heard but the cries of the whippoorwills upon the mountain side.

Full of mental foreboding she retraced her steps and once more crouched beneath the peddler's window. There she waited until her limbs became cramped and the night air chilled her to the bone. So she returned to bed again.

But a second trial of the bed was no better than the first. The peddler's heavy breathing was ever in her ears, and her thoughts reverted constantly to the sense of peril that vaguely yet persistently kept her upon the tenderhooks of anxiety.

"I wish morning would come," she said for the hundredth time. "Lord, what a meeting there'll be then!"

The sound of a stealthy footfall upon the gravel without brought her to a sitting position at once. Her heart beat loudly as she listened breathlessly. Yes, it was moving around the house. Now she heard it no more. Could she have imagined it all? No; there it was again—in the back porch.

Then—then—she heard a gentle creaking sound. Ah! The shed-room door! She sprang out of bed, and a hasty bound brought her to the door leading into the back porch. She wrenched it open just in time to catch a glimpse of a tall shadow that disappeared within the shed-room.

"Good Lord, help me!" she faintly ejaculated as she sprang forward, nerved to desperation by this dreadful fulfilment of her fears.

She entered the room. There lay the peddler, slumbering heavily in the full glow of the moonlight. His face was strangely altered, for the heavy beard had fallen off, leaving exposed a clean-shaven, youthful face. But the white-bearded old man bending over the prostrate form with uplifted knife saw nothing distinctly. To his morbid imaginings only the form of a hated spy lay helpless before him. A spy in the service of the detested revenoos, who had robbed him of his only and well-beloved son.

"Uncle!" screamed Nan, dragging him back. "Uncle! You shall not. Can't you see? It's John—our John—your John!"

The peddler woke and stared upward in a bewildered way. The knife fell to the floor, as Mose, his eyes almost starting from his head, stared at his son's white face. Suddenly he comprehended, and the effect descended upon him like a thunderbolt.

Uttering a low, quivering cry he sank to his knees by the bedside, and his head fell forward. Nan's and John's eyes met in a mutually recognizing glance; then they turned their attention to the old man. As they laid him upon the bed Aunt Viney, awakened by the noise, came in. She fell as though confronted by a ghost.

"John!" she exclaimed. "Yet it can shorely be!"

"Yes, it is, mother. I didn't know how you'd all take my bein' so long in the pen, so when the Governor pardoned me out I 'lowed I'd come home as a peddler and in disguise till I found out if you all cared for me any more."

While John was speaking Mose opened his eyes, and tears blinded them as he gazed.

"My son, my son!" he murmured brokenly. "And I might have killed him! My mind's made up. There'll be no more stillin' done in Bear Holler after this."

"Do you reckon Nan cares for me any more, father?" asked John, while his eyes sought those of Nan.

"Of course she do. Hasn't she been grievin' herself away ever since you was took? She never looked at another man."

Nan's confusion seemed to sanction this.

"There's only one thing to be done," interrupted Aunt Viney, decisively. "They've just got to go over to the circuit rider's next Sunday 'nd git married. After that's over and done with, Mose, I do hope you'll behave yourself in the future."

"Hain't I said I weren't a-going to still whiskey any more?" said Mose. "'Stillin's been at the bottom of all our troubles."

While the old folks talked, John took Nans hand in his, and they stealthily kissed each other.—William Perry Brown in Philadelphia Times.

The Coreans' clothes are made of paper.

LEMON ELIXIR.

A Pleasant Lemon Tonic.

For Billiousness, Constipation, Malaria, Colds and the Grip.

For Indigestion, Sick and Nervous Headache.

For sleeplessness, Nervousness and Heart diseases.

For Fever, Chills, Debility and Kidney Disease, take Lemon Elixir.

Ladies, for natural and thorough organic regulation, take Lemon Elixir.

Dr. Mozley's Lemon Elixir is prepared from the fresh juice of Lemons, combined with other vegetable liver tonics, and will not fail you in any of the above named diseases. 50c. and $1. bottles at druggists.

Prepared only by Dr. H. Mozley, Atlanta, Ga.

A PROMINENT MINISTER WRITES.

After ten years of great suffering from indigestion, with great nervous prostration, biliousness, disordered kidneys and constipation. I have been cured by Dr. Mozley's Lemon Elixir and am now a well man.

REV. C. C. DAVIS, Eld. M. E. Church South,
No. 28 Tatnall St., Atlanta, Ga.

GRATITUDE.

DR. H. MOZLEY—Dear Sir: Since using your Lemon Elixir, I have never had another attack of those fearful sick headaches, and thank God that I have at last found a medicine that will cure those awful spells. MRS. ETTA W. JONES,
Parkersburg, West Va.

A man requires a vast amount of space in proportion to his size.

We have a speedy and positive cure for catarrh, diphtheria canker mouth and headache, in SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A nasal injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50c. Sold by New Berne Drug Co.

LIFE'S MIRROR.

Swept by the winter's fiercest storm, the winter's wind and rain,
The angry ocean howls with rage and shakes his tawny mane,
And leaps against the beetling rocks with energy insane—
Leaps and falls back on ragged reefs that goad him on again
To burrow in the circling sands that his wild course restrain.
Beneath the smiling summer stars is sleeping peacefully,
No longer beast, a beauty now, the same old king, the sea
Touched by the full moon's yellow light with radiant majesty,
He murmurs gently in his dreams, it ocean dreams there be.
Repentance for his former moods of rage and cruelty.
What mystery of life and death the ocean's waters hide!
What changing passions, changing hearts are taught by changing tide!
The sea enraged, the sea at peace, to one who's at its side,
Is but a mirror of man's mind, a mirror vast and wide,
To show how small is earthly life in which our souls confide.

—Philadelphia Times.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

He was a clever architect and built a house so fine
That all the neighbors envied him, for every single line
Was full of perfect symmetry and beauty unsurpassed.
And he himself said, "Well, I've built a perfect house at last!
But one night as he came home late and tried to "sneak" his way
Up to his room, where, snoring, sound asleep his wife lay,
He got along all right until he reached the topmost stair,
Then roused the house by stepping on the step
that
wasn't
there!

—New York Herald.

Paper, Pens and Ink.

Paper, as we learn from recent discoveries, was in use in Egypt as far back as 2300 B. C., and not merely, as old Pliny thought, from the time of Alexander the Great. The ancient, it appears, knew more about pens, and inks than they usually have credit for. The Greeks made silver and other metallic pens, and Latin manuscripts show a great variety of inks—red, purple, green, blue, silver and gold. The great Floreffe Bible in the British Museum shows the skill of the penman in the twelfth century in the use of this mode of decoration; and in somewhat later times it was no unusual thing for scribes to annotate their texts in colored inks—red, green, violet, blue—using each color for a distinct class of notes, historical, biograpical, geographical, etc. Scientific works are often made exceedingly attractive by colored diagrams, chronologies by architectural arcades and ornamental panels.

These Are Doll Days.

Every woman these days, no matter how old she is, or how many children call her "mother," feels all the old-time love for a pretty doll revive when she sees the dear little bisque figures with their dainty gowns that are now prominently displayed among the Christmas attractions. At no season have the dolls been more winning, from the little creatures only an inch long to the lifelike Bebe Jumeau, which is perhaps larger than the little flesh and blood mortal gazing with such delighted eyes at such an array of beauties. France and Germany have been called upon to furnish unusually large numbers for the holiday trade, and there are boy dolls, and baby dolls, talking dolls and walking dolls, in fact the realm ruled over by Santa Claus is peopled by these wondrous copies of nature that await some happy little woman.

From the Kitchen to the Stage.

The latest singer enshrined in Paris favor is Marie Delna, twenty-one years old. She was engaged to wait on table in a provincial restaurant, and often beguiled the tedium of dishwashing by singing. One afternoon an impulsive diner cast aside his knife and fork, and rushing into the kitchen embraced the young woman enthusiastically. The dishwasher dropped song and plates, and seizing the stranger's beard cuffed him soundly. His ardor somewhat dampened by this reception the gentleman explained that there was a fortune in her voice. Thereupon Marie dried her hands and signed a contract with him. The enthusiast took her to Paris, placed her under good training, and has recently introduced her with success to Paris connoisseurs.

Home-Made and Beautiful.

"I was admiring a beautiful lamp," said a woman, "which I saw in a friend's house last week, when she told me of its composition. In appearance the lamp showed a vase of delicately tinted pottery clouded blue, with a brass oil receiver and handsome umbrella shade of blue silk and lace. When I had sufficiently admired it she lifted the receiver out of its support and I saw it was a hollow glass of large size, such as confectioners use to keep candies in. This had been painted with the effect of pottery and taken to a lamp shop, where a small outlay procured the receiver and burner. As the shade was of home manufacture, too, the expense of the entire lamp was exceedingly small and quite out of proportion to its elegant and imposing appearance.

Little Maids of Honor.

Many brides prefer to be attended to the altar by sweet little children, and there is always a demand for original ideas for costuming these tiny maids of honor. At a recent fashionable wedding, the little bridesmaid was dressed like a tiny Priscilla, wearing a quaint gown of yellow brocaded silk mull, made with a gimp, and full, puffed sleeves of white silk mull. Instead of a hat this dear little girl wore a close-fitting Puritan hood of yellow velvet with a white border. She carried a hanging bouquet of yellow and white roses tied with broad yellow sattin ribbon, and the cunning little creature received quite as much admiration as the bride herself.

NOW TRY THIS

It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a Cough, Cold, or any trouble with Throat, Chest or Lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to give relief or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottles free at F. S. Duffy's Drug Store. Large size 50c. and $1.00.

ORIGIN OF MARTINMAS.

The Saint Turned Satan Into a Mule and Rode Him.

St. Martin's day is called Martinmas. St. Martin, says the legend, was once going toward Rome on foot, when he met Satan, who jeered at him for walking when he ought to ride in a manner worthy of a bishop. St. Martin thereupon changed Satan himself into a mule, and jumping on his back rode comfortably along. Whenever he went too slow the saint made the sign of the cross, and the mule was goaded to greater efforts.

In olden times it was at Martinmas that the new wine was first tasted, and a day of joviality was the natural result. On the continent of Europe geese were sacrificed plentifully at Martinmas.

In England the day was more sacred to beef. Cattle used then to be killed for the winter's meat, and Martinmas beef means beef dried in the chimney like bacon.

In France the few warm and pleasant days which commonly occur at about this time, and are known here as Indian summer, are called the Summer of St. Martin.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Keep fresh, pure water always convenient for the fowls.

Fumigate the hen house thoroughly with burning sulphur.

Slightly sprinkle the poultry dust bath with carbolic acid.

Establish a reputation in your community for good horses and buyers will be plentiful.

If the pigs squeal, be sure that it is a healthy, vigorous one rather than a weak, sickly one.

Unless in finishing for market, it is not a good plan to feed the hogs exclusively on corn.

It is the safest, wisest and most economical plan for the farmer to grow and kill his own meat.

A cow over fed will not digest all her food, thus injuring her milk and the butter made from it. Good digestion and assimilation are imperatively necessary.

A heifer that is fed for large production enlarges her productive capacity and grows more and more profitable every year, while scant food scrimps the milking tendency even in the well bred cow of great natural possibilities.

Some Very Poor People.

The man who keeps two dogs, but is too poor to take a newspaper.

The Smoker who can't afford to give more than twenty five cents toward missions.

The Christian who has not found out that there is a luxury in giving.

People who never put much in the basket, for fear God will get into debt to them.

People who would live in a cellar and go without the light of heaven if they had to pay any thing for it.

People who have to take all their money to the devil's blacksmith shop and have it made into chains with which to bind themselves.

Men who have to take their own manhood, the happiness of their wives and children, and the good of the country, all to the saloon-keeper, and get back nothing but dust and ashes in the place of it.

A Daisy on Ciphers.

Some one who had a readiness for figurative speculation, and lots of spare time, has figured out that if the 30 pieces of silver for which Judas betrayed Jesus, the 30 pieces aggregating 90 cents in value, were then put at 4 per cent. interests, it would now umount to $207,386,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000, which, if converted into gold, would make a lump 17,00 times as large as this earth As we heaven't the time to figure it out ourself we will take his word for it. We don't know how he is on figures, but he is a daisy on ciphers. —Wilmington Star.

There are people who have an idea that they can do all their religion on Sunday with hymn book and liturgy, and some of them sit in church rolling up their eyes as though they were ready for translation. when their Sabbath is bounded on all sides by an inconsistent life, and while you are expecting to see come out from under their arms the wings of an angel, there come out from their fore heads the horns of a beast.

Women set the moral pace of the world, and all through life a man is looked upon as a moral wreck because he does not enjoy the recreation of his mother, wife or daughter. A man is essentially different from a woman in his tastes, but no matter; he must accept a woman's idea of morality, or it is declared that he has no "depth of feeling," or there is something else serious the matter with him.

Theories in religion have a beauty of their own, but if they result in no warmth of Christian life, it is the beauty of hornblende and feldspar. Do not call such coldness and hardness religion. The river of Life never freezes over. Icicles never hang on the eaves of heaven.

To procrastinate seems inherent in man, for if you do today that you may enjoy to-morrow it is but deferring the enjoyment; so that to be idle or industrious, is but with a view of procrastinating the one or the other.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is not worth the small price of 75c., to free yourself of every symptom of those distressing complaints if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer, every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by New Berne Drug Co.

Fast days provide themselves; the feast must provided for.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10c., 50c, and $1. If your lungs are sore, chest, or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by New Berne Drug Co.

Inclination enforced to meet opposition becomes determination.

The Handsomest Lady in New Berne.

Remarked to a friend the other day that she knew Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs was a superior remedy, as it stopped her cough instantly when other cough remedies had no effect whatever. So to prove this and convince you of its merit any druggist will give you a sample Bottle free. Large size 50c. and $1.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

A Beautiful Story.

When Gabriel Dante Rosseti was very young—scarcely more than a boy—he was deeply in love with a young girl, and having a poet's gift he sang a poet's love in numerous sonnets and verses to her.

She died young, and by her wish the manuscripts of these poems were placed in a casket and laid under her head, so that even in the last sleep they should be, as they always had been—kept beneath her pillow.

Years passed by, and Rossetti's fame grew until every line of his composition became precious, and some of those who prized his writings most asked him for copies of the songs that had been buried.

He has kept no cohies, or they had been lost. At all events, he could furnish none, and when they asked him to rewrite ihe verses he declared that he was utterly unable to do so.

At last his friends importuned him for permission to have the orignal manuscripts exhumed. He consented after some hesitation, and all the necesary preliminaries having been complied with the grave which had been concealed for many years was opened in the presence of a wondering few.

Then a strange thing was found. The casket containing the poems had proved to be a perishable material, and its cover had crumbled away. The long tresses of a girl had grown after death and had twined and intertwined among the leaves of the poet's papers, coiling around the written words of love in a loving embrace long after death had sealed the lips and dimmed the eyes that made response to that love.

Not in Love With Dakota.

Representative Catchings, of Mississippi, said the other day; "I used to be interested in a Dakota wheat farm. It is a great country in the spring and summer. The days are so long that I have shot prairie chickens at 9 p. m. It is easy to sit in the front yard and read a newspaper at 8:30 in the evening. It is bright daylight at 3 a. m. But in the winter it is terrific.

The horses were kept from freezing in the stables only by banking manure half way up the side of the building. They got real fat in there. The hostler lived a hundred yards away. There was a stout rope stretched from his house to the stable door. He could never else have found his way in the blinding storms.

The country is so far north that the rivers all run that way, owing, maybe, to the curve of the earth. The land of the fleecy cotton, the sugar-cane that is nearly black in its richness, the glowing sunsets, the soft winds, and the scent of the magnolia blossom upon the air for me. No more Dakota."—Washington Post.

Saving Bacon In the South

To prepare bacon for summer keeping in this climate very much more care is required from the time of the killing up to the time of storing away than is necesary in States further north, Thoroughly expelling the animal heat before salting is indispensable and hogs should not be butchered except on cold days.

The salting must be heavy to preserve the meat, but no previous precaution will be of any avail unless the dry meats, such as hams, shoulders and middles, are canvassed early in such a manner as to make them perfectly fly-proof.

Each piece should be well wrapped in coarse paper and be tightly sewed up in heavy cotton cloth, cut to fit it, and then dipped in a thick colored lime wash and be hung in as dry and cool a place as possible. Smoking and sprinkling with pepper are both good for a finish in curing, but are no protection against damage from flies.

—W. M., Greenville, Miss

A Georgia Theory as to the weather.

"Do you know where the comet has gone?" asked one of our citizens. "Well," he continued, "I'll tell you that, in my opinion, it hasn't gone anywhere. I think it is here—all about us. We are daily breathing comet, sneezing comet and feeling comet. We can't see it and probably don't smell it, but when the astronomers lost it I think it was because we ran into it or it over us before we knew it. This cold and unsettled weather throughout the world must be due to the presence in our path of a vapor that absorbs or intercepts the heat of the sun. You know some of the savants of the skies said the comet was only a vapor spread throughout a mighty area of space, luminous by absorption or reflection at a great distance from us, buteinvisible if about us, and contained not enough solid matter to make a handful, I believe we are taking a prolonged comet bath—and I don't like it." —Atlanta Constitution.

A Car Load of Wives.

The Rev. Father Callaghan of the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary has received a novel request from Hotel Keeper Dineen of Huron, South Dakota, through Father Brown of S. Vincent's Church, at Springfield, South Dakota. Mr. Dineen said he and his neighbors wanted a car load of marriageable Irish girls shipped to Huron.

Mr. Dineen said that husbands were as abundant as blackberries in July, and land could be had for the asking in South Dakota. Those who were not anxious to marry at once could get employment and good wages for an indefinite period. —New York Sun.

The Homellest Man in New Berne

As well as the handsomest, and others are invited to call on any druggist and get *free* a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits and is guaranteed to relieve and cure all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis, and Consumption. Large bottles 50 cts. and $1. mar22 dead weow

However powerful your reason may be, before you can either convince or persuade another you must subsidize his reason in aid of your own.

Eupepsy

This is what you ought to have, in fact, you must have it to fully enjoy life. Thousands are searching for it daily, and mourning because they find it not. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they may attain this boom. And yet it may be had by all. We guarantee that Electric Bitters, if used according to directions and the use persisted in, will bring you good digestion and oust the demon Dyspepsia and install instead Eupepsy. We recommend Electric Bitters for Dyspepsia and all diseases of Liver, Stomach and Kidneys. Sold for 50c. and $1.00 per bottle by F. S. Duffy, druggist.

River Side House,

South Front Street, near Whitty's Hardware Store,

NEW BERNE, N. C

Permanent and Transient Board.

First-Class Table! Polite Servants! New Clean Beds!

When you come to the city don't fail to call on us.

Stables and shelters.

Special arrangements made for accommodation of visitors to the Fair. Rooms can be engaged in advance.

Meals served at all hours. Meals, 15 to 25c. Lodging, 25c.

C. C. BASDEN, Proprietor.

$10 dwtMar1

The firm heretofore existing as Parsons & Basden has been dissolved, J. B. Parsons retiring and C. C. Basden remaining in charge. All claims held by the former management are required to be settled with the present owner, C. C. Basden.

E. W. Smallwood. George Slover.

Smallwood & Slover,

DEALERS IN

STOVES,

GENERAL

Hardware

AND HARNESS,

Sash, Doors

Blinds,

PAINTS, OILS,

VARNISH

Glass and Putty,

Lime, Plaster, Hair and Cement.

Boot and Shoe Maker.

All Styles of Boots and Shoes made to order on short notice.

Repairing a Specialty

N. TARPEN,

Craven street, opposite Journal Office.

Atlantic & N. C. Railroad.

Cheap Excursion Rates

TO THE

EAST CAROLINA

Fish, Oyster, Game,

AND

Industrial Association,

At New Berne, N. C.,

Feb. 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 & 25, '93

From all stations West of New Berne tickets will be sold over this road on the Mail Train from Feb. 20th to 24th inclusive, good to return until Feb. 27th inclusive. All stations East of New Bern will sell tickets up to and including Feb. 25th by the Mail Train.

☞ THE SPECIAL FAIR TRAIN will run on Feb. 21st, 22d, 23d and 24th, from Goldsboro and intermediate stations to New Berne and return same day.

Fare for the Round Trip, including one admission into the Fair which tickets are purchased, by the Mail and the Special Train:

Fare Round Trip by the Mail Train.

Goldsboro	$2 15	Clark's	80
Best's	2 15	Riverdale	80
La Grange	2 00	Grostan	85
Falling Creek	1 80	Havelock	1 00
Kinston	1 60	Newport	1 25
Caswell	1 45	Wildwood	1 30
Dover	1 30	Atlantic	1 45
Core Creek	1 10	Morehead City	1 40
Tuscarora	90		

Fare Round Trip by the Special Train.

Goldsboro	$1 50	Caswell	1 00
Best's	1 50	Dover	1 25
La Grange	1 45	Core Creek	1 00
Falling Creek	1 40	Tuscarora	85
Kinston	1 35	Clark's	75

☞ Note that Special Train does not run East of New Berne.

☞ Schedule of Special Train for information of the public, and not for train men, as this train will run by telegraphic orders and will have no rights over regular trains unless so ordered by the Train Dispatcher.

SCHEDULE.

Leave Goldsboro	8 00	A.M.
" Best's	8:30	"
" La Grange	8:45	"
" Falling Creek	9:00	"
" Kinston	9:20	"
" Caswell	9:35	"
" Dover	9:59	"
" Core Creek	10:14	"
" Tuscarora	10:30	"
" Clark's	10:37	"
Arrive New Berne	10:55	"
Returning, leave New Berne	5:30	P.M

This Company will transport articles for exhibit on pre-payment of freight to New Berne, and upon production of certificate from the Secretary of the Fair Association that such articles have not been sold, for freight charges will be refunded and articles returned free, or upon production of certificates from the Secretary that such articles are intended for exhibition they will be transported free from shipping points, and returned free as above provided for.

Agents of this Company will be instructed as to perishable articles, etc., to use their discretion in giving them free transportation without certificate from Secretary. These privileges are not extended to articles intended for advertising purposes.

The above does not apply to Race Horses, they to be charged regular rates.

S. L. DILL, Supt.

J. H. BENTON, M.D., D.D.S.

Practice limited to Operative and Mechanical Dentistry and Dental Surgery. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitro Oxide Gas.

Everything in the line of Dentistry done in the best style. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Office, corner of Middle Street and Federal Alley, opposite Baptist Church.

IMPORTANT TO

Truckers, Gardeners and Farmers.

EARLY GARDEN PEAS, Henderson's "First of All," recognized by the press and Truckers to be Earliest, Hardiest and Most Productive.

Henderson's EARLIEST Red Valentine Beans, by competitive test made in 1887, this Bean was awarded the premium for being ten (10) days earlier than any other.

SEED—Cabbage, Celery, Melons, Squash and Parsnips.

Houlton and Prince Edward Island Early Rose Potatoes, and other Standard Varieties.

Black, Mixed, Red Kust Proof and White OATS for fall and spring planting.

Rice, Rye, Wheat, Grass and Clover seed.

☞ Orders taken for all kinds of GARDEN SEED, guaranteed fresh and pure.

Burlaps for Barrel covers.

Bags of all sizes made to order.

Consignments of Country Produce solicited.

A large stock of Hay, Grain and Seed. It will be to your advantage to see us before buying elsewhere.

Bradham & Smith,

Hay, Grain and Seed Dealers,

jan22tf Craven Street, New Berne, N. C

THOS. A. GREEN, Pres. C. E. FOY, Cashier.
WM. DUNN, Vice Pres. H. M. GROCKE, Teller.

CITIZENS' BANK

OF

NEW BERN, N. C

DO A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

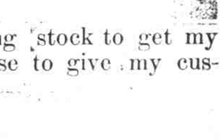
The Accounts of Banks, Bankers, Corporations, Farmers, Merchants and Others received on favorable terms. Prompt and careful attention given to the interests of our customers.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Ferdinan Ulrich, E. H. Meadows
J. A. Meadows, Chas. Duffy, Jr
Samuel W. Spock, James Redmond
Chas. H. Fowler, Chas. Rheinstein
William Dunn, Mayer Hahn
E. W. Smallwood, Thos. A. Green
Geo. N. Ives, C. E. Foy,
O. C. Green.

SORRY

HORSES AND MULES,



Car Load

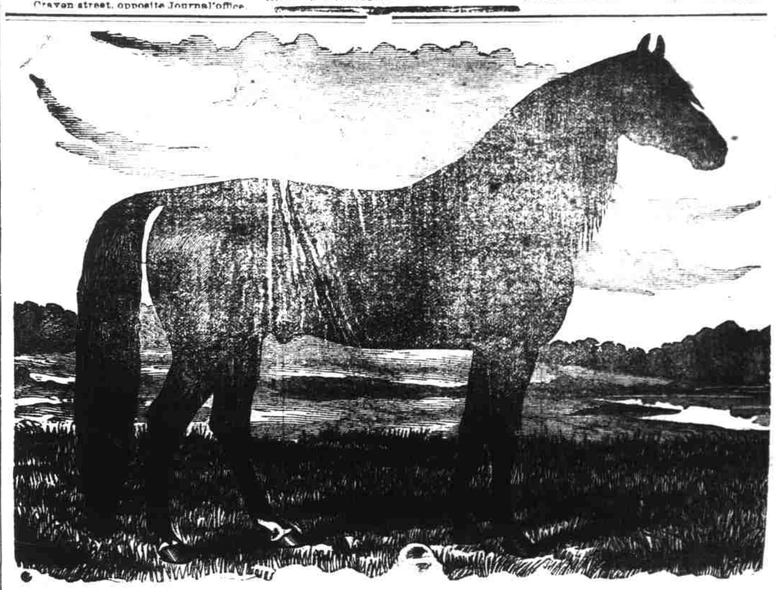
FROM ST. LOUIS,

The Best in the World For General Use,

JUST RECEIVED AT

J. A. Jones

FAT FOLKS REDUCED. Wm. McN. Hayes, of Deerville, Kansas, weighed 245 lbs., after taking Dr. Mozley's Anti-Fat 3 mos., age 17 yrs., 5 ft. 4 in., weighed 145 lbs. Lost 40 lbs. in 10 mos. The accompanying figures show the result of 3 months' treatment. Height 5 ft. 7 in. Weight 245 lbs. 46 in. 37 in. 11 in. 46 in. 37 in. 11 in. I now feel like a new being. Hip measure, 37 in. 46 in. 9 in. Anti-Fat acts like a charm. Not injurious to health. Will reduce any person from 10 to 50 lbs. in a month. Will send to any address, sealed, for 50 cents. Two boxes, $1. Three boxes, $2. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail. PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL. CONFIDENTIAL. Consultation. No charge. Send 6 cents in stamps for particulars to DR. O. W. F. SNYDER, BUCKLEN'S THEATER, CHICAGO, ILL.

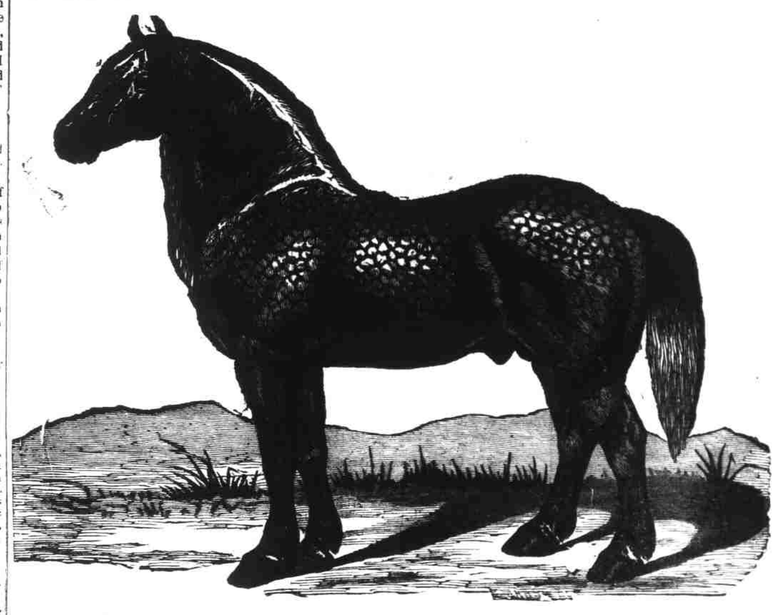


I am constantly replenishing my stables with good, well selected stock from the West, bought at first hands 25 per cent. lower than ever by me.

It will be to the interest of any one wanting stock to get my prices before purchasing elsewhere, as I propose to give my customers the advantage of the reduction in cost.

Now is the time to get bargains.

J. W. STEWART.



THEY HAVE ARRIVED!

M. HAHN