MARRIAGE OF SANTA CLAUS.

Once Santa Claus so'ered and said with a sigh, while a tear added lustre to each twinkling eye,
"Oh! I'm getting so lonely and weary of life, I need a companion, or, better, a wife:
But where could I find one to share my joy, and love, as I love, every girl and each boy."
He thought and he pondered, this jolly recluse, then he] shouted, "I have it, 'tis Old Mother Goose."
He was off in a jiffy, he whistled, his sled o'er the snow like the flight of a skyrocket speed,
And his reindeer snorted with heads high and haughty, and trotted along at the rate of two-forty.
So he found the old lady, of course, very soon—she had just returned from a trip to the moon.
And was fixin' her cap, slightly mussed by the ride, while the cobwebs were thick on the broom at her side,
She was old, she was wrezened, she had a great nose, yet her eyes were as bright as the plumage of crows,
And her voice, tho' 'twas cracked, had a ring very sweet, and her dress, tho' 'twas queer, was most awfully neat.
And Santa Claus blushed as he said, "How do do?" The dame, courtesyed low, and replied, "Sir, to you."
"Will you have me?" he prays, "my darling confess." She hesitates, murmurs, and then whispers, "Yes."
"But my children!" she cries, with the usual pause, "why children, I love 'em," said bluff Santa Claus.
"Bring 'em out—where are they; I want 'em," cries he, so forth troop they all in a great company.
First comes a fair maiden, and know her we should, by the wolf and her granny—"tis Red Riding Hood;
While after them, fearfully blowing his horn, is Little Boy Blue on his way from the corn;
And the notes of the music he sweetly doth play, brings the piper's son Tom from the hills far away.
And then with a jump and a roll down the hill with pails and with water bounce poor Jack and Jill.
Their crowns were both broken, and help they implore from Old Mother Hubbard and Margery Daw,
As well as a nameless man, tattered and torn, who is kissing and kissing a maiden forlorn.
And forth from her grotto, in a way quite contrary, with fruits and with flowers, comes sweet Mistress Mary;
Then Simeon the simple returns from the fair, with the pieman, most cautious in selling his ware;
While dragging their tails behind flock in the sheep, of the wandering shepherdess Little Bo Peep.
A very old woman lugs up a great shoe, and out jump her children, a boisterous crew;
Some sing and some dance, and some of them play "The Mulberry Bush," and "Rain, go away."
But one little boy slinks off in the corner and munches a pie—'tis greedy Jack Horner;
While poor Tommy Tucker expects some in vain, and bewails his fate with Tom Grace, who's in pain.
But music has charms, and they list to the song of that jolly musician, the young Richard Long.
Then old King Cole and his fiddlers three bring up the rear of this vast company;
"There, just what I want," shouts old Santa Claus, Mother Goose and her children ring out their applause.
"Now all jump aboard—our new home we'll explore, on my sled there has ever been room for one more."
With shouts and with laughter they tumbled within, and wrapped buffalo robes close beneath every chin;
The reindeer they gallop, the moon shone out bright as they hurried along in its soft silver light,
And the fat, jolly driver chuckled often in glee at the sight of his wife and his vast family.
And the songs of the children rang out in the air, as they journeyed along disregarding all care,
Till they reached the great palace and through it to roam, and forever be happy within their new home.

CHRISTMAS JINGLES.

"Be thy Christmas replete
With Bliss, Pure and Sweet."

* * *

The Mistletoe hung on the cattle wall,
And the holly branch shone in the old oak hall,
And the Baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
Keeping their Christmas holiday.

* * *

Christmas times in New Berne,
An' half the woods in blossom!
An' all the knives jes' sharp enough
To carve the Christmas possum.

* * *

What are by-gone days to me?
As I think of the ending year
With its past, I never again shall see—
It's the by-some days I fear.

* * *

What sweeter music can we bring
Than a carol, for to sing
The birth of this our heavenly King?
Awake the voice! Awake the string!
Heart, ear, and eye, and everything.

* * *

Our little Johnny has begun
Exceedingly good to be,
All Sunday schools he use to shun
And now he goes to three.

* * *

I heard an awful scandal
On Santy, Christmas night,
He must have drunk too much, for he
Was caught in a chimney tight.

* * *

AT TEN.

Childhood's sleep has wrapped her round,
Shut out every sight and sound,
And of Santa Claus she dreams—
Bright and clear the vision seems.

AT EIGHTEEN.

Christmas Eve this maiden sees,
While she slumbers at her ease,
Leaves of joyous mistletoe,
Dancing, gaslight, and a beau.

* * *

When you give present reflect—
It may to your advantage prove—
Before you send them don't neglect
The tell-tale price-marks to remove.

* * *

Know the Christmas time is here—
Tin horns blowing far and near!
Won't the country be in clover
When the awful blow is over!

* * *

You may rail at the nation—
Say money is slim;
But the Christmas relation
Is still in the swim!

* * *

The doctor hangs up his stocking
With a gay and festive grace,
For he knows that Christmas feasting
Will bring him many a case.

* * *

Though snow lie on the ground,
Though cloud be on the hill,
Christ's peace will in the hearts be found
Of all who love his will.

* * *

Christmas came and Christmas went;
Had enough of it—content!
Let the whole world go its ways—
Thirty dollars, or thirty days!

* * *

O, chiming, rhyming Christmas bells, peal soft o'er land and sea,
But breathe in every note that swells, the Christ who died for me!
And ring full long tuis same, sweet song;
"Through all life's gain and loss,
Through all its night, through all its wrong, the welcome of the cross!"

Holiday Reflections

One of the popular Christmas salutations will of course be the mistletoe bough.

A warm Christmas may not make a green graveyard, but it makes the fellow awful blue who has overcoats to sell.

Christmas, the home day, the Christ day! May its lessons and its blessings gladden all hearts and make a truth of the common salutation: "A Merry Christmas be upon you."

A Georgia poet informs us that "there is a sound of Christmas in the air." This is a sure sign that the tin horn has arrived, but the poet doesn't spell ear right.

Office Boy—Are you going to give me anything for Christmas?

Boss—Oh, yes; a few errands to do.—Detroit Free Press.

Jaysmith—I received one Christmas present before the day was an hour old.

Chinner—Ah?

Jaysmith—Yes; I got home about one a. m. and my wife gave me a piece of her mind.

"Romeo," she whispered, "will you get some mistletoe for Christmas?" "What for, Juliet?" he questioned. "Oh," she replied, "merely as—as an excuse."

Lady—I want a dozen cigars for this case.

Dealer—I'm afraid I've nothing good enough in stock to suit you.

Lady—Oh, yes. Just any kind will do. They are to be given away as a Christmas present.

"Did you take Miss Phair under the mistletoe last night?"

"Yes, and then went out under her father's missile-toe."

Mrs. Newlywed—How I love to hear the merry Christmas bells.

Mr. Newlywed—I'd like to hear them, too, if Christmas bells were not so confoundedly suggestive of Crismas bills.

MISTLETOE.

[FOR THE JOURNAL.]

THOS. C. BADHAM, EDENTON, N. C.

It hangs upon the old elm tree
In clusters high with berries,
While underneath, the memory
Suggests sweet lips like cherries,
For on an 'eve not long ago,
Some modest dames when Misses,
Were caught beneath the mistletoe
With lips tight full of kisses.
And still we have the mistletoe,
But not the times of long ago.

It cannot be—Oh, no, no, no!
That maidens now deny it,
Or men, forsake the mistletoe,
They like too well to try it.
'Tis rather that the methods change,
Old customs do not strike 'em—
The boys prefer a nearer range,
And yet the girls still like 'em.
Too long to wait for mistletoe—
Between each kiss a year's too slow.

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

"Dear Santa Claus," wrote little Willie in letters truly shocking, I've been a good boy so please fill a hesepen up this stocking. I want a drum to make pa sick and drive my mamma crazy. I want a doggie I can kick so he will not get lazy. I want a powder gun to shoot right at my sister Annie and a big trumpet I can toot just awful loud at granny. I want a dreffle big false face to scare in fits our baby. I want a pony I can race around the parlor, maybe. I want a little hatchet, too, so I can do some chopping upon our grand piano new when mamma goes a shopping. I want a nice hard rubber ball to smash all into flinders the great big mirror in the hall an' lots an' lots of winders. An' candy that'll make me sick so ma all night will hold me an' make pa get the doctor quick an' never try to scold me. An' Santa Claus, if pa says I am naughty it's a story. Jus' say if he whips me I'll die and go to kingdom glory.

THE SNOW-MAN.

A snow-man stands in the moonlight-gold,
Smoking his pipe serenely.
For what cares he that the night is cold?
Though his coat is thin and his hat is old,
And the blustering wind blows keenly.

He has heard the children telling in glee
That Santa Claus would visit
This night their beautiful Christmas tree;
And it is not strange he should wish to see
How this can happen.—now is it?

He sees through the window the children bright
And hears them merrily singing
Round the Christmas-tree with its glory of light
When out from the chimney, in bear-skins white
Comes good St. Nicholas springing!

And the Snow-man laughs so hard at that,
That when his laughter ceases,
A pipe, a coat, and an old straw hat,
Two lumps of coal and a flannel cravat,
Are all that is left of the pieces!

THE SNOW ANGEL.

The sleigh bells danced that winter night;
Old Brattleborough rang with glee;
The windows overflowed with light;
Joy ruled each hearth and Christmas tree.
But to one the bells and mirth were naught:
His soul with deeper joy was fraught.
He waited until the guests were gone;
He waited to dream his dream alone;
And night wore on.

Alone he stands in the silent night;
He piles the snow in the village square;
With spade for chisel, a statue white
From the crystal quarry rises fair.
No light, save the stars, to guide his hand,
But the image obeys his soul's command.
The sky is draped with fleecy lawn,
The stars grow pale in the early dawn.
But the lad toil's on.

And lo! in the morn the people came
To gaze at the wondrous vision there;
And they called it "The Angel," divining its name.
For it came in silence and unware.
It seemed no mortal hand had wrought
The uplifted face of prayerful thought:
But its features wasted beneath the sun;
Its life went out ere the day was done,
And the lad dreamed on.

And his dream was this: In the years to be
I will carve the Angel in lasting stone;
In another land beyond the sea,
I will toil in darkness, will dream alone;
While others sleep I will find a way
Up through the night to the light of day.
There's nothing desired beneath star or sun
Which patient genius has not won.
And the boy toiled on.

The years go by. He has wrought with might;
He has gained renown in the land of art;
But the thought inspired that Christmas night
Still kept its place in the sculptor's heart;
And the dream of the boy, that melted away
In the light of the sun that winter day,
Is embodied at last in enduring stone,
Snow angel in marble—his purpose won:
And the man tells on.

—Wallace Bruce.

Persons who may be undecided what to purchase for a Christmas present will be interested to know that a locomotive which cost $30,000 ten years ago can be bought to-day for $9,000. A reduction of $21,000 is a big item to consider when selecting a Christmas present.

Price—What made Jenks take his wife to see that horrible prize fight?

Wheaton—She had finished her Christmas shopping and everything else seemed so tame to her.

THE JOURNAL.

NEW BERNE, N. C., [illegible], 1894

CITY AND VICINITY.

COTTON SALES

Wednesday—68 Bales, 4.50 to 5.10
Thursday—71 bales, 4.50 to 5.
Friday—92 Bales, 4.50 to 5.

Merry Christmas to all.

Let Christmas joy be over whole Christmas, merry Christmas.

Mrs. Sallie A. Hudson, wife of Mr. Sam'l Hudson, has been confirmed postmaster at Pollocksville, vice H. H. Bell resigned.

Mr. E. C. Dewey, a native of New Berne has been appointed postmaster at Swanannoa.

A number of subscription agents who have been employed in Wilmington passed through to spend Christmas. A few came in Morehead and Beaufort.

Our Bogue Sound correspondent is of the penitentiaries of good hope—we hope some from that neighborhood will be shown at the Fair which commences here February 18th.

A merry Christmas to all friends, foes, too, if we have any. This is the whole story which should emanate from our hearts, and no coin in profit or of words could enlarge this charity of feeling, principle and sentiment.

Mr. A. M. Baker is back in the city for awhile. He has been spending a few months at and near Cambridge, Md. He speaks of Cambridge as quite an oyster town and says 800,000 bushes are opened there per year and the office can be seen in barels the entire year.

There will be one round trip rate of $1.00 from Morehead and intermediate points to New Bern the New Year's day on account of the municipal proclamation celebration by the colored people. Intermediate points in the same proportion.

Ex-Mayor A. G. Rand of Wilmington, has been appointed receiver of the First National Bank of Wilmington, in the place of W. S. O'B Robinson, who was elected Superior court judge. Mr. Rand is a fine lawyer and has the perfect confidence of the people, so his selection is an admirable one. He is a son of Rev. T. P. Rand, formerly pastor of Hancock Street M. E. Church this city.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Ellis, a good and industrious farmer of Perquimans has decided to move to the western part of the State. He has chosen a farm near Asheville and will move to it early next year. The removal of a good citizen such as he is, is a loss to Craven county but we hope to hear of his doing well in his new home as we believe he will.

Mr. D. L. Taylor was in the city and tells us of a very drawing chimney in the house of Mr. Mitt. Thorpe at Shoemake's creek. The story is that a rooster got into the room and when he reached the centre of it the draft from the chimney was so strong that it drew him up the chimney and clear out at the top! Mr. Thorpe is the one that tells it and he has the mason lay up the chimney to vouch for it, so of course there is no chance to doubt it.

To be Married.

Mr. Horace Gabelle, superintendent of the New Berne Knitting Mills, left yesterday for his home in Philadelphia to spend Christmas at home and also on a more important mission. Having concluded that it is not good for man to be alone he will take a life partner before he returns. On the 2d of January he is to wed Miss Miriam P. Sellars of Philadelphia.

They are to arrive in New Berne on the 5th.

Flying on a Bicycle.

Geo. Fitzsimmons, the champion bicyclist of the South, made another trip over the turnpike from Wilmington to the sound Friday afternoon.

He rode the eight miles to Wrightsville in 22minutes and 15 seconds. He immediately rode back and completed the whole sixteen miles in 48 minutes and 33 seconds.

Special Meeting County Commissioners.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
Craven County.

Having been requested to do so by a member of the Board of Commissioners of Craven County, I hereby call a special meeting of the said Board of Commissioners of Craven County to be held at the Court House, in the city of New Berne, on Monday, December 31st, 1894 at 11 o'clock A. M. JAMES A. BRYAN, Chmn.
New Berne, N. C., Dec. 24, '94.

The Vanceboro Mail Steamer.

The large steam mail boat which Capt. J. M. Ipock is building at Vanceboro will be 56 feet in length, with 13 feet beam, 10 feet on bottom. She will draw three feet of water after and one foot four inches forward.

She will have first and second class passenger saloons, and is expected to make daily trips between New Berne and Vanceboro. She is likely to be on by February 1st.

Big Oyster Shipments.

Messrs. Geo N. Ives & Son are now sending off the largest shipments of opened oysters that ever left New Berne, probably that were ever made in the state. During the last two days they have shipped over 700 gallons. Yesterdays' shipments were over three hundred gallons and they have orders now for 420 gallons to go off Monday morning. They will begin the work of opening them at midnight tonight.

The oysters are very fine this season and the shuckers are making good wages. Messrs. Ives and Son are working about 40 of the shuckers.

The oysters are going all over the State and also to South Carolina, Georgia and Tennessee.

Young New Bernians and the President.

Our] young townsman Mr. John E. Whitford, now at Georgetown with his uncle, Capt. Reid Whitford in Government River and Harbor Improvement work was in charge of the boat that took the President to the light house and by invitation became one of the party on the hunt.

His sister, Mrs. Chas William Bates nee Miss Johnes Whitford, also met and had a very pleasant interview with the President, besides participating in the reception.

MARRIED.

At the residence of Mr. B. F. Taylor on Bogue Sound, Carteret county, Wednesday evening the 19th inst., Mr. J. Westley Gaskins, left to the hymenal altar, Miss Addie, the pretty daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Taylor, Esquire Jos. B. Howard tying the knot.

Mr. Gutlrie has just completed his cage, a pretty dwelling on the Square, to carry his fair prize to, we wish them abundant success and prosperity through life.

W.

On Dec. 23rd, at the residence of Mr. Matthew Gaskins, father of the bride, Miss Nettie Gaskins, to Mr. Wesley Ipock.

The following were the bridesmaids and groomsmen.

First maid and groomsman Miss Dell A. Ipock and Mr. George Gaskins second, Miss Kate Southerland, Charlie E. Gaskins. E. A. Gaskins, J. P. officiating after the ceremony the happy couple left for their future home at Commissary, big Swift Creek where Mr. Ipock is conducting a shingle mill. We wish them a long happy life.

TAXES MUST BE PAID.

We have endeavored to give all public notice to Delinquents, and as there are still some who have not responded, we are compelled to institute proceedings for the collection of same as per the requirements of our official duties.

W. B. LANE, Sheriff.

POLLOCK STREET "IN IT"

A GRAND PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY.

One of the Most Brilliant and Enjoyable Illuminations Ever in the City Seen and Enjoyed by People Witness it.

Pollock Street was "in it" all over last night when the two big houses, Messrs. Hackburn & Willett and Jno. Dunn, sent up their celebration of fire works. It took place in front of their stores, commencing about seven o'clock and lasting an hour and a half.

It was one of the whiz and burst of rockets, Roman candles, fizzy-wheels, and all other pieces of magnificent and dazzling bewilderment. The rockets were unusually powerful, ascending rapidly and at a great distance. Once the largest was fired a mile and a half, going nearly to Neuse river. The street was filled with spectators, and there were large number of visitors, including Indian and psychedelic exhibitions.

It is an honor to these firms, and a credit to the city.

Coming And Going.

Mr. J. W. Lambertake went up to Kinston to spend Christmas with relatives, and Mr. G. W. Chadwick to Core Creek.

Mr. J. Howard who has been spending some weeks with relatives in the city, left for Norfolk to Catharine left for the same place on Monday morning, Miss Lizzie Jones accompanying her to spend Christmas.

Mr. Joe Spelling arrived from Norfolk, Miss Lizzie Roberts, Milliner of Beaufort, who has been employed in the store of Mrs. B. Winney for several months past, returning home.

Mr. C. M. Gaskill left for Washington to spend Christmas.

Dr. J. H. Bizzell to spend Christmas with relatives in Sampson County.

Mr. Geo. Allen is in the city for the Christmas season as guest of his son Mr. Harry A. Allen Davidson college spending the holidays.

Mr. Seymour Dennison returned on the steamer New Berne from a Northern college. Mr. John Seymour is also home for the holidays.

Miss Annie May Rhodes came in on the steamer Newbern from the Norfolk Female College, to spend Christmas with her mother.

Rev. B. H. Melton arrived from the Bible college of Lexington, Ky., en route to his home near Pollocksville, for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Maine, of Brooklyn, arrive to spend the Christmas season with their daughter Mrs. Wm. M. Rountree.

Miss Laura Dickinson, of New York, arrived to visit her sister Mrs. J. F. Taylor.

Mr. Ed. S. Hughes and family, of Abilene, Texas, arrived to visit his brother Dr. Frank W. Hughes and other relatives in the city.

Messrs. M. R. Sabiston and A. J. Aman from near Maysville, were in the city last week.

Mr. Benj. Hahn returned on the steamer New Berne with fourteen horses which he went on to purchase.

Miss Vivian Wood is visiting friends at Aurora.

Miss Maggie Hunter, of Havelock passed through en route to Raleigh to spend Christmas with her uncle Mr. Sam'l Hunter.

Mr. R. W. Wallace and Mr. E. L. Willis passed through en route from the North to spend Christmas at their homes.

Mr. W. A. Sanders, formerly of Beaufort, now a New York dealer in oysters and clams, and Mr. C. L. Dickinson of Beaufort, who is also in the same business in New York and his son Mr. Clyde Dickinson, Jr., who has been buying for him at Southport passed through to spend Christmas in Beaufort.

Miss Sallie Guy, who stopped over with friends in Mrs. W. B. Goodwin, went on to her home at Glen's Stock Farm yesterday. Miss Doyen, art teacher from the seminary, accompanying her, also Miss Lizzie Goodwin; Mrs. Guy and Miss Augusta Crapon went down for the day, returning last night.

AN OFFICE IN THE ALBERT.

Mr. Wm. Beard and Family will Move to New Berne—The Colonizing Company will have Permanent Office Here.

Mrs. Wm. Beard addressed a number of Jones county citizens Saturday in the interest of colonization work and factories with the intent that matters might be getting into shape for the acquirement of suitable lands by the International company when the time arrives for the company. She has returned to the city and is now at Hotel Albert. She has opened an office there which she designs to be permanent, her husband and family having decided to make New Berne their home.

Mrs. Beard will remain here until after the visit of Messrs. Lindburg and Turner, the General Agent and the President of the Company to this city and will then be away for a short time preparatory to moving to the city.

THE PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION.

Georgetown Spreads Herself in Doing Honor to Cleveland.

Georgetown was ablaze Saturday with the tribute it was paying President Cleveland, with the bells a ringing and the sweet cannon shouting, the Presidential party arrived and were met by the little city's dignitaries and by the beautiful women of the Palmetto State. Evergreens, roses and Spanish moss festooned the reception rooms and Old Glory and the Palmetto flag met in loving embrace where the President took his position for receiving.

The reception lasted until 3 p. m. and then the luncheon tendered by the Palmetto club was served. The table at which the President and party was seated was surrounded by a centre piece of cotton bunting trimmed with gray moss and holding in the centre a coal of snow-white cotton.

The President expressed himself as having enjoyed his visit greatly and also as highly appreciating the unobtrusive and unexacting courtesy which had been shown him. The weather was delightful.

When the northbound car with the Presidential party passed through Charleston, about five hundred people were waiting to catch a glimpse of the President. He did not be seen at first but they responded to the cries for him by appearing on the platform when three hearty cheers were given by men, women and children. They called for a speech but he had up his hands and said "No speech to-night." He bowed to the crowd and smiled, leaving with over half a dozen people. He was in good humor and seemed to have enjoyed his trip to South Carolina.

THE RIGHT KIND OF FARMING.

Raising Meat of Different Kinds is Better than Cotton.

Country produce has been coming in lively lately for Christmas times. Fine turkeys and geese have been specially abundant, and among the finest that were in the market were those brought in by Capt. J. B. Eels of Perquimans, along with his other products of the same high quality. He had a two-horse wagon load of them a few days ago, and Monday he had a load of dressed turkeys, the heaviest one of which, a bronze gobbler only 12 days old, weighed 23 pounds down weight, and sold at 12½ cents, making $2.88 for the one turkey, the others sold at the same price. He found no difficulty in disposing of the turkeys. The only trouble was there were more people wanting to buy from him than the turkeys he had would supply.

The same price per pound, 12½ cents, was received for the large amount of smoked sausage which he brought in last week and they also were bought up quickly and eagerly because their excellence was known. Isn't there more money in such farming as this, paying good attention to hogs, stock and poultry than there is in raising cotton.

TO COLORED CAROLINIANS.

GREAT OPPORTUNITY PRESENTED.

An Address From W. C. Coleman, C. C. F. N. C., in Regard to Participating in the Cotton States and International Exposition in Atlanta in 1895—Its Relation to the Negro.

The managers of the Cotton States and International Exposition, to be held in Atlanta in 1895, have given abundant evidence of their interest in the negro exhibit which is to form a special feature of their Exposition. They, some time ago resolved to erect a Negro Building that would in every way be commensurate with the proposed scope of the exposition itself, and the plans and specifications for the building have all be n made.

Twenty-five thousand square feet of space is guaranteed and as much more as may be needed by the colored people of the United States free of all expense for entrance fees and rents for exhibits. This space is to be used exclusively by the said race in education, art, mining, agriculture, and all other pursuits and industries, the exhibit to be made at the same time and under the rules and regulations governing all other exhibitors.

The directory of the exposition in pursuance of the plans to make this department of the exposition a success have appointed a commission of colored men in the various States to take charge of the work of collecting, forwarding and installing the exhibits of the colored people. The Chief Commissioner for this purpose in North Carolina is W. C. Coleman, Concord, N. C., the entire commission for this State is as follows:

Rocky Mount, W. L. Pearson; Wilmington, Rev. J. S. Settle and M. Ingram; Monroe, Rev. A. A. Crooke; Rockingham, W. H. Quick; Kittrell, Prof. Jno. R. Hawkins; Norwood, Prof. H. S. Schultz; Maxton, J. C. Hooper, R. B. Russell; Greenville, C. C. Forbes, A. J. F. Moore; Washington, Rev. O. L. W. Smith, Prof. L. R. Randolph; Salisbury, Revs. P. S. Lewis and G. L. Blackwell; Tarboro, Geo. H. White, Geo. Mathewson and Nathan Williams; Weldon, W. H. Smith and J. H. Howard; Wilmington, Jno. C. Dancey, Rev. Dr. E. J. Gregg, Prof. J. B. Dudley, Rev. L. T. Christmas and Rev. A. F. Moore; Wilson, Prof. S. H. Vick and Rev. Dr. W. J. Moore; Winston S. G. Atkins, Rev. J. C. Alston and R. E. Clement; Edenton, R. M. Lee and McDonald; Plymouth, Rev. H. S. Hicks and Prof. H. C. Crosby; Winton, Rev. C. S. Brown and W. T. Newsome; Henderson, Rev. W. J. Solomon; Asheville, Dr. M. W. Alston and Thos. Leatherwood; Beaufort, S. A. Blount; Charlotte, Rev. Dr. D. J. Saunders, W. C. Smith, Rev. C. L. Davis and Dr. J. T. Williams; Concord, W. C. Coleman; Durham, Prof. W. G. Pearson and R. B. Fitzgerald; Fayetteville, Bishop J. W. Hood, Geo. C. Scurlock, P. N. Melchor; Goldsboro, E. E. Smith, Rev. Dr. R. A. Rives and W. J. Scott; Greensboro, D. B. Yancey, Prof. C. H. Moore; Kinston, J. C. Hargett; Littleton, H. P. Cheatham and Rev. W. A. Patillo; Louisburg, Jno. H. Williamson; New Berne, W. W. Lawrence, E. R. Dudley, Prof. I. H. Smith, Rev. W. A. Byrd; Raleigh, Jas. H. Young, E. E. Johnston, Rev. R. H. W. Leak, Prof. Chas. N. Hunter, Rev. Dr. N. F. Roberts and Jas. E. Hamlin.

The Chief Commissioners in other States are: Alabama, Pres. Booker T. Washington; Arkansas, Rev. W. O. Emery; Florida, F. P. Gadsden; Georgia, Prof. W. E. Crogman; Louisiana, Rev. Dr. A. E. P. Albert; Mississippi, Pres. I. T. Montgomery; North Carolina, W. C. Coleman; South Carolina, Rev. J. B. Middleton; Tennessee, Rev. G. W. Clark; Texas, N. W. Cuney; Virginia, Prof. J. Garland. Some of these already have their States in line, outlining and collecting plans by which they may collect the largest and very best exhibits.

Chief Commissioner Coleman of this State has issued an address "To the Colored citizens of North Carolina" in which he says:

"Now it seems clear that a great duty is upon us to seize this opportunity (the best that has ever been given the negro as a race in the history of the world) to show to mankind what progress we have made in the industrial pursuits and in scientific and literary development, in agriculture, in the mechanic arts, in science, art, literature, and in every department of human progress already occupied by the negro. It is also an opportunity to demonstrate to mankind what we are in our present capabilities and what we prophesy for the future.

"North Carolina cannot afford to be behind or wanting in this matter.

* * * *

"The above should make every heart thrill and cause every loyal negro to resolve to do everything in his power to make the best possible showing for his race.

"And we appeal to every patriotic North Carolinian, of negro descent, to pledge himself to the successful carrying out of this enterprise, and to follow up this pledge with unabating zeal and industry when the plans have been fully outlined.

"Information in full and in detail will be issued from time to time."

State papers are requested to copy the address.

COTTON FACTORY MACHINERY.

Practical Advice by a Practical Man as to Requisites for Success—None but the Latest Improved Will Answer.

Whatever factories have been started in New Berne of late years have been fitted out with the correct idea that no machinery is fit to be used except the latest and very best, so we have but little fear that if a cotton factory is ever determined upon by our citizens it will be equipped according to the same plan. However, it is well to strengthen correct ideas with wisdom born of experience. An effort is being made to build a cotton factory in Chattanooga and as the advice given the promoters by a correspondent of the Times will apply here as well as there, we copy it:

"The parties who have that commendable project in hand ought to proceed very carefully. If a mill is started here with anything but the latest and most improved machinery it will prove a failure. The Ruohs factory sought some machinery sixty years behind the times, and the failure of that factory killed all small enterprises in Chattanooga for ten years past. People say a factory cannot be run here, and point to this ruin, when in not the place but the machinery caused the failure.

"For the past eighteen months a mill of 9,000 spindles has been offered in Boston for $8 per spindle which cost $15 per spindle new, and yet nobody buys the mill because the machinery is out of date. With the very latest and best machinery and wise and prudent management, a cotton mill in Chattanooga can compete with any in the country."

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

Its Annual Week of Prayer and the Topics for Each Day.

The week of prayer appointed by the Evangelical Alliance for 1895 begins on Jan. 6th. All the Churches of our Lord Jesus Christ are invited to unite their supplications at the beginning of the new year for the common interests of the Church of Christ. The general subjects are the same throughout the world. For a full list of sub-topics for the convenience of pastors and Churches, address Josiah Strong, D. D., General Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance for the United States, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-Third Street, New York City.

Sunday, Jan. 6, sermons.

Monday, Jan. 7, "Humiliation and Thanksgiving."

Tuesday, Jan. 8, "The Church Universal."

Wednesday, Jan. 9, "Nations and their Rulers."

Thursday, Jan. 10, "Foreign Missions."

Friday, Jan. 11, "Home Missions."

Saturday, Jan. 12, "Families and Schools."

Sunday, Jan. 13, sermons.

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

North Carolina Personals—After Office—Governor Carr Still Here—A Joke on Harry Skinner—Adjournment—Today's Record.

Hon. John S. Henderson tells me that there is not a shadow of foundation for the rumor that he will leave Salisbury, and come here to practice law. I never believed it for a minute. John Henderson will change out his shingle in the east town of Salisbury, after March 4th and if anybody gets law practice by hard work and ability he will.

Governor Carr says "our Mary Ann" will be Senator. He says there may not have been a written "fusion" contract, but there is an understanding that will do as good.

Hon. Harry Skinner is here. He is better looking than his more able brother, Hon. Tom Skinner, and impresses one as being a very pleasant gentlemen. He was sitting in the lobby of the Metropolitan Hotel yesterday talking to Mr. Pell about North Carolina politics. A Texas hayseed overheard them and interposed this remark: "I see you two are North Carolinians. Its a State I like, and I want to know why you let the d—n fusionists beat you so?" Mr. Pell quietly turned and said: "Here is one of them sir. Don't be too free in your remarks, though we Democrats feel as much like cussin' as you do."

Some things have transpired here lately suggest a scheme is on foot to elect Judge Russell and H. G. Ewart United States Senators next month.

Congress adjourns to-morrow to meet January 3rd.

Only the House was in session to-day.

A substitute for the Carlisle Currency Bill will be passed after the recess which the National Banking System. Other changes are contemplated.

Holiday Recess—A Splendid Record in the House—Fooling in the Senate—Personals—Business Men to the Front.

The adjournment of Congress today, December 22nd, 1894, for the Christmas holidays, gives to history the best three weeks record for work ever made by the House of Representatives. Several appropriation bills have been passed. The Post-Office Appropriation bill, drafted by Hon. John S. Henderson, and carrying $196,000 for the fast southern mail is a master piece. The Committee on Banking and Currency recommended a substitute to the Carlisle bill in which the National Banking system will be continued. Other changes are suggested.

The Senate has been three weeks fooling over the question "shall cloture resolution be adopted or not." Hill is in favor of parliamentary rounds, so am I. In this Republic, the people are sovereign. The people do not need the protection of seventy odd Senators. They are amply able to take care of themselves. The true situation in the Senate is outlined in a cartoon in the able Washington Post of Friday morning. Two rude old idols one labelled "Senatorial Courtesy" and the other "Unlimited Debate" are sitting in ancient chairs raised on a pedestal. Senator Hill armed with an enormous club is trying to knock these idols down. I hope he will do it.

Wednesday morning the large North Carolina delegation headed by Senator Ransom, and composed of Congressmen and other honorable gentlemen called on Secretary Gresham today, urging the appointment of Walter R. Henry to some good position. They were very courteously received. Senator Ransom stated the object of their call. Mr. Aycock and Mr. Fowle were the other speakers. Secretary Gresham promised to present the matter to the President. I have reason to believe that Mr. Henry will not go abroad but will receive a $2,100 chief place here.

The statues of John Stark and Daniel Webster were unveiled in Statuary Hall Wednesday.

General W. P. Roberts, Consul General to Victoria is here on a thirty days leave.

Col. A. B. Andrews, foremost among the ablest and most useful citizens of the South has been reelected President of the Virginia Midland. I wish he was President of the entire Southern Railroad system. I contend he has done as much for the material development of the section south of Mason and Dixon's Line as far as Atlanta as any man in that part of the country. He is very modest about it, but like a sensible gentlemen he makes his work pay him as he goes along.

Another Turbeel of the same stripe is ex-Governor Thomas W. Holt, who with every one of his progressive brothers are men, of a calibre the entire South ought to be proud to honor. When such men are put to the front, the whistle of locomotives, the whirl of machinery, the influx of money, the noon-tide of a permanent prosperity, will take the place of cross road politics, five cent cotton, and blatant paid campaign orators who have no practice to keep them at home and who ride on free passes over the country or on tickets bought with "campaign money" got from contributions of hard-working, honest Democrats, Tammany or Sugar Trusts. In the future I hope there will be more men like Tom Holt, Alex. Andrews, Jule Carr, the Frieses of Salem, the Haines of Winston, the George Allen's of New Berne, men like D. A. Tompkins of Charlotte and a hundred others I might mention somewhere on deck when the Democratic Ship of State sails triumphant between the dangerous Scylla of Radicalism and the yawning monster of Popocracy into an open sea of Victory.

HAPPENINGS OF THE DAY.

After all ex-President Harrison may conclude that being Secretary of State is more to his taste.

If men didn't get sick and tired of boarding-houses there would be very few marriages. Stewed prunes drive lots of victims to matrimony, insists the Atchison Globe.

Rockingham farmers are planting a great deal more grain this year than in previous years. Some few speak of fishing next year in preference to raising 5-cent cotton.

Rudyard Kipling, after sending his first two or three stories to nearly every publisher in England, finally sold them for $15. His last story brought him $1,000 for the English rights alone.

Robert J. Aldrich was found dead on a railroad track near St. Augustine, Fla. It is supposed he was killed by a passing train while drunk and asleep. His mother lives at Barnell, S. C.

The Montgomery (Ala.) Cotton Mill is putting new machinery in its plant which will about double its present capacity. It is also preparing to run night and day to keep up with orders.

People in the drought stricken district of Nebraska are starving to death and almost destitute of clothing. What a contrast to the abundance South even if prices are low and money scarce.

It has been practically decided by Secretary Herbert to send the cruiser Marblehead to the Europ an station as soon as she can be made ready for a three years cruise. It is understood that this pleasant duty is given to the officers of the ship as reward for their Summer stay at Bluefield.

It is learned that there will be no fewer than fourteen contests for seats in the Legislature, and that only three of these are by Populists, the remainder being by Republicans. This is one of the reasons upon which the Republicans base their claim that they will have more members than the Populists.

While children at Elberton, Ga., who had witnessed an execution were playing at hanging Saturday, one, a twelve year old boy, hung himself in reality. He tied one end of the rope around his neck, the other end to the limb of a tree and then jumped from the limb thinking he would reach the ground but the rope was too short and died of strangulation, before he could be reached.

Four thousand people attended the execution of two murderers at Maynardsville, Tenn., Saturday. A stockade had been erected with the intention of having it private but the crowd ran over the guard of fifty men and tore it down. Their crime was the dastardly murder of an old man, aged 91, and his wife aged 76 for purposes of robbery. The father of one of the men surrendered them to secure the $400 reward.

A Christmas Song.

It came upon the midnight clear, that glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth to touch their golden harps, and hold
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men, from Heaven's all gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay to hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come, with peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their Heavenly music floats, o'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lonely plains they bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds the blessed angel song.

But with the woes of sin and strife the world has sung for long,
By the angel strains have rolled two thousand years of peace and song;
But war with man, hears not the love-song which they bring;
O hush the noise, ye men of strife, and hear the angels sing!

And yet, beneath life's crushing load, whose forms bend low and bow,
Who toil along the climbing way with painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road, and hear the angels sing!

For lo, the days are hastening on, by prophet-bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years, comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song which now the angels sing.

—ED. R. PRITCHARD.

THE BROWNIES' CHRISTMAS SPORTS.

When Merry Christmas time comes 'round and all the world is gay,
The Brownies hold high revelry from dark till dawn of day.
And chief among their Christmas sports 'tis coasting holds high place,
As down the hill they fly pell-mell in reckless, joyful race.
Then up again they heavely tug to try once more the fun,
Till morning comes, and with the dawn their Christmas joys are done.
So we, like Brownies, should enjoy this happy Christmas Day,
When Santa comes with gifts for all, and peace