

THE BIRD.

Mustangs of the Past Week. In our lucubrations in this department it is not our purpose to originate, but simply to reflect the public expressions of opinion, on current happenings during the week.

In this connection the Editor of the JOURNAL is the most commendably talked of man in the community, and deservedly so.

Instead of burdening his editorial columns with stale platitudes, and relishing a lot of political clap-trap which no matter how spicily written, or vigorously presented, is of a necessity but the same old tune with variations, he has started a campaign for the upbuilding of New Bern and incidentally and necessarily, its contiguous territory.

In small communities, this is the highest field of Journalism, as it best accomplishes that which should be, and is, the highest aim of a public print, the development and upbuilding of the business interests of the place and consequent increased happiness of the people.

You have struck the right key—perpet in it, "keep everlastingly at it" and while results may not materialize at once, yet be assured that in this, as in all other instances where a good cause is persistently advocated, it is sure in the end to be successful.

We look for very great results from your Campaign of "Industrial Progress."

Your suggestion the other day of shelling East Front street was a good one, and I am heartily in favor of it, after upper Pollock and Broad streets have been similarly treated.

The latter streets are the traffic arteries of the city, over which are drawn the various vehicles that visit us from the country, many of them heavy laden, and at the end of their journey the drivers, if not the poor horses, naturally look for better traveling when in our corporate limits than they did upon the county roads, but they traverse half the city before they find any improvement. This should not be so, and we therefore insist that the preference should be given the vehicles of traffic rather than those of pleasure (who would be benefited by the improvement of East Front street) which now have a number of splendid streets upon which to drive.

It is to be hoped that the agitation for the return of the revenue cutter Winona may result in her early return to these waters, for aside from the pleasure obtained by having as citizens, the clever gentlemen who are officers of the vessel, there is a military side to the question.

The monthly payroll leaves more than one thousand dollars per month with our merchants, and house owners, and in a town of this size adds in no small measure to the volume of our currency.

By the way, it may not be generally known where the name of the cutter is derived. It is true it is named for the city of Winona, in Minn, the home of Mr. Windom, who was Secretary of the U. S. Treasury when the vessel was contracted for, and who named her, but the name of both city and vessel is Indian and is written and pronounced—We-noh-nah and means "the first female child."

The movement in the export of lumber still goes steadily on, but unfortunately the prices rule so low that there is little or no profit in it, and the regrettable fact results, that our splendid pine forests are being destroyed without enriching the section despoiled.

The mill men in answer to a query as to why they do not curtail the output or shut down mills until the increased demand would result in better prices, reply that such action would result in throwing a vast number of persons out of employment. Loggers, raftmen, mill employes, etc., and would lamentably add to the army of the unemployed. Hence there are the usual two horns to the dilemma and they choose the lesser.

Who will it be at St. Louis? I am an excellent prophet after the thing has happened and I will be able to name the Republican standard bearer next Sunday. E. H. O.

Cantaloupes Coming.

The Irish potato digging is about over, most of our truckers having made their last shipments. Some will ship Monday, their attention will be turned towards cantaloupes which will be ready for shipment in eight or ten days. A prominent farmer said to the JOURNAL last evening that they were expecting a fine crop of cantaloupes.

Electric Bitters.

Electric Bitters is a medicine suited for any disease, but perhaps more generally needed, when the largest extended feeling prevails when the liver is torpid and sluggish and the need of a tonic and cathartic is felt. A prompt use of this medicine has often averted long and painful febrile illnesses. No medicine will act more surely in counteracting and freeing the system from the malarial poison. Headache, indigestion, constipation, Dizziness, neuralgia, Rheumatism, etc., and \$1.00 per bottle at F. S. Duff's Drug Store.

Davidson College Alumni.

Rev. C. G. Vardell returned from Davidson College Commencement last night. He said to the JOURNAL: "We had a big time at Davidson. The alumni will erect a memorial building in honor of Col. W. J. Martin. An alumnus from every class was appointed to urge subscriptions from his classmates. The work of raising the subscriptions will be actively pushed. The amount raised so far, as announced by President Shearer is \$3,050. The New Bern boys will be home in a day or two."

Mr. Vardell was re-elected president of the alumni association. We take the following from the Charlotte Observer: "Rev. C. G. Vardell, of New Bern, who delivered the alumni oration, Mr. Vardell has taken the lead in the movement to erect a building to be used as a science hall on the campus. He made no set oration but devoted his remarks entirely to this subject to which he has devoted his utmost energies with so much enthusiasm. At the beginning he quoted these words from wholly write: 'I will bless you and you shall be a blessing.' Of many men, he said, his has been true, but seldom has the world been more blessed than by the life of the man whose picture hangs yonder (pointing to the picture of the late Col. W. J. Martin). (Great applause). We realize what a begrudging thing language is when we try to portray the character of Col. Martin. [Applause]."

"As president of the alumni association, Mr. Vardell said the duty had been imposed upon him of undertaking the raising of some memorial to the memory of this great and good man. Some years ago, while at Blowing Rock, Col. Martin had expressed the hope to him (the speaker) that some man might be found who would endow a much needed science hall at Davidson. But today, the speaker said, while no one man had been found to make the necessary contribution, the loyal alumni of Davidson would, he felt sure, take hold of the matter, and in honor of the memory of this great man, raise the funds to erect this building which he so much desired for Mr. Vardell then gave opportunity to any in the audience to express their views." Enthusiastic responses were made by many of the alumni.

Hunting Bear in June.

E. T. Bender, of Pollockville, was a caller at the JOURNAL office yesterday, and while resting comfortably in one of the JOURNAL's easy chairs told the following story: We had been losing hogs from our place, and so I made up my mind to see what was taking them off. Last Friday, with dogs and a party of friends we set off into the woods in the neighborhood of Cat Fish Lake. The dogs soon ran something which we judged was a cub bear, although we never saw it, for a female bear soon appeared, which we shot. She was in poor condition. The next day, I went out with John Oliver, and the dogs soon started a bear. We both got sight of the bear, which had Oliver's dog by the jaw. We both fired, shooting the bear through both fore paws. Oliver rushed onto the bear, the animal standing up and attempting to claw Oliver but as his paws were broken he could not get any hold. Oliver at same time was using his long knife, slashing the bear over the head. I rushed up and shot the bear through the head, releasing Oliver who was not injured himself but was mourning because his dog had been hurt. After dressing the bear, which was a male, we weighed the carcass, which was 275 pounds. A large animal.

Turkey, Crete and Greece.

On a small scale the Armenian spectacle is being repeated in Crete, the only Turkish province in Europe. The Cretans, mostly Christians, are a brave, intelligent people. Chance brought them under Turkish rule, although ethnologically and geographically they should belong to Greece. They partake of none of the characteristics of the Mussulman, and their whole history is one continued protest against Turkish rule, with periodic uprisings to throw off the hated yoke. They are Greeks in all their aspirations and affections, in language, in habit, in morals, in outward appearance even and they hate the Turks as cordially as his Satanic majesty is said to hate his water.

Just at the present time another revolution is in progress, caused by the brutal excesses of the Turkish soldiery. Upon several occasions the Cretans have made so successful a stand against the Turkish troops as to have forced from the ports concessions of semi-autonomy. But in these instances Turkey always proved true to its record of treachery, duplicity and false dealing, for soon the same oppression would rule again.

The sympathy of the people of Greece is altogether with Crete. They would like nothing better than to step across the ancient Lacedaemonian peninsula and again make the Cretan Helles a part of Hellas. But Greece is powerless, because Great Britain continues her incessant flirtation with Turkey, and Russia's hand would lie heavily upon the poor little kingdom if she

were to attempt to do might against Russia's traditional foe but lately. Another trouble stands in the way. Greece is not rich and Crete is poor. Turkish rule has done there what it has done wherever it has sway; it has impoverished the country. Nor has Greece yet recovered from the effects of Turkish sovereignty. The thirty years of independence government have not yet sufficed to fill her exchequer to the extent that she can safely undertake the task of wresting Crete from Turkey and rehabilitating the island. In some quarters it has been thought that Germany might come to her aid, but this, too, is unlikely, because William is too anxious to cultivate the friendship of Nicholas. But the powers of Europe might at least seek to prevent the repetition of the Armenian atrocities, even on a minor scale, in a European country, and to that end ought to re-memorate with the Turk.—L. V.

Circular Letter No. 54.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., June 1st, 1896.—The United Confederate Veterans' Reunion is to take place at Richmond, Va., on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, June 30th, and July 1st, and 2nd, 1896.

Business of the greatest importance will demand careful consideration during the Sixth Annual Reunion—such as the best methods of securing impartial history, and to enlist each State in the compilation and preservation of the history of her citizen soldiery; the benevolent care through State aid or otherwise of disabled, destitute, or aged veterans and the widows and orphans of our fallen brothers-in-arms; the care of the graves of our known and unknown dead buried at Gettysburg, Fort Warren, Camp Morton, Chase, Woodland, Oakland Cemetery at Chicago, Johnson's Island, Cairo and at all other points, to see that they are annually decorated, the headstones preserved and protected, and complete lists of names of our dead heroes with the location of their last resting places furnished to their friends and relatives through the medium of our camps, thus rescuing their names from oblivion and handing them down in history; to participate in laying the cornerstone of the Jefferson Davis monument at Richmond, Va; the consideration of the different monuments, plans and means to complete a monument to the memory of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, and to aid in building monuments to other great leaders, soldiers and sailors of the South; and as there is no relief or aid for our veterans and their families, outside of ourselves and our own resources, to perfect a plan for a mutual aid and benevolent association; to make such changes in the constitution and by-laws as experience may suggest, and other matters of general interest.

Total number of camps now admitted 833, with applications in for nearly one hundred more. Following is list of camps by States: Texas 318, Alabama 87, South Carolina 14, Missouri 69, Mississippi 69, Georgia 54, Louisiana 51, Arkansas 50, Kentucky 37, Florida 30, Tennessee 29, Virginia 27, North Carolina 24, Indian Territory 9, Maryland 3, Oklahoma 5, New Mexico 3, Illinois 2, Montana 2, West Virginia 1, Indiana 1, California 1, District of Columbia 1.

A Boycott Extraordinary.

A Havana dispatch states that the "New York" newspapers, meaning the Cuban press that uphold the authority of Spain in Cuba, "teem with articles on the loyalty of Spaniards in the republic of Mexico, Uruguay and the Argentine." The dispatch remarks that this loyalty "is too well known to require extended notice," for over 3,000 Spaniards in Argentina and Uruguay are supporting Spanish rule in Cuba as soldiers.

This is surprising unless these 3,000 volunteers in defense of Spanish rule in Cuba are merely mercenaries. But what is far more surprising, if true, is the statement from the same source that Spanish merchants incensed at the anti-Spanish feeling in this country, have declared a boycott against American products. The story is that the Spanish merchants of Mexico, Uruguay and Argentina have "unanimously decided to cease further purchases in the United States."

This hostile action is treated in the Havana-dispatch as though it would be fatal to our export trade to the three republics named. The report of our treasury bureau of statistics is quoted to show the value of our exports in the three republics, the implication being that we will lose all this trade unless we mend our ways and sympathize with Spain instead of the insurgents.

Even if the Spanish merchants were the only ones in those countries importing merchandise from the United States, and if the people were in sympathy with them in this boycott business, we might lose our export trade of some \$10,000,000 a year, or perhaps 21 per cent of our total exports. But there are plenty of merchants who do not sympathize with Spain in this Cuban struggle and who will take the place of Spanish merchants as purchasers in our markets. The people of the Spanish American Republics, we may be sure, are not in sympathy with Spain. Since they have thrown the Spanish yoke they naturally sympathize with Cubans of the same race with themselves, who are struggling to do the same thing. They will not refuse to buy American goods because Americans sympathize with the Cubans as they do.

American will not worry much about this alleged extraordinary boycott. They will readily perceive that it is a work of Spanish imagination and that it exists only in the minds of Spaniards in Cuba. The boycott story is indicative only of Spanish ignorance in regard to our export trade and of a Spanish desperation in Cuba which prompts to a wild grasping at straws—Chicago Chronicle.

FLAG DAY.

Americans sometimes say in connection with the anniversary of an important event in American history that they had only thought of it in time they would have made some suitable celebration of the day. We take occasion therefore to remind our readers that June 14 is the one hundred and nineteenth anniversary of the day when the stars and stripes were formally adopted by the American Congress as the national emblem of the weak poor and struggling little-republic of the United States. The men of that day had few guns and little clothing and no money at all. They had only determination, faith and General George Washington. With these forces behind them they unfurled to the breeze and to the eyes of all the world the flag of the United States of America, to which Congress gave its formal sanction June 14, 1777.

Dolls Ferry, on the Hudson, claims the honor of being the place where the American flag was first saluted by the British man-of-war, after the peace was proclaimed which made the colonies independent forever of Great Britain, to the infinite regret of American duddes 100 years after.

Teachers' parents cannot too strongly impress patriotism in every shape and form on the rising generation of this country. It is always in order. Let flag day then be celebrated with patriotic exercises in every school district in the country. Let the story of the flag be told to old and young by the best orator the neighborhood can secure. Let thrilling incidents of the Revolution and pioneer times be told. Let there be professions of school children, with rifle and drum. Let the boys of the Young America drill companies appear in their uniforms, with shining faces and sparkling eyes. At these celebrations there is one poem that should always be recited with a ring and a swing. It is the one commencing—

When Freedom from her mountain height
Came down to us, she said, "I will be
During the exercises let "The Red, White and Blue" always be sung. At the close of all man, woman and child lift their voices in mighty waves of harmony, which shall roll up to the very gates of heaven the chorons of the glorious "Star Spangled Banner."

Air Motor For Street Cars.

Horse cars have been mostly supplanted by electric and cable cars everywhere except in New York and one or two other foreign cities. Cable-stops, trolley wires and storage battery cars have been put in their place. And just at this time when all arrangements have been completed at large expense for operating street cars by electricity and the underground conduits for carrying the electric current are to be supplanted at once by something better, simpler and less expensive.

The new motive power is as old as the hills and its supply is inexhaustible. It is nothing more than common atmospheric air, compressed to a force of from 1,000 to 2,000 pounds to the square inch, stored in a powerful steel tank and governed and allowed to escape regularly and officiously by means of valves, cylinder and piston rod and lever, precisely as steam is now managed. And again, the only wonder is nobody ever thought of it before.

The compressed air is put into steel tanks under the car seats. It is controlled by levers such as the motorman of a cable car now uses. There will be no danger from electricity, no slot and no wires overhead and underground, no gold brick sold nowadays where dealer is a deceiver.—Washington Star.

A teacher giving lessons on physical force, when he had finished, asked, "Now, boys, can any of you tell me what force it is that moves people along the streets?" He was greatly surprised, and the class, highly amused, at receiving from one of the boys the unexpected answer, "the class, sir, the police force."—London Truth.

Clubs Were Formed. "Whist" is claimed the rubber leader as the English tourist passed their place of concealment. "Here is a suit we can all follow." He led.

Guided by the mellifluous murmur of the stranger's tweed, they stole upon him.—New York Press.

Annie Carroll. Sweet Annie Carroll, she looked and she cried
When I saw an ax laid to my dear bride
Till I thought, "I'll not up with you, Michael
no more."
If you want to win Annie, you'll have to employ
Manners sweeten
An axe and a pickaxe,
Fit to wrestle and dig, but for love talk—go
soon.
You'll want as much of a happy marriage
(Oh, these sweet words, how they
pretend to be—don't you
think so?)
Will you, Annie, don't don't come at me
him.
I'm a poor fellow, I'm a poor fellow, I'm a
man.
An I know what I know
Such a sweet, tender creature as you couldn't
be mine.
Bein' millionaires in millions of miles far
above me,
But, don't you be cryin' it hurts me most
cruel.
Though you'll tear in your beautiful eyes is a
few
Here I put me rough hand, frankly like, on
your shoulder.
An I comforted her, an I comforted her, an I
grew an in with little, pretty, little
Mearns in the south of it, I'm a
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You'll want as much of a happy marriage
(Oh, these sweet words, how they
pretend to be—don't you
think so?)
Will you, Annie, don't don't come at me
him.
I'm a poor fellow, I'm a poor fellow, I'm a
man.
An I know what I know
Such a sweet, tender creature as you couldn't
be mine.
Bein' millionaires in millions of miles far
above me,
But, don't you be cryin' it hurts me most
cruel.
Though you'll tear in your beautiful eyes is a
few
Here I put me rough hand, frankly like, on
your shoulder.
An I comforted her, an I comforted her, an I
grew an in with little, pretty, little
Mearns in the south of it, I'm a
man.
An I'm a poor fellow, I'm a poor fellow, I'm a
man.
For I saw she'd been laid to my dear bride
Till I thought, "I'll not up with you, Michael
no more."
If you want to win Annie, you'll have to employ
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