

ECHOES

A recent re-reading of Shakespeare's play of Macbeth...

The eminent actor was playing in Mobile, and after the performance...

The General suggested that the correct rendering was: "Go hang your banners on the outer wall; the cry is still they come."

Booth at once saw the force of the rendering, adopted it and ever afterwards used it.

One day last week, two gentlemen from the "rural districts" approached the Court House...

"Keep off the Grass" signs had no terrors for them, and they asserted their independence by ignoring the one in question.

This incident calls to mind the fact that our Court House building, its approaches and surroundings...

The recent additions and improvements have not been an afterthought, but are parts of the splendid plan originally conceived...

The old county court house stood in the street at the junction of Broad and Middle streets...

As a result the county was without a judicial hall of its own, and for many years rented halls for the purpose and rooms for its county officers.

The county was in debt; the old site would no longer serve as the place for the erection of a new building...

These were the conditions, thus the emergency and fortunately for the county it had in authority the very man to meet the emergency and overcome it.

In the years to come no matter who may control the affairs of Craven county, the present Court House will stand as a monument to the financial ability, force of character and the just and economical control of our county affairs by James A. Bryan...

It is not intended to deny the aid, assistance and co-operation of his associates, nor the valuable services of other members of the Board. But to Mr. Bryan as the master mind, the ruling spirit, the originator and successful General of the campaign is the praise most due and should be justly and generously accorded.

Wonderful are the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and yet they are simple and natural. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes PURE BLOOD.

THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION IN A CRIVEN SNAKE

BRELLAR, N. C.—There has been much comment on the late convention at Raleigh, but more yet may be said.

Two things were noticeable, enthusiasm and unanimity. That body of men as delegates, went from the people, the people are aroused perhaps as never before and want something as a change in financial affairs.

Many of the best people of North Carolina sent their best men as delegates, many were noisy and demonstrative, it is true, cheering and sometimes almost hissing an opposition, but uniting with true democracy and neighborly unanimity in the one grand move for financial reform.

I see it charged in one of the North Carolina papers, that many were charged with the same conduct the apostles had against them at Pentecost, but in that body of over one thousand men during their stay at Raleigh I saw but one man who showed the least influence of spirits and that was Friday after the convention had adjourned and being a prohibitionist for 20 years, I think I know a drunken man when I see him, therefore we know the above charge to be false.

Another statement to the effect that the free coinage move is not a reality but a false pretense. A citizen of Craven county even stated publicly that the whole delegation from Craven was a gold bug delegation. I am sorry for the brother for I don't know whether to attribute the statement to IGNORANCE or a desire for FALSHOOD, and if his eye falls on this article he can take just which horn of the dilemma, that suits him best.

Many run to and fro, and knowledge is increasing, but it seems that a desire for office and popularity is increasing faster than true knowledge. I am not a partisan therefore I can look calmly on current events.

I am no office seeker therefore I can censure or applaud any as conscience suggests. And I feel safe in saying that the late convention was as true to the reform principle as the needle to the pole. It represented the best element in North Carolina, and from a farmer's standpoint it has inaugurated a move that must help the laborer, and as sure to give what it promises as any political body that meets in North Carolina.

There are some who, taking a part for the whole, condemn all the movements the Democracy makes, this condemnation is both unwise and unjust, and we think many who have been alienated from their best friends through political partisanship, led often by disgracing office seekers, can now with hearty good will, return to the best organization in the Old North State to bring true reform and to give to the masses of North Carolina yeomanry, true independence, manhood and a government for the people by the people.

Open-Faced Watches Popular. In this country almost everybody carries a watch. Probably nine-tenths of the men, great number of women and many young people carry watches. In the best trade of the city many more watches of gold are sold than of silver; of all the watches sold throughout the country about 25 per cent are of gold. The percentage of gold watches is increasing. The fashionable watch of the day is open-faced. The sale of open-faced watches is increasing, especially in fine watches, but it is increasing also in watches of other grades. Of fine gold watches sold in the city probably two-thirds are now made open-faced. Of all the watches sold in the United States, gold and silver, probably from a quarter to a third are now made open-faced.

The modern watch has for one of its characteristics thinness. A man's watch, which is now made more especially to wear with evening dress and is all the time growing in favor, is a plain, thin, open-faced gold watch which takes up but little room in the pocket. Perfect in its simplicity, this watch is at the same time of fine workmanship and great beauty. It sells at \$100. A fine gold watch not so thin nor so finely finished, but a very handsome modern watch and an excellent time-keeper, by the same makers and bearing their name, can be bought in open-face, the case of 18 carat gold, for \$50; in double case, for \$70. But gold watches and good watches, too, can be bought for very much less than these prices; in fact, there never was a time when watches generally were made in such tasteful shapes, or when they were so good for the money or so cheap as now.

Taking all the grades together, the American production of watches is about 4,000 daily; the importation of watches amounts to about the same number. One might at first wonder what becomes of all these watches. A great number are taken up annually by the new immigrants coming into the market for the first time, out of the constant and large increase in the population. Great as the percentage of watch owners now is in this country, that is also increasing. Many immigrants buy watches as soon as they get the money; some men own more than one watch; watches wear out, or their owners lay them aside for a better watch or for one of newer style; watches are lost and destroyed, and when one comes to take all these things into consideration it will be seen that the great production of watches may be in large measure easily accounted for.—New York Sun.

Cautious Vegetable Fibres

The Department of Agriculture, forestry division, at Washington, has a collection of rare trees and plants only second to that belonging to the famous Kew gardens, London.

A recent addition to this dendrological museum is a "lace bark tree" from Jamaica. The inner bark of this queer tree is composed of many layers of fine and intricately woven fibres, which interlock with each other in all directions. Caps, rattles and even complete suits of this curious vegetable lace have been made. It bears washing with common laundry soap, and when bleached in the sun acquires a degree of whiteness seldom exceeded by artificial lace made of cotton, linen and silk.

The intricate web of this unique bark makes it compare favorably to the last mentioned production for both beauty and durability. It is to be sincerely hoped that the Agricultural Department will see that the Jamaica lace tree is introduced into the United States.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Do Not Experiment in so important a matter as your health. Purify, enrich and vitalize your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla and thus keep yourself strong and healthy.

ARKS OF THE SANCTIFIED

A New Religious Sect Located in North Carolina. Your correspondent visited the "Arks of the Sanctified" one day this week.

The band arrived at Cannon's Ferry, Chowan county, on the thirteenth instant.

They have since last Fall been organizing on the Eastern shore of Virginia and in the lower Sounds of this State.

They travel and have their living quarters on large barges, called arks. They are towed from place to place by small troops, but one of the men informed me that the band is now negotiating the purchase of a small steam tug.

The arks are fifty feet in length and about twenty-five feet in width. They are built of ceiling timber, and are fitted with bunks, sitting rooms, and all modern conveniences.

I had a talk with the Chief Mogul—who is quite a good-looking, athletic fellow, about forty-five years of age, with a fine head well-manned with dark chestnut hair, slightly streaked with gray. He is by far the most intelligent man on board, and is quite an interesting personality. Though he claims to be sanctified, he chews tobacco and has every appearance of the ordinary human being.

The band consists of one hundred and three members—all ages, all sizes, all sexes, and of all sorts and conditions. They are living on the arks at present, but it is reported that some of them have rented houses of Mr. Zan Eason and Dillard Boyce, Esq., to live in during their stay at the Ferry.

It is quite likely that fish will be scarce in a short while, for they have the river lined with nets and eel baskets—fishing being one of their chief occupations.

They have a large supply of provisions on hand, and quite a number of fine, healthy porks have quarters on deck.

Socially, they are like one large family—only a little more so; mentally, they are ignorant; religiously, they are cranks; socially, they claim perfection.

The day of my visit was wash-day. One buxom lass—whom I heard addressed as "Etta"—seemed to have had charge of the laundry operations, and the steady "swish-swish" of the water as it passed over the board, was a proof of her efficiency. Once she looked in my direction and I caught a glimpse of two rosy cheeks and a pair of rougish brown eyes, which looked far too expressive and intelligent for their owner to be seeking out an existence over a washboard—even if she is sanctified.

The women wear loose-fitting garments for the most part, while some are attired very neatly. The children—of which there are many—ramp and play on the decks of the barges and gather blackberries along the river banks, seemingly oblivious of the doctrine of sanctification and all things else.

Some of the children are rosy-cheeked, but many of them are sallow and hollow-eyed and unhealthy in appearance. The children are happy, the men good natured and indolent.

But they are harmless; they simply believe they are sinless—as pure as the Man of Nazareth.

And where their purity comes in I have failed to discover.

J. M. CHARLOTTE, Edenton, June 25th.

An Addition to Kingston. Rev. J. P. Spencer, a recent graduate of the Frazier Theological Seminary of Chester, Pa., came in yesterday on the Neuse on his way to Kingston, where he has accepted the call to the Baptist church of that town. He left on the freight yesterday afternoon. While here he stopped at Mr. J. C. Whitty's.

The Kingston church has cause to feel exceedingly fortunate in securing the services of this young man as he is endowed with those elements of pulpit oratory seldom found in a young man of his age. His standing at Wake Forest College when he graduated two years ago and also the record he has made at the Theological Seminary mark him as one of the rising preachers of the State.

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD

How Bill Was Busted. As I roved at the foot of a long hill I was overtaken by an old man driving a mule and cart, and as the outfit came up I saw that a man was lying on some blankets on the bottom of the vehicle. As his eyes were closed and his face deathly pale, I realized that some accident had happened and inquired what it was.

"Oh, he's my son, Bill," replied the old man as he looked down at the recumbent figure, "and I'm takin him home."

"Was it a bad accident?" "Waal, purty bad."

"Tree fall on him?" "No."

"Been in a fight?" "No. Yo' see, we was in town, and a feller come along with one of them things called a lung toter. Jime White, he paid 5 cents and blowed. Then Dan Davis, he paid 6 cents and blowed. Then Joe Hawkins, he paid 5 cents and blowed. Then my son Bill, who thinks hisself the smartest feller in this hull state, come up to me and sez: "'Ded, I kin do it as sure's yer born!'"

"Do what?" sez I. "Blow the hull blamed top off that masher and make a mortal wreck of it!"

"Don't monkey with nostrange machinery, Bill! The derned thing mashes to me as if she was loaded for b'r."

"Can't help it, dad. I kin blow'er any blow in these diggers, and I'm not only goin to do it, but scater that masher all over this county to make a record!"

"Waal," said the father as he filled his pipe for a smoke, "it wasn't no good to talk to him, fer Bill is set in his ways. He paid his 5 cents and looked around on the crowd and then drawed in his breath for a blow. He got drawed and ready and then let her go. His eyes bulged out, his heels lifted up, and his shoulder blade humped as high as his ears. Then cum the calamity."

"Busted the machine, did he?" "No, sah—he busted himself. All to once he jest fell down with a groan, turned over on his back with a grunt and was dum for. The doctor looked him over and said he'd fell in and like an old wash tub in dry weather, and that I'd better git him home to die, and so I'm takin him thar."

"But is he going to die?" "Sartin to die, can't nobody live arter he's busted his b'ler, and that's what happened to Bill. Yes, sah, he's got to die."

"That's too bad," I said by way of consolation. "Yes," he replied as he gathered up his lines, "but it had to cum, yo' know. Bill was too smart for this yere world. If he hadn't up and went and gone and everlastingly busted his b'ler on that masher, sartin he'd hev tried to ride a mowstain on his head, or poked a circus elephant in the eye, or invented a flyin masher and broke his neck, and so he hain't cum much afore his time. Want a lift, stranger? No. Then I'll be gin along so as to let the ole woman embrace her busted Bill before the spark of life has fled!"

Making It Easy. The old man and I sat on a rock in front of the cabin, smoking our after supper pipes and exchanging recollections of the war, when Mrs. Platt came out to us and said: "Bill, Tom Davis is yere."

"What for?" queried the husband. "Bin axin fer Mary."

"Shoo!" "Dan wants to marry her." "Right away." "Um, kin yo' spar' Mary?" "Got to, I reckon." "What'll he take her?" "Over to his nam's."

"Shoo! Dat his picture," but what does he want to be thar tonight? Tell him to cum to-morrow." "Got to marry now." "Waal, then, don't fuss about it. Cum in, stranger."

We entered the kitchen to find Mary and Bill sitting close together with hands clasped. She was a girl of 16 and he a young man of about 20. "Wanter git married?" asked the old man as he stood before them. Both nodded.

"Then don't fuss. Yere, now, jump over this and then gwan away with yo'."

Ten Miles to Kelly's

Soon after leaving Jackson's Cove in the morning I came to a big rock on which was rudely painted the sign, "Ten Miles to Kelly's." Nothing had been said at the Cove about Kelly's inn, but I concluded it must be a halting place for man and beast. A mile farther on I came to a second sign, reading, "Nine Miles to Kelly's." At every mile there was a sign on a rock by the wayside, and each one reduced the distance. The way was all up hill, and after passing the sign of "One Mile to Kelly's" I began to figure on an hour's rest and a mouthful of food. At length I came to a small and wretched looking cabin to the left of the trail. The acre of cleared ground around it was grown up with weeds and bushes, the roof of the house was ready to fall in, and though there was a sign on the swinging door of, "This Is Kelly's," I thought the place deserted till a native came walking around the corner of the house.

"Howdy, stranger?" he saluted as he took a seat on a stump and began to fill his pipe with cornbush.

"Howdy? Is this Kelly's?" "Fur shore."

"Do you keep a tavern?" "No, sah."

"Don't you provide any refreshments?" "Conldn't do it, stranger, as I'm all alone yere."

"I saw your signs all along the trail and was led to believe you kept a tavern. If you don't, what is the object of the signs?" "Object of them, sah?" he repeated as he got his pipe alight and faced me with folded arms. "No, sah, I don't keep no tavern nor nuthin of that sort. I jest painted them signs to let folks know that I squatted on this land arter the war, and that my ole woman died of fever two yars ago, and that I'd marry agin if I found the right woman, and that if anybody comes along and tries to bonnie me off this squat he'll hev to dodge sunthin hotter'n a streak of lightning!"

And with that he looked me up and down and spat over his shoulder and didn't reply to my "good day" as I passed on.

A Technical Evasion. "And you run the universe on Sunday?" "Oh, yes," replied Zens. "It's against the law, I know, but we get around that by calling the music of the spheres a sacred concert. Foxy? Well, I don't know."

With a smiling smile, the king of gods and men ripped the cover off a fresh case of thunderbolts.—Detroit Tribune.

Quiet Missionary Work. Literary Critic (laying down a new book)—I wish every maid, wife and mother in the country could read that book.

Able Editor—Well, run in a line to the effect that that book is one which no woman should be allowed to see.—New York Weekly.

For Collateral. Charlie Debroke—I suppose, Miss Roxy, that you are aware that for some time my heart has not been in my possession.

Miss Roxy—Why, Mr. Debroke, I had no idea that you could borrow money on that.—Harlem Life.

A Narrow Escape. Mrs. Snobs—How many girls do the Newites keep?

Mrs. Nobbs—Only one. Mrs. Snobs—Only one? Good gracious, and I came near to near calling there yesterday!—Cleveland Leader.

Took a Tumble. "Did you take that flat you were looking at with the beautifully oiled floors?" "No; we slipped up on the bargain."—Detroit Free Press.

A Bargaining Phyllis. "Pretty Phyllis," said I, "truly you have captivated me unduly." "How, I pray thee?" said she to me. "I have only what is due me."

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castoria destroys Worms. Castoria allays Feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Card. Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles. Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air. Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is put up in one-ounce bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."

See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A. The fac-simile signature of Dr. H. H. Mitchell is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. BIG BARGAINS Force Big Crowds of People to OUR STORE EVERY DAY.

We mean to turn things up-side down the remainder of the season and tear prices on every article in our house into very small pieces. We don't mean to be extravagant in our talk, but we do say we are the leaders of low prices in New Berne.

Big Sledgehammer Prices that Demolish all Profits. Extra Low Prices on Summer Dress Stuff. Very extra Low Prices on Summer Clothing.

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT. And these Values are Stunning: Special Sale of Ladies Sailor Hats. 500 Ladies Straw Sailors worth 15c., our price 12c. 500 Straw Sailors worth 25c., at 18c. 300 Ladies trimmed Sailors marked to 25c., each and Ladies trimmed Lillian Russell Sailors worth 75c and \$1.00—our price 45c. each.

BARFOOT'S, The Big Dry Goods Bargain House. Tobacco Flues! 30,000 pounds best SHEET IRON in store and 20,000 pounds on the way. All in want of Flues will do well to place their orders early, so that they will be sure to get them in time.

Tin and Sheet Metal Work of every description promptly done. S. B. PARKER, No. 23 Craven Street, - - NEW BERNE, N. C. (Referred to J. C. WHITTY.)

VALUES BEST FOR LOWEST PRICE! Horses & Mules Adapted to all Purposes. They have ever been put on the New Berne Market for cash, either GOLD, SILVER, GREENBACKS, OR NEGOTIABLE PAPER.

A full and complete line of Buggies, Wagons and Harness always on hand. M. Hahn & Co., No's 118, 120 & 122 Middle Street. E. W. SMALLWOOD, Under Gaston House, South Front Street, New Berne, N. C. FULL LINE OF General Hardware. Stoves, Carpenters Tools, Cutlery, Table Ware, Barbed Wire, GALVANIZED PIPE, PUMPS, Lime, Plaster and Cement. DEVOTES PURE READY MIXED PAINTS.

Persons attention to the prompt and correct filling of all orders. mg3u w,dow

TAX SALE

By virtue of the Tax List in my hands I have this day levied upon the following Real Estate to satisfy the Taxes due and unpaid for the year 1895, and will sell at public outcry, at the Court House door in the City of New Berne, County of Craven, and State of North Carolina, at 12 o'clock M. on Monday the 3rd day of August 1896.

Table with columns: Names, Description, Tax & Cost. Includes TOWNSHIP NO. 1, M A G wattney, 145 acres land, Bay Bush, \$4.70.

Table with columns: Names, Description, Tax & Cost. Includes TOWNSHIP NO. 2, W R Semmons, 35 acres, Forrest, \$3.80.

Table with columns: Names, Description, Tax & Cost. Includes TOWNSHIP NO. 3, C T Dougherty, 220 acres, Flat Swamp, \$6.00.

Table with columns: Names, Description, Tax & Cost. Includes TOWNSHIP NO. 4, Elizabeth Austin, 25 acres, East Side Cahoon's, \$2.40.

Table with columns: Names, Description, Tax & Cost. Includes TOWNSHIP NO. 5, Nelly Armony, 1 lot Forbes Alley, \$4.28.

Table with columns: Names, Description, Tax & Cost. Includes TOWNSHIP NO. 6, M A Patterson and Bessie Bell, 1 lot Hotel Albert, \$4.25.

Table with columns: Names, Description, Tax & Cost. Includes TOWNSHIP NO. 7, W B Boyd, adm. of Turner Daniels, 1 lot near Dark House, \$3.45.

Table with columns: Names, Description, Tax & Cost. Includes TOWNSHIP NO. 8, Wm. G-dett, 64 acres Tuscarora, \$9.23.

Table with columns: Names, Description, Tax & Cost. Includes TOWNSHIP NO. 9, T J Ivey, 98 acres, Neuse Road, \$8.81.

EGGS! FOR HATCHING, FROM THOROUGHbred POULTRY. RIVERSIDE POULTRY FARM. Offers to the Farmers of Craven and adjoining counties, Eggs from their yards of Thoroughbred poultry at greatly reduced prices for the next 90 days. Address: RIVERSIDE POULTRY FARM, apt 38, Box 26, New Berne, N. C.

SALE OF P. G. Distributors. There will be sold at Public Auction, to the highest bidder on Sat., July 11th, 1896, at the wharf of the E. C. D. & O. D. Line.

30 PARIS GREEN DISTRIBUTORS, which were shipped at Norfolk over the Norfolk and Southern R. R. by the N. Y. P. & N. R. on May 2, 1894, consigned to "P. G. D." F. C. Capt. W. C. Parker, Newbern, N. C.

The machines were manufactured by the "Key-stone Farm and Machine Works" of York, Pa., and are known in the catalogue as the Dixie Paris Green Fertilizer Distributor. GEO. HENDERSON, Agt. New Berne, N. C., June 9, 1896.

220. HARTSFIELD, POTTER & CO. (SUCCESSORS TO H. HARTSFIELD.) WHOLESALE PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS 167 Perry Street. New York. Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions and Hardware.