

WASHINGTON LETTER.

NO NEW EXPENDITURES FOR PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

Regarding Cuban Interference. No Interest in President's Message. Federal War Wanted. What Congress is Likely to do.

JOURNAL RECORD. WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 4.

Senators and Representatives who are interested in public building bills are not pleased with the announcement of Chairman Cannon, of the House Appropriation committee, that no new expenditures will be authorized by that committee so long as the Government revenues are less than the expenditures. There is considerable feeling against this. There will be more, but Mr. Cannon's word will go, as it is known to be backed by Speaker Reed, and the proposed new public buildings will have to wait, although the friends of some of them may be strong enough to get them provided for in amendments by a majority vote of the House, in defiance of the committee.

A very interesting rumor, said to have originated from the words dropped by a Senator known to enjoy the confidence of Secretary Okey, says that about a dozen of the Secretary Okey's cabinet members are to be sent to Europe on a tour of inspection of the various countries of the world. It is said that they will be accompanied by a number of the Secretary's cabinet members, and that they will be accompanied by a number of the Secretary's cabinet members, and that they will be accompanied by a number of the Secretary's cabinet members.

The one thing in which the newly arrived Congressmen show the slightest interest, is the contents of the President's forthcoming annual message to Congress. Ordinarily it is just the contrary with them, but this year everybody seems to think that it will not make the slightest difference what Mr. Cleveland may say. It is a President without a party practically, as the four Senators and the little handful of Representatives who are still known as Cleveland Democrats can hardly be called a party.

The lawyer who is as jealous of the honor of his profession as he is of his own good name is unworthy of the profession and limited to be trusted with "his" business interests of others. It is the jealousy of the honor of their profession that is causing the better class of patent lawyers to organize in the organization of a Patent Bar, with rules stringent enough to stop some of the practices which are degrading the profession, especially the "pat" while you wait" promise which is being scattered broadcast by certain firms as bait to get advance fees from inventors and men who have ideas they imagine to be inventions, and the lottery competitions which are demoralizing those who are induced to pay for the privilege of securing them. These tricks of unscrupulous patent solicitors, although of doubtful legality and some dangerously near to obtaining money under false pretenses, cannot be reached by authority of the Commissioner of Patents, but they could be by rules made by an association of patent lawyers.

Senator Feller says the Populists will do nothing to prevent the carrying out of the proposal for another international monetary commission except to state their belief in the utter uselessness of such a commission. He added that there never had any international money and that they don't believe there ever would be. Strange as it may seem, the gold standard men take about the same view of the matter that Senator Feller does.

Representative Apsey, of Maine, who ought to be authority on the subject, says the reason the wool manufacturers are striving so hard to get the Dingley bill put through the Senate at this session is "because the passage of the Dingley bill would have the immediate effect of raising the duty on the woolen manufacture some 15 per cent, while the duty on the raw material would only be placed at about 5 cents a pound. Consequently the manufacturers would have the best of the legislation, being able to get the raw material at comparatively little advance cost, while being protected as to the manufactured article." Mr. Apsey strongly favors an extra tariff session and among other reasons for his belief said: "I am not in favor of seceding any measure which is not for the interests of the people. It is essential to do anything this session, we would be sure to make serious blunders and have the work to do over again. I am in favor of an extra session, with a careful examination into all the details, and the result will be a symmetrical tariff bill that would be satisfactory to the country."

Speaker Reed's friends only smile every time some imaginative newspaper man organizes, on paper, a new opposition to his reelection as speaker of the next House. They can afford to smile. They know that Mr. Reed's reelection is already as good as assured and that not even the influence of President-elect McKinley could prevent it, even if Mr. McKinley were opposed to the reelection of Speaker Reed, which no well informed person believes him to be.

It is essential to the health, every book and corner of the system is reached by the blood, and in its quality the condition of every organ depends. Good blood means strong nerves, good digestion, robust health. Impure blood means scrofula, dyspepsia, rheumatism, catarrh or other diseases. The surest way to have good blood is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine purifies, vitalizes, and enriches the blood, and sends the elements of health and strength to every nerve, organ and tissue. It creates a good appetite, gives refreshing sleep and cures that tired feeling. Remember, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills are easy to operate, 25c.

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CURLING IS POPULAR.

The inclosed ice rinks are going to be more than ever popular this winter. That is because a new use has been found for them in introducing the game of curling. Unless the stones in the wind tell a very false tale, this second game imported from Scotland is sure to have, from now on, almost as pronounced a vogue as golf.

The chief recommendations are, that, like golf, it is an old and honored game. It is not intricate or costly, and it is making a special appeal to women on the other side. Women in Scotland don't very often indulge in curling on the frozen lochs and rivers, but in London it is being rapidly adapted to the ice rinks by sport loving women of rank, and pretty soon we are going to hear just as much about skips and hog lines, and bonnets as we have heard last summer of foursomes and drivers, putting greens and lofting.

Up in Canada the girls go in for curling with a great deal of vigor. There is a woman's curling club being started in Boston, another in Baltimore, and if the winter brings any good weather there will be no lack of pupils on the Hudson.—St. Paul Press.

ALL SORTS OF SPORTS.

Pennsylvania university has challenged Yale to a basketball match. Shep Homans, the old Princeton back, has been coaching the New York university football eleven. Henry N. Pillsbury, the Brooklyn chess expert, who has been playing abroad, has returned to America. The report that Corbett and Fitzsimmons are to fight at Coney Island has not been taken seriously by the New York sports.

Grant, the Canadian runner, has shown up better than any of the new men at the Pennsylvania university trials under Mike Murphy. With a 100 yard sprinter who can do better than 10 seconds Yale men regard the outlook for the 1897 intercollegiate with complacency. In order to keep alive interest in track athletics the University of Pennsylvania has arranged to have a series of indoor games during the winter.

Louis Cyr and Horace Barre of Montreal have been matched to meet in a heavyweight lifting contest for the world's championship and \$2,500 a side. Jim Corbett says the Fitz and Sharkey fight will be a cut and dried affair. The purse, he says, will be split, and the fighters will get a piece of the gate receipts. Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, has notified Billy Newman that he has accepted the offer of a \$2,000 purse which Newman offered him to box Dan Creedon of Australia.

The wing shot championship now goes to George J. Roll of Blue Island, Ill., who at Baltimore recently defeated Bert J. Claridge, who won the trophy at the recent tournaments at Chicago. John Fleming of the National Sporting Club of London has announced the appointment of Dr. Ordway as American representative of the club, with full authority to make all matches on this side of the ocean.

The executive committee of the United States Golf Association recently held a meeting at the residence of President Theodore A. Havemeyer, New York, and made a few minor changes in the constitution and bylaws. No Harvard Crew to Go to Italy. Harvard's rowing magnates say there is no chance of a crimson crew going to England next year. A report from a London paper said that America would again be represented at Henley and that the oarsmen would be from Harvard.

Mr. Albert Horner, a wealthy resident of the Hawaiian Islands, bought from Palo Alto farm recently one of the best bred colts ever exported from this country. The youngster is Adrien, by Advancer, 3:15 1/2, dam Clarion, 2:23 1/2. Advertiser, sire of this colt, is the son of Electioneer, reserved at Palo Alto to fill his sire's place, his dam being Lala Wilkes, by George Wilkes, second dam, the famous Lura, 3:13, by Alexander's Norman. So well was Adrien thought of at Palo Alto that, it is said, he could not have been secured by any breeder who would have kept him in this country.—Exchange.

NINE HUNDRED AND ONE.

There Are That Many Parts in the High Grade Bicycle. Few people, perhaps, among those who are waiting for the \$5 bicycle would probably have thought that there are 901 distinct pieces in a modern machine. Of course, a great many of these are trivial and apparently insignificant, but, all the same, they probably require the same thought, the same labor and skill as if they were large and important. These 901 parts have to be designed, patterns made for most, special machinery adapted for some, and an all skilled labor expended, before they are fit for absorption in the machine. Then, further labor of the highest class, spreading over many departments, is required to build these 901 parts into a bicycle. Despite all that is said on the subject, a bicycle is not comparable, as an industrial product, to a sewing machine. People who instance the present prices of sewing machines compared with those of bicycles, are comparing apples with oranges and applying the terms to cycles are speaking without their book. Automatic machinery in itself can almost turn out a complete sewing machine, but when the automatic machine is finished with the cycle components there still remains a considerable amount of skilled labor to be expended, and on the character of this labor, quite as much as the quality of the material, the status of the cycle depends.

It is in this peculiarity that the cycle differs from the rifle and almost every other sporting machine. Taken as a whole, the bicycle is one of the cheapest sporting instruments made.—New York Advertiser.

THE BICYCLE ABROAD.

Cycle racing for women is going out of the fashion. More than two machines abroad are not permitted under any circumstances in Germany. A writer for The Sketch says a shock-croquet right recently—namely, a man in a black frock coat and a tall hat cycling down a street. A cyclist club cycling one Sunday, a Church of England pastor chose the text, "Bodily exercise profiteth little."

In France, where the number of bicycles is known because of the collection of a tax, the proportion is only 1 wheel to each 450 of the population. A bicycle dealer's strike is said to prevail in Madrid. The strikers are protesting against the heavy taxes imposed on them by the Spanish government. The authorities of Brussels have asked for estimates on 22,000 white enamelled plates to be attached to the bicycles of that city in connection with the 1897 tax. Jerome K. Jerome, the English author, pronounces the product of American bicycle factories to be "intertrash."

Germany is beginning to think that bicycling cabinet ministers may have to be restrained. Mr. Kitchin, president of the board of directors of the bicycle to attend an important debate in the commons concerning his department because he was laid up from the results of a fall from his bicycle. Folding Bicycle for Army Work. A new form of the folding bicycle has been designed by an army officer with a view of making the military cyclist a combatant. The machine is of ordinary low pneumatic type, with a chain gear, but it folds in itself, so as to bring both wheels together. Mounted on such a wheel, the soldier can approach the enemy, dismount and within a minute have the machine on his back, with his arms free to shoot, to scale or any other duty. It weighs about 30 pounds. In view of the high opinion of the possibilities of the bicycle in war which has been expressed by the leading military authorities in this country, together with the active steps that have been taken toward the formation of military wheel corps, the new bicycle specially constructed itself to army experts, as well as to cyclists in general. It has been tried in the French army and is said to have astonished the commanders with its potential value in war for surprising the enemy by unexpected attacks.—Exchange.

Mrs. Parkhurst on Cycling. Mrs. Parkhurst, wife of the noted New York clergyman and reformer, says: "Of course I do not believe that bicycling is immoral. I am a wheelwoman myself and believe that the wheel is beneficial from every point of view. The bicycle is a very active agent in the advance of morality. A girl who rides the wheel is lifted out of herself and her surroundings. She is made to breathe pure air, see freer and more beautiful scenes and get an amount of exercise she would not otherwise get. All this is highly beneficial. I think we can trust to the majority of the girls to come out all right. Only those with naturally immoral tendencies will become immoral while using the wheel."

A New Bicycle Race. A new kind of bicycle race recently took place at Norway, Me. A board track 100 feet long and 8 inches wide was built, and electric wires strung with 100 lamps scattered along the length of the path. The contestants rode the narrow track, and in passing ran over the buttons wherever possible. The winner managed to ring 11 of the 21 bells.—New York Post.

1896. THE SUN 1896. Baltimore, Md. The Paper of the People For the People and with the People. Honest in Motive, Fearless in Expression, Sound in Principle, Unswerving in its Allegiance to Right Theories and Right Practices. The SUN publishes all the news all the time, but it does not allow its columns to be degraded by unclean, immoral or purely sensational matter. Editorially, The SUN is the consistent and unchanging champion and defender of popular rights and interests against political machines and monopolies of every character, independent in all things, extreme in none. It is for good laws, good government and good order. By Mail Fifty Cents a month, Six Dollars a year.

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HER AWFUL ERROR.

There Was Only One Thing Left For Her To Do. She was weeping when he entered, and they had not been married so long that he felt it unnecessary to try to comfort her. "Why, my dear," he said, sitting down beside her and putting his arm around her, "what has happened?"

"Oh, I shall never get over it—never!" she cried, unheeding his query. "Never get over what?" he asked. "Has any one dared to insult you or say anything unkind to you?" "No," she returned through her tears. "But I did it myself, but—"

"Oh, never mind!" he said soothingly. "This isn't a piece of brie-a-brac in the whole house that can't be replaced. It isn't that, either," she sobbed. "It was just a money loss. I would not care. But it is a mistake—a fearful mistake—that I made, and when I think what people will say when they hear about it I just want to go away and die. It is simply awful to contemplate. Harry, and I don't see how I can live in this neighborhood and hold my head up after it."

"Well, we'll move if it is necessary," he answered. "But tell me what it is." She brightened up instantly at the suggestion that they might move. "I never thought of that," she said. "That will be all right. You see, the trouble is all about that Mrs. Brown who lives in the next block. If we can get away from her and the people that know her, I suppose I can live it down."

"You haven't had any serious trouble with her, have you?" he inquired anxiously. "Oh, dear, no!" she answered. "But, you see, I called on her today." "Well, what happened then?" "Nothing. She was conversationally polite, but I could easily see she was inclined to look down upon me as a woman who did not understand social customs, but nevertheless with meaning and was to be treated with dignified courtesy. I couldn't understand it at first, but later—"

"Well, later I learned that she moved into the neighborhood two hours before we went to her. I had waited for her to call on me first. Yes, I'm afraid we'll have to move, Harry. I can never be any one here after that."—Chicago Post.

Agreed With Him. "I think," said the comedian, "that some of the humor which I have introduced is strictly up to date." "Yes," replied the friend who has a gentle method of saying unkind things. "Well, to tell the truth, I did," replied the engaged girl. "But you say you are engaged to Harry?" "Yes, that's true." "Well, I don't understand it at all." "What is very simple. You see, Harry was the one who proposed."—Chicago Post.

Why He Objected. Thirty Thimblebobs never handles a box, he looses. It puts blisters on his hands. Farmer—That won't hurt you. Thirty Thimblebobs—Yes, but dey's got water in 'em.—Philadelphia Record.

The Ideal Panacea. James L. Francis, Alderman, Chicago, says: "I tried Dr. King's New Discovery as an Ideal Panacea for Coughs, Colds, and Lung Complaints, having used it in my family for the last five years. The experience of my wife's prescriptions or other preparations. Rev. John Burgess, Keokuk, Iowa, writes: 'I have been a Minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church for 30 years, and have never seen anything so beneficial as Dr. King's New Discovery. Try this Ideal Cough Remedy. Trial Bottle free at F. S. Dally's Drug Store.'"

Brigham Young's Civilization.

It was had enough in some of its features, no doubt, but this boldness has made the world lose sight of the fact that it also contains other features of surpassing excellence. That was the reason when for many years it has been in the opinion of public economists to establish, found in the original Mormon settlement almost a perfect development.

Mr. William E. Smythe mentions in The Atlantic Monthly how the Mormons started co-operative irrigation. They settled upon the arid edge of the American desert. It was necessary that they should plant crops, and that quickly, or starve. Nothing would grow unless the soil was watered. Immediately Brigham Young summoned his disciples and put them to work digging the ditch which should turn the waters of City Creek upon the fields. It was done quickly, and in time an excellent irrigation canal was made. Brigham ruled his subjects with a rod of iron, but he ruled them wisely, so far as public matters went. He parcelled out the land into farms of 20 acres each. That he succeeded in doing to produce what one family needed. All the unallotted land belonged to the public. Nobody was allowed to own more ground than he tilled; nobody was allowed to buy land for a future rise.

All enterprises in which the general public was interested—merchandizing, banking, etc.—were organized on the plan of numbers of small stockholders putting their means together and starting them. They were conducted on perfect business principles—industry, economy and honesty. The irrigation canals, waterworks, etc., belonged to the public, and no private company was ever able to get possession of them. Everybody had to work for his living;—was forced to do so. The profit arising from business of any kind was divided among the stockholders on the most equitable basis. As well as the system proper in all its branches, that, as Mr. Smythe tells us, one of the causes, Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution, has paid for 27 years an annual dividend of 9-13 per cent. No community in modern times, except in gold mining districts, has become rich so quickly as these Mormons did.

The country mail carrier on horseback with saddlebags was a familiar feature of half a century ago. Then came the country mail carrier in his sulky. It was left for the ruralists of the end of the nineteenth century to become familiar with the appearance of the mail carrier bicyclist. Many of the star route postoffices are now served by the bicycle mail carrier. He makes better time than a horse can do over roads and at times when he can't travel at all. Also it can not be denied that he has a good deal more fun than the old time mail man did. His bicycle is no expense, and in that respect it has the advantage over the horse. But the drawback is that in rainy and muddy and snowy weather the bicycle cannot go at all. Moreover, some parts of the country are yet so heathenish as to have no roads fit for cycle travel. That difficulty in time will be overcome. There is no promoter of good roads like the bicycle.

It is unfortunate that the big Ferris wheel property at Chicago has had the hard luck to pass into the hands of a receiver. The Ferris wheel probably gives as much healthful and innocent pleasure to the multitude of men, women and children as any invention ever made. There is an infinite joy, a serene happiness in riding slowly and majestically through the air above all the smoke, dust, clamor and fretting at the earth's surface, above the tops of five and six story buildings, and taking in long breaths of the air as the Almighty made it. We may hope that the enterprise will recover from its temporary embarrassment and that the great wheel will still roll on serene and prosperous.

The Poles, Russians and Italians are the most ignorant of the immigrants who come here. For the year ending June 30, 343,267 immigrants landed in America, and of these 28 per cent were unable to read and write. It is an appalling record of ignorance. The Italians are among the most illiterate. They are also the most willing to learn of any. In the public schools and those established by private benevolence the established by their teachers. The Italian is on the whole as civilizable as any among the strange medley of races we have to receive and assimilate in this country.

In spite of the war in Cuba, sugar, politically and otherwise, will be plentiful in this country next year. The world's product will be larger than that of last year. It will amount altogether to 8,765,000 tons. The last sugar crop of Germany and other European countries is something humous. It will amount to 4,960,000 tons, more than half the world's total crop. A tourist agency has added to its inducements to travelers bicycle trips. Wherever, in lands foreign or domestic, its patrons desire to visit points of interest by bicycle instead of by carriage their wish will be gratified. Think of searching on a wheel over the ground where lions used to eat up Christmas in the Coliseum at Rome!

A recent newspaper publishes a picture of the "room" in which President Elect McKinley does his literary work. Is Mr. McKinley a literary man?

Editor Morrison of Worthington Ind writes: "You have a valuable prescription in Electric Bitters, and I can cheerfully recommend it for Constipation and Sick Headache, and I can say my own tonic has no equal." Mrs. Ann Stehle, 2565 Clifton Grove Ave, Chicago, says: "I have had a backache which never left me and felt tired and weary, but six bottles of Electric Bitters restored my health and renewed my strength. Price 50 cents and 4 for a bottle at F. S. Dally's Drug Store."

TWO IN A SINK HOLE.

A KENTUCKY PRINTER NARRATES A THRILLING EXPERIENCE. While Following the Call of His Faithful Dog He Met With a Mishap—In a Dark Hole With a Fierce Wild Beast—The Escape and Recognition.

Pretty much everybody in the crowd had told a story of the gun or dog or fishpole except a printer who looked about as much like a hunter or fisherman as he did like an angel. "It's your turn now, Muggins," said the reporter. "I never hunted anything but board-houses ever in Brooklyn," he said, "and you've either sent to me, as if people throw things at him whenever he tried to tell a story."

"But before you came here is what we want to know about," put in several, "and you've either sent to tell a story or pay for the drinks every time anybody else tells one." He moved about uneasily and pushed his chair back from the table, drawing it close up against the wall, and finally resting his hands clasped on the board in front of him.

"Well, gents," he said with the wan and dodging look still in his eyes, "let me think a minute. Before I came here I lived in Chicago, where I was hunted instead of hunting. Before that I was in New Orleans, where I only hunted a job. Before that I was in St. Paul, where I was hunting a warm place all the time. Before that I lived in Boston, where it was too tight to hunt, and before that, quite a long time before that, I lived in old Kentucky, and, gents, I did hunt there. Nothing but a cason, knows up going into the woods, and I was as squirrel or only a dove in the dusty road, but it was finer than anything on earth."

"I was only a boy, and perhaps that had something to do with it, but I didn't know any different then, and I didn't know any more about it, and it was just the most on earth and no mistake." And his wan face lighted up as if he were looking through the open gate of paradise. "I remember I had a dog that was considered a hunting dog, but he was an untrusting kind of a dog, and when he tried anything he would do a lot of barking at first, but if somebody didn't come mightily quick to would get on to me, and it was just the most on earth and no mistake. One night I was out with him after coon, and about 9 o'clock I heard him bark like he was over in a clump of woods about a half mile away. I knew I was going to have to get to him pretty quick if I found him there at all, and I started across a field toward the woods as fast as I could go. It was a stable field with sink holes like you find all over Kentucky in the limestone parts, and the place was dark, though the moon was just beginning to show above the woods. I was thinking more about what the dog had than anything else, and as I went hanging through the field, all at once I seemed to drop off of the earth and fall into a cellar, and then I knew I had tumbled into a sink hole. They are never very deep or dangerous, and I wasn't afraid of being fatally hurt, but it took the moon out of an right quick, and I went down through the weeds and stuff, not knowing just what had happened. Of course I hadn't much time to think, and when I lit the moon, there is still less, for instead of lighting on the ground or stones or thicker, I lit on something alive. It was a wild animal of some kind, I didn't know what, and I was afraid I'd hit my hair leg to the floor from my head."

"When I went down, I was afraid, and I kind of knocked the wind out of the varmint at first, but in a second I began to howl and snarl and get out and twist under me and try to get out and raise the diabolical noise. In the meantime I was yelping and snarling and trying to scare the blamed thing, because I thought it was a wildcat, and I knew a lot of my size didn't have any show with a wildcat. I was afraid ever took a notion to fight, and I knew pretty well that a wildcat was about as sure to take a notion to fight as anything on earth. I don't know exactly what I did in that hole or how I did it, but I remember it soon about a month of Sundays that I was all mused up in there with some kind of a wild animal, and finally the thing got from under me and scooted as fast as it could for the top of the sink hole. I know I scooted as quick as I could, for I became braver when I saw it run, and when I got up on the level the moon had come out, and I could see the varmint fairly skinning it out for the tail. I yelled at it with all my might, though I didn't run after it very fast, and began to call my dog. On the second call the varmint stopped, and I began to get ready to skin out myself, when I got a better look, and, by the great horned owl, that was my dog. I called him then, and he came back to me, and I could see for myself that he had held something down there in the sink, and his barking had been snarled and snarled and snarled off to me, and of course when I dropped in on him unexpectedly like that he didn't know anything about it, and neither did I, and there was. In any event, gentlemen, concluded the former correspondent, "that dog got me the trail back to me, and when we met face to face in the moonlight he started looking at me, and I started looking at him, and I don't know which one of us felt most like apologizing to the other, though, we both knocked off for that occasion, and on the way home we took turn about snarling along behind each other, me and the dog."—New York Sun.

Paris is threatened with a renaissance of paganism. Several well known litterateurs, poets and artists have organized themselves into a society for the adoration of heathen deities. This romantic revival has already caught the Parisian fancy, and converts are announced every day.

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