THE JOURNAL.

Published every day in the year, except Monday, at 96 Middle Street.

PHONE No. 8.

CHARLES L. STEVENS,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One year, in advance,.... .....$4 00
One year, not in advance,..... 5 00
Monthly, by carrier in the city,.... 50

Advertising Rates furnished on application.

Entered at the Post Office, New Berne, N. C. as second class matter.

Official Paper of New Berne and Craven County.

New Berne, N.C. April, 30, 1898

WHOSE OPINIONS ARE VALUABLE

In the discussion of the question of Democratic-Populist fusion in North Carolina during the next campaign, Democrats should not fail in reading or listening to arguments on the subject, to carefully consider this point and ask themselves what has this advocate to gain by striving for fusion, and what does that advocate fear to lose if fusion does not take place?

In this question of fusion or no fusion, of following Marion Butler, or fighting a straight out Democratic contest, the matter of whose opinion is given on the subject, is of vast importance.

Senator Butler through his personal newspaper, has already begun to charge that Democrats who do not want his leadership, and will not have it, are Ransom machine, Cleveland Democrats and under the control of corporations.

If Butler's charges were based upon a scintilla of fact, they might be proven false, but to such a manufacturer of political straw men, which he can set up and knock down at will, Senator Butler stands without an equal, and controversy is impossible against such materials as he employs.

Senator Butler's reasons for fusion with the Democrats on State issues, have the same basis as his desire to fuse with Republicans in 1896, namely to advance the personal interests of Marion Butler.

At this day and time, it would seem a waste of time on the part of Senator Butler, to pose as a political philanthropist. He may try it but he deceives no thinking person.

The opinions of two staunch, true and tried Democrats, who have expressed themselves on this issue of Democratic-Populist fusion, are especially worthy of thought, and the most careful consideration of every Democrat and every sincere worthy son of the Old North State.

These two Democrats are the Hon. F. M. Simmons, and the Hon. Alfred M. Waddell.

To every citizen of the State the names of Waddell and Simmons are emblematic of honest Democracy, and the expressions of these gentlemen on the question of fusion are not to be mistaken, and their words sound the dangers of any alliance or even connection with Marion Butler.

Mr. Simmons has already expressed himself in these columns on the question, so need not be quoted at this time.

In his letter to Chairman Jones of the National Democratic Executive Committee, Col. Waddell says:

"Permit me to say that I am sure you do not understand the real situation, or the plainness of the path of duty and self respect which lies before Democrats here; for, if you did, I am sure you would not ask or expect them to accede to the demands which will certainly be made upon them by Mr. Butler and his party as conditions of "co operation." I am, and have always been, a bimetallist, I endorse the Chicago platform. I would rejoice to see Mr. Bryan elected President, but I am not willing to see my party enter the open market and bid against the Republican party for Mr. Butler and his followers, at the upset price of voting for him or his allies for the most important offices affecting the welfare of the State. The fight here is one between barbarism and civilization—between white men and negroes manipulated by unprincipled demagogues. Mr. Butler and his friends put the latter in power and they have degraded and dishonored the State. If he wants to undo his foul work because it was foul, it is very easy do so; if he wants to undo it, only on condition that he and his followers shall continue to hold office. I will never agree to accept such conditions, because it would be condoning a great crime, and would afford no substantial relief to the people. I will be no party to any such infamous transaction. I would sooner make open war upon such scoundrels than to yield to their demands. If we cannot win without such dishonorable methods let defeat come. We have stood it heretofore, and can stand it again better than win by such means."

This is strong language of Col. Waddell's yet every one who knows the Colonel can see that what he says comes from the heart, that the thought of fusion is abhorrent to him, as it must be to every true Democrat.

The Democratic party and the people of North Carolina have the opinions of these two prominent citizens and men whose democracy is unquestioned.

Should not these opinions have weight? And must not every thinking man realize how impossible for anything but evil, will Democratic-Populist fusion prove to be if entered upon?

Managing a Husband.

It is ridiculously funny to hear two or three married women discuss the momentous question of how to manage a husband, asserts a writer in the Philadelphia North American. Yesterday I dropped in at a bride's cute little home to sip a cup of tea. The poor little creature had evidently had a slight difference with "hubby" before he left in the morning, for she seemed a wee bit unhappy. It was not long before a young matron entered and made a third to the party. This particular matron has a great reputation for managing her spouse and was just the person "the bridey" needed. She commenced at once, and this was the conversation:

"My dear, is your husband ever cross?"

"What a funny question! He is never anything else."

"How in the world do you manage him?"

"I don't try. I just let him alone."

"But how do you make up?"

"We don't. He is always as cross as two sticks at breakfast. They say most men are. He gets off a lot of sarcastic things about women attending to their households, clubwomen, and so forth, and then he goes away mad."

"Oh, dear me, you poor thing! And yet Tom told me this morning you were so congenial and so well suited to each other."

"So we are. When Harold comes home in the evening, he hands me a little package and says he hopes it will please me. I tell him he is too good and that I wish all women had as good a husband as mine. Then I see what he is giving me. Sometimes it's a lovely belt or a new chatelaine or a fancy scarf or something of that sort, and I give him a kiss and ask him to forgive me for being cross in the morning."

The little hostess looked dazed and went on sipping her Russian tea in profound silence. Finally she broke out:

"And yet you deliberately told me you did not manage him?"

Pertinent query, What has Mr. Tom in store for him in future?

Mutilating the Teeth.

It is curious to what an extent the mutilation of teeth goes on among savage nations, and even among certain civilized people, such as the Japanese. With them a girl is never married without first staining her teeth black with a repulsive kind of varnish, and the custom is especially adhered to among members of the richer classes.

On the west coast of Africa a large proportion of the teeth are deliberately broken when children reach a certain age. Both in the new world and the old the custom exists of extracting the two front teeth of domestic servants. In Peru the custom has existed from time immemorial and used to be a sign of slavery in the days of incas. This is also the custom on the Kongo and among the Hottentots. Teeth are stained in various colors among the Malays.

A bright red and a bright blue are not uncommon, and a bright green is produced with the aid of arsenic and lemon juice. Livingstone related that among the Kaffirs a child with a prominent upper jaw was looked upon as a monster and immediately killed. On the upper Nile the negroes have all their best teeth extracted in order to destroy their value in the slave market and to make it not worth while for the slave traders to carry them off.—Pearson's Weekly.

I was reading an advertisement of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in the Worcester Enterprise recently, which leads me to write this. I can truthfully say I never used any remedy equal to it for colic and diarrhoea. I have never had to use more than one or two doses to cure the worst case with myself or children.—W. A. STROUD, Popomoke City, Md. For sale by F. S. Duffy. †

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Senator Lindsay's Luxuries.

"If I had plenty of money to do with as I wished," said Senator Lindsay of Kentucky to a party of friends, "I'd have music played at all of my meals and get cigars made at $50 a hundred. Those are two luxuries I would most surely indulge myself in. I'd have the music played by a small orchestra, say a horn and two or three violins and a flute and a bass viol, and I'd have it play soft, harmonious airs while I ate, and now and then I'd have some vocal music given by colored voices. There's a peculiar harmony in a negro's singing tone. I'd have 'em sing such things as 'When the Watermelon Hangs Upon the Vine.' That's a song calculated to inspire the most sluggard appetite. I remember hearing it once on a Mississippi river boat. A lot of us were aboard, and in the party was Hooker of Mississippi. There were some darkies aboard who played instrumental music with banjos, guitars and a fiddle. I asked 'em if they ever sung, and they said they did sometimes. Well, they struck up 'When the Watermelon Hangs Upon the Vine.' Hooker had never heard it before, and it nearly set him crazy."—Washington Star.

African Lion and Buffalo Bull.

The large horns of these buffalo are significant of their immense strength; their legs are very short and powerful. Though the lions make prey of them, it takes two or three to pull down a bull. The African lion of this section is the largest species of its kind, but unless in packs will not attack an African buffalo bull. When fighting, the bulls are very quick on their feet, and they use not only their horns, but their front feet also, which often prove the more dangerous weapon. My guide, who has lived in this country for the past ten years, relates many stories of men who have been mauled by lions and who have escaped death, but he knows of no instance where the African buffalo has left a human being until the life was trampled out of him.—Arthur C. Humbert in Harper's Magazine For April.

Not All Aimless.

"Society women do lead such aimless lives."

"Aimless? Do they? Well, I know a society woman who can throw a teacup or a rolling pin just as accurately as a man."—Cleveland Plain Dealer

Converted by a Handshake.

Here is a good story of the Right Rev. Thomas Underwood Dudley.

The bishop had gone to Beattyville, and the place was rough and desolate. A rough looking man came up to him.

"They tell me you're from Virginia," said the man.

"Yes."

"They tell me you fought with the rebels."

"Yes."

"Give me your hand, pard. My name's Bill Dolan, an I'm a blacksmith down here."

"Bill," said the bishop, "I'm proud to meet you."

That night Bill Dolan went to the service and heard the bishop preach, and he went afterward too.

Twelve years later the bishop went to Beattyville once more. It was sunset. He was met by the town's clergyman. "Bishop, Bill Dolan died yesterday, and before he died I baptized him," said the minister. "In his last words he told me to tell the bishop that he loved him."

"That," said the bishop, "was indeed a compensation!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Suiting Both Parties.

Poor Wife (to husband, whose loud snoring keeps her awake)—Charlie, Charlie, do stop snoring. Turn over on your side. (Nudges him).

Husband, only half awake, grunts, turns on his side and continues to snore.

Wife has a happy idea. Remembers a line from an article called "How to Prevent Snoring." Gives her husband a second nudge, which elicits another grunt. "Oh, Charlie, if you'd keep your mouth shut, you'd be all right."

Charlie (semiconscious)—So would you.—London Answers.

Perplexed.

"I cawn't understand this blarsted country," said the English tourist. "Chap said to me, 'Golf makes me tired.' 'Ah,' said I, 'you play too much. 'You're crazy,' said he. 'I don't play at all.' Now, how could he be tired?"—Philadelphia Record.

Twenty years ago Germany was without colonial possessions, but now that empire has dependencies with an area of about 1,000,000 square miles in extent, with a population of 8,000,000.

"Yoh kain't git sumpin for nuffin," said Uncle Eben. "Some men is willin an anxious to gib away dah opinions. But de goods mos' alius ain't reliable."—Washington Star.

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The use of the surgeon's knife is becoming so general, resulting fatally in such a large number of cases, as to occasion general alarm.

Mr. William Walpole, of Walshtown, South Dakota, writes; "About three years ago, there came under my left eye a little blotch about the size of a small pea. It grew rapidly, and shooting pains ran in every direction. I became alarmed and consulted a good doctor, who pronounced it cancer, and said that it must be cut out. This I would not consent to, having little faith in the indiscriminate use of the knife. Reading of the many cures made by S. S. S., I determined to give that medicine a trial, and after I had taken it a few days, the cancer became irritated and began to discharge. This after awhile ceased, leaving a small scab, which finally dropped off, and only a healthy little scar remained to mark the place where the destroyer had held full sway.

A Real Blood Remedy.

Cancer is in the blood and it is folly to expect an operation to cure it. S.S.S. (*guaranteed purely vegetable*) is a real remedy for every disease of the blood. Books mailed free; address Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, the "Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

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Looks and low price will decide their choice.

The wise man and wise woman will, however, deliberate and, having deliberated, will discriminate in making their bicycle purchases.

They will realize that good looks are often but enamel-deep—that low price is often but bait for the unwary—that one has but one life to live, and it is short and sweet, while surgeons' bills are high and unwelcome. They will realize that first cost is not everything, and that it is "better to be sure than to be sorry."

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