

THE JOURNAL.

Published every day in the year, except Sunday, at 55 Middle Street.

Price No. 8.

CHARLES L. STEVENS,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One year, in advance, \$1.00
One year, not in advance, \$1.00
Monthly, by carrier in the city, 50 cents

Advertising Rates furnished on application.

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

Official Paper of New Bern and Craven County.

New Bern, N. C., May 4, 1895.

TUESDAY'S SATISFACTORY VOTE.

The vote cast in this city on Tuesday is on the whole, a satisfactory one to contemplate.

It might have been more unanimous, but then it is large enough to indicate that New Bern and her people intend to be in the progressive column.

Naturally propositions involving additional taxes cause opposition, but no tax can be oppressive, when the tax paying receives directly or indirectly full value in return for the tax paid.

So it is with the tax for Graded Schools.

Its returns are not merely today and tomorrow, but they continue forever as each succeeding generation comes, blessed by the educational spirit bequeathed to it.

That municipal ownership of such properties as Water Works Sewerage and Electric Lights, is strictly in accordance with every idea of the advanced spirit of progress of today, needs no argument.

Such ownership is good, both to the tax payer, so far as his pocket is concerned, and also to his health, a most important item.

In this connection, it must be said that the colored citizens of New Bern showed wisdom in voting for those public improvements, and it is just such sense at the ballot box which argues well for the good citizenship of the colored people.

Altogether, Tuesday's vote in New Bern is a hopeful one for its future.

Let the same go-ahead-feeling continue, as it should, and this city and its people will rejoice in their city and their own prosperous conditions.

\$100 Reward.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and moist surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assiting nature in doing its work. The proprieators have in much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. Cusack & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Hard Luck.

An Irish tenant lately observed that it was a "hard thing for a man to be turned out of the house which his father built and his grandfather was born in."

Volcanic Eruptions.

Are grand, but skin eruptions rob life of joy. Buckley's Arnica Salve, cures them; also old ruping and fever sores, ulcers, boils, felons, corns, warts, cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, chapped hands, chilblains, fest-piles, cure on earth. Drives out pains and aches. Only 25cts a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by F. S. Duffy & Co., druggists.

Compose.

First Tramp—I'm glad that spring's come.

Second Tramp—So am I. We ain't do many folks won't feel like working.

Happy Thoughts.

To please, attract and give people something to talk about, is an art in writing a prosaic advertisement. Hood's Sarsaparilla fame, is the originator in an even-iron sense of the idea of using presents and wine news as a prefix to a pleasant introduction of the well known Virtues of America's greatest medicine. Those quaint quotations often fit the news of the day with startling directness and the moral is usually drawn with natural good to Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Chief among Them.

Funeral Director (to gentleman)—Are you one of the mourners?

Gentleman—Yes, and he cost me \$500.

HUMORS, Mello humors and all, amusing and instructive. Hood's Sarsaparilla may be secured.

MATTER OF SMOKE.

The Wild West Star, New York, says:

"It was a lonely day in the springtime, with the birds bursting into blithe song, as I rode down off a spur of the Cumberland mountains and stopped at the gate of a hunting lodge, nestled under the crest of the mountains of the mountains. A good-looking woman was leading over a dark horse, and I asked her if she had lost her mount." "Good morning," I said, "Will you let me have your horse?" "Yes, sir," replied the daughter-in-law, "but we'll want to take him back again."

"Is it a straight road?" "No, sir," said the crook, "it's a dog's hind leg, but you can't get off it unless you follow some path or other."

I thanked her and was about to pass on when she stopped me.

"Are you going right down from here?" she said.

"I am if I can get there."

"Well, mother, I ain't got nothing to say, but I'd be powerful obliged to you if you'd let me have my horse for another minute."

"I'm sure I'll be mighty glad to give a lady," I responded, with my best expression.

"Hold on a minute," she said and went into the house to return very shortly.

"Here's a bundle I want you to give to the storekeeper," she said, handing me what seemed to be a roll of dry goods of some sort.

I sneaked politeness to ask her any questions, but I must have looked one, for she proceeded to explain.

"You see," she went on, "I told him another day when I last down there when my new goods come to town to send me a pattern of it. It's black goods, for I am a widow now, and it's what I want. My mother has been dead for 14 months now. Her goods have been coming to me for the last six weeks, and Sam says that mournin ain't so mighty encouraging to a courting man as it might be, an I ought to wear somethin else."

"Oh? I thought you wanted to know more," Mr. Mathews, do you?"

"Not at all," she said, "but that's all I know. I've been widowed since my mother died, and I'm a widow now, and I'm a widow now."

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The Mill Canoe Club.

"With Water That's Past."

This is what a fagged out, tearful little woman said in telling her cares and weaknesses. Her friend encouraged by telling of a relative who had just such troubles and was cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The little woman said she had been ill for two years, and stopped at the gate of a hunting lodge, nestled under the crest of the mountains of the mountains. A good-looking woman was leading over a dark horse, and she said:

"I am if I can get there."

"Well, mother, I ain't got nothing to say, but I'd be powerful obliged to you if you'd let me have my horse for another minute."

I thanked her and was about to pass on when she stopped me.

"Are you going right down from here?" she said.

"I am if I can get there."

"Well, mother, I ain't got nothing to say, but I'd be powerful obliged to you if you'd let me have my horse for another minute."

I thanked her and was about to pass on when she stopped me.

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