

ANNOUNCEMENT.
THE NEW JOURNAL, a Standard paper published daily except on Monday, at \$5.00 per month in advance. Delivered to city subscribers at 50 cents per month.
THE NEW JOURNAL, a 32 column paper, published every Thursday at \$1.00 per week.
ADVERTISING RATES (DAILY)—One inch one day 25 cents; one week, \$2.00; one month \$6.00; three months, \$15.00; six months, \$25.00; twelve months, \$45.00.
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Furniture for transient advertisements must be made in advance. Regular advertisements will be collected promptly at the end of each month.
Communications containing news or a discussion of local matters are solicited. No communication must expect to be published that contains defamatory personalities; withhold the name of the author; or that will make more than one column of this paper.

THE JOURNAL.

NEW BERNE, N. C., NOV. 16, 1893.
Entered at the Post office at New Berne, N. C., as second-class matter.

GOVERNOR-ELECT CLEVELAND is said to be Mr. Tilden's choice for the next Democratic President.
"Hail, Thane of Cawdor! that shall be King hereafter."
This is the address now laid at the feet of the conquering hero, Governor B. F. Butler.

THIS is a good week for the European dynasties. Spain has a new princess, Isabella, and the Crown Princess of Sweden has presented the Court with a future monarch.

JAY HUBBELL is a candidate for the United States Senate in Michigan. His brilliant success in levying assessments and defeating the Republican party entitles him to recognition, rather from the Democratic side.

THE New York Sun, usually very correct, gets matters a little mixed in the following extract. O'Hara was elected once before but didn't sit.

Another investment of the two per cent assessments has turned out badly. Proof is said to have been discovered that Mr. O'Hara, one of Hubbell's Congressmen elect from North Carolina, is a citizen of Canada. The Democrats in his district aver that although O'Hara once served a term in the House of Representatives, he was never naturalized. Hubbell certainly has been deeply wronged in this matter.

The National Reversal.

A year ago such a political revolution as was consummated in this country last week would have been considered impossible. To-day it excites not even a ripple of surprise. Much has been done in the past three months by the chiefs of the defeated party to convince the American people that, in the interest of political morality and common public decency, a change was necessary. The effects of that work will be almost universally accepted as in accordance with the eternal fitness of things.

While it is true that many Democratic members of Congress were no less guilty than the other party in forwarding the stupendous schemes of public robbery included in the acts of that body, the people determined that the Republicans, controlling both Houses and the Executive, must be held responsible for offenses which they had the absolute and uncontested power to prevent.

That the abominations of the River and Harbor bill aroused the taxpayers of the country to a white heat of indignation, and had much to do in precipitating the disaster the party has encountered, is manifest. But other and more scandalous crimes against the public were perpetrated by the same offenders.

The levying of taxes upon the servants of the Government, the proceeds of which were applied to the infamous work of debauching the electoral body, was conducted openly and in defiance of fierce protests from the better portion of the party itself. Had it been the deliberate purpose of the Hubbells and Mahones to render their party offensive to the moral sense of the people, they could not have labored for the accomplishment of that purpose more ingeniously and directly than was done in this atrocious business. Yet more remains to be told. The President of the United States, descending from his high seat, lately let the National Republican party in New York for

recting in the interest of his friends a faction fight that had broken out in his own party, and it was well understood that he exerted the whole power of the administration in the effort to crush one of the contending factions. The disgraceful spectacle of the Chief Magistrate of the nation wallowing in the filthy pool of New York politics seems to have been the final straw that broke the general public's patience.

In various parts of the country there were local causes of dissatisfaction with the dominant party, and these had doubtless some effect in preparing the way for the result, but to any thoughtful person not smitten with judicial blindness or rendered impenetrably stupid by partisan prejudice, it must be apparent that in the criminal extravagance of Congress, the flagrant abuse of Executive power in the prostitution of the Civil Service, and the degradation of the Presidential office, there was provocation enough for the judgment of condemnation that has been pronounced at the polls.

Answer to Prayer.

The New York Sun has the following illustration of a much vexed question:

When the Rev. Mr. Gross prayed before the last Illinois Democratic State Convention that they be saved from "the devil," from "Star route and other thieves upon our public Treasury," and "from Republicanism," did he really believe in his heart that his prayer would receive such immediate attention as the result of Tuesday's election indicates? There are some who believe that this prayer has been largely answered.

THE art of photography is looming up as a very important agency in political campaigns. The opponents of Secretary Robeson, in the First New Jersey district, have recently distributed some very handsome photographs of his elegant mansion in Washington, accompanied with the statement that when he first went into public life, a dozen years ago, Robeson was a poor man, whereas to-day he is the owner of a \$75,000 house at the capital, has a fat bank account, and is considered a rich man. In Minnesota, Mark Dannel, who aspires to Windom's seat in the United States senate, has given the voters by means of photography an opportunity to look upon a faithful picture of the magnificent mansion Windom (another poor man when he first entered public life) has erected in the city of Washington. Montgomery Blair, hoping to catch the colored vote, has adopted the same idea in the Sixth Maryland district, where he is running for congress, by scattering copies of the picture of Lincoln signing the emancipation proclamation, in which Blair appears as one of the cabinet. There is no reason why candidates might not make extensive use of photography.

HELEN HYDE'S GOOD DEED.

"Yes," said the doctor, solemnly, "she shows every indication of going into a decline. Rest, relaxation, change of air and scene—that's what she ought to have."
Mrs. Dardanel looked perturbed. "Dear, dear," she said, "what a pity! And she's quite a pet of mine, too, dear little thing. She is very quick with her needle and really ingenious—and the way she puts trimmings on a dress positively reminds one of Madame Antoine herself."
"The seaside cottage would be the place for her," suggested Dr. Midland. "You are one of the lady patronesses, I believe, and—"
"Yes, but the seaside cottage is full," said Mrs. Dardanel. "Not an inch of room unoccupied. I had a note from the matron yesterday!"
"Ah, indeed!" said the doctor, fumbling with his watch seals. "Unfortunate—very."
"But," cried Mrs. Dardanel, an idea suddenly occurring to her much befuddled and befuddled head, "there is Mrs. Daggett's farm a few miles further down the shore. She takes boarders for \$5 a week, and I believe it is a very nice place. If you think it advisable I will take a month's board for the girl there. I really feel as if the dear little girl belonged to me."
"An excellent plan," said the doctor, oracularly. "I have no doubt but that a month of sea air would make quite a different person of her."

Helen Hyde could hardly believe her own ears when Mrs. Dardanel beamingly announced her intentions.
"The seashore!" she cried, her pale face flushing all over. "The real sea! Oh, Mrs. Dardanel, I have dreamed of it all my life. And for a while, right long summer months ago, I thought I never should see it."

"By getting well and strong as fast as you can," said Mrs. Dardanel, really touched by the girl's innocent enthusiasm. "And here is a \$10 bill for you," she added with a smile. "You may need some little trifle of dress, or there may be a drive or a picnic or an excursion going on in which you will want to participate."

The poor girl's first impulse was to return the money.

"No, you shall not give it back—it is a present from me, and I choose that you shall keep it."

Helen Hyde's heart beat high with delight when she first saw the Daggett farm-house, a long, low, red building, with an immense stack of chimneys, a cluster of umbrageous maple trees garlanding it about with shade, and a dooryard full of sweet, old-fashioned flowers, while in full sight of the windows the Atlantic flung its curling crests of foam along the shining shore. Mrs. Daggett welcomed her warmly; she had been Mrs. Dardanel's housekeeper once, and knew the value of that lady's patronage.

"I've just one room left, my dear," she said.

"Under the eaves of the house. It's rather small, but it is furnished comfortably, and there's a view of the ocean. I could have given you better accommodations if I had received Mrs. Dardanel's letter a day earlier. But four young lady teachers in the Ixwood Institute came yesterday, and I'm sleeping on a sofa myself, in the parlor. But we will make you as snug as possible, and the very first good-sized room that is vacant you shall have."

And Helen was very happy in her little nook, from whose casement she could see the sparkling plain of the sea dotted with white sails.

Mrs. Daggett was a driving, energetic business woman. Farmer Daggett was a vacant honest-faced man, who invariably fell asleep of an evening, with his chair tipped back against the wall—and every available inch of the house was filled with summer boarders, mostly ladies. There were only three masculine appendages to the house besides its master, an old clergyman whose parishioners clubbed together every summer to treat him to a six-weeks' vacation, a literary man of large aspirations and small income, who had come thither for rest and opportunity to study up the "skeleton" for his next novel, and old Mr. Miffin.

It was some time before Helen Hyde fairly comprehended who old Mr. Miffin was. A bowed, bent over little man, with silver hair curling over the collar of his coat, a ruffled shirt like the pictures of our revolutionary forefathers, and blue eyes which glistened from behind a pair of silver spectacles, he shuffled in and out of his meals after an apologetic fashion, and sat all the bright afternoon under the maple staring at the sea.

"Who is that old gentleman," she at last ventured to ask Mrs. Daggett. That lady frowned impatiently.

"It's old Daddy Miffin," she said. "And I wish it was anybody else!"

"Is he a boarder?" asked Helen. "Well, he is and he isn't!" rather obscurely answered Mrs. Daggett, who was picking over currants for a pudding while Helen sat by and watched her. "But he won't be here long. You see, my dear, he hasn't any friends. When me and Daggett came down from Vermont and bought this place we got it cheap because of old Mr. Miffin. We was to give him the northeast chamber and they were to allow us so much a month for his keep. It ain't everybody, you see, as would be willing to have an old man like that around the place. But he's harmless and innocent enough, and I won't deny that the \$2 a week helped along. But now prices have gone up, and Breezy Point has got to be a fashionable locality in the summer time, and things are altered. And what's worse, his folks have left off sending the money."
"I wonder why?" said Helen, with her large, dreamy eyes fixed pityingly upon the old man, who sat in his usual place under the maples, wistfully watching the sea.

"They're dead, perhaps," said Mrs. Daggett, "or perhaps they've got tired of him. Anyhow it's three months since we've heard a word, and me and Daggett have made up our minds that we can't stand it any longer. So we're going to put him on the town. Lawyer Boxall says it's legal and right, and they can't expect nothing else of us. Squire Sodus is to send his covered carriage next Saturday, and old Daddy Miffin'll suppose he is going to ride. And so things'll go off all smooth and pleasant."
"Smooth and pleasant?" Helen Hyde looked across the grassy lawn to the little old man with his mild, abstracted face, his ruffled front, the silver hair that glistened in the sunshine and the white, claw-like fingers that slowly turned themselves backward and forward as he sat there.

Soder's cousin, and lost everything. And here he is in his old age, without a penny! What is it, Becky? The oven ready for the pies? Yes, I'm coming."

And she bustled away, leaving Helen alone. A sort of inspiration had entered into the girl's heart as she sat there with the briny smell of the ocean filling her senses, the rustle of the maple leaves murmuring overhead. She took Mrs. Dardanel's \$10 bill from her pocket, and looked long and earnestly at it. She thought of the little one-horse carry-all which she and the girls from Ixwood Institute were to have hired together to drive over the hills and the glens of those sweet, misty, summer afternoons; of the excursion to Twin Rock by steamer, upon which she had counted; of the new black busting dress she decided to buy. She must abandon all these little darling extravagances if she indulged this other fancy.

"As if there could be any choice," she said to herself, and then she got up and went softly across the grass and clover blossoms to where "Daddy Miffin" sat.

"Do you like this place?" she asked, softly.

"It's home, my dear," he answered, seeming to rouse himself out of a reverie. "It's home. I've lived here for 80-odd years. I could not live anywhere else."

"But there are other places pleasanter."

"It may be, my dear, it may be," he said, looking at her with troubled eyes through the convex lenses of his glasses. "But they wouldn't seem the same to me."

Helen went to Mrs. Daggett, who was baking pies and rolls and strawberry shortcake at once.

"Mrs. Daggett," said she, "here are \$10 which Mrs. Dardanel gave to me to do as I pleased with, and I please to give it to you to keep old Mr. Miffin here five weeks longer."

"Mercy sakes alive!" said Mrs. Daggett. "He ain't no kin to you, is he?"

"No," said Helen "but he is old and feeble and friendless, and—please Mrs. Daggett take the money. And perhaps by the time that is gone I shall be able to send a little more. My employers are going to pay me generously in the city and I feel myself growing better able to work every day."

So Helen Hyde adopted the cause of one even poorer and more friendless than herself, and for a year she paid \$2 a week steadily, and Mr. Miffin never knew what a danger had menaced him!

At the end of that time the old gentleman's grandson came from some wide, wild region across the sea, a tall, dark-eyed young man with the mien of a prince in disguise.

"My father has been dead for a year," he said. "And his papers have only just been thoroughly investigated, so that I have just learned, for the first time, that there is an arrearage due on my grandfather's allowance. I hope he has not been allowed to suffer—"

"Oh, he's all right," said Mrs. Daggett. "We've took excellent good care of him."

"You are a noble-hearted woman," said the young man, fervently clasping her hand, "and I will see that you are no loser by your generosity."

"It ain't me," said Mrs. Daggett, turning red and white, for Helen Hyde, now spending her summer vacation at the farm house, sat by, quietly sewing in the window recess. "I'm free to allow that me and Daggett got out of patience and was going to put him on the town, but Miss Hyde here, one of our boarders, she's paid for him ever since."

"I beg your pardon if I have interfered," said Helen, blushing scarlet as the large, black eyes fell scrutinizingly on her face, "but he seemed so old and helpless that—"
"God bless you for your noble deed!" said Ambrose Miffin earnestly.

But there was something in Helen's manner which prevented him from offering any pecuniary recompense to her.

"My grandfather will need your care no longer." "We have been fortunate in our Australian investment, and I am prepared to buy the old farm back again and settle here permanently."

And when Mrs. Dardanel began to think about getting her winter bad dresses made up, she received a note from Miss Hyde, which ran as follows:

"Dear Mrs. Dardanel:—I am sorry to disappoint you, but I cannot undertake any more orders, for I am to be married next month to Ambrose Miffin, and we are to live at the Daggett farm. And oh! how proud I should be if you would come here and visit me next summer when the roses are in bloom and the strawberries ripen. Ambrose is all that is nice, and I shall have the dearest old grandfather-in-law in the world. Affectionately,
HELEN HYDE."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Hancock's Pile Remedy.

THE GREAT INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR RELIEVING AND CURE OF BLEEDING, ITCHING, PAINFUL OR PROTRUDING PILES.
TITUSVILLE, Crawford Co., Penn., December 18th, 1882.
Messrs. HANCOCK BROS.—While in your city several years ago, I was suffering very severely from Piles, and bought a box of your Pile Remedy, which I am thankful to say, gave me great relief, and I think has induced complete cure. I can highly recommend it to any one suffering from this disease.
Respectfully,
BENJAMIN BOSCH.
Sold by all druggists at 50 cents per box—a sample box will be given away to any sufferer from this disease who will apply for it. "Try It." Manufactured and sold by
HANCOCK BROS., Druggists, New Berne, N. C.

Olive Butter

An Absolutely Pure Vegetable Oil
For Cooking purposes is better than Lard. Fully equal to Butter, and costs much less than either.
One Pound of Olive Butter will do the Work of Two Pounds of Lard.
Try It and Realize its Great Merits.
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
WASHINGTON BUTCHER'S SONS, PHILADELPHIA.
For Sale by All Grocers. 53
oct21-dec1893

IN THE FIELD AGAIN!

M. H. Sultan

Having lately returned from Northern Markets, where he has secured the FINEST STOCK OF LADIES' and GENTS' WEAR, would wish to impress on the public in general that he is prepared to suit the most fastidious in
CLOTHING
For Gents, Youths, Boys and Children, I have the greatest variety, which for quality, workmanship and price cannot be beaten. Boots and Shoes of all the leading manufacturers cheaper than the cheapest. Hats for Ladies and Gentlemen, all styles and all prices. In my Notion Department, which is always complete, can be found all the Latest in Ladies' and Gents' Hosiery, Corsets of leading manufacturers, Gloves, Laces, fine Ladies' and Gents' Neck Wear, Shirts, and Trunks, Valises, etc.
Thanking you for past favors, and soliciting a continuance, I am, most respectfully,
M. H. SULTAN.

A. H. POTTER & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
CONFECTIONERS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
FRENCH & AMERICAN
CANDIES.
And Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Nuts, Also Cigars, Tobacco, Toys, etc.
Pollock street, next to Geo. Allen & Co.,
NEW BERNE, N. C. sep18-dec1

WILLIAM WHITFORD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office on Craven street, two doors north of Pollock, NEWBERNE, N. C.
Will practice in the Counties of Jones, Onslow, Lenoir, Pamlico and Carteret, and also in the U. S. District Court. Conveyancing a specialty.
oct7-11

C. E. Slover

OFFERS TO THE CITIZENS OF NEW BERNE and surrounding country a choice lot of
FAMILY GROCERIES,
FRESH, CHEAP, and BEST IN QUALITY.
In his stock will be found Flour—finest grades—Butter, Small Hams, Beef Tongue, Corn Beef, Cheese, No. 1 Mackerel, Smoked Herrings, Cooked Corn Beef, Irish Potatoes, Canned Goods—all kinds—Lard & Peppercorn Sauce, Fresh Roasted Coffee, Finest Tea, English Island Molasses, Syrup, Full Line of Fresh Crackers and Cakes, Prunes, Macaroni, Powder, Shot and Caps.

Call and Examine Them.

Corner of POLLOCK and CRAVEN streets.
NEW BERNE, N. C.
oct18-3m

HOLLAND & GUION,

(At Simmons & Manly's Law Office.)
REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Land purchased and sold on short notice.
Special attention given to the letting of houses and collection of rents.
P. O. Box 404, NEWBERNE, N. C.
For references apply to National Bank, Geo. B. Guion, Simmons & Manly.
sep4-dt

Old and Reliable Line.

The Neuse River Navigation Company

Will run the following Schedule:
Steamer Kinston
Will leave the Old Dominion Wharf TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, and arrive at Kinston WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, and leave Kinston MONDAYS and THURSDAYS, arriving in New Berne the same day. Will touch at all Landings along the River going and coming.
Steamer Neuse
Will make THREE TRIPS a week, leaving the Old Dominion wharf MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and FRIDAYS, at EIGHT A. M. Returning, leaves Jolly Old Field TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS, touching at all points.

THE NEW NUMBER

8

WHEELER & WILSON

SEWING MACHINE
Is the
MOST DESIRABLE OF ALL
The Lightest Running, the Least Noisy, and Warranted to be made of the VERY BEST MATERIAL.
It can do all kinds of work, and is COMPLETE IN EVERY RESPECT.
OFFICE—
NEXT DOOR TO
HANFF'S MUSIC STORE,
MIDDLE STREET,
NEW BERNE, N. C.
AGENTS WANTED
E. E. WHEATLEY'S
Steam Dye Works,
277 Church Street, NEWBERNE, N. C.
Dyeing and Finishing
The following are the names of the agents with the Old Dominion Line.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Where Are You Going?

I am going to suffer no longer with my shoes made on that wrong and absurd principle, but wear those beautiful styles manufactured by
JOY
J. W. HARRELL.
Repairing done in the greatest manner; invisible patches put on and warranted to stay.
Don't forget the place—south of the Central Hotel, "Middle" street, New Berne, N. C.
Send your orders and save money.
sep21-dawt J. W. HARRELL.

H. W. WAHAB,

(Successor to E. H. Windley)
DISTILLERS' AGENT FOR
Pure Rye and Corn Whisky
AT WHOLESALE.
WINES AND CIGARS
IN GREAT VARIETY.

Ginger Ale, Pale Ale, Beer and Porter, CIDER,

Bergner & Engel Beer,
Pure French Brandy
H. W. WAHAB,
Corner South Front and Middle sts.,
sep20-dawly New Berne, N. C.

THE WAR IN EGYPT IS ENDED, BUT

Humphrey & Howard

Are waging a
Terrible Warfare with High Prices.
And will never rest until they have Routed Them, Foot and Dragon.
Call and see how we slaughter Generals.
Groceries, Provisions, Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps,
AND HELP US TO BURY THE DEAD.
HUMPHREY & HOWARD,
Brick Block, New Berne, N. C., opposite the Ice House.

THOS. J. LATHAM,

Late of Newbern, N. C.
—WITH—
ROUNTREE & CO.,
Cotton Factors and Commission Merchants
ROUNTREE & CO.,
Commission Merchants,
17 Old Slip, N. Y.
SOLFORE.
Consignments solicited.
Prompt and faithful attention guaranteed to all business entrusted to them.
sep19-dawt

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