

**PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.**

THE DAILY JOURNAL, a 32 column paper published daily except on Monday, at \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months. Delivered to city subscribers at 50 cents per copy.

THE NEW BERN JOURNAL, a 32 column paper, published every Thursday at \$2.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES (DAILY).—One inch per day 10 cents; one week, \$2.00; one month, \$7.00; six months, \$12.00; twelve months, \$20.00.

Advertisements under head of "City Items" will be inserted free. All additional matter will be charged at 10 cents per line.

Advertisements for transient notices must be made in advance. Regular advertisements will be collected promptly at the end of each month.

Communications containing news or a description of local matters are solicited. No compensation must expect to be published that contains objectionable personalities; withhold the name of the author; or that will make more than one column of this paper.

**THE JOURNAL.**

NEW BERN, N. C., FEB. 24, 1883.

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

**A RED, RED ROSE.**

I was just twenty one years old when I went away to China. It was a most unexpected thing, but it was a great opening for me in the business way, and they told me what had since proved true, that I accepted it, I would assuredly make my fortune.

However, money is not all a young man thinks of, and I had lately fallen in love with Alice Goodwin, and felt it hard to be sent away before I knew she returned my sentiments. She was a coquettish creature, and very bright, and I could not induce her to be sentimental, while I was so foolish that I felt sure could never directly pop the question without some encouragement.

I could not leave the country without knowing how she felt toward me, and to make an excuse, I begged my grandmother to give me a little orange tree which she possessed, and I carried it over to the Goodwin's, with a most polite message, purporting to come from the dear old lady, who had really said nothing but, "Very well, Oliver. If you want it so much, take it."

Alice was pleased with the little tree, and declared that she would instantly plant it in a big green tub which at present held nothing but earth. I went with her and dug the whole, while she held the tree. She gave me no thanks but sent the most charming message to my grandmother, and she did not even look up when I told her I was going to China.

"To China!" she cried, after a while, "Oh, I wonder whether you will grow a pig-tail, and whether your eyes will get to be oblique! They say its the climate."

"If you liked oblique eyes—" I began.

"But I think they are horrid!" she answered, "Simply horrid!"

I began on another track.

"I may have to be away for years," I said.

"I should think you would stay forever, once you were there," she answered, "Think of living amongst things that we can only have a few of in cabinets."

"But—but you'd not like me to stay forever?" I stammered.

"Oh, yes, I should," said she, "I should very much. You could send me some cups and saucers, and fans, and shawls, and ivory chess-men, and all sorts of pretty presents. It is so amusing to get queer packages from China, and we might get the best sort of tea through you—tea such as they never give to Barbarians, you know."

Nor, she did not care. It was plain that it made no difference to her where I went, and I could say nothing more. I arose, took a rose from my button-hole, and offered it to her.

"This flower will fade before many hours, Miss Alice," I said, but my—my—my—" I really did not know how to finish the sentence. As for Alice, she laughed, looked at the rose, and laid it on the flower stand near her.

"I know your grandmother's roses anywhere," she said. "Must you go? Really! Well, good-by."

I may never see you again, Miss Alice," I faltered.

"Oh we always see everybody again sometime," she answered.

I sailed for China. I was really quite broken-hearted, and did not care where I went, I had thought Alice might like me just a little, and I had found out that I was nothing to her. However I did not die. I lived, I worked hard, I had my flirtations, but I never fell in love again. I never even thought of marrying, and though I did not become a mandarin, I became one of the highly respected American residents, and really sent home Chinese tea-pots, flowery silk shawls and glittering fans to my friends at home.

I did not forget Alice, but I forgot many circumstances connected with our acquaintance, as men always do forget the little things.

When I was forty years old a

change in my business made it necessary for me to return to America. I was not sorry to be there once more, and I met many old friends. And after a little while it occurred to me that I should like to know what had become of Alice, whom she had married, and what her life had been. And I took a journey to our little town for the purpose of making inquiries. I sauntered about the old Goodwin homestead for some time noting how the trees had grown, and how the moss had gathered on the stones of the old house, and trying to put the inquiries I desired to make into words, which could be uttered to a servant, when a middle-aged lady appeared on the scene, followed by a man bearing a big green tub in his arms. She directed its position, and then stood regarding it admiringly. I fancied that I saw opening, and stepping up to the gate, took off my hat and remarked: "Excuse me, madam, but that is the finest Orange tree I ever saw in this climate."

She turned toward me smiling. "It is a very fine tree," she answered. "It is nearly twenty years old, and it bears splendidly."

"You must value it very much," I said.

"I do, both for its own sake and for—other reasons," she added, with a little sigh.

"I used to be very familiar with this place," I said. "It belongs to Goodwins, who were my friends."

The lady looked up from the orange tree, fixed her eyes upon my face, laughed, and said: "The Goodwins are still your friends, Oliver Hazeltine, and this is still their house."

"And this—this is—is really Alice Goodwin? Why, of course. Why did I not know you at once?" I cried, offering my hand.

"For nineteen good reasons—each a year long," she answered: "There have been a good many changes besides those in me; but my brother and sister, both married will be glad to see you. My brother lives here. My sister is here upon a visit with her husband."

"And you? Are you married?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"No," she said, "I am an old maid."

I looked at her. What a sweet kind face she had. How strange it was that she had not made some man's home happy long ago! How different she would have made my life!

The old, old feelings seemed to rush back again to my heart. To conceal my agitation I made a remark.

"By the way, where did you get this famous orange tree?"

"Don't you know?" she answered. "It is the tree you gave me the day you went away. The tree you help me plant."

"And you cared for it—a little for that reason?" I stammered.

"Yes," she answered simply. "I remember it so well again," I said. "If all comes back."

"I pretended my grandmothers seat to slip. I wanted an excuse to call. And after all, I did not say what I came to say, but went away leaving you a pink which I took from my button hole, and which you threw away. I thought it would be of no use to tell you why I came. If you had not tossed the pink aside, I think I might have spoken, however."

"I laid it down. I did not throw it away. And it was a rose," said Alice.

"A rose? I think it was a spice-pink," I repeated.

"A red, red rose," replied my old lover. "See, I'll prove it to you."

She took a little folding case from her pocket and opened it.

"The color is gone," she said, "but you see it was a rose."

"And you have kept it all this time?" I said. "Alice was I a greater idiot than I knew? Would you have said 'yes' if I had asked you to go to China with me?"

"She blushed from brow to chin, and I stooped and kissed her on the mouth, still as red as the red, red rose.

I am going back to China very soon, I shall take my wife with me. When I think that I might have had her there for all these years, I feel that I am too great a fool to deserve the blessing I have been so slow in asking for; but I hope we may both be the happier for having been unhappy so long."

**Health and Money.**

There is this difference between those two temporal blessings, health and money; is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed; but least envied; and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all his money for health.

"Were better we had never met," as the goat remarked after his unsuccessful attempt to knock a cast-iron dog clear across a three-acre lawn.

**Handling Sheep.**  
Western Rural.

Twenty-two years ago we began to raise Cotswold sheep, paying twenty-five dollars for a buck lamb. Having no stabling or shed to protect them from the storm, we made some rail pens, covered them with straw and chinked the cracks with the same material, which enabled us to raise one lamb to the ewe. After getting able, we built a good barn, expressly for the breeding ewes, and one for the lambs with a partition in the middle to keep the buck lambs from the ewe lambs each lot having the run on separate pastures in daytime, all of them coming home at night to get some shelled oats and oat-meal (which they relish very much), with salt once a week and plenty of good hay. Next spring, the first of May, they will give us an average of sixteen pounds of good wool clear of fags and the carcass will weigh about 150 pounds. This breeding ewes are kept in a separate pasture, and have the run of their barn at all times. The racks are full of good hay, and they are fed one ear of corn per day with some shock fodder to browse on. When they begin to drop their lambs, which is about the 15th of February, we feed them some oats and shelled corn, with a little oil meal, say one pint per day, with plenty of hay, water and salt. As soon as they begin to show signs of lambing, pens which are four by five feet, located in the centre of the barn, which can be made comfortable even when the mercury drops twenty degrees below zero. We never lose any by freezing. The ewes are kept in the lambing pens until they are able to take care of themselves; they are then labeled and turned into one of the large stables. The object in labeling them is to tell their size and dam. We usually save one-and-a-half to the ewe. As soon as the lambs get old enough to nibble at some oats and meal, we feed them all they will eat, which is not much at first. We wean them about the first of August. As soon as the weather begins to turn cool, we separate the bucks from the ewe lambs. About the first of September, we select the yearling ewes. Then lop the flocks of breeding ewes until we get our number, which is about eighty, all told. The culls go into a separate pasture and are fed off with the wethers, and bring generally from ten to twelve dollars per head the first of March.

Our crop of wool has averaged over twelve and one-half pounds for the last three years; last year twelve and three-quarter pounds, and some of it clipped the fifteenth of April—the balance in May. We breed no ewes after they are three to four years old. Neither do they drop their lambs until they are two. We use two bucks and reserve the third to top off with.

**Starting Housekeeping.**  
Scene: Fashionable boarding-house recently vacated by a newly married couple.

New wife (visiting former landlady)—"Oh, its just perfectly splendid, this keeping house!"

Prosaic landlady—"How are you getting along? Are you fully settled?"

New wife—"We're getting on nicely John has got the stove all up—except the pipe. And what do you think?"

Landlady—"Really I dont know. What?"

New wife—"I never thought of any thing to eat, and we got up on Sunday morning without a mouthful in the house, so we had to go to a restaurant."

Landlady—"Well, you are getting on nicely, indeed."

**R. W. NIXON, F. M. SIMMONS, CLEMENT MANLY.**  
**NIXON, SIMMONS & MANLY,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Will practice in the Courts of Craven, Jones, Onslow, Carteret, Pamlico and Lenoir, and in the Federal Court at New Bern.

**WILLIAM WHITFORD,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office on Craven street, two doors north of Pollock, NEWBERN, N. C.

Will practice in the Counties of Jones, Onslow, Lenoir, Pamlico and Carteret, and also in the U. S. District Court, Craven and Jones counties.

**EASTERN NORTH CAROLINA MARBLE WORKS**  
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MONUMENTS, TOMBS, And all kinds of Orve and building work in ITALIAN & AMERICAN MARBLE

Orders will receive prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed.

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Cor. BROAD & CRAVEN STS.  
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**LAND AGENCY!**

We have established in the city of New Bern a

**LAND AGENCY,**

for the purpose of advertising and selling, on commission, real estate in New Bern and in the country adjoining.

All parties desiring to sell lands, will find it to their interest to place them in our AGENCY for sale.

We will advertise all property committed to our AGENCY, in the New Bern JOURNAL, AND WILL MAKE NO CHARGE UNLESS A SALE IS EFFECTED.

Our experience in the examination of Deeds will enable us to guarantee to the buyer, satisfaction in regard to title.

**HOLLAND & GUION,**  
Real Estate Agents,  
New Bern, N. C.  
nov14dt

**FOR SALE.**

1 One mile and a half from Newbern ONE FARM of forty acres with good dwelling house attached. The land is situated between two tracts of Mr. Jos. L. Rhem's on Trent road and is an exceedingly desirable tract for all trucking.

For further particulars apply to  
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2

**150 Acres of Timbered Land**

One mile east from Havelock, near A. & N. C. R. R., adjoining the lands of Jas. A. Bryan. Terms moderate. Apply at once to  
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3

**One Large and Desirable Lot**

In the City, situated corner of East Front and King streets, adjoining that of Jonathan Havens, Esq. Terms moderate. Apply to  
nov16dt **HOLLAND & GUION.**

4

**For Sale.**

One large lot situated on Broad street, four doors east of Bern. Apply to  
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**For Sale.**

One large and desirable lot on the corner of Broad and Bern streets. Terms moderate. Apply to  
nov16dt **HOLLAND & GUION.**

6

**For Sale.**

One desirable farm—250 acres—100 cleared and under cultivation; with a new two story dwelling attached. Situated 2 1/2 miles from the city by railroad, directly on the railroad county road and river. For further particulars apply to  
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**Desirable Tract.**

Situated by county road, seven miles from New Bern, one mile and a quarter from the railroad. One farm with dwelling and out-houses attached, known as "Supperwing," formerly owned by the late Col. H. T. Guion. For further particulars apply to  
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**For Sale.**

Desirable House and Lot, on Craven street, two doors below Pollock. One dwelling house with large lot attached. Terms moderate. Apply at once to  
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**Valuable Farm.**

By water 16 miles from Newbern, on the south side of Neuse River; 600 acres of land, 50 acres under cultivation and well fenced. For further particulars apply to  
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**Walter P. Burrus & Co.,**  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
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**GRAIN OF ALL KINDS.**  
(Corn a Specialty.)  
New-Bern, N. C.

Orders and Consignments respectfully solicited. Jan2-dwly

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We desire to call especial attention to our Stock of

Pickles in Glass and Buckets, Preserves in Glass and Tin French Citron, Candied Orange and Lemon Peel, Fresh Prunes, Sultans and Dehesa Raisins, Dried Apples and Peaches, Mince Meat, Buckwheat Flour, Fancy Gilt Edge Butter and White Cream Cheese.

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A nice line of Domestic Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Wood and Willow Ware, Crockery Ware, Etc., Etc.

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Special mention called to his

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Fresh Fish and Oysters shipped by Express C. & D. to all parts of the country. To guard against disappointment, orders should reach me 24 hours prior to time of shipment of goods. Jan2-dly

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**ATLANTIC GARDEN!**

The finest Liquors and Cigars, the celebrated BERGMAN & ENGEL BEER, "Sour Kraut," Sardines, Lobster, Limburger and Schweitzer Cheese constantly on hand.

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The finest in the country.

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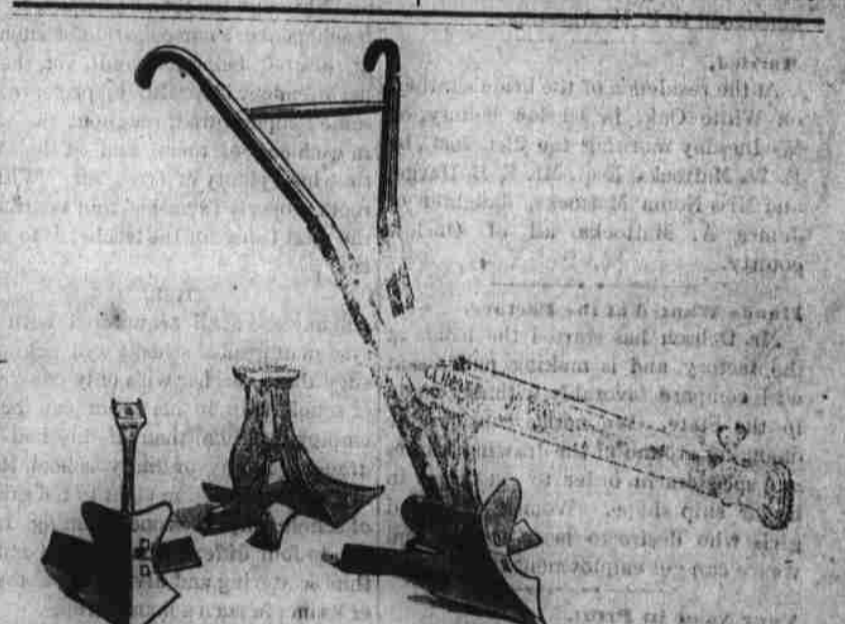
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