TRAILY JOUANAL, & M colu shed diff except to Monday, at \$1.00 per \$5.00 by six mesths. Delivered in city where at to cents per month. IN NEW BERNE JOURNAL, a 50 column a, is published every Thursday at \$1.00 per

a per line for each insertion No advertisements will be inserted between social Matter at any price.

es of Marriages or Deaths, not to exceed es will be inserted free. All additional will be charged 10 cents per line. stade in edvance. Regular advertisements Il he collected promptly at the end of each

local matters are solicited. Me communi-uat expect to be published that contains sole personalities; withholds the name sable personalities; withholds the name

THE JOURNAL

EW BERNE, N. C., APRIL 22, 1888

ared at the Post office at New Berue, N C.

of Austin, Texas, to which country he igrated, when Texas was an inde-Serne, left here over fifty years ago, for And who can break their triple chain? the town of Washington, when he prepared himself to enter college. He ated at Chapel Hill University with the talented Haywood Gnion, au-thor of "The Comet." Mr. Hutchings is a gentleman of superior intellect, of fine literary taste, an elegant poet, and withal, the highest type of a Christian No epitaph that time doth spare, gentleman. Some few of our citizens I con not o'er—retain with care, And wholesome moral of I find In homily to stone consigned. portrays; among them, we will, mention Mrs. Ivey, Mrs. Pasteur, Miss Taylor, Mr. Wm. G. Bryan, Mr. Charles Slover, Mr. O. S. Dewey, and also Mr. Than echoes wake in churchyard fanes. And e'en "the honied lie of rhyme," ily commend the poem to all New Bernians, not only on account of the pride Tis best to die with honored names; they have in native talent, but also for its rigular beauty, and its breathing To live an upright life's the best. the true essence of poetry. We are the happy possessor of manuscript copies of many of his fugitive pieces, that, Of holiest men, companion, peer, had he lived a century ago, would have immortalized him.

JONATHAN HAVENS.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead Who never to himself hath said, This is my own, my hative land?" WALTER SCOTT.

No Time suffices to efface
The hallowed memories of the place
That gave us birth—where'er we roam
How far so e'er from childhood's home And be our fortune what it will, All bright with joy or dark with ill, And though the years of absence swell, Till scores alone their number tell, While memory lives, it haunts the sod, By our own feet in childhood trod, While throbs the heart, it yearning

To childhood's scenes and childhood friends.

The Western saint to Mecca turns, For Prophet's tomb devoutly yearns, If Fate forbids his feet to tread The sacred precincts of the dead,
Afar he bows his head in prayer,
And sends his hearta pilgrim there.
To Newbern, thou a Mecca art,
A shrine all hallowed to my heart; To thee though sandal shod and sore, My feet would plod the long league

o'er, Thy much loved haunts to range anew The holy haunts that childhood knew But 'tis denied, and pilgrim grey, From realm remote of setting day, Affection goes with staff in hand, In thought amid thy bowers to stand, While Fancy's wand her eye before, Calls friends of youth and scenes A wanton boy, methinks I float,

As years ago in wave rocked boat. Where confluent Neuse and Trent

unite.

Like loving hearts on bridal night;
Tall mests before me pierce the sky,
Their pennants gay all stream on high.
Before me rise thy spires and domes,
Thy stately mansions, humbler homes,
While shady groves and slopes of green,
Occurring off, complete the scene. Occurring oft, complete the scene; And queen thou seemst of beauty rare Enthroned twixt parent Rivers fair, Whose waters mirror with delight, The jeweled brow of daughter bright

Tis night—from needful errand come, With timid footsteps wandering home, The shops all closed, all traffic done, Save me, per chance, of passers none, Alone I tread with reverent feet, Where droops the willow o'er the street. Old mourner bending low its head, Above the long forgotten dead; The night wind whispers through its leaves.

Among its boughs the night bird.

Among its boughs the night bird The flickering moon beams dance and

play, Like silver sprites from spray to spray; From tomb-paved aisle of neighb'ring fane,

Moss-grown and sombre, dark with

stain,
Methinism I bear a ghostly tread.
The fore-fall sound of Wulking dead.
I'm just beneath the mournful tree,
Above I lock, and lo ! I see,
Like birds at roost, pale spirits sit,
While apirits through its branches flit.
The tree's alive with spectral hosts,
And face to face I stand with ghosts.

Adown the street aghast I flee, From grave yard fence ghosts stare at

me, flight they follow through the air, al their cold breath fan my hair; d now shead they we plainly presend ir wings thump, thump my panting

he low green couch of dreamless head. Where mildewed marble speaks of By death long garnered here in earth, And straggling stones here and there, Of sculptured praises so long bare, That Old Mortality in vain,

Would stoop to grave their legends

Fit place for solemn musing, this An old time, full Necropolis. Receptacle of oft mowed field, Death's garner house all filled and

From hamlet times, for long, long years, Here Grief kept sentry bathed in tears, And here was heard her widest strain, When anguished spirits wailed their

pain, And sorrow here in cadence low Hath often poured her notes of woe, And untold tears have here been shed, O'er loved and lost-the loved and

Here Newbern, all thine apcients lie. Thy low born families and high, Life's waves successive o'er thy breast In thee they tossed—in thee found rest. Here sleep they all, the sires and sons, The matrons, maids and cherub ones; Here sleep they all-and who were

they.
These voiceless denizens of clay! HOW few the names survive on stones Oh, who were all the nameless ones?

ED. JOURNAL:—The following beautiful Fain would I give the world to know, What sleeper sleeps each spot below; Fain would I give the world to hear, The story of each heart so near, But vain the wish-no tongue reveals dent Republic. He is a native of New | The secrets that the grave conceals ! From longings vain to pry beneath— To ope this sealed-up urn of death, O'er storied slabs I turn to pour, For much I love old tombstone lore, And dark oblivion I upbraid For every blur that time has made, And glad am I, as oft I trace An unmarred marble's lettered face-

> The world may deem it all pretense, But sermons of more eloquence Old churchyard marble oft contains. In sculpture living through all time, With tongue all eloquent proclaims

And Kuysert, sure with saintly dread Life's devious maze thy feet did tread-For mortal weal thy stone so pine Such yearnings well from all its lines Oh, may thy call well heeded be-"Prepare for death and follow me."

With curious eye I pause to trace Of Elliott's! tomb the well carved face. Few words and terse his praise proclaim, 'An honest lawyer?' is his fame, And much I wonder if 'tis true, Of honest lawyers there be few, So few, that when the world knows one For his demise must weep a stone. Ah, little does my young heart dream How hard it is to stem the stream, To client, self and God be true, When lawyers have large fees in view But older grown this lore I've caught, Perchance in school of trial taught,

When self the wavering balance When pride for palm of victor quakes When pride for paim of victor quakes
When fee contingent is the prize,
Much gold or none before him lies,
If lawyer then be just, he's odd,
The bard's grand ideal "work of God."
Thus Elliott wast thou sorely tried,
And still the tempter's art defied? An honest lawyer, then, thon wast, Thine epitaph's no empty boast, Yet this, methinks, is safer praise, "Here lies a sinner saved by grace.

My graveyard stroll, wide circling, ends Where the old willow weeping bends— The old lone willow near the church, Of ghosts by night the goblin perch, Resort by day of dusky crones, Who 'neath its shade in winning tones Praise savory wares to vagrants near, Their rich brown cakes and ginger beer There, just outside this sacred ground, Those dark dames sit the whole year

round; From early morn till close of day, Together are the tree and they.

And all so old, both dames and tree, Which first got there much puzzles me. Since memory fails the time to wot When neighbors close they both were

not. And hangs around this tree to me, The wizard spell of my story;
Alone it stands, 'ng kindred near,'
A gray-haired exile mourning here.
Sole hoary sentinel for years,
At vestibule of death and tears! Who placed it here, I long to know, By whose tears watered did it grow; O'er whom, sad watcher, doth it brood How long the tempest hath withstood-I yearn to hear its tale all told, The story of the lone tree old. Of ancient dames here dainty met, With tempting trays before them set, Most ancient one old Sarah seems,

"In my childhood, the whole square in which the grave yard lies, was to me haunted ground, but my fancy was, that its ghosts could not go beyond its corners. How this idea was infused into my mind I know not, nor whether it was common to other children.

†George Kuyser's tomb annonnces the fact that he died in 1796, and his epitaph closes with the following lines:

"Behold and see as you pass by—
As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now, you soon must be—
Prepare for death, and follow me."

tJohn Elliott's gravestone very briefly states that he died in 1756, and awards him the pithy eulogium of "An honest lawyer indeed."

?"An honest man's the noblest work of

| All natives of Newbern, fifty years ago, will remember old Sarah Simpson, the colored cake woman, who, surrounded by a bevy of similar traders, for so many years kept her cake stand at the old Episcopal Church corner, beneath the shadow of the ancient willow tree.

And you inful too still seems her tongue,
for nimble 'lis as when 'twas young,
But not to wound it glibly goes,
For gentlest words it only knows,
Some jest to tell or tale to weave,
As wakes your smile or makes you

methinks, old Sarah's car ath heard the tale I long to hear; Iknow she'll not refuse to tell, She loves to tell a tale so well. And quick through churchyard gate

bound,
And quick at Sarah's side I'm found.
"Aum Sarah," trips my childish tongue
"Tis very long since you were young
Which oldest is, this tree or you?
And stands it here o'er dead you knew
Who planted it and over whom? I wish he, too, had built a tomb; The marble surely would have told Of great one buried here of old. If you can tell, oh, tell to me, The story of this grand old tree."

'My child," the ancient dame replies While tears came starting from her eyes." Tis true I'm old, as all can see, But not so old as this old tree: Long, long ago, when I was young, Almost as now its boughs low hung, And its dark trunk then large had

grown, And wide its shadow then was thrown Nor had it then for me, a child, Than now for you a charm less wild. My mother here beneath its shade.
Like me pursued this humble trade,
And nestling here beside her knee
I've pondered oft upon the tree, And for its story long did pine From some old tongue as you from mine One day I chanced to say aloud This is a noble tree and proud; I wonder who there is that knows O'er whom the grand old monarch

grows? My mother heard, and answering told The story sad I'll now unfold-Twas thought of her, long dead for years, Twas thought of her that brought my

tears; Of her beneath this same old tree, And I so young beside her kee, Of her rehearing tale so wild. And I, like you, a wondering child." And thus old Sarah's story ran, And thus the dame her tale began-'Twas long ago, in elden time,

While yet our town was in its prime; A village small and rude and new, Its homes but humble—people few That hither came from vine clad shore A gallant Frenchman named Lenoir-A Huguenothe was and brave Who, dauntless, breasted storm and wave

For conscience sake an exile come In our new world to find a home: From princely blood his life he drew, And wealth was his and titles too; No nobler name there was, perchance, In proud eld heraldry of France. But wealth and titles—naught were those

To one bright jewel-Eloise, An only child, a daughter sweet; A thing of beauty all complete, Sole image left—sole pledge of love Of buried wife and saint above.

No mirror e'er reflecting throws The lily blended with the rose From face more fair, more formed t please

Than that which imaged Eloise. Oh, she was levely as we deem Creation bright of poet's dream; Or leveliest picture colors give When painter makes the canvass live, Or bust that wins undying wreath When sculptor bids the marble breath. O'er her had sixteen summers flown-For sixteen summers had she grown, By gentlest yearnings only stirred, All innocent as flower or bird— The birds and flowers her playmates

dear,
And she in song and grace their peer,
And wooed and won she too was now
For at her shrine had learned to bow. A manly form, a gallant youth, The soul of honor, love and truth— Full sweet the tale he did unfold. With mantling blush she heard it told; His heart's fond suit with warmth he pressed, She yielded, loved, was loved and

blessed— And soon a bride she is to be. And soon a happy husband he. Their future's bright—with joy replete Was ever earthly dream more sweet?

You see you old house up the street, To Devaux's home quite opposite, Below piazzaid and above, And wanting now but gentlest shove, And wanting now out gentlest shove,
Adown to come on inmates poor,
A ruined pile, a deadfall sure;
Twas once, however, a structure fair,
And rivals round it, few there were, For poor our people were, and few, When this old town was yet but new. For comfert, then, were dwellings made The vine, the rose and pleasant shade Alone did lend attractive grace And lovely make each humble place; Not yet of show had we grown vain, Our oldest homes you see are plain;
By Count Lenoir yon house was reared.
Where yet the ancient wood appeared,
Where far and near the old cake stood In close primeval brotherhood.

There still at night was heard the owl,
And nightly there the wolf did prowl,
But there, by day, sweet birds did sing,
There, wild flowers blushed in early

spring,
There, murmuring soft, the summer breeze, Made melody among the trees, And there, through old oak boughs or

high, The winter winds did sadly sigh. Her primal charms then nature wore, Twas love of these that moved Lenoir Beyond the town, in sylvan haunt, 'Mid birds and flowers his home to plant Full modest, too, that sylvan home, Though wealth had her for lordly dome Though wealth had her for lordly dome.
Not Tryon's* pride inspired his taste
Who'd millions on a mansion waste.
No vain ambition made him pine.
His neighbors' homes to far outshine.
A simple structure, chaste and neat,
Such was the Count's plain, country seat,
And there amid the forest trees
He loved and reared his Eloise.

In that old time, the red men still, Within our land wide roamed at will; At times our foes, at times our friends, As suited best their wily ends;

*Tryon, the Colonel Governor of Nort Carolina, who expended so much of the people's money upon the palace he reared in Newbern but a short time anterior to the American revolution. Fire consumed it before it was fully completed.

And when, awhile, no war cry rung, they hither strolled, with wampe

strung,
Fresh vows to make, and with us smoke
The pipe of peace beneath you oak.*
Thus to our town with kindred ruds.
An uncouth train, and well nigh rude,
Once came from far, on visit brief.
A haughty, wild and held young chief—
A Tuscarora Brave was he,
From far off mountains to the sea.
The theme of talk and source of fright
To cowering fireside groups at night;
For fearful, widespread fame he'd won
By grievous wrongs to white men done.
Subtle and shrewd, he coolly planned
What promptly did his well nerved
hand,

hand, And oft his bold successful stroke In savage hearts, deep wonder woke; Of purpose stern, and dautless beast, When others shrunk, he onward

And deed with highest danger fraught,
With soul on fire, that deed he sought,
Most pleased, his life to stake upon
Some prize by peril only won.

With Indian wont, he roving round From house to house, the man Where deep embowered amid old tree Her happy home had Eloise; Her happy home had Eloise;
And, as upon the threshold stood
The wild young warrier of the wood;
Not long he paused, ere form of grace.
With eye of light, and angel face,
And buoyant step, as sylph e'er bore,
Appeared to greet him at the door.
Entranced, the red man stood, as fell
Upon his gaze the witching spell Upon his gaze the witching spell Of beauty brighter far than cost Had on his will-wood vision burst. But litttle dreamed, howe'er, the maid What raptured eye was on her laid, Or quick aback she'd shrunk in fear, As from envenomed reptile near. She only saw what oft before Had stalked within her father's door, A stalwart savage, rudely dressed, Of paltry gifts, or food in quest. She only felt what e'en to tears, Had moved her eye from earliest years When e'er she viewed his hapless state-Deep pity for the red man's fate-With sweetest grace, and gentlest air, Within the hall she placed a chair, She bade him rest, and quickly sped, To have expected viands syread, And quickly sought her sire to crave, Some trivial presents for the Brave.

And he, meantime, that warrier stern-Unwanted thoughts within him burn. In his dark soul, wild thoughts like

these,
Portending ill to Eloise
"I fondly dreamed the maids that lave,
Their dark brown forms in Roanoke's

No rivals had for charms and grace Mong daughters of the pale faced race. In young Oklone's dark eyed bride. Whose hateful choice so stung my pride, I fondly dreamed mine eye had seen All beauty's crowned and peerles queen;

But here's a maid of darker eye Than e'er hath made my bosom sigh, And she hath step more spry and light Than gladdened yet a warrior's sight, And she hath form more lithe and spare Than forest maidens ever wear. Ah, she hath charms to soothe my pride And deeply wound Oklone's bride. Yohoba than Oklone hath More skill to tread the red war-path, And in his lodge more scalps now hang. To prove his bow's unerring twang; Less often, too, his keen eyes fail To trace a foe's dim winding trail; More oft hath waked the panther's fear Yohoba's than Oklone's spear, And oftener hath it pierced the bear Securely hid in his dark lair. And shall Oklone in his pride, Of all our chiefs have noblest bride! And when Yohoba's arm may snatch A bride that can Oklone's match, Aye, that as much that bride exceeds As do his own Oklone's deeds, Shall dastard fear that arm restrain In bold exploit ne'er raised in vain? And will he now the prospect miss To mar a hated rival's bliss? No, though he linger here until Ten moons with light their circles fill, He'll swiftly bear to forest wide This maid to taunt Oklone's bride. Within the woods here densely spread Her agile feet at times must tread, Yohoba, lurking, will be nigh The prize to seize, and safely fly."

And soon the gentle Eloise, Intent her savage guest to please, Before him set with studious care A bounteous feast of viands rare, And round the board did sweetly was While the stern gourmand fiercely ate, And as, full sated, he uprose, His long, well relished meal to close, She kindly turned, his hands to load With gifts her generous sire bestowed A gutteral sound she only heard. For thanks she took the uncouth word And, as retiring, he withdrew, Her sweetest smiles she on him threw Nor left his side, till he, the door-Oh, that she'd met that brave no more

Ere long, at head of roving crew, Without the town the chief withdrew, As if again he sought the wood Where far away his wigwam stood. Not such his subtle aim, howe'er, He only sought some covert near, Some secret haunt where safe from view His band might hide, while he'd pursue His dark, infernal scheme to seize And bear away fair Eloise. And soon was found the wished retreat; Soon back he strode with tireless feat, With one confederate friend to aid His foul design against the maid; Nor long, alas, nor very long, Ere pitying angels wept the wrong. Without the town the chief withdrew,

Twas when the earth in glory lies, All clad in Nature's richest dyes, 'Twas when gay spring most widely

Her floral tribes of varied bues, Her floral tribes of varied hues,
And on that day, the self same day
The savage troop had strolled away,
That Eloise, with servant maid,
Within the neighboring forest strayed,
While evening sun, declining, shed
But mellowed radiance on her head.
And oft, as now, the maiden fair,
Had ranged this haunt for wild blooms

Nor dreams of danger lurking near, Now more than then, why need she

fear?
Nor does she, as around she roves.
To cull the blooms her young heart loves, And revel in each joyous thing That nestles in the lap of Spring.

"The huge old live oak, that years ago stood in the eastern part of the town. It was, I think, the only live oak tree within the limits of Newbern, and is associated with many interesting reminiscences of Iudian and Colonial days.

She homeward surns at set of sun.
But few the steps she takes, howe er.
When lol two warrions grim appear
With sudden spring from out the bush.
And on the helpless maidens rush.
One loud wild shrick the ione wood

thrills
When muffling force the sad cry stills,
And fast away, away they're borne,
By rathless hands from loved ones torn.

Soon dusky twilight, deep'ning threw.
O'er earth night's robe of darker hue,
And still delayed the ramblers late,
And still delayed the ramblers late,
To lift the latch of mansion gate;
And, anxious watcher, at the door,
With eager eye set old Lenoir,
The first faint floating sound to hear,
That told his absent loved one near.
And sure, he mused, the blossoms wild,
Beyond her wont have lured the child.
For ne'er so late, from wildwood roam,
With tardy steps she seeks her home,
Or may it be by some wrong way,
Her devious steps have gone astray?
Tis barely so, since oft she hath
On flower stroll, trod every path,
And yet my heart the worst will fear,
Nor dares it longer wait her here.

Now quick he hastes the path to thread That through the darksome woodland

The path he knew had trod the child, Now lost, perchance, in forest wild; And fast he speeds, still faster yet, As no returning dear one's met; Anon he lists with ear intense, Then onward hurrying, loudly calls Fond name, alas, that only falls On startled night bird's wakeful ear, Or prompts the mocking echoes near, To shout again to dumb old trees, The wailing cry-"Oh Eloise!

Not long do faithful slaves conceal, The bodings wild their bosoms feel, Benighted feet of one so good, Strange cause must keep within the

wood: And soon they fly in breathless haste, Some to explore the lonely waste, And some to rouse the village fear, For safety of lost mistress dear.

And quick a lover mounts his steed Quick, anxious townsmen with him

And all night long, and far and wide, The wood they scour from side to side Till morning dawns; till cloudless sun Hath long his course of glory run, Nor sight, nor trace of lost ones yet, Through all the range hath hunter met

From lip to lip low whispered flies, 'Tis flendish work of subtle foe, Sad captives sure, the lost ones go. And then Yohoba gone so late, His thousand wiles, his life-long hate. His bold achievements linked with

And now conceived the dark surmise.

wrong, Fresh come to mind a trooping throng, And rousing fears of direct ill, With wild dismay their bosoms thrill. And now the hunters haste, With anguished hearts, to search the waste

And miles on miles their keen eyes fail. No spot to scan for red man's trail, And day by day they farther press, With tireless zeal, though hope grow

less, Nor cease their toil, till past dispute, That savage craft defies pursuit.

Alas, alas! what heart can bear, Fell, rayless, hopeless, blank despair! While yet one glim'ring hope was left, That he, perchance, was not bereft, But still might clasp his idol dear, The world and life had power to cheer, But when came tidings sad and drear, He'd naught to hope, and all to fear. With home all blasted, and his pride, The broken hearted old man died, And here they laid him, where now

spread,
This old tree's boughs above his head. And that old home within the wood, Now desolate and lone it stood: No hand now trained the climbing vine,

And taught its tendrils how to twine;

No gentle footstep sought the beds Where unwashed flowrets drooped their heads, The bees were busy as of yore, But foes unchecked despoiled their

The garden, late so trim and neat, The cattle marred with trampling feet. And time rolled on, perchance a year, When sturdy woodsman passing near, When sturdy woodsman passing near By light of morn in early spring Espied a tattered, haggard thing— A crazy woman, lorn and wild, Low crouching o'er a new-born child— A tawny infant, stark and dead, With rose tree bending o'er its head, While she, the maniac motter near, With flowers festooned its dewy bier.

But God be thanked, ere closed the day. You have only to see it to appreciate its The mother with her infant lay, Both wrapt in death—and here they lie, Where mourning night windso'er them

sigh Through this lone tree, old weeper o'er The long-forgotten house-Lenoir.

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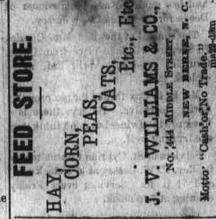
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Sealed Proposals.

Sealed Proposals will be received by the Board of County Con missioners of Jones Scaled County Con missioners of Jones county, to be opened at the May Meeting, 1885, of the Board, to BUILD a JAIL at Trenton, Janes County. The building to be of brick, 24x35 feet, two stories high, the lower floor to be 9½ feet and the upper floor 8½ feet from floor to ceiling, with fear foot passages all around the building in both stories, with two steel cages below and two cells above. That each bid shall be accompanied with a drawn plan and specifications, and the person whose plan is accepted shall receive \$25 therefor whether the contract is given to him or another. The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids, and to require of the person whose bid is accepted such security for the performance thereof as they may deem proper.

apre-dawmal I. T. WILSON, Clerk. W. L. PALMER

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