

THE DAILY JOURNAL.

VOL. II.

NEW BERNE, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1883.

NO. 36.

LOCAL NEWS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.
N. M. GASKILL—Coat hands wanted.
WATSON & CHURCHILL—Bath house.

Journal's Miniature Almanac.
Sun rises, 4:57 | Length of day,
Sun sets, 6:55 | 13 hours, 58 minutes.
Moon sets at 11:31 p. m.

This is a Memorial paper.
The Harper tree was handsomely decorated yesterday.

N. M. Gaskill wants hands to help him make coats. He offers good prices.

Mr. Amos Simmons of Jones exhibited some Irish potatoes yesterday fully as large as a hen-egg.

The shipments over the A. & N. C. R. R. yesterday looked up 1,950 boxes of peas and 90 crates of cabbage.

We were shown on yesterday a bunch of garden peas of the Meadows Extra Early variety which were very fine. Many of the pods contained eight well grown peas.

Mr. Thomas Daniels expressed on yesterday a pair of tame wild geese to L. L. Hassell, Proprietor of the Mansion House, Greenville S. C. These geese were purchased from Mr. J. H. Smith of Clubfoot creek. This sale is the result of an item furnished the JOURNAL in February last by one of its special canvassers, who delivered the geese to Mr. Daniels yesterday morning and received in exchange five hard dollars. Other sales will probably be made. So much for publishing news.

Railroad Rumors.

It was rumored in the city last night that a demand had been made on the Receiver of the A. & N. C. R. R. to turn over the property to the Directors. We hope to be able to ascertain the facts before our next issue.

Telegraph Notice.

Miss Cuyk, the telegraph operator, at this place requests us to state that the office is closed every day from 1 o'clock p. m. to 2 p. m. and from 6 to 7 p. m. She also wishes to give notice that she attends to business at the office and not at her boarding place.

The Memorial Services Yesterday.

The Memorial Services of yesterday differed from those of former occasions in that the services, excepting that of strewing of the flowers, was conducted on the Academy Green instead of within the Cemetery. The number of attendants was large and the music very fine and much improved by the better position occupied by the choir than on other occasions.

The address of Mr. Long was very good and fully up to the standard of his eloquent productions.

The music by the cornet band was well rendered, and added greatly to the beautiful ceremony of bestrewn the graves of the departed heroes.

The floral offerings were very elaborate, and displayed great taste in the preparation by loving hands and tearful memories.

The graves of many that were not soldiers were handsomely decorated, especially we noticed that of John D. Hughes and George Bishop, two young men of the city, and that of Miss Ida B. Amyette, whose memories are still cherished by a large circle of friends outside of that of their immediate families.

The People will Acquiesce.

"Trustees" need have no fear that the city council will act without good advice in regard to the Graded School tax. Nor need he feel any alarm about Fiduciary Agents, liability under the law unless they should expend funds in needless resistance to taxes paid by principals without resistance.

No guardian administrator or executor would be held blameless, was he to use fiduciary funds in contesting a tax while the same was paid by the large body of tax-payers without complaint; nor could any but representatives of large estates offer any excuse on the score of saving money to them, because the legal proceedings would be much more burdensome than the tax itself, unless the amount of taxable property was very large. There will likely no contest arise from that source so long as the council pursue a course indicated by such novels, as the decisions of the supreme court of the United States, it will be likely to find a pretty general acquiescence in its action.

And now who is "Trustee?" It is conceded to be difficult for any man, who writes continuously for the press, to conceal the authorship of his productions. Now if the readers of the *Journal* have followed up the articles written by Artaxartes, S. X. Y. Z., Tax Payer, Friend of School they will not find much trouble in coming to the conclusion that they and "Trustee" are one and the same person. The author of the letters of "Junius" is far more difficult to trace than the author of those highly instructive epistles from a scribe with a legion of names. "Come Again."

MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

Amid the gleaming lights and radiant landscapes of the new world, which has sprung from the desolation of war, we are met to-day to remember the old world which has passed away. The warrior banner has been caught up to meet the warrior soul. The restless changes of diplomacy, the sturdy conflicts of battle and of siege, the mournful tears of fair women and the martial cravings of brave men, have been sealed up in the book of history and of fate. A new creation, fringed with the rosy faces of happy children, bordered by the scarlet splendors of purity and youth, and pervaded by the celestial airs which blow over a land girl in by Heavenly sympathy and peace, is stretching its golden capes and silver seas on every hand. Night has given place to day. On every hill-side the merry shout of the hunter responds to the babbling music of the vale. The rivers glow with the opulence of commerce, and the far wastes of waters smile under the rich heritage of blessings which they bear. Where now is the sad memory of war? In the midst of the fruition of the new world, shall we forget the wrecks of the old? Is there no voice coming out of the realm of shadows, which was dear to us before? Has the gallant form which wore its suit of gray at the suggestion of our patriotism and pride, which went out on its brave and strong with its love of country and of home, and never returned again to the fair hands which decked it for the strife, never the power to visit us even in our dreams? Away with such a heartless retrospection of the times that are dead. To-day we are renewing the wedlock of our hearts to the vanished joys, which shall never come to us again in this world. This is the holy Sabbath of domestic memory and grief. To-day "the warrior banner" returns from behind the clouds of the setting sun, unrolls its streaming stars from the shadowy ramparts of the spirit land, descends amid the roar of unseen artillery, and is grasped on the field of glory by the hands which pressed ours with so much tenderness and love. To-day we are keeping "watch and ward" by the sweetest graves to us in all this land. They are the graves of knights, of martyrs and of heroes. Their dust is dearer to us than the yellow gold, which lured the steel-clad followers of Pizarro and Cortez, in the days of chivalry and romance.

But men say that this is a utilitarian age. The forests are being leveled, new mines are being opened, new railroads are being built, explorations into every recess and secret of nature is being made, uncounted millions are being invested in property which but yesterday was the mere vision of the dreamer's brain, the teeming myriads of population are crowding with their industry and skill every acre of the virgin soil, and men stand amazed at the material progress of the nation. Even the South itself, in the very region of the country where the institution of slavery was the strongest, and the shocks of battle were the heaviest, is beginning to bloom like the gardens of Damascus, under the touch of mechanical genius, and by the application of capital and labor. The cotton mills of New England, for the improvement of the fabric, and the increase of profit, are being removed to Southern cities and towns. Money, hitherto invested in Northern inventions, factories and mercantile enterprise, is being bestowed for the expansion of Southern ventures and the development of Southern resources. Add to all this, that the fair-hand goddess of learning hath descended in our midst, and is erecting her bright temples in every grove and by every flowing stream, kindling the ecstasy of the poetic lyre, exciting the genius of the Historic muse, arousing the intellectual aspirations of the gifted and the good, pouring the limped streams of eloquence like the Gods poured the waves of Paeonius over its yellow sands, and we have a picture of material and intellectual progress and advancement, which the most extravagant thinker could never have anticipated.

But it is precisely at this point, fellow citizens, that we construct the argument of our indebtedness as a people, and discover the fitness of the memorial tributes which we this day pay to our honored dead. No talents or cultivation of our own could have produced the prosperity which now greets us. Impoverished, scarred and broken by the calamities of war, we should have stood upon the utmost verge of our stranded fortunes, and sighed in vain for the vanished good. But when back of us the whole country has been planted with heroic bones; when every stalk of corn and blade of wheat is nourished by heroic blood; when that single fiery struggle of four years gave the South an immortality of fame, and a moral army of imperishable forces, we started out with a capital which no adversity could reduce, and no misfortune deplete of its energy.

The forces of moral example does more for the civilization of a people than literature or art. The Italians had the splendid imagery of Virgil and Dante, of Raphael and Angelo, and yet not even the valor and patriotism of Rensai could save them from slavery and chains; while the English, with the memory of the gallant defence of Harold at Hastings, of Alfred against the Danes, and of the royal Elizabeth, when, mounted at the head of her own troops, she inspired them with courage to meet the Invincible Armada, which came to launch itself against their altars and homes, have grown stronger, more enlightened and powerful with every passing year. The Southern soldier, after being stripped of his property and pride, and left only his livery of honor, can point with a noble gratification to the glorious example set him by our departed heroes. And we ourselves, while treading the ceded alleys of peace, and weaving our rosy chaplets for the richest, the most sacred and hallowed dust in all the sepulchres of this world, can strike again the grandest chord in all the harmonies of earth.

Where is the race of men who ever struggled, suffered and died like our Confederate soldiery? Even amid the electric lights and overflowing riches of this new world which now flashes around us, we return to this question again and again, for in it is concealed the purest gem of Southern excellence and honor. Were they the men of Camden, Trenton and Valley Forge? Nay, verily. The soldiers of that heroic time contended against a powerful foe, but he had to cross three thousand miles of ocean before he looked bayonets with our patriot sires, while the Confederate soldier was always in the presence of an enemy who outnumbered him, cut him off from his supplies by his cruisers and ships of war, wore him out with his superior equipments, and left him not a single advantage with which to meet the emergencies of the struggle. Were they the Federal participants in the Purple and fine linen, nourished upon the fat of the land, armed with the most effective weapons, and recruited from every quarter of the civilized world, while our poor boys often won their grandest victories upon an empty stomach, shivering in rags, and with the defective muskets of a vanished age. Who does not know of these facts, who have we repeated again and again to our children? And yet they constitute the proofs of a moral courage, which has done more to arouse the Southern people from their reveries, to stimulate them to a fresh activity and labor, and to crown them with the most brilliant successes, than all the capital, patronage and material resources of the country. Close by the side of the fortitude, the courage and endurance of the Southern soldier, is the far-reaching effectiveness of the battles which he fought. The victories of Blenheim and Malplaquet not only built the luxurious castle of the Duke of Marlborough, and enriched the fortunes of his family, but they imparted such an *esprit de corps* to the character of the English people, such a breadth and fullness of self-confidence, and elevation of national pride in all their relations to the world, that such illustrious battles came as it were to inaugurate a system of military glory, and advanced the English Empire on every possible road of material and social development. So the battles of the Confederate soldier, whether he lost or won, were fought against such tremendous odds, with such a storm of enthusiasm rocking his embattled squadrons as they dashed on the foe, and with such a reckless disregard of all the deadly perils of the stricken field, that even in the gloom of defeat they have given him a military prestige, a royal and holy occupancy of the land, which is the basis of all his dawned prosperity. So that the blood which hallowed the soil of Manassas, of Shiloh and of Sharpsburg, has built the factories and cotton-mills of Georgia, transferred the looms of Massachusetts to the Pelees and Savannah, peopled the orange groves of Florida with the pioneers of agriculture and of commerce, and sent the fresh streams of a higher life into every vein and artery of the South. Yea, more, the loftier plane of manliness to which the victories of the war, won out of the very jaws of poverty, penury, hunger, nakedness and cold, brought the gallant people of the South, has opened a wider intellectual area, where the blessings of education have fallen upon them like the manna in the desert. So that it has come to pass that the thunder of the guns at Chicamauga and Reams' Station hath built the fairest temples of learning in every city, village and hamlet, caused the humble poor to flock to them like doves to their windows, and set in motion the forces of social chivalry and pride, which will yet redeem us from the last abyss of disaster in which we fell by the hardships and sufferings of the war. Said I not, that we were indebted to the Southern soldier for almost every blessing we enjoy? And is it not fitting that the memory of the dead should be preserved as a sacred legacy?

One of the most startling consequences of the war is the exalted respect cherished for us by our great adversary. If the Southern soldier had not been braver, truer and greater than all other men, like the defeated adherents of the House of Stuart our brave veterans would have fallen under the last pains and penalties of conquest. But it was not in human nature to exterminate a race of men who had proven the truth of Homer's Iliad, and embellished modern history with unparalleled examples of fortitude and valor. And now that the excitements and prejudices of the conflict are flying like the bats and owls into obscurity, nowhere is the Southern soldier valued so highly and honored so greatly as among the generous people of the North. The recent flattering entertainment of our own knightly Fitz Hugh Lee by a Brooklyn regiment, in the very heart of all the wealth, splendor, luxury and political influence of that imperial country and people, is a tribute to the undaunted courage and energy of our soldiers. Fitz Hugh Lee was only one among the gallant riders, who out-rode the fiery storm of shot and shell from Bethel to Appomattox. Though from spur to helm a spotless soldier, full of all the high and generous qualities of a leader among men, yet it was as a representative of his people, bearing the scars of their battles, illustrating the virtue of their sufferings, and speaking the words of their hope and courage, that he received the hospitality of the North. This spirit of respect and admiration for the conquered is growing everywhere. In the earnest language of the pulpit, in the epigrammatic sentences of the daily press, in literature, in the forum, on the platform and on the bench, in every stratum of society and in every relationship of business, this respect for the vanquished is made manifest. And this is creditable to them and to us. It shows that defeat does not always bring infamy, nor victory an eternal vanity and arrogance. It shows that the people of the North, as great as they were in that tenacity of courage that never gives up, but fights on to the end, were greater

still in that princely magnanimity which can appreciate and do justice to a gallant foe. And this also we owe to the bravery and fortitude of the Southern soldiery. Such men as Stoneman and Rosecrans, Slocum and Hooker, who crossed swords with him across the red tide of war, have by their generous praises helped to weave chaplets for him amid the harmless activities of peace. And whatever respect and admiration have been given to our sunny land, are to be credited to his heroic deeds. But, fellow citizens, as golden haired morning springs from the loins of night, so is meek eyed peace the first born daughter of war. Night with its horrid tumult of bitterness and strife is gone, and the radiant day, as we step upon the shining marge of the new world which dashes into space, breaks upon our vision. What of the day, and what of its signs of promise? A complete unification of every language and race, tongue and people, literature and custom, temper and thought, on this continent, is the first necessity of this people. There must be no more talk of cavaliers and Puritans, witch-burners and slave-drivers. There must be no more mixing of the poison chalice of jealousy and hate, merely "to point a moral and adorn a tale." The old oracles of calumny and spite, maintaining their fearful mysteries by the Ashley and Massachusetts Bay, like the vanished oracles of Delphos, must surrender their priestly robes. A universal brotherhood, linking itself with every sacred interest of the family and the home, stretching its loving arms around every altar of religion and every policy of the State, touching with its magic pity the very hatchments of the grave, and climbing the very steep of the beautiful world, must surround every community of this nation. And then, the pure chiasm of education must be bestowed upon every palace and hovel in this land. There must be no more prisons and hospitals built up by the hands of ignorance and vice. The Southern soldier never died for such homes of wretchedness as these. The pure light of mental culture, streaming over every hill-top and valley of this new world that dances under our feet, must be sent into every secret recess of its forest paths. Every brain must catch the reflection of the newly risen glory, and every heart must burn with enthusiasm for the good, the beautiful and the true. And then, over all this ecstatic scene of universal harmony and culture, the consecrating influence of the love of country must pour its libations of sympathy and affection. No Manlius nor the Tarpeian rock "in the brave days of yore," nor Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham, nor Sergeant Jasper with his heart of fire, should eclipse the grand devotion of the Southern patriot to his native land. In the proud cathedral aisles of liberty and law, before the dazzling altars of civil parity and truth, with the glowing vestments of priest and acolyte filling the chancel, and clouds of incense rising to fretted roof and swelling dome, let the sublime patriot hymns of our earliest brotherhood lift every worshiper in a chariot of flame. Then shall our country be as good as it is just, and as true as it is powerful.

But, fellow citizens, while dwelling on this conservative theme, let us not forget the gifted Southern statesman, who, on last Memorial day wreathing flowers for the Confederate soldier, is on this Memorial day standing on the sea of glass, hearing the harps of Heaven. Any notice of the Southern soldier would be incomplete, which has not to-day a tribute to Alexander Stephens. Let us uncover before his mighty shade. There was a time in the wildest tumult of the struggle, when we thought him untrue to our tempest tossed flag. God forgive us for our unjust and ungenerous suspicions. We have long since learned to know better. Never ultra or radical in his sentiments and opinions, conservative in every fibre of his moral and intellectual nature. Perhaps however he was not fitted either by his character or political education to play a successful part in a struggle of giants, like that into which he was thrown. As a matchless parliamentarian and political thinker, equipped for all the difficult arts and winding ways of diplomacy and state craft, he was richly furnished for the piping times of peace, and stood first among his equals in genius, eloquence and learning. But to drive the flying steeds of war over broken and trampled ranks, to hold the reins firmly and bravely in the presence of victory or defeat, and to command the resources of a leader for every emergency whether in the cabinet or the field, was altogether beyond his capacity. But what an orator he was. He was an armory of celestial lightning from his feet to his crown. We heard him in the autumn of 1861, standing on the platform of the railroad train in Goldsboro, when the whole air was charged with electricity, and a vast, excited multitude was crowding around him. It was a scene never to be forgotten. His voice rang out like the battle cry of one of the old Greek leaders on the Trojan plains. The very car seemed to rock under the sweep of his imagery, and the rushing influence of his impetuous thoughts. And no popular audience, under the spell of any speaker, and living in any age, was ever more completely under the enchantment of a human tongue than the audience that heard Stephens on that stormy day. And what a writer and thinker he was. Never writing histories of himself, like some of the other great leaders of the war, his eminent talents and great literary resources were devoted first to his beloved South, and then to the history of the whole country. And if he had not distinguished himself as one of the mightiest orators and statesmen of the Republic, these literary efforts would have made him immortal. Let us not forget to drop a tear and weave a chaplet to-day to the memory of Alexander Stephens.

Fellow citizens, it is meet and proper that we should scatter flowers, beauti-

ful flowers, over the graves of our Southern dead. Only let the incense of our hearts mingle with the tribute, and sanctify the sacrifice which we offer to their illustrious memory. All races and nations have had tears of sympathy for those who have suffered, and those who have attained to exalted places in the world's history. In the Pere le Chaise at Paris, where the dead of that brilliant capital await the resurrection, is the tomb of Heloise and Abelard. The deep pathos of the French people has made it a Mecca for all that is true and touching in the passion of human hearts. Standing by it the traveller recalls again the suffering of the beautiful novice, and the superb rhetoric of the wonderful churchman. He sees Heloise fair and innocent as the morning, filled with every grace of intellect and character, moving like a Greek Goddess in the proud stateliness of her youth, faithful, generous and pure, with the lights of home gleaming around her like angels' visits, and herself the central object of every affection, sympathy and devotion. Out of her dreams the eloquent voice of Abelard awakes her. It breaks upon her like the song of night-ingales, under violet shadows and sapphire skies. And when the gifted rhetorician, smitten at last by the lightning of his own eloquence and the paralysis of pain, falls at his post, the sorrowful woman buries him under the shadow of her own altars, and fasts and weeps by his tomb until she dies. Can we not emulate the fadeless remembrance of the French people, and of the beautiful mourner of the Paraclete for our heroic dead, who were greater in their lives than all the masters of eloquence, and more pathetic in their death than the fairest victims of suffering and grief. Let us bring flowers, then, the brightest flowers for the soldier's grave. Let us scatter them with a lavish hand over the noblest dust ever placed under the funeral canopies of this world. And then as we sing our paeans of victory for their valor and their glory, let us enshrine them in our heart of hearts for the sacrifice they accomplished.

Making Sugar.

The cane-stalks, from four to eight feet long, cut and stripped of its leaves, are brought to the mill. Then, strewn on a broad belt, working on the principal of an endless chain, they are passed between three great rollers laid very close together and worked by steam. Thence the thin watery fluid, very sweet to the taste and yellowish in hue, passes to a succession of boiling-pans or round caldrons, where it is boiled down by slow degrees, until the crystallization point is reached, much the same as is done with the maple sap of our country. When the last boiling act is ended the product is a mass of crystallized sugar, soaking in molasses. To get rid of the molasses, the old plan, and the one still adopted on unimproved Cuban estates, is to pour the mixture into hogs-heads and let the syrup drain off for several weeks through the cracks. This produces the Muscovado sugar, an article inferior in saccharine strength to the "centrifugal" product. To make the latter the sugar and molasses mixture is placed in a huge perforated cylinder, which may be likened to a great size. This cylinder revolves on an upright axis in another large cylindrical vessel. Whirled then with an enormous number of revolutions a minute, the liquid is thrown out, leaving the sugar crystals dry, and doing in a few minutes, and far more effectively, the work of weeks by the Muscovado method. The crystals left behind vary in size from a mere speck to a small pea. This crude sugar has a burnt brown tint, and tastes much like the rock candy of the confectioner. The scum that rises during the various boilings, the refuse juice and fermented molasses is treated by distillation to make rum.

COMMERCIAL.

NEW BERNE MARKET.
COTTON—Middling, 9 7/8; strict low middling 9 3/4; low middling 9 5/8. Seed cotton—Extra nice, 3c.; ordinary 2 1/2c.
COFFEE—In sacks, 61c.; in bulk 58c.
RICE—90 to 95c. per bushel.
TURPENTINE—Receipts moderate. Firm at \$2.50 for yellow dip.
TAR—Firm at \$1.50 and \$1.75.
BEE-SWAX—28c. to 25c. per lb.
HONEY—60c. per gallon.
WHEAT—90c. per bushel.
BEEF—On foot, 6c. to 8c.
MUTTON—\$2 1/2 to 3 per head.
HAMS—Country, 12c. per pound.
LARD—Country, 13c. per lb.
FRESH PORK—75c. per pound.
EGGS—10c. per dozen.
PEANUTS—\$1.50 per bushel.
PODDER—\$1.25 per hundred.
ONIONS—4c. per bunch.
PEAS—\$1.00 to 1.25 per bushel.
HIDES—Dry, 9c. to 11c.; green 5c.
TALLOW—6c. per lb.
CHICKENS—Grown, 60c. to 70c. per pair.
TURKEYS—\$1.75 per pair.
MEAL—Bolted, 75c. per bushel.
POTATOES—Bahamas, 50c.; yams 70c. per bushel.
TURNIPS—3c. per bunch.
WALNUTS—50c. per bushel.
SHINGLES—West India, dull and nominal; not wanted. Building 5 inch, hearts, \$3.50; saps, \$2.50 per M.
SKINS.
COON, 30c.; FOX, 40c.; MINK, 50c. to 60c.; OTTER, 32c.

CITY ITEMS.

This column, next to local news, is to be used for Local Advertising.

A. H. Potter in making soda water, does not use pump water but pure cistern water.

For Sale.

A desirable dwelling and lot on Union street next to J. W. Walker. Apply to A. M. BAKER.

TO TRUCKERS.

Daily Line.
A. & N. C. R. R.,
Office of Gen. Freight Agent,
Newbern, N. C., May 1st, 1883.
Ship your Truck via A. & N. C. R. R. and Atlantic Coast Line as follows:
For Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia, daily, except Saturday and Sunday.
For New York, Monday, Tuesday and Friday.
For Boston and Providence, Monday and Thursday.
Truck shipped as above will go through promptly and without delay.
S. L. DILL,
ap29-3w Gen'l Freight Agent.

Grand Tri-Weekly Line.

OFFICE OF O. D. S. S. CO.,
NEWBERNE, N. C., April 22, 1883.
On and after Sunday, April 29th, 1883, the steamer *Shenandoah* will sail from Old Dominion wharf for Elizabeth City direct every Sunday a. m. Passengers desiring to avail themselves of this opportunity can learn hour of sailing by application at Company's office. This trip is especially for the benefit of the trucking in this section, as coupled with the trips on Tuesdays and Fridays it thus affords those raising or dealing in perishable freights to have a safe, sure, swift and grand tri-weekly connection with the markets of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, etc. For other information apply at Company's office.
E. B. ROBERTS, Agent.

Mrs. Dewey

did not sell out, and if you will call at her old stand, you will find she has just received her new goods, and if you want cheap hats call to see her.

Coat Hands Wanted

TWO No. 1 Coat Hands will find steady employment at
N. M. GASKILL'S
on Middle street.
Good prices paid for good work.
may10d1w

BATH HOUSE.

The Bath House on East Front street will be open during the coming season, commencing NEXT MONDAY, From 8 to 11 o'clock a. m. devoted to LADIES, the balance of the day to MEN and BOYS.
Admittance FIVE to TEN CENTS.
Season Tickets \$2.00 Respy.
may10d1w WATSON & CHURCHILL.

1,000 Lbs.

OF CHOICEST BUTTER.

W. PELL BALANCE & Co.
may6d1w

FEED STORE.

HAY, CORN, PEAS, OATS, Etc., Etc., Etc.,
J. V. WILLIAMS & CO.,
No. 344 MIDDLE STREET,
NEW BERNE, N. C.
Motto: "Cash or No Trade."

For Rent,

The Dwelling House at the junction of Craven and Middle streets, recently occupied by Hill Humphrey.
Apply to
ma3d2w THOS. S. HOWARD.

CALL AT

CHAS. H. BLANK'S

And examine his stock of
Sugar,
Flour,
Coffee,
Butter,
Cheese,
Lard,
and all kinds of Meats, Lard and Saus and Tobacco, and a full line of Liquors, all of which are being sold low for
CASH ONLY.

Removal.

GEO. B. GUION has removed his Stock of Merchandise to the Brick Building at the corner of Craven and Pollock streets (known as the McLean building), where he will be pleased to see those wishing to purchase in his line.
may-d1w