

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

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THE JOURNAL.

H. S. NUNN, Editor.

NEW BERNE, N. C., APRIL 6, 1884.

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RIVER IMPROVEMENTS.

A Mr. BRUCE WILLIAMS, of Pender county, has written a letter to the New York Sun in which he states that the United States Government, in improving Lillington river, in this State, has cut through his land in several places in order to straighten the river, and asks if he can recover damages from the government for the use of his private property.

The Sun has always denounced the policy of the government in making appropriations for rivers and harbors, in fact we believe it generally terms the River and Harbor bill "the River and Harbor steal."

This letter gives it a text to again show up the impracticability of trying to improve streams where there is not water enough to float a shingle. It takes Lillington river as a typical case, a majestic stream which probably runs through Mr. Williams' back yard or potato patch, and in answer to his inquiry consoles him thusly:

We should say that you can, Mr. WILLIAMS. The same Constitution in which jobbing and log-rolling Congressmen pretend to find authority for such burlesque works of engineering as the Lillington river improvement, provides that no person shall be deprived of property without due process of law; and, furthermore, that private property shall not be taken for public use without just compensation.

On the question of Internal Improvements by the General Government, the Sun is a strict constructionist of the Andrew Jackson type. The JOURNAL, in its earlier days, agreed with the Sun on this point, and we yet believe the doctrine set forth in the veto of the Maysville Road Bill is the true one, but we have lived to see the navigation of Neuse, Trent and Contentnea rivers greatly improved by this "River and Harbor steal," and while we have not surrendered any principle, we have urged that this section should have its share of the public money thus appropriated, knowing that it has been of great advantage to the communities drained by these rivers. To use one of JOE TURNER'S peculiar expressions, we have been struck in the stomach with a pone of bread and concluded to hush our opposition to the improvement of our rivers.

THE CINCINNATI RIOT.

Cincinnati has furnished a vast amount of aliment to the physical development of the people of this Republic. Her pork and whiskey have carried comfort and good cheer to many a desolate fireside, have strengthened many an enfeebled arm and given new energies to many drooping spirits, and in this light has been a blessing to the world. Of course those blessings have been abused and have taken along with them no small degree of evil as well as good, but that is not the fault of either the blessings or the city from which they emanated; but the result of human frailty and the sad disposition of human nature to pervert blessings into curses by means of over indulgence and intemperance. But this grand metropolis now comes forward to offer food for thought to all who ever think, and in the late riot, presents wholesome aliment to the mental and moral system, well worthy of a careful use and digestion. The constituents of this re-

volting product is fourfold, and by no means local to that city nor to that progressive State. They exist all over this country and we must not fold ourselves in the mantle of blindly imagined security, but rather take timely warning and do our best to avert the sickening scenes that we read and hear about as transpiring there in the recent past.

In order these causes stand: 1st. Corrupt jurors. 2nd. Corrupt attorneys. 3rd. Increased and alarming crime. And 4th, an excited populace seeking a remedy through improper channels.

With the existence of the two first named the third is sure to follow, and with the three the fourth will soon assert itself. And then comes the horrible yell of the infuriated mob frenzied with passion, and for the time, bereft of all reason, and but demons in human shape.

Now it is the duty of every citizen in this country, from the judge on the bench, the governor in his seat, and the legislator at his desk, the preacher in his pulpit, the layman in his pew, each and all, to weigh well these causes and inquire are we as a community exempt?

TOO LATE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

"Is there a letter for me to-day?"

What a pale face, and withal, what a pretty one! Pretty, although the bright eyes were languid and had lost their sparkle; pretty, even though there were wrinkles in the white forehead—wrinkles not wrought by time, but stamped there by grief and sorrow.

Grief and sorrow, I said. Still, I would be more correct to say that hope and patient waiting had made pretty Alice Werder old; although not more than twenty summers had passed over her innocent head.

"Is there a letter for me to-day?" A dark flush overspread the pale forehead and blanched features, a sudden brightness came into the drooping eyes, and they became suffused with tears. What a tremor passed through the wasted form! How the weak voice trembled between hope and despair.

The old postmaster took up a packet of letters and slowly looked them over, as he always did when Alice asked this question. He well knew there was no letter for her, but it was so hard to say the little word that would send her away with an added weight of disappointment.

For six months past she had come, day after day, in sunshine or storm, always with the same question on her lips, and always receiving the same negative answer.

"Is there a letter for me to-day?" Poor Alice Werder! When, two years before, the vivacious and scheming Hugo Werder led her to the altar, the people said the young ne'er-do-well was only after her money, and when he had secured that he would neglect the sweet, trusting girl, and would live merely for his own pleasure.

Hugo Werder was poor—Alice, an orphan and comparatively wealthy. Hugo, after their marriage, allowed himself to be drawn into unfortunate speculations and lost everything; but his hopeful little wife only said:

"Never mind, Hugo, be comforted; we will come through all right. Why, you know, we can work." And she kissed him and smiled as happily as she had done a year before, when, with joyful countenance, she said, "Hugo, I am yours."

But poverty is bitter, and the seductive cry of "gold! gold!" came from the far-off shores of America—from the mines of California, and thither Hugo repaired.

Every one said he would desert his young wife and child. All agreed that whatever he might do, he was at heart a villain. Everybody said this, and everybody believed it, save Alice. She alone, generous-hearted and trusting, had confidence in her far-away husband. She alone discountenanced the dark predictions so freely made against Hugo; she alone disbelieved the calumny heaped upon him from all sides.

Alice slowly, despondently, turned her back upon the postoffice. But this was nothing new; a hundred times had she gone away from the place with the same expression of deep despair on her pale, sorrowful face. Poor Alice! She was so weak and tired. But what mattered that? Who cared for her?

"Are you writing home?" asked Richard Sommer.

Hugo Werder yawned, wiped his pen and slowly answered, "Yes."

"To your precious little wife, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"How often have you written that faithful little one since you came here?"

Hugo was startled at this sudden

question, and as he hung his head a crimson blush came into his face, and he falteringly replied:

"I am ashamed to acknowledge that this is—the first time."

"The first time!" cried his astounded companion. "The first time! This is shameful, inexcusable in you!"

"I would not have confessed it to any one but you," answered Werder. "I will tell you how it came to be so: When I first came here I had so much to do, and I have a dislike for letter-writing, so I put it off from day to day, week after week, until I was really ashamed to write without sending something with the letter, for you know she had not always the money to pay the baker and the butcher."

"But did you not at a single stroke make \$2,000?"

"Yes, yes, I know it well. I am a wretch! As you say, I had \$2,000, but in one night it was all gone again. I intended writing Alice the day after my success, but that night I passed a gambling house. I turned back and entered it. I drank, played, lost, and was again beggared. Should I have written her an empty letter then, after having spent six months without sending her a single dollar? So I have waited and waited till now. But when she gets this letter she will be \$100 richer, poor little girl, and then she will forgive all my neglect. I know that well, beforehand."

"She should forgive you nothing, Hugo," said his companion.

"Ah, yes! I deserve no forgiveness, but Alice is a dear, loving little darling and so true, so trustful, that I know she will overlook all my shortcomings."

"Mrs. Alice Werder." The postmark was California and the address was in Hugo's well-known handwriting. Was it possible! The little postmaster read and re-read the superscription. Surely there was no mistake. The letter had come at last!

"Oh, how glad she will be! How her tender eyes will sparkle! It is worth money to be able to give her this letter," said the old postmaster to his wife. "Poor child!"

"Poor child, indeed!" repeated the wife, as she caught the stitch she had dropped. "I am getting so blind," was her murmured explanation.

"But I should not wonder if heartfelt tears had caused the sudden 'blindness' of the good, sympathizing old soul.

"I cannot imagine why she does not come to-day," remarked the little old man, when the afternoon had slowly passed and evening was setting in. "Take the letter to her, Sophie. Poor thing, perhaps her child is too sick for her to leave it."

"My rheumatism makes it so hard for me to go out. I will take care of things here, and go you—it is but a few steps to her house."

"Well, then, when I have closed the postoffice, if she does not come before, I will go," was the old man's answer.

"Go rather at once," continued his wife. "The thought of the poor young thing makes me sorrowful. How strange she looked yesterday when she asked if you were sure there was no letter for her, and when you asked about her child how strangely she answered. 'It is not very well to-day, but I guess it will be better to-morrow,' and how sadly she laid her hand upon her heart, as though it hurt there."

"Yes, yes; poor thing!" was the old man's only reply.

Rap! Rap! Rap! The wind softly fluttered the dewy leaves of the bushes about the little home; the stars came out in the blue heavens; the moon looked down with a pale, calm, gloomy face upon the little old postmaster as he stood silently waiting at Alice Werder's door.

Rap! rap! rap! But still no answer came.

"Surely she cannot yet be sleeping," thought the old man.

But ah, Alice was sleeping. Heaven had called her—those who sleep as she slept, never wake again on earth! This life was too hard for her. Ah, Alice, with your dear child in your breast—ah, Alice, could you have hoped but a single day longer!

"A letter for me!" was the question of Hugo Werder.

"A strange hand-writing. Had my own letter and two locks of light, silken hair! What does this signify?"

Hugo Werder's face grew deathly white, and his hand trembled, as with palsy, as he read this letter, written in the unsteady hand of the old postmaster.

"Inclosed is your letter. It came too late—they are both dead. May heaven forgive you your neglect has killed them. Here is a lock of your wife's hair, and one of her child's. They both sleep in one grave. Again, may heaven forgive you. Ah, had your letter come one day sooner, or had Alice hoped for one day more!"—Philadelphia Coll.

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