

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

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THE JOURNAL. H. S. NUNN, Editor.

NEW BERNE, N. C., APRIL 10, 1884.

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

WHY BAYARD IS THE CHOICE.

That Senator BAYARD, of Delaware, would be a most acceptable nominee to the great mass of the Democratic party...

The nomination of Mr. Bayard would mean that the Democratic party proposes to say to the people of the United States...

He had never imagined anything mortal could be so beautiful. And so, thrown constantly in her society...

At last the golden days of summer began to shorten, and it was near the time when Lucille should return to her own home.

Quite unconscious of the feelings with which Reuben regarded her, it was a startling surprise to Lucille when, during a ramble through the woods...

"I am sorry for this, Mr. Hart—very, very sorry; but I am not, as other girls, looking forward to marriage as my ultimate destiny."

"Some day you will be punished for these words," he exclaimed. "In the years to come, though the laurel wreath encircle your brow, it will not bring you contentment."

"Certainly I will," said Blinks, quite content with a clear profit of seventy-five cents.

"Here is a quarter as a reward for your honesty. Always remember that honesty is the best policy."

An American Point of View. Hostess—"What good English you speak!"

AMBITION VERSUS LOVE.

BY CARL DRIKETT.

"A firm touch and an artistic eye—your daughter has talent which should be cultivated," said an artist to Mrs. Wayne...

Such were the words, carelessly spoken and soon forgotten, which, falling upon a young girl's ear, decided her whole future destiny.

In Lucille Wayne's mind, young as she was, ambition ranked first. To be famous, the admired of every assembly—not for her beauty, but for her talent—such, she thought, would be an end worth striving for.

But confinement and too steady application soon stole away the hue of health from Lucille's fair cheek, and the anxious mother insisted that for the summer all work should cease, and she should go and regain her roses in the fresh country air.

So to the quiet home of Dr. Brougham, her mother's brother—a venerable minister of God's word—Lucille went.

Dr. Brougham was old, and of late had not been in his usual health, and a year before he had taken an assistant, Reuben Hart, to help him in his pastoral cares.

The young man had grown in a short time very dear to the old minister and his wife, and thus, when the city niece came to the parsonage, upon Reuben devolved the greater share of her entertainment.

To the grave young man, who, orphaned in his boyhood, had never known the tender ties of mother or sister-love, this girl, with her fair face and dark, dreamy eyes, came as a revelation.

He had never imagined anything mortal could be so beautiful. And so, thrown constantly in her society, almost before he realized it he had drifted deeply, desperately into an engrossing passion.

At last the golden days of summer began to shorten, and it was near the time when Lucille should return to her own home.

Quite unconscious of the feelings with which Reuben regarded her, it was a startling surprise to Lucille when, during a ramble through the woods, her companion suddenly disclosed to her his ardent love.

The tide of his passion swept by, and left her unmoved and coldly quiet. Then a moment of silence.

"I am sorry for this, Mr. Hart—very, very sorry; but I am not, as other girls, looking forward to marriage as my ultimate destiny."

"Lucille," the young man exclaimed, "it cannot be that you mean to sacrifice for ambition all the tenderest, noblest emotions of life?"

The calm depths of her dreamy eyes answered him as decisively as her words:

"It will be no sacrifice. To me the laurel wreath of fame is more to be desired than a husband or a home."

A stern look flashed into the young man's eyes.

"Some day you will be punished for these words," he exclaimed. "In the years to come, though the laurel wreath encircle your brow, it will not bring you contentment."

"Certainly I will," said Blinks, quite content with a clear profit of seventy-five cents.

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An American Point of View. Hostess—"What good English you speak!"

each other and their daughter found herself left alone in the world.

Though she had labored assiduously in her art hitherto she had achieved nothing which could surround her name with the lustre she had dreamed of.

A few days later, with a friend she visited the gallery in which her painting was exhibited. A small group had collected about it. Suddenly a familiar voice fell upon Lucille's ear.

"Look around, Lucille," whispered her friend. "Just behind you is the 'lion' of the season. You have read the book by R. H. which every one pronounces such a masterpiece—that is the author."

That night, alone in her room, before her mirror, Lucille pushed away the dark masses of hair from her brow, and gazed long and earnestly at her own features.

"I am beautiful no longer," she murmured, sadly. "This pale, colorless face can never hope to win again what the girl's foolishness lost."

A few weeks later, at a reception she unexpectedly came face to face with Reuben for the first time since, seven years before, he had rebuked her for her words of ambitious pride.

He had changed, too; but time in passing had only given fresh power and greater manly beauty to his noble face.

As he pressed her hand with a few indifferent common-places of greetings, it was with difficulty Lucille could repress the bitter tears from welling up to her dark eyes.

"He despises me," she thought, "and I cannot blame him." Only a few moments he was left by her side. The talented young minister, whose powerful book had attracted such universal notice, could not be allowed to hide his light in a corner, and Lucille soon found herself alone.

Unnoticed, she bent her steps toward a distant conservatory, and there, secured from view amid the drooping tropical foliage, she restrained no longer her tears of regret and disappointment.

Suddenly a quick tread sounded upon the tiled floor. With a hasty movement Lucille dashed the tears away, but not before they had been seen.

It was Reuben Hart. He came to her side.

"Weeping, Lucille? Then, when I thought that I read in your eyes, as we met to-night, that you were not happy, I was right. I saw you come here, and I followed you; for, Lucille, yours is an expressive face, and it told me something besides—something that caused a hope which I had thought could never revive again to spring to sudden life."

He took her hand and forced her to look up into his face.

"Lucille," he said, earnestly, "have you not learned that far beyond worldly ambition, beyond the love of fame or gold, is human affection. Did I read your eyes aright—that during these years of absence you have learned to prize the heart you once rejected?"

A sudden color restored to her face, which of late had grown so pale, its girlish loveliness; her soft fingers trembled in his clasp, but the hand was not withdrawn; and Reuben knew that the prize which had once been denied to him, but which he had never ceased to covet, was his at last.

He clasped his arms about her, and in that embrace all Lucille's unhappiness vanished, as the dark cloud melts beneath the rays of the sun.

So it is, and so it should be.

When Love, equipped to conquer, enters the lists, pride and ambition had best take heed, for their downfall is decreed, and will sooner or later inevitably be accomplished.

The Mullein Plant. Dr. Quillan, a celebrated physician of Dublin, has just written in an English medical journal of his wonderful experimental results with the common mullein plant upon lung and bronchial affections, citing cases where he had given it to consumptives with the most astonishing result, and recommends its use by the profession. Referring to the above, we would state that TAYLOR'S CHEROKEE REMEDY OF SWEET GUM AND MULLEIN, made from the formula of the medicine men of the Cherokee Nation, is composed not only of the mullein plant, but has incorporated with it the sweet gum, the finest stimulating expectorant known, presenting an agreeable taste and a certain panacea for Coughs, Whooping Cough, Colds and all Bronchial Affections. For sale by all leading druggists at 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle. Manufactured by WALTER A. TAYLOR, Atlanta, Ga., Proprietor Taylor's Premium Colognes. d&wpr4m

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness.

Analysis by Dr. A. Voelcker, F.R.S., Consulting Chemist Royal Agricultural Society, England, shows only a trace of nitrates in Blackwell's Bull Durham Tobacco.

BLACKWELL'S BULL DURHAM SMOKING TOBACCO. The Seaside Resort of the Southern People.

THE ATLANTIC HOTEL, MOREHEAD CITY, N. C. Under new management. Fifty rooms just added and handsomely furnished.

WANTED 250,000 BRICK For the Academy Building. Offers will be received for the Brick separately, also, for those laid in the wall.

PARKER & PEELE, GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS, No. 64 SOUTH GAY STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

TRY PYLE'S PEARLINE FOR EASY WASHING. For sale at Manufacturer's Prices by C. E. FAY & CO., Brick Block, Middle St., Newbern, N. C.

NEW HOTEL AT Snow Hill, Greene Co., N. C. Well furnished, and table supplied with the BEST and most affordable.

NORFOLK Dismal Swamp Lottery Company. The franchise of this enterprise is based upon the chartered right granted to the Dismal-Swamp Canal Company.

Elizabeth Iron Works, CHAS. W. PETTIT, Prop., 380, 382, 284 and 286 Water street, NORFOLK, VA.

HIGHEST CASH PRICES Paid for all kinds of OLD IRON, METALS and RAGS. JAS. POWER & CO., 30 Howland's Wharf, NORFOLK, VA.

THE UNIVERSAL NEW FARMER GIRL COOK STOVE. Nothing further seems necessary to make the New Farmer Girl a perfect and beautiful cooking apparatus.

DAVIDSON COLLEGE, MECKLENBURG CO., N. C., 1884-'85. The next Session opens on THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.

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DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

R. BERRY & CO., 273 Washington street, New York. Constantly receiving on commission all kinds of farm produce.

CASH buyers can get spot terms at BERRY'S. SAVE time, avoid delay when suffering, by having your prescriptions dispensed at BERRY'S.

NIMBLE fingers work for the sick at BERRY'S. A NIGHT BELL for the use of those that trade at BERRY'S.

TUTT'S PILLS. TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA. From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE. GRAY HAIR OR WHITENED changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of the DYE.

Dr. BATE. 85 S. Clark St., Opp. Court House, CHICAGO. A regular graduate, Dr. Bate's Old and New Remedies are the best.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, FROM A Tin Horn to a \$20 Hobby Horse.

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