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THE DAILY JOURNAL... THE NEW BERNE JOURNAL...

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THE JOURNAL.

NEW BERNE, N. C., MAY 2, 1885.

AN OLD BACHELOR'S STORY.

BY ALFRED ROCHEFORT.

I was an only child, and so, from my earliest recollection, I grew to look on my little playmates—the neighbors' children—as if they were my kin.

The Coltons and Kyles were of the same old Scotch-Irish strain and the clanship of race was strong with them.

Frank Colton's brothers and sisters, being well grown up, were not so companionable to him as myself.

During the four years I was at the university I wrote to Frank as regularly as I did to my parents.

"George, our fathers have quarreled and do not speak." "Quarreled?" I exclaimed.

"Opposite sides!" I repeated. "They are utterly opposed about the war," he said, with a sigh.

neighborhood; and in many cases brothers shook hands and parted—never to meet again—but to fall in the ranks of opposing armies.

One night, just as I was about to go to bed, a servant rapped at my room door, and told me that Frank Colton was at the gate and wanted to see me.

"I am going, George," he said in a voice husky with tears. "And I came to say good-bye."

We laid our hands on each other's shoulders, and it was some time before I could speak.

"How rapidly youths develop into men in the fierce furnace of war and the mighty strain of march and midnight watch.

Two years had passed. From prisoners, I learned that Frank Colton was a captain of cavalry—my own rank in the same arm of service.

During the battle summer of '64, it was my fate to be in that fierce Atlanta campaign, where, like striped gladiators, the opposing armies struggled daily down the mountain passes and over broad rivers.

I was in command of my regiment, near Jonesboro, where a heavy battle was being fought.

"The general orders that you charge the enemy in your front, and drive them out of the woods.

"Whose troops are in the woods?" I asked. "Colonel Colton's," growled the prisoner.

On many a bloody field I had shown that I was not deficient in courage; but now I did fear.

"Surrender!" I drew my pistol, and was about to fire, when the tall man cried: "George! George!"

Poeman though he was, he threw down his fragment of sword, and clasped me in his arms.

The charge was beaten back, and I was a prisoner in the hands of Frank Colton.

When night put an end to the conflict, Frank sought me out, and, in the darkness, we sat side by side, holding each other's hands.

"George, ask no questions, but mount this horse and follow me," said Frank, pointing to the best of the animals.

"George," said the colonel, reigning in his horse, and laying his hand on my arm, "over, where you see those fires, your friends are in camp. Keep straight on, and in twenty minutes you will strike your own pickets."

I cannot recall the few words that I uttered. I know I did not thank him, nor was I surprised at his conduct.

When again we met it was on the banks of the Ohio, and beside the burned ruin of my father's house.

Poor Frank! he had fared as badly. He, with his empty left sleeve, was the sole survivor of five brothers.

Frank's parents greeted me with all the old kindness, and the day after my arrival being Sunday, we went to hear Dominie Creighton preach.

Ah me! The church was not nearly so full as in the olden time, but the ground about it was covered with the silent tents of the dead.

I spent two days with Mr. Creighton. Happy days of rest they were, after the years of struggle; and more pleasant to me from the fact that little Annie Creighton had become a beautiful girl of nineteen.

This love was a very sacred thing to me, and I kept it to myself. Had I told Frank, perhaps my future would have been different.

My father had a large body of land in West Virginia, and I soon learned that oil was discovered in its vicinity.

"I can tell you all now, for you have placed it in my power to marry."

"To marry, Frank?" I turned and looked at him with a heavy feeling in my heart.

"Yes," he said. "It all happened since you left; and I wanted to write to you about it, but it was uncertain until the night before I came to join you.

"Annie Creighton?" I was amazed at the calmness with which I asked the question.

"An old heart trouble. I shall soon be over it. I will lie down," I said, tottering to the bunk in which I slept.

I did not sleep that night. My heart was in revolt, and into it came a fierce heat for the man I had so loved through all my life.

He noticed that I became gloomy, and in his gentle way he tried to cheer me, and so nearly drove me wild.

"I will wait up for you, George," were his last words, as I went down the valley.

I staid in the village that night perforce, for a rainstorm came up and continued with unabated fury far into the night.

Where was Frank Colton? I could not form the question that rose from my guilty heart to my blanched lips.

could not form the question that rose from my guilty heart to my blanched lips. As we stood there I heard a cry coming up from the wild flood, and looking over the roaring waters I saw white-faced Frank Colton clinging with his one arm to the rans of the cabin.

The falls were a mile below, and the bravest drew back powerless to aid. In that moment I felt that the wild flood was sweeping my rival from my path.

"It is death to go in!" shouted the men. I heard, but did not heed them. I scarcely know how I reached his side.

I have no recollection of our reaching shore. I had fainted for the first time in my life.

That flood washed all the hate from my heart. Three months after that I stood up at the altar, Frank Colton's "best man," and I signed my name to the certificate which showed that Annie Creighton was his wife.

Frank and I have been partners for years, and the world has gone well with us. He has a son that bears my name, and he and Annie often ask me why I do not marry.

Our Treatise on the "Health and Happiness of Woman" mailed free.

For Rent, The Brick Store adjoining the Banking House of Green, Foy & Co., on South Front street.

N. M. GASKILL, MERCHANT TAILOR. A Full Line of Goods and Samples always on hand.

S. S. S. FOR SALE BY HANCOCK BROS. This beer took premiums at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia and the Paris Exposition.

Schwerin & Ash. Are again in business, and having bought their goods in the NEW YORK and MASSACHUSETTS MARKETS from MANUFACTURERS and FIRST HANDS, CHEAP for CASH, are now prepared to offer goods at

Schwerin & Ash. Middle Street, between Humphrey & Howard and A. H. Holton. SIGN OF FLAG.

DAIL BROTHERS, Wholesale Grocers, HAVE REMOVED TO THEIR TWO STORES, SOUTH OF THEIR FORMER STAND.

And keep of FLOUR, MEATS, COFFEE, SUGAR, SYRUPS, MOLASSES, SALT, TOBACCO, SNUFF AND CIGARS, and everything in the GROCERY LINE, a FULL STOCK and at LOW PRICES for CASH.

U. S. Mace IS AT THE SPOT At Market V'harf, Selling Drugs, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Glass, Putty, and all kinds Seeds.

CHEAP FOR CASH. MOTHER'S FRIEND! This invaluable preparation is truly a triumph of scientific skill, and no more inestimable benefit was ever bestowed on the mothers of the world.

NO MORE TERROR! NO MORE PAIN! NO MORE DANGER! TO MOTHER or CHILD. The Dread of Motherhood Transformed to HOPE AND JOY. SAFETY AND EASE. SUFFERING WOMAN.

A prominent physician lately remarked to the proprietor, that if it were admissible to make public the letters we receive, the "Mother's Friend" would outsell anything on the market.

Our Treatise on the "Health and Happiness of Woman" mailed free. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

For Wholesale and Retail by R. Berry New Berne, N. C.

JAMES REDMOND, Agent and Bottler OF THE CELEBRATED BERGNER & ENGEL BREWING CO'S PHILADELPHIA LAGER BEER.

New Berne, N. C. This beer took premiums at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia and the Paris Exposition. Keeps better than any other in warm climates, and is the favorite brand wherever known.

S. S. S. FOR SALE BY HANCOCK BROS. Change of Pier in New York. The N. C. Freight Line FOR NEW YORK, BOSTON, PROVIDENCE, and all points North and West.

After this date will receive freight to New York for New Berne at PIER 7, NORTH RIVER, Office of New York and Baltimore Transportation Co.

SEMI-WEEKLY STEAMERS Between New Berne and Baltimore, (Touching at Norfolk) Leaving New Berne for Baltimore TUESDAYS PHIDAYS at 1 p. m.

Agents are as follows: EUBEN FOSTER, Gen'l Manager, 80 Light St., Balt., Md. AS. W. McCARRICK, Ag't, Norfolk, Va.

W. P. Clyde & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. New York daily. Baltimore, Mondays and Saturdays. Fall River, Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays.

Through bills lading, etc., and rates guaranteed to all points, at the different offices of the company. Avoid Breakage of Bulk and Ship via N. C. LINE.

By this arrangement we are able to make close connection with the Northern steamers, also having good accommodations both for passengers and freight at very low rates.

For further information enquire at the office, Foot of Craven street. E. R. PIERCE, Agt. New Berne, N. C.

Or any of its Agents at the following places: ABE LEE, Adams Creek. G. I. WATSON, Lake Landing. D. H. ABBOTT, Vandemere. C. H. POWELL, Stone-wall, and Bayboro.

W. H. SAWYER, Bayboro. S. H. GRAY, General Manager. THE NEUSE & TRENT RIVER Steamboat Company.

STEAMERS. NEW-BERNE AND PANICO Steam Transportation Co'y. SUMMER SCHEDULE OF THE STEAMER ELM CITY.

To go into effect on and after April 17, 1885. Tuesdays—Leave New Berne at 5 o'clock, p. m., for Lake Landing, stopping at Adams Creek, Vandemere, Stone-wall and Bayboro, arriving at Lake Landing, Wednesday, at 10 o'clock, a. m.

Thursdays—Leave Lake Landing for New Berne, at 12 o'clock, m., stopping at Bayboro, Stone-wall, Vandemere and Adams Creek, arriving at Lake Landing, Friday, 2 a. m.

Fridays—Leave New Berne at 5 o'clock, p. m., for Lake Landing, stopping at Adams Creek, Vandemere, Stone-wall and Bayboro, arriving at Lake Landing, Saturday, 10 o'clock, a. m.

Mondays—Leave Lake Landing at 12 o'clock, m., for New Berne, stopping at Bayboro, Stone-wall, Vandemere and Adams Creek, arriving at New Berne, 2 o'clock a. m., Tuesdays.

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W. H. SAWYER, Bayboro. S. H. GRAY, General Manager. THE NEUSE & TRENT RIVER Steamboat Company.

Will run the following Schedule on and after Friday, August 23d, 1884: Steamer Trent Will leave New Berne for Pollockville, Trenton and Intermediate landings every Wednesday, returning on Thursday.

Steamer Kinston Will leave Newberne for Kinston every TUESDAY and FRIDAY; returning leaves Kinston for Newberne every MONDAY and THURSDAY; touching at Jolly Old Field and all intermediate points both going and coming.

These steamers make close connection with the O. D. S. Co. and North Carolina Freight Line. For further information apply to W. K. STYRON, JR., at Newberne.

W. F. STANLEY, Kinston. D. S. BARBER, Pollockville. I. T. WILSON, Agent at Trenton. J. P. QUINERLY, Jolly Old Field. J. B. BANKS, Quaker Bridge. J. M. WHYTE, Gen'l Manager, Kinston, N. C.

OLD DOMINION Steamship Company. SEMI-WEEKLY LINE. For New York, Baltimore, Norfolk, Boston, Elizabeth City, Philadelphia, Providence, and other Cities.

ON AND AFTER Monday July 2nd, 1885, UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE Steamer Shenandoah

Will leave, upon arrival of train on Norfolk Southern Railroad at Elizabeth City, every MONDAY AND THURSDAY for New Berne. Returning leaves New Berne for Elizabeth City every TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

at 4 p. m., making close connection with Norfolk Southern R. R. for Norfolk, etc. Close connection made at New Berne with steamers for Kinston, Pollockville, Trenton and all landings on the Neuse and Trent Rivers. No freight received for shipment on Tuesdays and Fridays after 3 1/2 p. m.

Freight forwarded promptly and lowest rates guaranteed to destination. Fare to Elizabeth City and return, \$5. To Norfolk, \$6. To Baltimore, \$8. To New York, \$12.50. R. B. ROBERTS, Ag't, New Berne, Culpeper & Thomas. Ag'ts, Norfolk, Va. W. H. STANFORD, Gen'l Frt. Ag't, New York City.