



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS

Dr. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS are scientifically and carefully prepared prescriptions used for many years in private practice with success, and for over thirty years used by the people. Every single Specific is a special cure for the disease named.

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Dr. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS, (144 pages) neatly bound in cloth and gold, mailed from HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO., Cor. William and John Streets, New York.

SPECIFICS

All of the above medicines are for sale at the drug stores of F. S. Duffy and R. Berry, Middle street, New Berne, N. C.

DRUNKENNESS LIQUOR HABIT

It is the only cure for the habit of drinking. It is a powerful and safe medicine, and will cure the habit of drinking in any case.

R. N. Duffy, druggist, New Berne, N. C.

OLD DOMINION Steamship Company

SEMI-WEEKLY LINE. The Old Dominion Steamship Company's Old and Favorite Water Route, via Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal.

Norfolk, Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Providence, and Washington City.

On and after TUESDAY, APRIL 14, 1891...

Steamer NEW BERNE, Capt. Southgate.

Will sail from Norfolk, Va., for New Berne, N. C., direct, every Monday and Thursday.

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Today.

Be swift to love your own, dears, Your own who need you so; Say to the speeding hour, dears, "I will not let thee go Except thou give a blessing;" Force it to bide and stay. Love has no sure tomorrow, It only has today.

Oh, hasten to be kind, dears, Before the time shall come When you are left behind, dears, In an all-alone home; Before in late contrition Vainly you weep and pray, Love has no sure tomorrow, It only has today.

Swifter than sun and shade, dears Move the fleet wings of pain; The chance we have today, dears, May never come again. Joy is a fickle rover, He brooketh not delay. Love has no sure tomorrow, It only has today.

Too late to plead or grieve, dears, Too late to kiss or sigh, When death has laid his seal, dears, On the cold lip and eye, Too late our gifts to lavish Upon the burial clay; Love has no sure tomorrow, It only has today.

—[Congregationalist.]

THE FIRST-BORN.

BY DAVID G. PHILLIPS.

Preston found his wife in a low armless rocking-chair before the grate fire of her bed-room. Their baby boy, whose first weak rail against the miseries of existence had been heard but two months before, lay flat upon his back in her lap. He was swathed in a long woolen night-gown, which bulged restlessly under the impatience of his legs.

The mother was pinching his cheeks and smothering him with kisses. This caused him to give vent to bubbling gasps of delight and to wave his clinched fists convulsively. When she saw her husband she lifted the baby, supporting his body with one hand, and his uncertain back with the other.

His big head, fallen forward, rolled from side to side, while his bright eyes stared at his father fixedly, and without the smallest gleam of intelligence. Preston smiled constrainedly, and put one forefinger under the rather damp chin.

As the child showed that he disapproved of the change of position, his mother put him in her lap again, and began the interrupted play. Preston looked down upon it with an irritated expression. When the nurse came in with a small tub partly filled with warm water, he looked about awkwardly, as though he were out of place. Then he sat down in a deep leather chair by the window. As he watched the two women and the baby, a feeling of isolation and sadness grew upon him.

When the nurse had put the bath on the rug near the fire, she pushed to the mother's side a small table spread with the articles of a baby's toilet. While the child was bathing, the mother kept up a steady flow of talk, at times addressed to the father, always intended for the son.

She took off the long woolen gown. Then she lifted the child and laid him gently in the bath. At first touch of the water he clutched wildly and twisted his face into a crimson tangle. But the warmth and the safety guaranteed by the voice and fingers of the mother reassured him. He was soon splashing and kicking as widely as the narrowness of his bath allowed.

His face reddened and puckered as he was lifted to the blanket on his mother's lap, but the softness of the fleecy towel consoled him. At last she was done, and he lay straight and glowing. His eyes closed languidly. The talk of the mother ceased. There was silence in the room, except her monotonous and soothing "Sh-h-l! sh-h-l!" as she rocked to and fro.

The husband's eyes turned away impatiently as he saw the look in her face. She was admiring, with a look of perfect love, the beauty of the smooth round form in her lap. The skin of the child was soft and delicate. Waves of color, first pure white, then rosy pink, passed across it from head to foot.

They put a few clothes upon him so quietly that he only smiled, and did not awaken. The nurse left the room, and there was no movement or sound but the occasional slow rock, with the faint "Sh-h-l!" which accompanied it. The mother looked steadfastly at her child. The husband watched her sadly.

They had married two years before. As both were strong-willed and positive, there had been much clashing in the first twelvemonth of their life together. Each was finding out the real character of the other, so different in many ways from the character each had admired before marriage. But in this undecieving there had been no serious distillation, and their love

had grown stronger. Through this love happiness had gradually come.

Just as they were entering upon this unexpected happiness, which comes in married life if any at all, just then the baby was born. Preston had looked forward to the event with uneasiness and dissatisfaction. It had seemed to him that a third person would be an interloper. And his feeling was shared by his wife.

But with the birth of the child came the birth of the maternal instinct. Preston found himself alone in his dissatisfaction. He realized this when he saw his wife afterward. At first he was awed by the change in her face, by the mysterious being whose head nestled to her shoulder, by the wonder of birth and maternity. Then, as the meaning of it for him came to his mind, the instant thought was that she was more lost to him than if she were dead.

A few days before her eyes had in them the sparkle and the frequent flash of passionate love for him. Now those same eyes were turned to him with tenderness, but with a changed tenderness that pained him keenly.

She was still young. She was still beautiful. But in those few days the quality of the youth and the beauty had been transformed. Her face now shone with the calmness and serenity of a mother. And the sad conviction came to the husband that the change was final.

On this morning, two months afterward, as she sat in the low chair, in health and strength again, he studied the change more carefully. He had been trying to deceive himself during those two months. He felt that he could deceive himself no longer.

He cared for her as before; more, perhaps, since he grasped so clearly the change in her. But she, sitting there with her child, cared for him in a new way. The child was first, the central figure, in her life henceforth. She loved the father through the child.

In the days of their courtship he had fancied that the passing of years would not touch them. When her hair would be gray and his hair would be scant they would cling together still, excluding everything and everyone else. Now all this was thwarted, brought to naught in the very dawn of their real happiness. The girl wife was gone, with no hope of return.

This small form had pushed in between. These clinched hands, so unskillful, so helpless, had yet battered them apart. They must come, each to the other anew, and through the child.

He seemed to himself to be passed away. He felt as though he were in another world, looking across a wide gulf to the far place where the child lay in the mother's lap. And he thought, with utter lack of hope, that he was straining his arms and his heart in vain.

This instinct love which showed in her eyes as she looked at the scarcely featured face filled him with bitterness. "And as time passes," he thought, "this will not grow less, but greater. She may conceal it when she finds that it stabs me. But her real heart will be barred against me. She will care for me, but she will plan and scheme and try to control me for his sake—for their sake, if there are more."

Then he thought of his own father and mother. How intensely his mother had loved him! How often she had shielded him from his father! And he wondered how his father had felt at first. He certainly cared for me, and he and my mother lived happily, contentedly, loving their children before themselves."

And he saw that he too would no doubt grow to care for this little one in some such way as his wife now cared. "And I shall be content," he said to himself, "as my father was content, and I shall forget the happiness that might have been in the pleasure and pride that are. But I shall be a loser. For I have lost her exclusive love. I shall have only the second place in her heart, and in the heart of her child. For he will love her first. He will be first hers; mine through her only."

While the husband was searching in vain for consolation, the wife also was thinking of the change in their relations. She realized as fully as he that there had been a change, a transfer of love. And in a certain way she felt sorry for him. But she had no regret for the happiness they both thought they should regret as they talked it over beforehand.

Indeed she was wondering how she could have been so blind then. For this new love was so sweet to her, so self-absorbing and self-denying! How strange, how wonderful, how satisfying was the new love—the love for this small being which was hers through the miracle of birth, through suffering to be remembered only with gladness!

She realized the isolation of her husband, yet she could not long think of it. She was so absorbed with her son. "My son!" she thought, and she bent to kiss him softly, while the joy of maternal possession went through her like a strong wine. Her thoughts leaped along the years, picturing him as he would be when he could walk and talk, when he should be a schoolboy, a youth, a great man, of whom she was so proud, who loved her so.

The look that came into her face with these thoughts cut her husband to the quick. He arose and stood looking bitterly out of the window. "She is no longer a wife. She is a mother!" he said.—[Harper's Weekly.]

The Pitcairn Islanders. Of course, everyone has heard of the remarkable colony on Pitcairn Island, the little rock in the Pacific Ocean, less than three square miles in extent, where the mutineers of the Bounty took refuge in 1789 with the women they had stolen from the island of Tahiti. There many of their descendants live today, one of the happiest and most contented communities in the world. Pitcairn Island became too small to hold this prolific people, and in 1856 the entire population was removed to Norfolk Island, far west of their native home. A part of them, however, yearned for Pitcairn and returned to the little rock that gave them birth. There are, therefore, now two settlements of the descendants of the mutineers, one on Norfolk Island and one on Pitcairn.

A more wonderful story was never told than that of these sunny-hearted people who, having their origin in crime and bloodshed, have been shielded from nearly all the temptations that beset the world, and are now a prosperous Christian people, simple minded, pure and upright. No such thing as a jail has ever existed at Pitcairn Island. The world seldom hears from this handful of people, living in the far southern Pacific Ocean, but it is always glad to learn tidings of their welfare, and when news does come it rarely fails to report the continued prosperity of this remarkable settlement. A while ago the Pitcairn Islanders celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the landing of their fathers on Pitcairn rock. Dearly as they love their little home, it is probable that some of them will be compelled to emigrate before many years, because its population is again becoming crowded.—[Goldthwaite's Magazine.]

Sand Tornadoes. A German physician who has passed several winters in southern Italy claims to have discovered the cause of the sick headaches and respiratory troubles so often experienced during the prevalence of a protracted sirocco. Having noticed that those symptoms are observed even without a perceptible increase of temperature, he constructed an apparatus enabling him to demonstrate that the atmosphere of southerly gales is impregnated with countless particles of fine sand. On the limitless plains of the Sahara those gales often acquire the force of a hurricane, and whirl up sand-clouds to a height of several miles; from there the upper air-currents carry them across the Mediterranean, and even across the eastern Alps, since in the valley of the Danube southwest storms are often accompanied by a curious haze, hanging for days about the hill-tops like the smoke of a forest-fire.—[Belford.]

The Kakapo. The kakapo, or owl-parrot of western New Zealand, is almost as great an anomaly as the ornithorynchus. It has the plumage of a parrot and the head of a hawk; has wings furnished with all the feathers found in the pinions of a falcon, but is unable to fly over a four-foot wall. It is semi-nocturnal in its habits, and at sight of a dog will rush away like a frightened chicken, but never even attempts to take wing. Its strange disability has been ascribed to the circumstance that New Zealand is free from large carnivorous animals, and that a bird finding abundance of food in the underbrush, can dispense with the accomplishment of flight.—[Belford.]

The Sargent Locomotive. The run from Baltimore to Philadelphia of the absurdly named Royal Blue Line express is made behind what is said to be the largest engine in this country. It weighs 187,000 pounds, and runs on four driving wheels, 6 feet 6 inches in diameter. Black, without a particle of bright color about it, the engine is a grand bit of mechanism, and one easily can imagine the engineer having a feeling of affection for the huge machine that is so responsive to his touch.—[New York Sun.]

The German Emperor's Nicknames.

The Berliners and the Germans, in general delight in giving nicknames to their popular idols or antipathies. These nicknames are not always flattering to their owners, and there have been Hohenzollerns less fortunate than the Emperor William, who is not afraid to ask for his popular sobriquet. He proved this at a regimental dinner at which the Duke of Connaught and Prince Henry participated. In the course of conversation the kaiser said: "They call me the 'traveling kaiser,' don't they? I wonder if that is the only nickname I've got."

Prince Henry laughed and Major von Plessen, unable to control himself, joined his royal highness. "What is it?" asked the emperor. "Do you know of any other nicknames? If so, out with it!"

The major mumbled something about his respect; but the emperor said: "Well, if you don't want to do it to please me, I command you to speak!"

The major then confessed that the emperor was known among the common soldiers as the "Alarm Fritz," on account of his habit of suddenly, in the middle of the night, rousing the garrisons of the towns in which he might be staying.

The emperor laughed heartily at this; and Prince Henry remarked to his brothers: "Well, thou hast a similar name in the navy. The boys call you 'Gond de Lilly' for 'gondling about,' as they call it, on your ships constantly during the summer, and being anywhere and everywhere on the boats."

"Well," laughed the emperor, "those are three fine nicknames; but, inasmuch as all of them paint me as a busy man, I rather like them."

The true gentleman is patient, forbearing, and resigned on philosophical principles. He submits to pain because it is inevitable, to bereavement because it is irrevocable, and to death because it is destiny. If he engage in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of perhaps better but less educated minds, who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more insolvent than they find it.

We all have two lives, gliding on at the same time, scarcely connected with each other—the life of our minds; the external and the inward history; the movements of the frame—the deep and ever restless workings of the heart. They who have loved know there is a diary of the affections which we might keep for years without having occasion even to touch upon the exterior surface of life, our busy operations, the mechanical progress of our existence; yet by the last we are judged—the first we never know.

Many a person had arrived at some considerable degree of knowledge if he had not been full of self-conceit, and imagined that he had known enough already, or else was ashamed to let others know that he was unacquainted with it. God and man are ready to teach the neck, the humble and the ignorant; but he that fancies himself to know any particular subject well, or that will not venture to ask a question about it, such a one will not put himself into the way of improvement by inquiry and diligence.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.

Entitled to the Best. All are entitled to the best that their money will buy, so every family should have, at once a bottle of the best family remedy, Syrup of Figs, to cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50c. and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists.

The noblest mind the best contentment has.

Creates An Appetite

There is nothing for which we recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla with greater confidence than for loss of appetite, indigestion, sick headache and other troubles of dyspeptic nature. In the most natural way this medicine gently tones the stomach, assists digestion and makes one feel "real hungry." Ladies in delicate health, or very dainty and particular at meals, after taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a few days find themselves longing for and eating the plainest food with unexpected relish and satisfaction. Try it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Donald Kennedy Of Roxbury, Mass., says:

Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Horrid Old Sores, Deep-Seated Ulcers of 40 years' standing, Inward Tumors, and every disease of the skin, except Thunder Humor, and Cancer that has taken root. Price, \$1.50. Sold by every Druggist in the United States and Canada.



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Which will you have, sickness, suffering and despair, or health, strength, and spirit? You can take your choice. All chronic diseases and derangements peculiar to women are permanently cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It restores the female functions to healthy action. It removes the obstructions and suppressions which cause trouble and misery. For periodical pains, internal inflammation, ulceration and kindred ailments, it is a positive remedy. The system is invigorated, the blood enriched, digestion improved, melancholy and nervousness dispelled. It's a legitimate medicine, the only one that's guaranteed to give satisfaction in the cure of all "female complaints."

It must be an obscure and commonplace person who has no enemy.

Deafness (Can't be Cured) By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is not a dangerous condition of the mucous lining.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness caused by catarrh that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHESNEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, etc.

The degree of success obtained may often be ascertained by the amount of jealousy which it arouses.

Proof of Popularity. THE LITTLE DIAMOND SWISS BICYCLE FACTORY KEPT RUNNING TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY TO SUPPLY THE DEMAND.

Passengers on the ghost train which whizzed through Worcester in the small hours of the morning have noticed the factory which never seems to close, and from whose windows the bright light streams all night long. It is the factory of the John P. Lowell Arms Company of Boston, and it is running literally twenty-four hours a day, with two complete relays of men, from the forenoon down. This activity is due to the extraordinary popularity of the new eighty-five dollar Lowell diamond safety bicycle, a machine which is giving the very best of satisfaction. Boston Herald.

Be quick. You can use a minute but once—make the most of it.

"Doctors Said There Was No Cure." GALENA, KANS., March 6, 1893. My doctor said there was no cure for me. About six weeks ago I had our druggist send for six bottles of "Rheumatism" which I have taken, and it has done me more good than anything in twenty years. I am 55 years old. I want a few more bottles of "Rheumatism" for my neighbors. MARY M. CURTIS, Galena, Kan.

Rheumatism is the steady and permanent enemy for Sick Headache, Indigestion, Pyspepsia, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility and Consumption. It is the only sure cure for these complaints. Ask your druggist for it, and get well.

If the power to do hard work is not a talent, it is the best possible substitute for it.

For Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Stomach Disorders, use Hood's Iron Bitters. The Best Tonic, it rebuilds the system, cleans the blood and strengthens the muscles. A splendid tonic for weak and debilitated persons.

The certain way to be cheated is to fancy one's self more cunning than others.

ETTS stopped free by Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NEW CURE. So fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 361 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong.

For impure or thin Blood, Weakness, Malaria, Neuritis, Indigestion and Biliousness, take Brown's Iron Bitters—it gives strength, makes old persons feel young—and young persons strong, pleasant to take.

Seal of the United States. The seal now in use is the fourth of the series. It depicts the American eagle, holding in each claw a sheaf of thirteen arrows, and surmounted by a circular wreath inclosing thirteen stars, corresponding to the original States, and encircled by the motto "E Pluribus Unum." It is mounted upon a massive block, and it is so admirably constructed mechanically that the slightest turn of the screw will develop all the pressure required. The uses to which the great seal are put are various. It goes upon all commissions, pardons, and other official documents issued by the president; but a law passed in 1789 says it shall not be affixed to any instrument except a commission "without the special warrant of the President therefor."

Every Farmer his own Roofer CHEAPER than Shingles, Tin or Slate. Reduces Your INSURANCE, and Perfectly Fire, Water and Wind Proof.

DONALD KENNEDY Of Roxbury, Mass., says: Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Horrid Old Sores, Deep-Seated Ulcers of 40 years' standing, Inward Tumors, and every disease of the skin, except Thunder Humor, and Cancer that has taken root. Price, \$1.50. Sold by every Druggist in the United States and Canada.

MRS. J. M. HINES' Boarding House REOPENED. Mrs. J. M. HINES has reopened a First-Class Boarding House in the city, opposite the Baptist Church. The Pioneer Davis Sewing Machine, Can be had at the same place. J. M. HINES, Agent. J. B. BROWN, FIRST-CLASS BARBER SHOP. Neatly fitted up in the best of style. Both rooms with hot and cold water. BRICK BLOCK, MIDDLE ST.