The WEEKLY JOURNAL is published by Thursday at \$1.50 per annum. Solices ut Marriages or Deaths not to exist an lines will be charged for per line. All adonal matter will be charged for per line. Syments for transiental vertisements must made in advance. Regular advertisements will be collected promptly at the enduct will be collected promptly at the enduct ments will be collected promptly at the enduct will be collected.

sents will be collected prompers as of each month.

Communications containing news of sufficient public interest are solicited. No communication must be expected to be published that soutains objectionable personalities, or withholds the name of the author. Articles losser than half column must be paid for.

Any person feeling aggriever at any anonymous communication can obtain the name of the author by application at this office and showing wherein the grievance exists.

THE JOURNAL.

E. E. HARPER. - - Proprietor. C. T. HANCOCK, - Local Reporter.

Kntered at the Postoffice at New Berne. N. C., as second-class matter.

ABOUT the only women in the world who swing their arms when walking

TENNESSEE has passed a law providing that school directors must be able to read and write.

A WASHINGTON, D. C., colored man has been arrested thirty-three times since Nov. 23, 1890. He will have a rest now, as his last sentence was 364 days to jail.

PHENICIA was at the pinnacle of power between the years 2000 and 750 B. C., and, in fact, its people were the instructors and civilizers of the whole western world

An are lamp with four carbons arranged radially in a nearly horizontal plane, but having their central meeting roints slightly depressed, has lately appeared in Paris.

Accuracy of statement is the aim of a certain Maine newspaper. It recently gravely stated that a large number of "fresh" mackerel had just been caught off Portland harbor.

WHILE Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's Alva was steaming through a storm on her way to Villefranche, an enormous wave deposited a seventy-pound turtle on the deck. It was good to cat, and therefore was eaten.

Taz difference between the 50,000 Americans found in Italy and the 500,-000 Italians found in the United States is that the former are rich and go there to spend, and the latter are poor and come here to accumulate.

THERE are are 152 British peers who between them own 1,539 places where intoxicants are so'd. The list is headed by the Earl of Derby, who is the owner of seventy-two drinking places. Next comes the Duke of Bedford with forty-

THE average soundings in the open Atlantic give a depth of two or three thousand fathoms. The sun's rays illumine this mass of water to a depth of two or three hundred fathoms only. The greater part of the ocean bed is thus pitch da k.

Ar Mont Del, in Brittany, the remains of about 100 elephants have been discovered, gathered on a small surface of about 1,900 square meters. All the bones are broken, and it is thought that the animals must have been eaten by prehistoric men.

M. D'ENNATSKY, the Russian gotleman who bet 25,000 roubles that he would drive his troiks from Samara to Paris in eighty days, reached Paris on March 17, twenty-two days ahead of time. He used three little Ural horses, the maximum distance covered for any day being about 120 miles.

For a given number of people who sin use railroads, Austria provides more trains than India, Germany more than Austria, England more than Germany, and the United States more than England. Each concession to the public convenience in this matter involves a loss which must be paid for somewhere.

Victoria, B. C., who died recently, was noted for his good humor and widepread charity, and was also widely known as editor of the "Bulletin. This was not a paper, but a big blackboard, on which was placed every bit of local news as soon as it was known. The people consulted the "Bulletin" with as much confidence as they did their newspapers. Edison, when in Paris, laid great

stress upon the fact that it was dangerous to be sending, side by side with gas conduits, through subterranean Paris, electrical currents by wires charged with high-tension currents. and predicted that explosions would be the result. Many explosions from this cause are now occurring in Paris, and newspapers of that city are reverting to Edison's warning. An insult to the national bird of

freedom was perpetrated by an unpatriotic darky in East Nashville, Tenn. He deals in poultry, and being short of stock the other day, he killed, and sold as a turkey, a forty-year-old eagle which his former master had given to him at the close of the war. The purchaser could not sink his teeth in the flesh of the tough fowl, brought it back, and had the darky arrested for his irreverent treatment of the national

THE young fops who congregate at the rear doors of theaters, to view the ballet girls as they emerge after the performance, may heed the warning lately administered by the proprietor of the Central Theater, Philadelphia. He had repeatedly requested the welldressed sidewalk statues to pass on. They heeded him not until the other day, when, without a hint of what was coming, he turned the hose on them. One of the fops has sued the manager for \$150, the cost of a ruined suit of

"DEEP IN THY HEART."

p in thy heart I know then know My heart still goes where'er thou goest; Howe'er thou thinkest thou'rt alone, My heart still flies to meet thine own.

Whate'er thou sayest to forbid, My lips still murmur forth their love-My life still shows it-nor is't hid

More than the sun above! -Reuben B. Davenport, in Belford.

MARTHA DREWE'S PARLOR

ET . J. HABBOUR.

A pretty little farm-house, painted snowy white, with blinds of vivid green, stood just outside the small New England village of Waterford. The house was quite new. The shingles on its roof were still rellow and resmous. It had a trum, smart look pleasing to the eye. A small. old house, painted a dark-brown, stood back a few yards from the pretty white

Mr. and Mrs. Jared Drewe had moved from the old house into the new one. They had begun housekeeping as a young married couple in the old house, and they had lived in it twenty-five years. The new house was the culmination of the hopes and plans of many years. True, Drewe had never liked the old house. It had no "conveniences." The new house had a well right in the kitchen, a big pantry, plenty of closets and a parlor. The old house had had none of these

"I begin to feel as though I was somebody," Mrs. Drewe said at the breakfasttable on the morning of the fifth day after they had mayed into the new house "Do, ch?" replied Mr. Drewe. "You wimmen are great for puttin' on style, I ain't never felt no partic'lar need of a par-

lor. A common settin'-room 's good enough fer me, or even the kitchen.' "I dont mind settin' in a nice, clean kitchen myselt," replied his wife, "but I don't want all my comp'ny to have to set there-speshly the minister and his

wife. I've felt the need of a parlor a many a time, if you 'aint." "Well, you've got one now." "Yes, when I git it furnished."

"Ob, I reckon you'll want to fill it full of all sorts of flub dubbery-womanlike. "I'm going to have things nice, any-

enough for 'em." "What you call 'nice?"

"Well, I'm going to have a real Brussels carpet, for one thing, and a marbletop table and a plush sofy and lace curtains and nice chairs.'

"Shucks!" Mr. Drewe said, contempt ucusly, but he did not offer any objection to this extravagant outlay of long and carefully hoarded funds. He knew, moreover, that most of this spleador would be purchased out of his wife's that idea into your head, Sally?" own savings. She was a wise woman

and had a purse of her own. "Ketch me having to run to Jared or to any other man ev'ry time I want a little momey," she had said, in the beginning of their pilgrimage as man and wife. "No, si , my savings shall be my own,"

Adhering tenaciously to this resolve and ever keeping in mind a time to come when she should have a new house, Mrs. Drewe had money enough to furnish the house as she pleased.

But his wife's second proposition aroused a spirit of decided antagonism in Jared Drewe: some time next week."

Mr. Drewe looked up quickly, sur-

line of his face.
"Yes, papered," replied Mrs. Drewe. "You s'post I'm going to have bare white walls when cyrybody else has

theirs papered?" "We'd all bare walls in the old house." year, and it didn't seem worth while to do any paperin' or fixin' up; but if you Drewe!"

reckon I'm goin' to live the rest o' my day in bare white-walled rooms you're mistaken." She spoke decisively, for she saw un-

usual depths of opposition in her husband's large, unbearded face with its the reading of his paper. Martha raged square, firm jaw and chin indicative of inwardly. great firmness of purpose. Her own face vore a resolute, emphatic expression. She was a plucky little woman. Her husband had a secret pride in what he being a very "sociable" woman, and she called her "grit," although he would have died before he would have confessed

so to a little wall-paper, Jared. "I despise wall-paper," he said, with something like childish perverseness.

"I don't see why on earth you object

FRANK CAMPBELL, a storekeeper at Mrs. Drewe sat back stiffly in her chair. resolute and defiant. Her black eyes "There's no sense in your actiu' so, Jared Sparks. I'm goin' to have that

parlor papered. "You do, and I'll never set foot in it as long as I live and breathe the breath

of life! "Fiddlesticks!"

"I never will, Marthy." "What nonsense!"

"I never will!"

He rose from the table as he spoke, took his hat from a nail in the small entry near the kitchen door and went out to the barn, his every movement seeming to accentuate his resolve. Mrs. Drewe did not refer to the mat-

ter again, but a week from that day, when Mr. Drewe returned home after a day spent in the city five miles distant he met John Hays, the village paperhanger, coming from the house with an empty paste-bucket and a roll or two of paper under his arm. Stepping into the little front entry, he

glanced toward the parlor at the right. The door was open, and he saw his wife standing in the center of the room, look-ling with pleased eyes at the four walls "Better let me go for the doctor, Maring with pleased eyes at the four walls around her covered with gorgeous gilt thy," Jared had said several times. paper of the most prenounced pattern. She assumed an air of ignorance of air." any previous discussion of the subject,

and asked cheerily "Well, Jared, how do you like it? Isn't it lovely? I think it's just beautiful."

"You remember what I said, Marthy Drev.c?"

"Well?"

"I'm goin' to stick to it." "Now, Jared, I-."

"1'l!--never-set--foot--in - thatcom-long-as-I-live-and-breathe -and-keep-my-senses! Never!"
-He pronounced each word slowly and with marked emphasis. Then he turned

and went out to the barn. "He'll get over it," Mrs. Drewe said. nonefully, to herself, but in her secret tout she feared he would not.

He made no reference to the matter at the supper table. He even talked cheer-fully and pleasantly of the events of his visit to the city.

The Brussels carpet, the plush aofa, the lace cortains and the marble top table of Martha Drowe's visions and dreams became splendid realities during the next week. She called her husband to note the general effect when every-

thing was in place. He came to the oper oor and looked in. "Come in an' set down in this new patent rocker and see how easy it rocks,"

"No, thank ye," he said, curting "I never expect to set in it." She tried to laugh lightly, as she

"Pshaw, Jared? Don't be so silly!" He turned and walked away in si-

ence. The minister and his wife came out from the village to call, the next day. Mrs. Drewe ushered them into the go geous parlor, her heart swelling with pride. Jared came to the door with an old wooden chair from the kitchen, plumped it down flat and hard on the oil cloth of the entry floor, and sat there during the entire call.

"You never ever come in to shake hands with 'em," Martha said, afterward.

"I know it." "What you s'pose they'll think?"

"Dunno what." "If that's the way you're goin' to act

ev'ry time anybody calls here, I'd thank you to keep out o' sight altogether." "I reckon I want to see folks much as

room in the house papered," she said, "Then I'll take up my abode in the tavern," she replied, calmly.

"I've a notion to go and have ev'ry

"The Drewes always was a stubborn set, but I vum I didn't s'pose Jared and took her limp and unconscious form could be so pig-headed," she said when he had left the room.

She had many callers during the next few weeks. The fame of her gorgeous parlor brought her friends and acquaintances to behold its splendors.

Jared sat at the door on the old woodon chair during nearly all of these calls. He was careful not to let even the toe of his boot enter the despised

how. Land knows, I've waited long Drewe's callers soon noticed Jared's peculiar conduct: their keen noses scented domestic discord. "What's the matter of Jared?" asked

Sarah May, Mrs. Drewc'e sister, a few weeks after the papering and furnishing of the parlor. "Nothing that I know of," replied

Martha. "What makes you ask?" "Didn't he want you to buy your parlor things?"

··He didu't care. Whatever "They say he won't set in one of the parlor cheers, nor even step into the

"Who Fays so? "Oh, it's common talk. I've been

asked about it more'n once." Mrs. Drewe went home greatly distressed and humiliated. She was a sensitive little woman notwithstanding her "grit," and she could not endure the thought of having her domestic affairs made a subject of common gossip. She was rigidly truthful, teo, and she was forced to admit to her sister that she and her husband had had a disagreement. She felt hotly rebellious toward Jared as "I want to have the parior papered she entered the pretty little new house in which she had expected to be so happy. Jared was lying on the lounge in his shirt-sleeves and stockinged feet,

prise and opposition depicted on every reading the weekly paper. "Well," said Martha, while untying her bonnet-strings, "it's got out."

"What's got out?" "Bout you sayin' you'd never set foot in the parlor.'

"I can't help it if it has," he said im-"I don't care if we did, we kept pertubably.
thinkin' and thinkin' we'd build ev'ry "Can't help it!" she cried, hotly; "you can help it any minnit, Jared

> "Why, by simply giving up your mulishness and coming into the parlor next time we have company."

So many of her plans were thwarted by Jared's "mulishness.

She had the deserved reputation of had planned to have "a sight of comp'ny" in the new house. She had often pictured to herself the tea-parties and the dinner-parties she should give. She had even planned a grand housewarming, with a supper that should surpass anything of the kind ever given in that neighborhood. It was hard to have all these fair dreams coming to "For I can't invite com'pny with

Jared actin' so. He'd have to be in the parlor some," she said to herself, often with hot tears in her eyes. The summer days waned into those of

autumn, and the autumn days gave place to the winds and snows of late November, and still the feet of Jared Drewe had never crossed the threshold of his own parlor and Martha had suffered untold mortification on his account.

They were sitting alone in rather gloomy silence at the close of a dark and and stormy day in late November. She had never been confined to her bed a day in her life and a slight indisposition usually made her irritable. She felt that it would be in some degree a discould for her to be ill. It was with as much pride as gratitude that she remembered that neither she nor Jared had ever needed the services of a physican.

But she looked ill enough to need one now. There were great black hollows under her dull eyes, her cheeks were

b'lieve your're sicker 'n you reckon you

"I've an idee I'll be better in the morning. I'm goin' to take a dose of them bitters that helped me so when I was kind o' run down in the summer. Wish you'd get 'em for me."

"Where are they?" he ssked, rising from his chair, the paper he had bee reading still in his hand. "Oh, there're in the-the-

down, Jared, I'll get up and get 'em She was lying on the lounge at the time and she sat up painfully and slowly, while he hastened to say:

"No, no, Marthy; lay still. I'll get 'em. Where are they?"
"They're in that little corner closet in the parlor, Jared." He stared blankly at her for a mo

ment, his face crimsoning; he took a step forward and then dropped book heavily into his chair and held the paper up before his face in silence.

up before his face in silence.

His wife rose without a word and leebly walked across the floor, breathing heavily and keeping herself from failing by leaning on tables and chairs. Jared watched her furtively while pretending to read. There was a within twitching to read. There was a visible twitching of the corners of his month cace, and his teeth, set close together, showed be-tween his parted lips. The hand that held the paper trembled, but he sat

His wife slowly groped her way across the hall. He held the parlor door open. He heard the door of the little close swing back, creaking slightly on its hinges. Then he heard Martha fall.

He ran to the open door of the parlor. She was lying at full length, face downward, on the floor. "Marthy! Marthy!" he cried; but he topped short, with his toes on the parlor

threshold, his stubborn, inflexible will loth to bend or break even to give aid to the wife he truely loved. "Marthy! O, Marthy!" he called. stretching his arms far into the room toward her. "Lordy, Marthy, come here, and I'll do everything I kin for you. Roll over, if you can't walk, Marthy!' He dropped to his knees, bent his great body forward and tried to reach her, but

crous side to it all. "Marthy!" he fairly shricked. She neither moved nor spoke, but sud-

failed by several feet. There was a ludi-

dealy she gave a pitiful groan. "Good Lord! What an old fool I be!" cried Jared, suddenly leaning back and striking his breast with his cleached fists. "A fool an'a beast to let the best wife any man ever had suffer a second, when I might help her! The Lord forgive me!" He bounded to her side as he spoke, up in his arms, saving, as he did so.

"It'll be a judgment on me if she dies. The best wife in the world! Marthy! Marthy, dear! What ails ye?"

He seldom called her "dear." He did o now with great tenderness and gentle-

"Marthy, can't ye open your eyes? See, dear; I'm in the parlor. I'll come in it right along now. The paperin' reely sets t off. I've thought so from the fust, but I was too cussed stubborn to say so. Oh, Marthy! What is the matter?" For she did not even open her eyes,

It was seven weeks before she left the edroom to which he carried her. He had been one of the tenderest and most patient of nurses, but the word "parlor" had never passed either his lips or hers during all that time.

She had thought much about it, however, but not with pride or pleasure, be cause she had no hope that Jared would ever enter it now, and the wall-paper could not be removed.

He carried her out tenderly and gently the first time she left her room. "Want me to earry ye into the parlor, Marthy?" he asked, after he had her in his arms. "It's sunny and bright in there. I've got a good fire in the stove and the-the-wall-paper shines beauti-

fully." She looked up with shining eyes and the first flush there had been in her

cheeks for many weeks. "If you would carry me in and lay me on the sofy awhile, Jare I. "Why-I-I-Oh, Jared! What does t mean? I thought you-Oh, Jared!", for as he carried her out into the diningroom and through the sitting-room to the hall she saw that all the once bare and cold and staring white walls were covered with more expensive and beau-

tiful paper than she berself would have bought. There was a warm, red and black carpet on the hall floor, a new carpet for the sitting-room, new and pretty chairs and tables here and there, and a mirrow in a gilt frame between the two front-parlor windows that reached nearly from the floor to the ceiling. When she caught a reflection of their faces in the shining glass, she saw in both a kinder, gentler, tenderer look than either had worn for

SELECT SIFTINGS.

venrs .- New York Ledger.

Malaria is said to be unknown in New Wellingtons are boots name? after the Iron Duke.

The Caspian Sea is often known to change its level. A Deadwood (South Dakota) rancher shot a bear fourteen times before a vital

spot was reached. Farmers are traveling by the score to Mystic, Conn., to get a look at a grapevine ou which a potato vine is growing. An English head servant gave notice that he would leave for being exclude.l from the dining-room during the family

repost and thus losing the diners stories. There are people who have visited the tropical countries wan say the best bananas rarely come to this country-the small ones, that are the "pride of the

people." At Gordon, Ga., during a thunderstorm the other day, a buzzard attempted to soar above the clouds, when he was struck by lightning and fell dead to the ground. The bird's body was badly

Special cars for invalids will be placed on the railroad lines which run to St. Petersburg, Russia. They will be fitted out with easy berths and surgical instruments that may be required in cases of accident on the road.

Pocahontas, the earliest, or almost the earliest convert to Christianity, of the native tribes of North America, lies buried within the parish church of Gravesend, Va., where she ended her life. Have any of my girls and boys ever seen her grave? In Oldbury, Worcestershire, England,

life insurance club has been uncovered where the officers of president and reasurer were held by an undertaker, and that of secretary by his daughter. It is charged it was so managed as to put a premium on murder. There is a story of an ocean steam

catching up a piece of cable in the North River, and towing it all the way from New York to Liverpool and back without discovering to what mysterious cause the strange reduction of speed on the round trip could be attributed. A colt was born on Mr. Watson place, near Richwood (Ohio) which had instead of two eyes, but one, and it in the center of the forehead. The mouth was cut across the face resembling a human mouth, and but little indication or nostrils. Otherwise the animal was well shaped. GOSPEL TRUTH.

The Ram's Horn Sends Forth Its Weekly



a tante of heaven youself is to try to lift somebody else up to look into its window.

Ir guilt makes such cowards of us before men, what will we be when we have to stand before

A VALUABLE use has finally been disecvered for young alligators. They are so nice to sell to tourists.

It is hard to believe in the religion of people who are trying to go to Heaven without the use of soap.

There are people who never have anything very good said of them until it is done on a tombstone. Who knows but that angels are kept

busy making opportunities for people who are willing to do good? IF the whole earth could know the truth about God to-day, the millenium

would come to-morrow. THE devil don't care how much any man attends church, if he will only leave his heart at home when he goes. EVERY time that a sinner has a

chance to repent and doesn't do it the devil gets a stronger hold upon him. THERE are a good many men in the oulpit who would not be there if they had not misunderstood the Lord. "WHOSOEVER is wise, and will observe

these things, even they shall under stand the loving kindness of the Lord." As Long as the devil can make an out sider believe he is as good as a church member, he has a sure hold on him. God wants the gospel sent to foreign

lands as much for the good of the church at home as for the good of the It takes a great deal of powerful preaching to get much money out of a

man who carries a long strap around his pocket-book. ONE reason why the world seems to move so slow is because there are so

many people who want to sit on the fence and whittle. THE man who can do an honest day's work when the circus is in town, never has to wear his shoes out in looking for

employment. It is only when the church ceases to need money that church members are released from their obligations to give according to their ability. It may be that we could never see

the stars shine if we lived in the sun. It takes a touch of darkness sometimes to tell us how near to us God is. When you find a minister who has

trouble about getting his salary, you generally find one who has neglected to preach the religion of giving. WE don't know anything about Peter's wife, but there wasn't any dis-

count on his mother-in-law. She went

to work for the Lord as soon as he cured ONE reason why the church is cramped for money is because there is not more praying being done by people who take their pocket-books into the

church with them. Feathered Surgeous.

Some interesting observations relating to the surgical treatment of wounds by birds were recently brought by M. Fatio before the Physical Society of Geneva. He quotes the case of the snipe, which he has often observed engaged in repairing damages. With its beak and feathers it makes a very creditable dressing, applying plasters to bleeding wounds and even securing a broken limb by means of a stout liga-ture. On one occasion he killed a snipe which had on the chest a large dressing composed of down taken from other parts of the body and securely fixed to the wound by the coagulated blood. Twice he had brought home nipe with interwoven feathers strapped on to the site of of fracture of one or other limb. The most interesting example was that of a snipe both of whose legs he had unfortunately broken by a misdirected shot. He recovered the animal only on the day following, and he then found that the poor bird had contrived to apply dressings and a sort of splint to both lambs. I'm carrying out this operation some feathers had become entangled around the beak, and not being able to use its claws to get rid of them, it was almost dead from hunger when discovered. In a case recorded by M. Magnin, a snipe which was observed to fly away with a broken leg, was subsequently found to have forced the fragments into a parrallel position, the upper fragments reaching to the knee, and secured them there by means of a strong band of feathers and moss intermingled. The observers were particularly struck by the appli cation of a ligature of a kind of flat-leafed grass wound round the limb of a spiral form and fixed by means of a sort of glue. - New York Ledger.

A Cincinnati judge says of men who drink from twenty to fifty glasses of beer per day and still apparently keep their heads: "They are simply benumbed with drunkenness, even though they can talk and work, and are in no sense responsible to the law as adults. I could not hold such a man responsible any more than if he had

been proven idiotic or crazy." public must look out for itself. An Irish gentleman getting upon a street-car found one place vacant, which he proceeded to cocupy.

"Sure," said he, with a twinkle in his

eye, "I came just in the nick of time."
"How is that?
"Arrah! If I was to come now, I shouldn't find a seat in the car! Why He Lost Bis Log.

John Boseseci, a tinker, of Oakland, Cal., had his leg amputated. "In doing his work he held the article to be mended on his knee, and the continued hammer.ng caused the bone to dry." A Bad Bungie. Old Puffly—Yes, sir. I pride myself that I am a self-made man.

Cutting-Well, I knew some ama-teur did it. NEXT! Prof. W. H. SHEPARD

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