

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT

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THE JOURNAL

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

Entered at the Postoffice at New Bern, N. C., as second-class matter.

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

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.

FRANCIA 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 arc lamp with four carbons arranged radially in a nearly horizontal plane, but having their central meeting points 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.

THE 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 152 British peers who between them own 1,539 places where intoxicants are sold. The list is headed by the Earl of Derby, who is the owner of seventy-two drinking places.

THE average soundings in the open Atlantic give a depth of two or three thousand fathoms. The sun's rays illuminate this mass of water to a depth of two or three hundred fathoms only.

At Mont Del, in Brittany, the remains of about 100 elephants have been discovered, gathered on a small surface of about 1,500 square meters.

M. D'ENNATSKY, the Russian gentleman who bet 25,000 roubles that he would drive his troika from Samara to Paris in eighty days, reached Paris on March 17, twenty-two days ahead of time.

For a given number of people who can use railroads, Austria provides more trains than India, Germany more than Austria, England more than Germany, and the United States more than England.

FRANK CAMPBELL, a stockbroker at Victoria, B. C., who died recently, was noted for his good humor and widespread charity, and was also widely known as editor of the "Bulletin."

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.

AN insult to the national bird of freedom was perpetrated by an unpatriotic dandy in East Nashville, Tenn. He dealt in poultry, and being short of stock the other day, he killed, and sold as a turkey, a forty-year-old eagle.

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.

"DEEP IN THY HEART."

Deep in thy heart I know thou knowest My heart still goes wherever thou goest; How'er thou thinkest thou'st 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 let'st hid More than the sun above!

—Reuben B. Dunsenport, in Belfast.

MARTHA DREWE'S PARLOR

BY J. HARBOUR.

A pretty little farm-house, painted a snowy white, with blinds of vivid green, stood just outside the small New England village of Waterford.

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."

"I begin to feel as though I was somebody," Mrs. Drewe said at the breakfast-table on the morning of the fifth day after they had moved into the new house.

"Do, eh?" replied Mr. Drewe. "You women are great for puttin' on style. I ain't never felt no partic'lar need of a parlor. A common settin'-room 's good enough for me, or even the kitchen."

"I don't mind settin' in a nice, clean kitchen myself," replied his wife, "but I don't want all my company to have to set there—specially 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 get it furnished." "Oh, I reckon you'll want to fill it full of all sorts of flub-dubbery—womanlike."

"I'm going to have things nice, anyhow. Land knows, I've waited long enough for 'em." "What you call nice?" "Well, I'm going to have a real Brussels carpet, for one thing, and a marble-top table and a plush sofa and lace curtains and nice chairs."

"Shucks!" Mr. Drewe said, contemptuously, but he did not offer any objection to this extravagant outlay of long and carefully hoarded funds.

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

The Brussels carpet, the plush sofa, the lace curtains and the marble-top table of Martha Drewe's visions and dreams became splendid realities during the next week. She called her husband to note the general effect when everything was in place.

"Come in an' set down in this new patent rocker and see how easy it rocks," she said. "No, thank ye," he said, curtly, "I never expect to set in it."

"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 any-body calls here, I'd thank you to keep out o' sight altogether." "I reckon I want to see folks much as you do."

"I've a notion to go and have ev'ry room in the house papered," she said, hotly. "Then I'll take up my abode in the tavern," she replied, calmly. "The Dreeses always was a stubborn set, but I vum I didn't s'pose Jared 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 wooden chair during nearly all of these calls. He was careful not to let even the toe of his boot enter the despoiled room.

The sharp eyes of some of Mrs. 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. Drewe's 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 didn't care. Whatever put that idea into your head, Sally?" "He says he won't set in one of the parlor chairs, nor ever step into the room."

"Who says 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.

He took a step forward and then dropped back heavily into his chair and held the paper up before his face in silence.

His wife rose without a word and leaped across the floor, breathing heavily and keeping herself from falling by leaning on tables and chairs. Jared watched her furtively while pretending to read. There was a visible twitching of the corners of his mouth, and his teeth, set close together, showed between his parted lips.

"Marthy! Marthy!" he cried; but he stopped 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 truly loved.

"Marthy! O, Marthy!" he called, stretching his arms far into the room toward her. "Lordy, Marthy, come here, and I'll do ev'rythin' 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 failed by several feet. There was a ludicrous side to it all. "Marthy!" he fairly shrieked. "Marthy!" he fairly shrieked.

She neither moved nor spoke, but suddenly she gave a pitiful groan. "Good Lord! What an old fool I be!" cried Jared, suddenly leaning back and striking his breast with his clenched fists. "A fool's a beast to let the best wife any man ever had suffer a second, when I might help her! The Lord forgive me!"

He looked to her side as he spoke, and took her limp and unconscious form up in his arms, saying, as he did so, "I'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 so now with great tenderness and gentleness.

"Marthy, can't ye open your eyes? See, dear; I'm in the parlor. I'll come in it right along now. The paperin' resly sets it off. I've thought so from the first, 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 bedroom 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, because 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 carry 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 beautifully."

GOSPEL TRUTH.

THE man's Horn sounds forth its Weekly Blast.

A GOOD way to get a taste of heaven yourself is to try to lift somebody else up to look into his window.

It guilt makes such cowards of us before men, that what will we do when we have to stand before God?

A VALUABLE use has finally been discovered for young albigators. 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?

In the whole earth could know the truth about God to-day, the millennium 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.

CASIORETTA for Infants and Children. "Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it to every parent known to me."

SYRUP OF FIGS. 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.

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

MRS. J. M. HINES' Boarding House. REOPENED. Mrs. J. M. HINES has reopened a First-Class Boarding House in the city, opposite to Baptist Church.

Boot and Shoe Maker. All Styles of Boots and Shoes made to order and on short notice.

GROCERIES. K. R. JONES, HEAVY AND LIGHT. Sold at Manufacturers' Prices.

DRY GOODS & NOTIONS. Full Stock and Large Assortment. Prices as low as the Lowest. Call and Examine my Stock.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Malaria is said to be unknown in New Zealand. Wellingtons are boots named 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 on which a potato vine is growing.

An English head servant gave notice that he would leave for being excluded from the dining-room during the family repast and thus losing the diners' stories.

There are people who have visited the tropical countries who 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 burned.

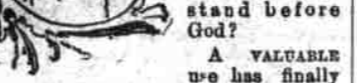
Special cars for invalids will be placed on the railroad lines which run to St. Petersburg, Russia. They will be fitted out with easy berths and surgical instruments that may be required in cases of accident on the road.

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?

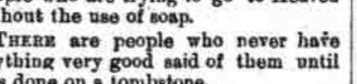
In Oldbury, Worcestershire, England, a life insurance club has been uncovered where the officers of president and treasurer were held by an undertaker, and that of secretary by his daughter. It is charged it was so managed as to put a premium on murder.

There is a story of an ocean steamship 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.

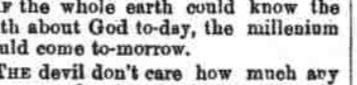
A colt was born on Mr. Watson's place, near Richmond (Ohio) which had, instead of two eyes, but one, and it was in the center of the forehead. The mouth was cut across the face resembling a human mouth, and but little indication of nostrils. Otherwise the animal was well shaped.



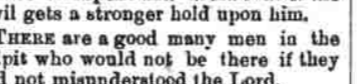
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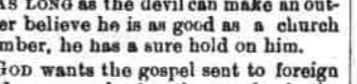
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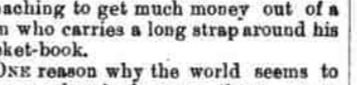
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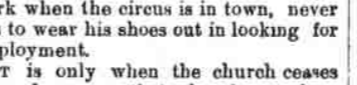
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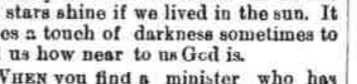
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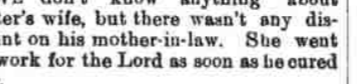
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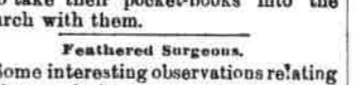
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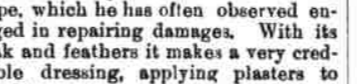
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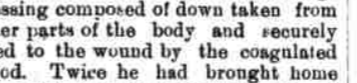
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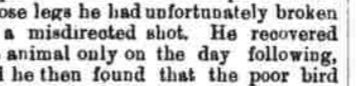
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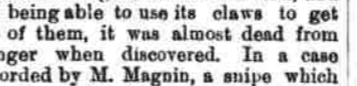
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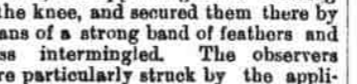
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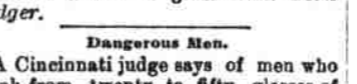
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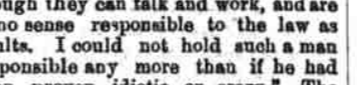
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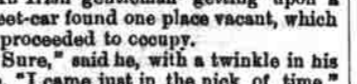
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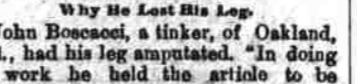
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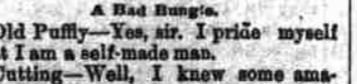
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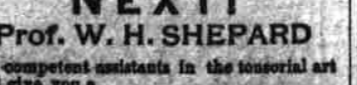
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