

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT

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THE JOURNAL

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

The ratio of insane persons in public and private institutions in the United States to each 1000 inhabitants is 1.58.

According to the Christian World there seems to be many more unemployed ministers in England than in the United States, and they have a way of applying for vacant places by preparing a circular to which thirty or forty ministers seeking for situations sign their names.

M. Thénar, the well known French explorer, is preparing to start on a most extraordinary and unprecedented journey. He contemplates nothing less than a land expedition from Buenos Ayres to Paris on horseback.

The city of Boston furnishes the latest idea in co-operation in the shape of the Medical and Sanitary Aid Association. Persons in moderate financial circumstances can secure prompt medical or surgical treatment, and medicines in case of sickness or accident, by a small weekly payment, the association defraying all doctors' bills, and medicines being furnished at very low rates.

The Chinese Government is strictly opposed to impure literature. A law was recently promulgated to the following effect: "All Government officials who allow immoral books to be published within their respective jurisdictions shall be discharged."

"It seems," learns the Washington Star, "that the burden of immigration resting on us is a burden of emigration resting on some others. The same people are not, however, the cause of the trouble. While America revolts at the inferior and unassimilating elements that seek a new field of disturbance in this corner of the world, the Government of Sweden, alarmed at the drain on her resources of citizenship, has ordered an inquiry as to the conditions in parts of that country said to be almost totally deprived of their young men."

It so happened that Nellie Davis could not join May in the proposed ramble, but rather than give up the anticipated day out of doors, the latter decided to go to the woods alone. She knew that June flowers of many sorts were lurking there, waiting to be sought out by keen eyes and loving hands.

And there was nothing to fear in the woods. May had a good lunch in the neat little basket in which she meant to bring home her flowers, and a book to read in case she became tired of rambling, and she knew every foot of the way, for she had been familiar with it ever since she was a child.

In the deep solitude of the woods she found such delight that she could hardly help being glad that she had come alone, to go on from spot to spot, as fancy led her; to find at each step some new flower or trailing fern; to rest upon an old log and examine curiously a bit of moss or lichen upon which Nature had been working her microscopic wonders.

HE OPEN PAGE

When meadows don the cloth of gold. And maples nod in caps of green; And all that's gayest may be seen Freed from the gloom and winter's mold.

WILD FLOWERS.

BY JAMES K. REEVE.

May Deering and Professor Alfred Holcomb had lived for six months only so far apart as the width of the main street of Oakdale. In a small village, such as this, young people are usually able to establish at least a moderately intimate acquaintance within that time, even when a greater distance separates their daily coming in and going out.

It was the first of June, and Nature was in a laughing mood—befitting the season—as Judge Deering and his daughter sat at breakfast, the latter looked out through the open window toward the distant woods.

"It is a lovely day, papa," she said, "and I think I shall go to the woods. So, don't look for me home at dinner. I will get Nellie Davis, and we will take our lunch and go for a long tramp."

"No, indeed! That would spoil all the fun. When one goes to the woods she must go alone, you know."

"No, May, I don't know, you mean," smiled the judge. "But when your dear mother was a girl—and that seems only yesterday—I suppose I was as foolish as any of the lads. By the way, May," continued the judge, speaking as if the thought had just occurred to him, "you don't seem to have much company now. What's the matter? Are the young people all afraid of me?"

"I have quite company enough, papa, especially when I have you," answered the girl, fondly. "And you are not so very terrible," she added, playfully.

"They had risen by this time and were standing by the window that gave out upon the street, and, as it chanced, the young professor was just coming down the walk from the house opposite. He was tall and well-made, and walked with a strong, free swing, and altogether was a goodly addition to the bright landscape."

"Not a bad-looking fellow, eh? May," continued the judge, "and they do say he is well read, too. If only he was not with that clique up there on the hill. Why couldn't they listen to me?"

The judge was beginning to work himself into a passion at the recollections of his differences with his fellow-townsmen, and May hastened to stem the tide.

tempted to stand, the foot refused to support her weight, and the pain was such that it made her cry out. "This was not a pleasant situation. The morning was well-nigh gone, and May reflected that no living thing besides the birds had as yet crossed her path. If she could not walk she might have to stay where she was until night, or longer. She supposed they would come and search for her, and as she had a vivid imagination she pictured the woods lighted up by torches and men running about and calling her name."

But the ankle did not hurt so very badly when it was kept perfectly still, and the long walk had made her hungry; so May settled down sensibly to eat her lunch. There would be time enough after that to think what she had better do. So she made herself as comfortable as possible and spread out the contents of her basket and ate her lunch as leisurely and composedly as though there had been no question of a sprained ankle and two miles between herself and home.

After this she amused herself for a while with the flowers that she had gathered; and then she tried to stand again, but could not; and then settled down as patiently as might be to wait for some one to come. As the afternoon wore on, it grew very warm, and as May was tired she rested her head against the log that had been the scene of her mishap, and fell asleep. But what with the pain in her ankle and the sense of loneliness that grew upon her, a tear forced itself out from under her eyelashes before she quite lost consciousness.

When Professor Holcomb passed out from his gate and down the village street that morning, he also was bound for the woods. It was a holiday at the academy, but the professor had promised himself congenial employment; and so, with portfolio under his arm, he was going to botanize. It had long been his habit in June to see how many different flowers he could find in bloom wherever he might be; and this, his first summer in northern Ohio, promised to be of unusual interest in this respect by affording him an opportunity to compare its June flora with that of other places that he had visited.

All day long he kept steadily at the work in hand, and by mid-afternoon his portfolio was well filled with bits of treasure-trove from the woods, all laid in as neatly and deftly as if done by a woman's hand. Being almost satisfied with his quest and noticing that the sun was growing lower, he was making homeward when he came suddenly upon a flower that he had not thought to find there. This was May Deering, still asleep, with her fair head upon Nature's pillow, and with just the trace of tears still showing upon her cheeks. The professor paused, and would have turned away, but the girl moved and opened her eyes. Embarrassed by the thought that she might suspect him of having watched her sleeping, Holcomb bowed awkwardly, and was again about to pass on, but seeing his intention, May spoke, timidly.

"Professor!" Could Holcomb believe his ears? She had spoken to him—and this was Judge Deering's daughter. He waited to make sure.

"Professor!" There was no mistake this time, and Holcomb thought there was something appealing in the tone. But May gave a little laugh, and asked a common-place question.

"Can you tell me the time?" Holcomb took out his watch and answered, very gravely.

"It is a quarter of four." "In another hour it will be a quarter of five, and very nearly dark." Although she spoke lightly, there was an anxious look on her face that could not escape Holcomb's keen eye.

"Are you going home, now?" queried May, after a little pause.

THE CHINESE HIGHBINDERS. A Powerful Organization—Their Rites at Initiation. A paper on "Highbinders and Their Methods" was read at the meeting of the Methodist ministers recently by the Rev. F. J. Masters, Superintendent of the Chinese Mission. This paper was of unusual interest.

The name highbinder is said to have been used by a policeman in court, and had no significance whatever, but the term tickled the public, and is now a part of the English language. The true name of these ruffians in Chinese means "Hatchet Boys," the peculiar appropriateness of which title is at once apparent. The highbinders trace their organization back several centuries. They claim to be a part of the association known in China as the Triad Society. The founders of this society were some Buddhist monks. They put down the rebellion in Quong Si province and were offered rewards in titles and estates by the Government. They refused the offer. Afterward the Manchu soldiers became jealous of the monks; the Government also became suspicious and accused the powerful monks of treason. A monastery was blown up, and only five out of 128 monks escaped alive. Those five became the founders of the Triad Society. The vow of the members is that they shall never rest until the present reigning dynasty is overthrown and the Ming native dynasty is restored to the Dragon throne.

It has numbered at times more than 100,000, and still includes many who have no sympathy with the diabolical practices which made the name a terror. It has an elaborate initiatory ceremony—signs, grips, words, and tokens, by which its members may recognize each other and hold communication. Within the society is a military organization of salaried officers, who are bound by the most solemn oaths to execute orders, even to killing those who fall under its ban.

The late Tie Ping rebellion was investigated by Triads, and after ten years' duration was suppressed by the late Gen. Gordon. The rebels fled abroad to save their necks and started the Chee Kung Tong. The headquarters of the society on this coast were in Spofford alley, where they were raided by the police February 2. At that time one of the rituals fell into the hands of Police Sergeant Price and has been translated by Mr. Masters. From it and from two converted Chinese who had passed to the honor of grand officers in the society he derived his knowledge.

Some of the initiation ceremonies of this society are interesting. A candidate pricks his finger until the blood flows into a cup of wine. This cup is passed around the assembly to be sipped, so that a blood fellowship may be established. The candidate swears eternal loyalty to the society in thirty-five different oaths, during which ceremony a rooster's head is cut off, and while the blood flows, the candidate imprecates death upon himself should he prove a traitor. Another rite is that of the candidate crawling under a table upon which is seated a director who is called "Mother." This ceremony is to represent the candidate being born again. A certain twist of the cue marks a member of the highbinder societies.

The need of an automatic coupler for freight cars has been generally recognized for probably two score years and thousands of inventors have labored to produce a device which would fill all requirements. The great obstacle, which for many years prevented the introduction of any automatic coupler, was the lack of agreement among the railways concerning what type of coupler should be adopted, united action in this case being an absolute necessity.

In October, 1887, after a series of tests, the Master Car Builders' Association adopted a standard type of automatic coupler. This type has now been accepted and is being applied to new freight cars by railways controlling 71,811 miles of road and 702,443 cars, which is about 60 per cent of the freight cars in the United States. The number of cars equipped by these companies during 1890 was 53,500, and more than 21,000 more have been equipped since the beginning of 1891, making the total number now equipped about 123,000.

These figures show beyond a doubt that the old link and pin coupler, whose victims are many times as numerous as those of car stoves, will have to go. The Inter-State Commerce Commission reported for the year ending June, 1889, no less than 800 deaths and 5,757 injuries among railway employes while coupling cars. There is abundant cause for congratulation, that all doubt as to what type of automatic coupler should be adopted and that the introduction of automatic couplers is making such rapid progress.—Engineering News.

What it takes to make a paradise, some one has said, "depends upon the person who is going there." There was once an artist who painted a picture of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, says the Youth's Companion. It was exhibited publicly. One day the painter, entering the hall, saw two men who appeared to be farmers, standing before the picture.

"Now," said the artist to himself, "I can hear an unprejudiced opinion of my work."

He drew near, and listened to what the farmers were saying.

WOODEN PIPING.

What promises to be a valuable industry has been established in the far North-west, consisting in the manufacture from the superabundant material there at hand of wooden piping for such purposes as ordinarily require metal conduits, the method pursued being admirably adapted, it would seem, to the conversion even of green logs to excellent service in this line.

The company owning the patents for the different methods involved in this manufacture is said to have proved a highly successful concern during the short time it has been in operation, more than six hundred miles of the product coming into use in a comparatively short time by water works, miners, etc., in the Northwest. The logs are first bored, the bark is then removed, the log turned down about the thickness of an inch, and the ends are then chiseled to receive an iron collar, which is used for making the joints; after the ends of the now nearly manufactured pipe have been made ready, the pipes are put into a dry kiln for proper seasoning; it is next wrapped, which consists of a steel strap about two inches wide being slowly wound in spiral form the entire length, securely fastened at either end. After receiving a coat of asphaltum, the pipe is ready for the market.

Rainwater for the Complexion. The eyes should always be wiped toward the nose, as it presses out the fine lines from the corners. Every woman has heard of the virtues of rainwater for the complexion, but it is hard to procure this. A good substitute is to keep a pitcher of water for toilet use in which lemon, orange or cucumber peel is allowed to soak. Water so impregnated, it is said, imparts a healthy glow and really refreshes the complexion, while it softens the skin.—Boston Optimist.

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