

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT

THE DAILY JOURNAL is published daily, except Monday at \$5.00 per month...

THE JOURNAL

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

Every minute, night and day, the United States Government collects \$639 and spends \$461.

A wealthy German offered a prize of \$25,000 to any astronomer who will satisfactorily demonstrate to him that the sun, moon or stars are inhabited.

At Cotta, in Saxony, persons who did not pay their taxes last year are published in a list which hangs up in all restaurants and saloons of the city.

Harrison Judington, the ex-Governor of Wisconsin, who has just died in Milwaukee, commenced his career at that point in 1838 as the immediate business successor of Solomon Juneau, Milwaukee's first settler.

The New York Sun learns that Cornell is going to improve all the roads on the University property, around Ithaca, N. Y., in sections and by different methods.

The Treasury authorities at Washington have just had their attention called to the fact that it would be an easy matter to tunnel from a neighboring building into their vaults, remove the coin and ship it down the Potomac.

The Philadelphia Bulletin is authority for the statement that the phonograph has been employed in New York to report the utterances of monkeys, scientific men have become convinced that their chattering is a language intelligible among themselves.

The Philadelphia Bulletin is authority for the statement that the phonograph has been employed in New York to report the utterances of monkeys, scientific men have become convinced that their chattering is a language intelligible among themselves.

The Prince of Monaco having secured a wife with \$500,000 annual income has made up his mind to be good and have no more gambling in his spacious realm after the present lease of the Casino is run out, April 16, 1892.

South Carolina, like most of the Southern States, continues to be made up, notes the Boston Transcript, mainly of rural communities.

Professor Lombroso, a student of criminals, says that out of forty-one anarchists whom he studied in the Paris police office, thirty-one per cent. showed the criminal type of features.

LIFE

Life is a folded flower, and what it holds we know not, still, unwinding leaf by leaf, it shows God's secrets hidden in its folds.

REUBEN'S FIRST VOYAGE.

BY MARLTON DOWNING.

Some six leagues inland from the shores of the broad Atlantic there lived a farmer who had three sons.

With his oldest and youngest children we have nothing to do, for they were willing, sturdy youths, who obeyed their kind parents' every mandate, but it is upon Reuben, the second-born, that the interest of this story centres.

He hated the work about the farm, in fact, detested labor of any kind; he was willful and disobedient, and was a sore trial to the entire household.

If the lad was sent to drive the cows to pasture, he would leave them to wander away by themselves, uncared-for, while he went to chase butterflies, or stroll along the edge of the brook, rod in hand, trying to catch the spotted trout which darted hither and thither in the babbling stream.

Very fond of reading was the boy, but cared nothing for books that were instructive, he rather chose those containing tales of adventure, which, it must be said, he devoured ravenously, until he began to look like a mere buccaner, or an Indian slayer of the plains.

One day his father called Reuben to his side, and said: "My son, I wish you would take the brown mare and put those two sacks of corn that are in the barn upon her back, and drive to Neighbor Griswold, the miller. If you do not tarry on the road, you can easily get there and back before milking time."

This did not at all please the youth, for he wanted to get away by himself and play; however, he dared not openly disobey his father, so he reluctantly started for the mill with the mare and the two sacks of corn.

But first he stole up into the little attic-chamber which was occupied by himself and two brothers, and taking a pillow-case from the bed, he thrust into it a few articles of clothing, and then hastened down again without being observed by any member of this busy household.

"I shall leave the old farm," he said, "and no one in this village shall know where I have gone until I return a rich man."

The lad drove the mare straight to the mill, and tying her to a tree before Neighbor Griswold's door, he told the miller that his father would come for her soon.

Then the boy hurried along the country road toward the nearest seaport. Several miles he traveled, until at length feeling tired, he turned aside and lay down beneath the spreading branches of a chestnut tree, and placing his bundle under his head, thought to enjoy a little nap.

How long he slept he did not know, but suddenly he was awakened by feeling some one shake his arm and hearing a voice in his ear saying: "What, my son! sleeping away the best hours of the day? If you are on a journey the time to travel is between sun-up and sun-down."

As Reuben opened his eyes he saw a bending over him a large man with a pleasant face, although bronzed and weather-beaten by exposure to the elements. At the first glance the lad saw by the stranger's clothing that he was a sailor.

Now the boy had never met a real mariner in his life, but he had seen many pictures of them and he was right in his conjecture. "Who are you?" asked the young adventurer, arousing himself and sitting up.

"I'm a jolly tar, my lad, and bound away on a long cruise; but who might you be?" "It matters not what I am," replied the boy, "but will you tell me what I am going to be, and that is a sailor."

"Say you so, my hearty? Then you've fallen in with just the right kind of a craft to cruise with. Come with me, and I'll soon have you stowed away in as fine a ship as ever sprang canvas."

Reuben was delighted at his good fortune in so quickly finding an opportunity to carry out his thus far ill-matured plans, and springing to his feet he swung his bundle over his shoulder and said: "I am ready. Let us go, for I am impatient to be away on the deep, blue sea."

"Avast there, shipmate, avast," exclaimed the sailor. "Never start on a cruise without first taking a good departure." So he seated himself on a log, and producing some food out of a bundle, which he also carried, he gave some to the boy, and the balance he ate himself.

Reuben thought himself a personage of some consequence. Soon the ship began to move slowly and majestically away from the wharf, and, as one after another of her snowy sails were spread, she bent gracefully to the breeze, and seemed to fly away from the land, until in a short time nothing could be seen but the sea, the sky, and a few birds, which circled above the tapering mast.

Now it was that Reuben felt somewhat giddy, and seated himself on the main hatch, lest he should fall. Pretty soon a queer-looking little man came along the deck, and, pausing in front of the farmer's lad, laughed as he noted the weebegone expression of the boy's face.

"Who are you?" asked the run-away, "and why do you make merry at my expense?" "My name is Sea-sick," was the reply, "and I have been sent to wrestle with you."

"Oh, go away, please," groaned Reuben. "Your presence makes me feel bad."

"Nevertheless, you must have a friendly bout with me," answered the strange, ungainly appearing creature, as he grasped the youth about the waist, and, assisted by a heavy lurch of the vessel, rolled him on to the deck.

"Hallo! How now?" called the boatswain, as he saw his protegee lying in the lee-scuppers. "Up, up, my son, you can never be a sailor until you succeed in throwing this chap overboard. But, hold on, I'll send one of your shipmates to lend you a hand, for I think it is high time that you became acquainted with him."

The boy was feeling so utterly miserable in the firm grasp of his relentless antagonist, that he could scarcely open his eyes to see who it was that was going to assist him in overcoming his enemy.

All at once, with a whack, another member of the ship's company landed upon his shoulders. "What, what?" gasped the lad as he felt the pain, "this is no way to help a poor fellow. But may be you mistake my lack for that of this villain Sea-sick."

"Not a bit of it, my lad," was the reply, in a sharp, squeaky voice. "My name is Ropes-end, and most always I am obliged to help young chaps like you in mastering our disagreeable companion here."

This time Ropes-end, who was a little every body, wound himself about Reuben's limbs, and, wherever he touched the novice, it caused great welts to rise upon his tender flesh, producing extreme agony.

The farmer's son, however, was not wholly destitute of courage, and, strongly resenting the assistance of Ropes-end, he staggered to his feet, and, grasping his first persecutor in a strong clutch, he began slowly to overpower him.

"I am conquered! I am conquered!" called Sea-sick. "Now throw me overboard and I shall never trouble you again. Fear not of committing murder, for I shall be all right soon, and be ready to visit the next ship that leaves port."

Thus encouraged and feeling his strength gradually returning, as the grasp of his foe weakened, Reuben lifted his persecutor to the rail of the vessel and threw him bodily into the ocean. As he did so, Ropes-end again embraced his limbs and he heard the gruff voice of the boatswain exclaim: "Well done, my jolly mariner, well done. We'll soon make a sailor of you."

"Oh, I wish I were home again," groaned Reuben. "Tut, tut," rejoined the weatherbeaten son of Neptune. "The voyage is scarcely begun yet. You've only met two of the crew. Come forward, and I'll introduce you to some of the rest of your shipmates."

Reuben staggered after the burly boatswain, and at nearly every step the frisky little Ropes-end renewed his antics. "I wish you'd send that fellow away," said the boy, "he hurts me."

"Oh, you'll soon get used to him, for he is one of those chaps that, as they say on board a vessel, 'is in everybody's mess and nobody's watch!'"

Just then the man stopped and opened the door of a large closet, or as he called it, locker. "Come out here, Slush-bucket I want you," and obeying the order a curious little chap presented himself.

His body much resembled a paint-key which he tottered insecurely about on his pinching and attenuated legs. "Here you are, embrace your new shipmate," said the boatswain.

This sudden, Slush-bucket sprang up, wound his wiry arms about the boy's neck and pressed his greasy side closely to the youth's jacket. "Oh, what a vile smell," thought Reuben, and for a moment he imagined he detected the face of Sea-sick leering at him over the bulwarks.

"Now, then, my son, you and Slush-bucket, here, will be daily companions for some time, and you will have to make many trips aloft with him, so you'd better start at once. Put your hand into his mouth, he won't bite you, and when you get up to the royal-mast, rub your flipper, (meaning hand) on the after part of the 'stick.' Mind you don't get any on the forward portion."

"No, see that you do not," spoke up Ropes-end, "for if you leave any grease there I shall have to embrace you again when you come down on deck."

Then as though to hurry the bewildered lad upon his mission, the ever ready assistant of the boatswain tapped him none too gently on the shoulders, and Reuben climbed into the rigging. Slowly he worked his way up over the rat-lines, and when he came to the top he paused. The boy feared to crawl out over the landing and essayed to pass up through the lubber-hole.

do. Sailors have no right to be tired. Come aft here, you must learn how to steer, or you'll never become a captain."

The boy dragged his tired limbs toward the stern of the ship, where he saw a man turning a wheel back and forth, in what seemed to him, a most aimless sort of manner.

The helmsman pointed into the binacle where the compass was swinging, and said: "That chap there has got thirty-two points, each with a different name, and you must learn every one of them."

"Oh, I can never do that," faltered Reuben. "Yes, indeed you can," squeaked Ropes-end, who seemed to be ever at the boy's side, "and that too before you go to bed."

Now this was a difficult task for the youth, and he was obliged to request his shipmate at the wheel to repeat them to him over and over again.

But the man spoke so rapidly that had he been talking Choctaw, his words would have been fully as intelligible to the boy.

As the sun began to sink in its watery cradle, Reuben's thoughts for the hundredth time in that long, day flew homeward.

In his mind's eye he could see his two brothers driving the lowing cattle up from the pastures for the milking. His mother, he knew, was ready with her bright shining pans to set the cream, while his father, he fancied, was taking his way to Neighbor Griswold's mill, in search of his disobedient son, and the brown mare, with the two sacks of meal.

Tears filled his eyes, and chased each other rapidly down over his pallid cheeks. The boatswain, who happened along just at that moment, for a roander seemed a little touched at the evident distress of the lad, and as he really did not have a bad heart, he refrained from calling into requisition his invariable companion, Ropes-end.

He told Reuben that he might go to the galley and get something to eat, and then seek his bunk for a few hours. The youth was glad of this permission, and hastened in search of his supper, but, oh! what a meal. There was none of the sweet golden butter, light warm biscuit, and bits of cake that usually graced the table of the farmhouse.

Instead, he received a piece of fat salt pork and two crackers, so hard, that although his teeth were sharp and strong, they failed to make any impression upon them, and his little "run-away" crawled into his narrow bunk, tired, homesick and hungry.

Yet though very weary, he could not sleep, for the faces of his dear parents and brothers rose ever before him, while the smoke which circled up from the little oil lamp swinging in the forecastle almost suffocated him.

"Ah, if I were only home," he would groan, but not loud enough to be heard by any one who might be near.

Suddenly there was a great sensation on deck, then followed a loud, crashing noise, and Reuben felt something strike him as though a beam had fallen and the water rushed in upon his face.

With a shriek, for he thought the side of the vessel had been crushed in, and he was in danger of being thrown into the raging sea, the boy sprang to his feet, to find what?

I will tell you, dear reader. Reuben found himself beneath a chestnut tree, a branch of which had fallen and struck him while he slept!

Then he realized that a terrific storm was raging, and that the noise of a collision, was a heavy burst of thunder, while the waters of the ocean, which had dashed into his face, proved to be naught but the large rain drops, which were falling from a black cloud that was hurrying across the sky.

Bewildered and dazed, the boy looked around. "Is it possible," he exclaimed, "that I am not on board of a ship? Oh, how thankful I am!"

Quickly picking up his bundle, Reuben sprang down into the road, and, disregarding the forbidding aspect of the elements, he hurried away from the place where he had slept. This time, however, his face was not turned toward the sea, but his rapid footsteps were taking him in the direction of Neighbor Griswold.

When the lad reached the mill the sun was just disappearing behind the trees to the westward. The old mare was found where she had been tethered, with the meal already upon her back. The young adventurer did not tarry to answer any questions of the miller, but pushed on for home.

As he arrived, he found his father just starting out in search of him. "Where have you been, my son?" asked the farmer anxiously. "I have been a long way beyond the mill, father, while Neighbor Griswold was grinding the corn."

"Oh, Reuben, when will you learn to obey the dictates of your conscience, which must tell you when you are doing wrong!" "I have this day received a lesson, father, which I shall never forget, and from this time forward you shall not have occasion to reprimand me," answered the boy soberly.

Demosthenes. This gentleman was one of the greatest lecturers and stump speakers of ancient Greece. He was born 385 years B. C. He was left an orphan at an early age, and his guardians, as usual in such cases, endeavored to clothe with the wealth his father left. Demosthenes was told of their scheme, and so great an orator was he even then, that he talked them out of it. They gave back the plunder. He was a scholar of Plato, and it was no play to be under that old master.

Demosthenes was of rather eccentric character. Getting disgusted with the open manner in which they built their roofs in Greece at that time, he moved into a cave and lived there for some time, pondering on the condition of the country, and the tariff question. He finally gave up cave dwelling, after he had caught rheumatism, and went back to public life, filling at one time and another all the offices from pound-master to alderman.

When Greece got into a war with Philip of Macedonia, Demosthenes was one of the first to call out "sic em," being the Latin for "pitch in, boys." He orated profusely in his inimitable way and worked up considerable enthusiasm among the other fellows. He joined the army, but at the very first battle he broke ranks and cut for home so fast that you could have played cards on the tail of his toga. When it came to the sticking point his hand gave out. His folks tried him again, and sent him to call on Alexander the Great; but hearing that Alex. was suffering with dyspepsia, he got scared and ran away again. After this he did not amount to much, and finally killed himself drinking a schooner of poison.

When Greece got into a war with Philip of Macedonia, Demosthenes was one of the first to call out "sic em," being the Latin for "pitch in, boys." He orated profusely in his inimitable way and worked up considerable enthusiasm among the other fellows. He joined the army, but at the very first battle he broke ranks and cut for home so fast that you could have played cards on the tail of his toga. When it came to the sticking point his hand gave out. His folks tried him again, and sent him to call on Alexander the Great; but hearing that Alex. was suffering with dyspepsia, he got scared and ran away again. After this he did not amount to much, and finally killed himself drinking a schooner of poison.

When Greece got into a war with Philip of Macedonia, Demosthenes was one of the first to call out "sic em," being the Latin for "pitch in, boys." He orated profusely in his inimitable way and worked up considerable enthusiasm among the other fellows. He joined the army, but at the very first battle he broke ranks and cut for home so fast that you could have played cards on the tail of his toga. When it came to the sticking point his hand gave out. His folks tried him again, and sent him to call on Alexander the Great; but hearing that Alex. was suffering with dyspepsia, he got scared and ran away again. After this he did not amount to much, and finally killed himself drinking a schooner of poison.

When Greece got into a war with Philip of Macedonia, Demosthenes was one of the first to call out "sic em," being the Latin for "pitch in, boys." He orated profusely in his inimitable way and worked up considerable enthusiasm among the other fellows. He joined the army, but at the very first battle he broke ranks and cut for home so fast that you could have played cards on the tail of his toga. When it came to the sticking point his hand gave out. His folks tried him again, and sent him to call on Alexander the Great; but hearing that Alex. was suffering with dyspepsia, he got scared and ran away again. After this he did not amount to much, and finally killed himself drinking a schooner of poison.

When Greece got into a war with Philip of Macedonia, Demosthenes was one of the first to call out "sic em," being the Latin for "pitch in, boys." He orated profusely in his inimitable way and worked up considerable enthusiasm among the other fellows. He joined the army, but at the very first battle he broke ranks and cut for home so fast that you could have played cards on the tail of his toga. When it came to the sticking point his hand gave out. His folks tried him again, and sent him to call on Alexander the Great; but hearing that Alex. was suffering with dyspepsia, he got scared and ran away again. After this he did not amount to much, and finally killed himself drinking a schooner of poison.

When Greece got into a war with Philip of Macedonia, Demosthenes was one of the first to call out "sic em," being the Latin for "pitch in, boys." He orated profusely in his inimitable way and worked up considerable enthusiasm among the other fellows. He joined the army, but at the very first battle he broke ranks and cut for home so fast that you could have played cards on the tail of his toga. When it came to the sticking point his hand gave out. His folks tried him again, and sent him to call on Alexander the Great; but hearing that Alex. was suffering with dyspepsia, he got scared and ran away again. After this he did not amount to much, and finally killed himself drinking a schooner of poison.

When Greece got into a war with Philip of Macedonia, Demosthenes was one of the first to call out "sic em," being the Latin for "pitch in, boys." He orated profusely in his inimitable way and worked up considerable enthusiasm among the other fellows. He joined the army, but at the very first battle he broke ranks and cut for home so fast that you could have played cards on the tail of his toga. When it came to the sticking point his hand gave out. His folks tried him again, and sent him to call on Alexander the Great; but hearing that Alex. was suffering with dyspepsia, he got scared and ran away again. After this he did not amount to much, and finally killed himself drinking a schooner of poison.

When Greece got into a war with Philip of Macedonia, Demosthenes was one of the first to call out "sic em," being the Latin for "pitch in, boys." He orated profusely in his inimitable way and worked up considerable enthusiasm among the other fellows. He joined the army, but at the very first battle he broke ranks and cut for home so fast that you could have played cards on the tail of his toga. When it came to the sticking point his hand gave out. His folks tried him again, and sent him to call on Alexander the Great; but hearing that Alex. was suffering with dyspepsia, he got scared and ran away again. After this he did not amount to much, and finally killed himself drinking a schooner of poison.

When Greece got into a war with Philip of Macedonia, Demosthenes was one of the first to call out "sic em," being the Latin for "pitch in, boys." He orated profusely in his inimitable way and worked up considerable enthusiasm among the other fellows. He joined the army, but at the very first battle he broke ranks and cut for home so fast that you could have played cards on the tail of his toga. When it came to the sticking point his hand gave out. His folks tried him again, and sent him to call on Alexander the Great; but hearing that Alex. was suffering with dyspepsia, he got scared and ran away again. After this he did not amount to much, and finally killed himself drinking a schooner of poison.

When Greece got into a war with Philip of Macedonia, Demosthenes was one of the first to call out "sic em," being the Latin for "pitch in, boys." He orated profusely in his inimitable way and worked up considerable enthusiasm among the other fellows. He joined the army, but at the very first battle he broke ranks and cut for home so fast that you could have played cards on the tail of his toga. When it came to the sticking point his hand gave out. His folks tried him again, and sent him to call on Alexander the Great; but hearing that Alex. was suffering with dyspepsia, he got scared and ran away again. After this he did not amount to much, and finally killed himself drinking a schooner of poison.

When Greece got into a war with Philip of Macedonia, Demosthenes was one of the first to call out "sic em," being the Latin for "pitch in, boys." He orated profusely in his inimitable way and worked up considerable enthusiasm among the other fellows. He joined the army, but at the very first battle he broke ranks and cut for home so fast that you could have played cards on the tail of his toga. When it came to the sticking point his hand gave out. His folks tried him again, and sent him to call on Alexander the Great; but hearing that Alex. was suffering with dyspepsia, he got scared and ran away again. After this he did not amount to much, and finally killed himself drinking a schooner of poison.

When Greece got into a war with Philip of Macedonia, Demosthenes was one of the first to call out "sic em," being the Latin for "pitch in, boys." He orated profusely in his inimitable way and worked up considerable enthusiasm among the other fellows. He joined the army, but at the very first battle he broke ranks and cut for home so fast that you could have played cards on the tail of his toga. When it came to the sticking point his hand gave out. His folks tried him again, and sent him to call on Alexander the Great; but hearing that Alex. was suffering with dyspepsia, he got scared and ran away again. After this he did not amount to much, and finally killed himself drinking a schooner of poison.

When Greece got into a war with Philip of Macedonia, Demosthenes was one of the first to call out "sic em," being the Latin for "pitch in, boys." He orated profusely in his inimitable way and worked up considerable enthusiasm among the other fellows. He joined the army, but at the very first battle he broke ranks and cut for home so fast that you could have played cards on the tail of his toga. When it came to the sticking point his hand gave out. His folks tried him again, and sent him to call on Alexander the Great; but hearing that Alex. was suffering with dyspepsia, he got scared and ran away again. After this he did not amount to much, and finally killed himself drinking a schooner of poison.

When Greece got into a war with Philip of Macedonia, Demosthenes was one of the first to call out "sic em," being the Latin for "pitch in, boys." He orated profusely in his inimitable way and worked up considerable enthusiasm among the other fellows. He joined the army, but at the very first battle he broke ranks and cut for home so fast that you could have played cards on the tail of his toga. When it came to the sticking point his hand gave out. His folks tried him again, and sent him to call on Alexander the Great; but hearing that Alex. was suffering with dyspepsia, he got scared and ran away again. After this he did not amount to much, and finally killed himself drinking a schooner of poison.

When Greece got into a war with Philip of Macedonia, Demosthenes was one of the first to call out "sic em," being the Latin for "pitch in, boys." He orated profusely in his inimitable way and worked up considerable enthusiasm among the other fellows. He joined the army, but at the very first battle he broke ranks and cut for home so fast that you could have played cards on the tail of his toga. When it came to the sticking point his hand gave out. His folks tried him again, and sent him to call on Alexander the Great; but hearing that Alex. was suffering with dyspepsia, he got scared and ran away again. After this he did not amount to much, and finally killed himself drinking a schooner of poison.

When Greece got into a war with Philip of Macedonia, Demosthenes was one of the first to call out "sic em," being the Latin for "pitch in, boys." He orated profusely in his inimitable way and worked up considerable enthusiasm among the other fellows. He joined the army, but at the very first battle he broke ranks and cut for home so fast that you could have played cards on the tail of his toga. When it came to the sticking point his hand gave out. His folks tried him again, and sent him to call on Alexander the Great; but hearing that Alex. was suffering with dyspepsia, he got scared and ran away again. After this he did not amount to much, and finally killed himself drinking a schooner of poison.

When Greece got into a war with Philip of Macedonia, Demosthenes was one of the first to call out "sic em," being the Latin for "pitch in, boys." He orated profusely in his inimitable way and worked up considerable enthusiasm among the other fellows. He joined the army, but at the very first battle he broke ranks and cut for home so fast that you could have played cards on the tail of his toga. When it came to the sticking point his hand gave out. His folks tried him again, and sent him to call on Alexander the Great; but hearing that Alex. was suffering with dyspepsia, he got scared and ran away again. After this he did not amount to much, and finally killed himself drinking a schooner of poison.

When Greece got into a war with Philip of Macedonia, Demosthenes was one of the first to call out "sic em," being the Latin for "pitch in, boys." He orated profusely in his inimitable way and worked up considerable enthusiasm among the other fellows. He joined the army, but at the very first battle he broke ranks and cut for home so fast that you could have played cards on the tail of his toga. When it came to the sticking point his hand gave out. His folks tried him again, and sent him to call on Alexander the Great; but hearing that Alex. was suffering with dyspepsia, he got scared and ran away again. After this he did not amount to much, and finally killed himself drinking a schooner of poison.

When Greece got into a war with Philip of Macedonia, Demosthenes was one of the first to call out "sic em," being the Latin for "pitch in, boys." He orated profusely in his inimitable way and worked up considerable enthusiasm among the other fellows. He joined the army, but at the very first battle he broke ranks and cut for home so fast that you could have played cards on the tail of his toga. When it came to the sticking point his hand gave out. His folks tried him again, and sent him to call on Alexander the Great; but hearing that Alex. was suffering with dyspepsia, he got scared and ran away again. After this he did not amount to much, and finally killed himself drinking a schooner of poison.

When Greece got into a war with Philip of Macedonia, Demosthenes was one of the first to call out "sic em," being the Latin for "pitch in, boys." He orated profusely in his inimitable way and worked up considerable enthusiasm among the other fellows. He joined the army, but at the very first battle he broke ranks and cut for home so fast that you could have played cards on the tail of his toga. When it came to the sticking point his hand gave out. His folks tried him again, and sent him to call on Alexander the Great; but hearing that Alex. was suffering with dyspepsia, he got scared and ran away again. After this he did not amount to much, and finally killed himself drinking a schooner of poison.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children. Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me. H. A. Jackson, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

HUMPHREYS' A GREAT BARGAIN! 327 ACRES WILL BE SOLD AT A GREAT SACRIFICE!

A VALUABLE PLANTATION situated on the South side of the Neuse river, three and a-half miles from the City of New Berne, N. C. One hundred and twenty-five acres cleared.

P. TRENWITH, Opp. Hotel Albert, NEW BERNE, N. C.

JOE K. WILLIS, PROPRIETOR OF Eastern North Carolina Marble Works

L. S. WOOD, Formerly 18 years with Geo. Allen & Co. DEALER IN General Hardware, Harness, Saddles, Brides and Whips.

C-U-T-L-E-R-Y. FARMING IMPLEMENTS, Pellock Street, next to National Bank, NEW BERNE, N. C.

H. L. GIBBS, ATTORNEY - AT - LAW, Craven St., next to Journal Office, NEW BERNE, N. C.

J. B. BROWN, BARBER SHOP. Newly fitted up in the best of style. Bath rooms with hot and cold water. BRICK BLOCK, MIDDLE ST.

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

DRUNKENNESS LIQUOR HABIT. THE ONLY CURE. B. N. DUFFY, druggist, New Berne, N. C.

JOHN SUTER, GEO. HENDERSON. General Insurance Agent, Representing Insurance Company of North America, of Philadelphia.

NEW BERNE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE. An Educational Institution for EASTERN NORTH CAROLINA. MALE AND FEMALE. ESTABLISHED 1859.

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER. All Styles of Boots and Shoes made to order and on short notice.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY. N. ARPEN, GRAVEN ST., opposite Journal Office.

K. R. JONES, HEAVY AND LIGHT GROCERIES. Lorrillard and Gail & Az. Saut.

VERILL PAINT. OUTWEARS ALL OTHERS. This is the best and most economical paint.

Dry Goods & Notions. Full Stock and Large Assortment. Prices as low as the Lowest. Call and Examine my Stock.

G. T. ADAMS, A. B., (Trinity College), PRINCIPAL, July 1st 1891.