THE WEEKLY JOURNAL is published THE WEEKLY JOURNAL is present the present of the per anam. Notices of Marriages or Deaths not to exceed ten lines will be inserted free. All additional matter will be charged 5 cts. per line. The per line of the per line of the per line of the per line of the per line. be made in advance. Regular advertise-ments will be collected promptly at the end

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of each month.

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

Any person teeling aggrieve, 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.

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

Of the 1,200,600 inhabiting Chicago less than two and a half per cent. are owners of real estate.

Young men who run to the writing of love-letters will be interested to learn that a collection of such missives left by Goethe has been appraised at \$37,500

Gutta percha has become so scarce that there is not enough for the insulation of submarine cables, and either fresh sources of supply or a substitute for it must be discovered.

Atlanta's effort to discourage eigarette-smoking has not resulted in the way anticipated. Not long ago the City Council imposed a special tax of \$200 on this form of tobacco, but instead of a decrease in the sale, the Constitution says, it has caused an increase of ten per cent. The old theory that forbidden fruit is aweetest is suggested by the New York Post as the explanation of the paradox.

The Emperor William's remarks about volunteers, "tradesmen masquerading as soldiers," might be considerably modified, hazards the Indianapolis News, by a careful reading of American history, "In every crisis our nation has been defended by the volunteer soldiers drawn from the ranks of civil life. There is no record of greater heroism, more faithful service or persistent courage than were displayed by these volunteers."

Death has made havoc among the gen eral officers of all grades that serve l in the Confederate armies. Of the total number-498-only 184 are now living. In a complete list published by the Dallas (Texas) Neces, Gustave P. T. Beauregard is the only General surviv. house, ing, and Edmund Kirby Suith the only General with temporary rank. There are eight Lieutenant-Generals and thirty-three Major-Generals still living; the other survivors are Brigadier-Generals.

A large steel vesset has recently been built in Norway, among whose fittings is a patent oil distributer, by which oil can be thrown on the waves during severe storms. Within the vessel there is an iron reservoir, from which a pipe extends alongside of the vessel near the school regularly. They went when their vester line and as close to the how as clothes were new; and when these garwater-line, and as close to the bow as possible. A valve in the pipe, close to the reservoir, regulates the distribution of the oil. This is probably the first case in which provision for throwing oil upon the waves has been made from the first designing and building of a vessel.

A hotel seven stories high topped with a 533-feet tower to stand on Stony Island avenue opposite the World's Fair Grounds is one of the latest projects of Chicago enterprise. The hotel itself will be built of structural steel and faced with brick and stone. The tower, which will be built of structural steel exclusively, will be divided into four sections and surmounted by a huge glass globe illuminated at night by electricity. At each section there will be balconies; some of them will be enclosed in glass, while others will be separated from the surrounding space by iron railings. There will be a full service of elevators; two sets will, however, run only to the first section, where there will be a restaurant and comfortable seats. The cost of the hotel and tower is estimated at nearly a million dollars.

A Royal Commission has been constituted to represent the British Government at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893, consisting of the Council of the Society of Arts, of which the Prince of Wales is president. Upon this Commission, says the Epoch, are several men, including Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen and Mr. James Dredge, who have had large experience in dealing with expositions. The British government has granted \$125,000 for the mere official expenses of representation at Chicago, and there is every reason to believe that liberal provision will be made by exhibitors for presenting a creditable array of the products of the skill and industry of the United Kingdom. An evidence of growing interest is afforded by the London Times, which conspicuously represents the commercial class, in recommending efforts for a liberal display. The programme for the commemorative and dedicatory ceremonies at Chicago, in October, 1892, has been already outlined. These proceedings, which will elebrate the event of the discovery of America by Columbus, will, of course, code the actual opening of the Expo-

My love is far away from me to night, Oh spirits of sweet peace, kind destinies, Watch over her, and breathe upon he

Keep near to her in every hurt's despite That no rude care or noisome dream affright So let her rest, so let her sink to sleep, As little clouds that breast the sunse

Merge and me't out into the golden light. My love is far away, and I am grown A very child, oppressed with form'ess

Some shadowy sadness with a name un known

Haunts the chill twilight, and these silent Seem with vague fears and dim regrets

Louesome and strange and empty without -Archibald Lampman, in Scribner.

PEG.

It was not a "pitch dark" night, though there was neither moon nor stars. The road lay white and glimmering, as roads will lie even on such nights. Perhaps the moon was somewhere behind the clouds.

Peg, the toll-keeper at the gate, had often seen the pike appear just so; and so had Jim Wagner, plodding along the

One might keep safely along, or might instead, by accident or a sudden tightening of the rein, turn square down the Silver Thread, thinking it was the

pike-especially if one were dreaming. But Jim had passed the Silver Thread safely. In soothing tones he was beseeching Black Fan to "go it keerful and not to clank her hoofs, as ef she couldn't make enough noise.

For answer, Black Fan in a senseless and provoking manner clanked her hoofs louder than before, and lifted her head and whinnied.

There was no light in the toll-house r sound of life about the place; everything was quiet and dark as it should be at almost twelve o'clock at night. But as Black Fan clanked her hoofs almost in front of the little porch, the door of the house flew open and Peg came out to take the toll.

It was the rule of the pike that, after nine o'clock at night, the gate could be left untended, or the keeper, if she choose, might keep for herself the few coppers that came.

I b'lieve she'd set up watchin' for fefter till mornin'," grumbled Jim, as Back Fan rattled on toward home. "She's the stinglest woman in these

Bill Walsh, Peg's husband, had his blacksmith shop close by the toll-gate. If, ten years before, he had not gone to the Eastern Shore and brought back the chills and fever, he would have got on well enough. But the chills and fever and the blacksmith trade were never meant to go together.

"He'll set an I shake day after day, mebbe for weeks at a time, and then not be over it," said Josh Bernet, explaining this curious disease to a neighbor; "an' his face about the color of them there

There were four children at the toll-

One was a little girl who had a way of leaning out at the garret window and shaking her fist at people who, she imagined, were planning to keep her mother waiting after dark. She was such a very pretty little girl that people only laughed when they saw her shaking

There were the two boys who went to school whenever they were sent; and then the bad little boy who generally sat on the porch in fine weather, wearing his Sunday shoes every day. He was his

None of Peg's children were sent to ments were old, faded and patched, the children stayed at home. For Peg was proud. Her neighbors

were aware of it, and shunned her accordingly. Poverty was, in their minds, something sent by the Lord, and nothing to be ashamed of. Sickness was a trial sent from heaven; but pride was a crime which they could not forgive.

Peg did not love her neighbors any more than they loved her. Perhaps there was a little jealousy intermixed with the feeling she bore them. Most of them were not nearly so poor as she. Some were farmers, with well-cultivated acres. There were Mr. Jones, the drover, and Mr. Ed Coon, who had set up a rival blacksmith shop on the other side of the creek, and got plenty of work.

Ef Bill warn't sickly, we might hev house like his'n," Peg had often thought, as she sat alone in the dark with a bitter feeling creeping about her

If Peg and sent the children to school in old clothes as well as new; if she had allowed Bill to buy on credit just a bit down at the store, to show he could be trusted; if she had sometimes let people slip through the gate in the evening without paying the coppers that made the pike no richer; and above all, if it hadn't been reported that she'd said, "if her or any o' hern was sick, she didn't want 'em to come with their custards and their gelatine," things might have been differ-

When Bill found her, during his otherwise unhappy sojourn on the Eastern Shore, he saw, under her tilted-back sunbonnet, the biggest of black eyes, the reddest of cheeks, and the daintiest of dark brown curts. Bill had bragged about "up our way" until it had seemed to her imagination a paradise; and she had come back with him, his wife.

But "up our way" Bill had seen her harden until the black eyes had no laughter in them; had seen the red cheeks deeper dyed with anger and indignation and jealousy; had seen her grow into a sharp, quick, grasping little woman, whom the Turnpike Company

was glad to have at the toll-gate. "Ef Bill warn't sickly, we might buy conder corner of John Lawrence's field and build a house with red trimmin's,' ran Peg's thoughts again. "I reckon like as not some other body'll be along and snap it up before our eyes, and Bill not a-keerin' a pin. Ef them Browns buys the lot and puts up their fancy buildin's on 't, I'm a-goin' to leave. The shop won't be much trouble for to carry

away. Then she started up and said "Oh!" and clasped her bands together and laughed, as she might have done when she was down on the "Easte'n Sho'."
She tiptoed softly out through the narrow passageway and up the steep little steps to where the bad little boy by

She was down on the "Easte'n Sho'."

"They must, they must, they must, they must, "said poor Peg, under her breath.

She went to the window and glanced

saleep in his Sunday shoes; for he would quickly down the road in the gathering not take them off for all his mother's dusk.

She knelt beside him, and began to untie the strings. She had torgotten that she felt "sick and tired and most worn-Her black eyes were laughing still, as she stooped over and kissed her

But when she kissed him, the laughter died out of her eyes, and there came an anxious look instead. She put her little, hard brown hand on his forehead, and then on his cheek, and then on his chubby wrist; and as she listened to the irregular breathing, John Wynn drove past, and wriggled with delight to think that he had cheated the toll for the second time.

The drivers were not kept waiting the next day. Dan Toomey's fast mare was obliged to pause an instant. John Wynn tried it again, was trapped; but Peg's pet did not sit on the doorstep that sunny Tuesday and swing his Sabbath shod feet as if there were nothing in the world

"Has Waish's children stopped a-goin to school altogether?' inquire 1 Mrs.
Coon, as Mary and Belle came bouncing Why, the in with their satchels.

"Some 'n's sick, I s'pose," said Belle; "I teen the doctor's horse tied to the tree a pawin' like he'd been there a long

" 'Hum! Now I wonder if custards and gelatines wouldn't come into account!" said the rival blacksmith's wi'e, with a shrug of her shoulders.

"They's sick at the toll-gate." The news spread swiftly. "Down with the measels or sometain"." Very soon the word came, "They's down with the scarlet fever!" Then Mrs. Coon forgot and forgave,

and sent Mary over with a dish of jelly, covered with her finest napkin; but the napkin and the dish both returned with Mary, and the jelly, too.
A little white coffin was carried out

from the toll-house one day, and old Mrs. Lisle fell to crying and sobbing as the burden was carried past the store. "An never so much as a cracker," she moaned, 'an' no milk nor nothin'!" "The proodest woman in these parts,"

cried Josh Bernet, thrusting his hands deepento his trouser's pockets, and vehemently pacing the floor. "By George!" exclaimed Colonel **Bill

Green, puffing and blowing. Walsh is down himself; taken in the night, and raving like a loon. I say something must be done." There was a light in the toll-house now; it seemed as if it had been there a

long time-a steady, mellow light, that fell across the road and lost itself in the grassy field. But the door flew open as usual when

came out for the toll. Thinking of the unhappiness and pov-

erty within, Will timidly held out a silver quarter. "Three cents." said Peg, sharply, and handed him back the change.

The humming-birds whizzed away suddenly from the great clustering honeysuckle at the end of Col. Green's front porch. They had dipped their bills undisturbed into the sweetness of its honey, though the Colonel's voice came big and blustering out through the open sittingroom window.

But this disturbance was more than a arms on the railing, with her head in her arms, and began to weep.

First she sobbed vehemently, as if she had been keeping back the tears and could do so no longer. Tuen she wept more softly, and at last stopped altodignantly why her grandfather and the set to work to do something instead. "If I were only a man," said Hetty Green, hopelessly, "I should think of some way.

She pressed her face deeper among the fresh leaves and sighed, thinking. Then she began to wonder what she would

think of if she really were a man. As she puzzled her brain she stool so silently that the birds came whizzing about again, only to be started off on another tour as she jumped up and ran

back into the house.

If they had remained and peeped in at the window, they might have seen Hetty performing an ecstatic dance across the sitting-room floor to where the worn-out Colonel rested in his leather chair. They might have seen her fling herself upon the arm, and whisper in the Colonel's car exactly what he and all the other people must go and do.

But the birds must have been sorely puzzled, for why should a whisper from girl who was always whispering make such an impression upon a gray-haired, sensible man like the Colonel?

He did not wait until she was done whispering before he was tapping his feet on the floor and nodding his head, and exclaiming, "By George!" in approval. Whether or not she was really done they could not have known, for the Colonel suddenly put on his hat and left the room.

All around the country for miles and miles drove Hetty's grandfather, the Colonel, pausing for an instant at every house on the way, rushing in and out of Dillton's livery stable, and exclaiming

and gesticulating to every man he met. When Colonel Green reached home that night he was really for bel; but he did not go to it. He ate his supper in a desperate hurry, and ordered out his tired horse.

outrageous thing. Bill Walsh, as everybody knew, was down with the scarlet fever, and three chiffiren lying ill in the next room; but these two young fellows drove through without paying, right under Peg's nose.

She did not call angrily at them, as she would have done a week before. She turned about in the doorway and put her hands over her face.

Some one upstairs tossed and mouned, and a child's voice screamed for water. She let her hands fall, and ran up as fast as she could.

The beautiful day had been good to her sick ones, but what had it brought to her? What had the doctor been saying? That the invalids positively must have beef tea and chickens, grapes and oranges.

Peg clenched her little hard fists and pressed her lips tightly together. Beef tea and chickens, grapes and oranges!
It was not that they ought to have these things-not that it would be well for them to have them, but that they

No one was coming, hat to Peg's excited fancy there was some one hurrying along, this way and that way, up and down and around

It was the beauty of Peach Blow-that little village down on the Eastern Shore -begging, "up our way." Not for bread; that any one who is hungry may beg for; but for beef tea and chickens, grapes and oranges!

A singular sick and giddy feeling came over her. She knew she must do this. God had punished her sin of pride,

"I must, I must!" muttered Peg. Then she darted down the stairs, quick as a flash, and stood at the gate waiting for

her own and the Company's money.

John Wagner cried out: "We're caught," and W:ll shouted: "R in it fast!" but it was no use. Peg took the money-hers and the Company's.

The old clock inside the door struck

What was that down the dim roadway? Another burgy. She stood and waited for her money

Why, there was a double team coming, and another! Was there a party somewhere? She had not heard.

One after another carrages came pouring in, the one-horse wagons, two-horse wagons, six-horse teams and eight-horse teams; there were little limping ponies, whose trotting day had long been over, and carts and sulkies and horsemen, and mules, donkeys and goats.

Pe; dropped her money from her hand to her apron, and stood there holding it up. The lamps from a livery stable carriage threw their light upon her face, showing the great, wondering black eyes and the kinks of the brown hair. Some laughed softly as they jingled the toll into the apron; some reproached her for sitting up so late to catch a party; some declared vehemently that they

weren't going to pay at this time in the night, but they paid just the same. One voice-an old man's-near the end of the cavaleade cried out triumphantly, "By George!" and the last of the train

passed through. "Did you catch 'em, Peg?" Thin and weak came the voice from

the bed, with just a tremor of humor in Pez looked at him. She could see that he was much better.

Peg held open her apron so that he might see that it was full. Then she went down on her knees beside the bal. "They done it a purpose, Bill!" she said, and could say no more. - Youth's

The Executive Officer of a Cruiser. The duty of First Lieutenaut aboard one of the big cruisers of the new navy is Will Smith's wagon drove up, and Peg acknowledged to be the hardest in the service. The officer Lnown as the First Lieutenant is the Las officer standing next in rank to the commanding officer of the ship. He is the chief of stall, the mouthpiece of the captain, and the exccutive officer. The First Lieutenant of such ships as the Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco and Charleston is a Lieutennat Commander. Aboard the Yorktown, Petrol and Bennington the First Lieutenant is a Lieutenant. Every detail in the ship's management must be perfectly familiar to the First Lieutenant, and where the crew numbers 400 or 500 men the duty often taxes him to the voice; it was a girl who came rushing to limit of endurance. The new ships the bench under the vine and threw her require constant alterations and shifting of fittings, all unknown aboard the old type of craft. This work devolves on

When all hands are called on deck the First Lieutenant takes the bridge and delivers the orders. The Captain of the gether, and fell to wondering a little in- vessel will at such times stand by his side, and if he has occasion to address rest of the people did not stop talking and his chief of staff will usually do so in an undertone. In time of action the First Lieutegant has immediate charge of the battery. All orders affecting the control of fire, the pointing and concentration, devolve on the First Lieutenant remains among the guns throughout the fight, only quitting them to assume command of the vessel, should his commanding officer be disabled. During the past few months endeavors have been made to secure the detail of an officer to each of the big cruisers to act as assistant to the First Lieutenant. The matter has been brought to the attention of the Secretary of the Navy, but has not

vet been acted upon .- St. Louis Globs-

the First Lieutenant

A Snake With Iwo Talls and No Head. "Talking about snake stories," remarked Mr. W. F. Dowden, "reminds me of a curious thing I once saw done in Dixie. Marmaduke's column of Confedcrates were marching through the pines away down in Arkansas one morning hunting for a locality where grub was not so distressingly scarce as it had become where we were camped. The Geaeral and his escort were riding at the head of the column. Looking down in the road I saw a peculiarly shaped snake and at a second glance I remarked: "General, here is a snake with two tails and no head." General Marmaduxe and several members of his staff stopped their horses to get a better view of his snakeship. Upon close examination it was seen that what appeared to be one snake was really parts of two. That they were about the same size and one had partially swallowed the other-had swallowed it too far to disgorge before discovering that it was a physical impossibility to swallow it entirely. "This is a true story," continued Mr. Dowden, "and I o'ten think of the peculiar appearance John Wagner and Will Smith did an of the thing."—Marshall (Mo.) Democrat-

A Javenile Confidence Game.

This is how a Chicago boy works it, ccording to the Chicago Mail: The wind was blowing stiffly and the

bridge at Dearborn street was open. "Look out for your hat, my boy! shouted an old gentleman of portly appearance, but he was too late. hat-a battered straw-rolled into the river. The boy began crying and dug bis knuckles into his eyes.

"Well, young man, you'll have to buy another hat now." "Ain't g-g-got authin' ter buy with," snuffled the youngster,
"That's too bad. Here's a dollar for

Twenty minutes later I was at Clark

street bridge.
"Catch that hat, please, mister!" and as the old worn-out head-covering floated into the river a small, baseheaded boy sank down on the pavement, sobbing violently Three men's hands went into their pockets and three sliver quarters gravitated toward the small boy. I peered into his face. It was the same

The following, which appeared in a Detroit paper, is one of the most touching incidents to be met with.

There is a family in this city who are

dependent upon a little child for the present sunshine of themselves. A few weeks ago the young wife and mother was stricken down to die. It was so sudden, so dreadful, when the grave family physician called them together in the parior, and in his solemn proessional way intimated to them the truth,-there was no help.

Then came the question among them who would tell her. Not the doctor! It would be cruel to let the man of science go to their dear one on such an errand. Not the aged mother who was to be left chi'dless and alone. young husband who was walking the floor with eleuched hands and rebellious heart. Not,—there was only one other, and at this moment he looked up from the book he had been playing with, unnoticed by them all, and asked gravely,-

"Is mamma doin' to die?" Then, without waiting for an answer, he sped from the room and upstairs as fast as the little feet would carry him. Friends and neighbors were watching by the sick woman. They wonderingly noticed the pale face of the child as he climbed on the bed and laid his small hand on his mother's pillow.
"Mamma," he asked, in sweet carres-

sing tones, "is you 'fraid to die?"

The mother looked at him with swift intelligence. Perhaps she had been thinking of this,

-told - you - Charley?" she asked faintly.

"Doctor, an' papa, an' gramma,—
everybody," he whispered. "Mamma, dear, 'ittle mamma, doan' be 'fraid to

die, 'il you?"
"No, Charlie," said the young mother, after one supreme pang of grief; "nc, mamma won't be afraid!" "Jus' shut your eyes in 'e dark, mamma, teep hold my hand,—an' when

you open 'em, mamma it 'll be all light When the family gathered awe-stricken at the bedside, Charlie he'd

up his little hand. "H-u-s-h! My mamma doin' to sleep. Her won't wake up here any more!"

And so it proved. There was no heart-re dering farewell, no agony of parting; for when the young mother oke she had passed beyond, and as baby Charlie said, -

"It was all light there."

Why do men always speak of their wives as their better halves? Simply because they half to.

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