

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT:

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THE JOURNAL.

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

During 1890 there were built in the United States 8500 churches.

There are more than twenty times as many Germans in England as there are Englishmen in Germany.

The International Prison Congress, recently in session in London, believes that the imposition of money penalties should be extended as a means of lessening crime.

The United States leads the world in the number and the extent of its libraries. The public libraries of all Europe put together contain about twenty-one million volumes, while those of this country contain about fifty millions.

The number of sheep in this country decreased from 44,336,072 to 43,431,136, between January 1, 1890, and January 1, 1891. Their average price on the 1st of January of the present year was \$2.51; total value, \$108,397,447.

At the recent convention of the agricultural colleges and experiment stations, it was told, learns the New York World, that thirteen states report that the control of the fertilizer interest has been placed upon their chemists; thirteen stations report that attention is devoted to the analysis of feeding stuffs; sixteen stations have devoted time to the analysis of butter and other dairy products, and one station reports that attention has been given to the question of establishing better standards for grading wheat.

The unjust protection which the Texas homestead law sometimes affords creditors is illustrated, affirms the New York Post, by the case of a cattleman who failed a short time ago in Austin. The creditors took possession of the property, subject to attachment. The man's family lives in a house for which they have been offered \$50,000. The price asked is \$75,000. This is made possible by the peculiar homestead exemption law of Texas.

The New York Post thinks that "partial explanation of why plenty of foreigners are found ready to man our ships of war, even if few Americans will accept such employment, may be found in the fact which is provided for its seamen by the Government. This is no doubt a great improvement over what many of the man-of-war's-men, drawn from the poorest classes of European countries, especially northern European countries, could have enjoyed at home.

THE TIDAL WAVE

When Doubts sweep like a tidal wave The ancient strand where Faith has trod, Then from the furthest ocean-ave Comes back a wondrous echo,—God!

Meg-Margaret-Maggie.

BY EVELYN HAYMOND.

"Yes, I guess we kin accommodate ye. Jest step in an' 'll ask mother. She'll tell us purty sudden."

"I had ter leave ye a purty consid'able of a spell. Mother, she had jest run in ter Jane's ter talk it over. It does allers upset her so. Jest's if 'twas a stranger."

"To make the waiting less tedious, or to gratify his own pride, the captain took from the red covered table in the centre of the room a 'Pilgrim's Progress,' whose leaves were bulged with loose papers not called for by the text.

"The captain stood stooping and looking over the visitor's shoulder with keenest interest, and, whatever he might have thought of the work, John Allen was not the man to disparage it to such adoring delight as shown in that weather beaten old face."

"The 're' all on 'em. Sophier took 'em, but Meg-Margaret gin her the machine. 'Purty, hain't they?'"

"But the entertaining host had taken another treasure from the dresser, and brought it—literally wrapped in fine linen—for the guest's inspection. The napkin covering had a scent of lavender, but the contents were, or seemed, unworthy so much care. The treasure proved to be the most sumptuous of summer novels; a book which, as critic for the Clarion, Allen had himself harshly reviewed. He marvelled to find it there and thus:

"Ah! 'A Sonnet Romance.' Have you read it?"

"Yes, Meg-Margaret's. Margaret Sudbury's own book, writ by her own hand." The information of which the captain had delivered himself was so weighty he was obliged to sit down.

"So 'mother' came in and found them. She had been prepared to say 'no' to any boarder's application, but the sight of one who could appreciate Margaret's book changed her decision at once, and she led the way to show the rooms with an alacrity which seemed to discredit the assertion that she was a person who required to 'talk things over' with anybody, even 'Jane.' She was the swiftest-motivated human Allen had ever seen.

Meg-Margaret laughed aloud.

"H'm! Like ter hear me, don't ye, my gal! What tunc is it?"

"There! Don't ye, Meg! Don't! I'm clean out o' breath!"

"'No-no—I won't. Mother—mother—'"

"'Mother'! You and I understand each other, popsey; and how would you like if I began to call you 'Captain Sudbury?'"

"'I'd whub ye!'" answered the old man, promptly.

"'And be just right. Give me a kiss, popsey. I am so glad to be at home. No, not that kind, you tobacco-chewing mortal—a 'Dutch' one. They don't smell.'" Catching him by his ear and his nose, Meg saluted her parent in the fashion designated. Irreverent as her words might be, there was evident good-fellowship between these two.

"'Mother' paused in her swift dishing up of the breakfast. 'Meg, father! I told ye 'twasn't becoming to call her that—now.'"

"'Mother's' only reply was to ring the bell, and Allen promptly appeared.

"'My darren, Meg,' said the captain, after his hearty good-morning."

"'Hello, Maggie!' cried another voice, as Sophia entered. She was a dress-maker and lived at Nantucket, but she had run down to welcome 'Maggie's' the sisters embraced, and then Sophia had the boarder presented to her. She instantly conceived the idea of making him a 'subject.' His costume was simple and becoming. It did not look as state-prisonary as some of Nantucket's summer guests. And he was real 'good-looking.' She meant to 'get off early Saturday and take him on the sly.'"

he should not be blamed. White Mountain flap-jacks are famous.

"Maggie, another plate of them, please. About twenty-four. Inevitably such pan-cakes!" said the other diner.

"Neither had John Allen. But twenty-four! That order would give a realistic flavor to the prospective column—and the journalist looked up. Though he didn't see the hungry guest. He saw, instead, a little figure in a print gown and white apron, moving away down the dining-room with an alert briskness native to only two people on this planet—'mother' and 'mother's' daughter. He rushed after the figure, and caught it before it vanished kitchenwards. The student-waitress stared, comprehended, and looked away."

"'Now, little girl, I've captured you! There'll be no more time lost. Meg—Margaret—Maggie, will you marry me?'"

"'No, sir.'"

"'Why not?'"

"'I—I don't—once I was a 'literate' woman.' You told me that you didn't like that kind."

"'I doat. But you were never literate.'"

"'I was. I wrote a book.'"

"'Yes, The 'Sonnet Romance.' Well, I punished you for that. I—no matter. You'll never write another.'"

"'You won't like.'"

WHAT A CHANCE FOR THE WIND!

A Connecticut Man with Yards and Tents of Whiteaker.



Henry C. Cook, a tailor of Norwich, Conn., has probably the longest beard of any man in the world. It is seven feet two or three inches long. Mr. Cook is a small, wiry, withered man, only about five feet six inches tall, as the tail of his beard, when he lets it fall in front of him, trails about two feet on the ground. He did not let the beard grow so long in order to excite curious attention, but was indifferent about it; or, as it chose to keep on growing, he just let it grow. It is now over thirty years old, a waterfall of dark, silky hair. What notoriety it has brought to him is very distasteful to Mr. Cook, who is one of the quietest, most retiring men in the world, never bothering his head about anything in public life. In his dark little store in this ancient

town he labors methodically in the old-time leisurely way for a certain line of old-fashioned customers, cronies of his, who are as taciturn and unobtrusive as himself. He has scissored and basted and sewed a snug little fortune for himself, and all the time the beard kept growing leisurely and unobtrusively. After the beard had become more than two feet long Mr. Cook tucked it inside his shirt, and it grew even faster in there. But it was so completely out of sight that even after it had become as long as it is in his most intimate friends never suspected that the ambitions but retiring beard was growing fame for its possessor.

Finally, one day about nine years ago the little tailor trotted up two long flights of stairs into the photograph rooms of his friend, Mr. Leighton, squared off before a camera, yanked a great wad of hair out of the bosom of his shirt, made a deft twist or two at it, and lo! a hirsute cascade flowed to his feet. Mr. Leighton was astonished, but he pulled the trigger and the camera did the rest. At the time the photograph was taken the beard was only 6 feet 6 inches; it has grown seven or eight inches since.

About this time Trumbull, of Adrian, Mich., was traveling with Barnum and posing as the longest bearded man on the planet, and he and the great showman heard of Mr. Cook soon afterward. The Michigan man audaciously presumed to match beards with Cook, sight unseen, but Barnum came straightway to Norwich and saw the tailor. It was apparent to him at once that Trumbull's beard reached to his knees; the tip of Cook's lay on the floor several inches beyond the toes of his polished shoes. Mr. Barnum thereupon offered Mr. Cook \$800 a week and expenses if he would go with him and just let his beard keep on growing where the world could look at it. Mr. Cook's wife might travel with him and the showman would pay her expenses also, but the offer was spurned by the tailor, who said he had no intention of being a curiosity for any sum of money.

Mr. Cook is between 60 and 70 years, has a sallow wrinkled, dark face, and it is not known that he ever was sick. His thick, luxuriant hair is as black as a crow's wing, and is as hardy as a wire thread in either his hair or his beard.

Place a silver dime in the center of your hand when fully opened, as shown in the illustration. Then ask your friend to take an ordinary clothes brush and brush it off your hand. He

must not shake your hand, but be satisfied to do as if brushing his coat. If he does this you will be safe in telling him if he brushes it off he can have the coin.

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