THE WEEKLY JOURNAL is published

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL is published every Thursday at \$1.50 per annum.

Rotices of Marriages or Deaths not to exceed ten lines will be inserted free. All additional matter will be charged 5 cts per line. Payments for transient advertisements must be made in advance. Regular advertisements will be collected promptly at the end 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 longer than half column must be paid for.

Any person feeling aggrieve, at any anonymous communication can obtain the name of the author by application at this office and

he author by application at this office and howing wherein the grievance exists.

## THE JOURNAL.

E. E. HARPER, - - Proprietor. C. T. HANCOCK, - Local Reporter. Entered at the Postoffice at New Berne.

During 1890 there were built in the

United States 8500 churches.

There are more than twenty times as stany 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 lessenlng crime.

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

The number of sheep in this country decreased from 41,336,072 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. Ohio had 4,061,897 sheep at that time, valued at \$13,189,386. Texas came next in sheep raising, with 4,990,-272 sheep, valued at \$7,601,682. Texas stands altogether ahead in the number of sheep raised. Their average price in Texas is \$1.52; in Ohio, \$3.25.

At the recent convention of the agricultural colleges and experiment stations, it was told, learns the New York World, that thirteen stati as report that the control of the feltilizer interest has been placed upon their chemists; thirtsen 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 homestead cannot be taken for debt. And the homestead is defined to be a piece of ground costing not more than \$5000 and whatever improvements there may be thereon. In this case the residence is the finest in the city where it is located. It is one of the finest in Texas. It cost more than \$50,000, but it is entirely out of reach of the creditors of the estate. It is therefore easy for a man in Texas to tie up a fortune in his homestead.

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 fare which is provided for its seamen by the Government. This is no doubt a great improvement over what many of the man-of-wars'-men, drawn from the poorest classes of European countries. especially northern European countries, could have enjoyed at home. The commissary of the Wnite Squa Iron provides beautiful rations compared with the traditional salt pork and hard-tack of sea living. The 2000 men attached to one or another of the boats which compose the White Squadron consumed an immense amount of fool waile at Bar Harbor recently, according to a scrutiny of the purveyor's accounts by some of the curious Maine Yankees. Each crew is diwided into messes of about fifty men each, and the following is the number on each ship: Chicago, 500 men, 22 messes; Boston, 300 men, 18 messes; Atlanta, 300 men, 18 messes; Newark, 300 men, 18 messes; Yorktown, 230 men, 9 messes; Vesuvius, 100 men, 2 messes; Cushing, 40 men, 1 mess. The meat and other provisions for the squidron are contracted for. For these gools the sailors are obliged to pay from the amount of money allowed for rations. The principal orders in the meat line are for beef, hams and bacon, and these, with the immense amount of groceries which are purchased, make a hig pile of goods to be delivered to the squadron. The officers generally give their orders separately. Nearly 1000 loaves of bread are used at every meal. The squadron has brought an immense count of money into the State, and has been quite a help to merchants in BanTHE TIDAL WAVE

When Doubts sween like a tidal wave The ancient strand where Faith has trod, Then from the furthest ocean-cave Comes back a wondrous echo, -God! -W. H. Hayne, in Youth's Companion,

Meg-Margaret-Maggie.

BY EVELYN RAYMOND. "Yes. I guess we kin accommodate ye.

Just step in an' I'll ask mother. She'll tell us purty suddeut.' John Allen followed the old cottager into the little parlor, and was there left

to enjoy the salt water flavor of its furnishings while his host went in pursuit of "mother." She was long in finding, and the visitor had counted for the third time the specimens of dried fishes, mosses, and sea weeds which adorned the chimney-piece, before the captain returned.

"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 stran-

The sailor sat down, facing the applicant for summer board, and regarded him with unblinking eyes, meanwhile rolling over and over in his cavernous mouth a monstrous piece of tobacco. To end this unpleasant spectacle,

Allen said: "I was told at the hotel that you were desirous of boarders, else I should not have intruded."

"An' they told ye right. But this mornin' come a letter from Meg-Marga-They may alter things, an' I guess mother didn't feel capable of decidin' till she' talked about it with Jane. Jane's our oldest. She's married an' got five.

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 book, open at the first picture, was laid across the guest's knees in a manner which indicated that all the unmounted amateur photographs with which the work was crowded would have

Allen shivered; but, civility compelling, he began to look at the "views, and had not gone far toward the end before he perceived that all were portraits of one person. He looked up, inquir-

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 if to such adoring delight as shown in that weather beaten old face. "The're hern, all on 'em.

took 'em, but Meg-Margaret gin her the machine. Purty, hain't they !" Exclamation rather than interrogation;

but the other replied, promptly: "Very pretty. The face, I mean."
"That's what I mean, tu. An' it does beat all ter see how quick she done it! Them was all took last summer, an' Sophier's primed ready fer another lot agin she comes down this year. She wrote this mornin', an' that's what upset mother. We wasn't expectia' of her till

seed her through the winder." "Sophier must be industrious, thought Allen. There was "Meg-Marin every conceivable position which civilized woman could assume. Margaret in bathing-suit and in evening dress; Margaret in a hammock, under a tree, under an umbrella, feeding chickens, fishing, on horse-back, reading, sewing, dancing, making bread, writingshades of George Eliot! Could any mortal female look like that when engaged in "literature?" Certainly she

But the entertaining host had taken brought it-literally wrapped in fine napkin covering had a scent of lavender, but the contents were, or seemed, unthe Clarion, Allen had himself harshly reviewed. He marveled to find it there

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

"No, I hain't read it. I hain't no taste that way. But mother has -mother has a dozen times, I guess. It's hern!"
"Hers?" asked Allen, feebly, nothing else occuring to him.

Meg-Margaret's. Margaret Sudbury's own book, writ by her own The information of which the hand. 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 in her face which forbade it. she led the way to show the rooms with an alacrity which seemed to discredit the door closed, each of the three left behind assertion that she was a person who required to "talk things over" with any body, even "Jane." She was the swift est-motioned human Allen had ever seen. Her presence in the parior had instantly imparted vivacity even to that graven image, her husband, for he got up, whistling, and put the "Sconset Romance" back into sacred, fragrant hiding.

Allen felt as if he had taken a tonic "Yes; I like the room, I like the price. When can I come?

"Righ off. Got much stuff?" "Only a valise and a typewriter." "She's got one o' them. Carries

everywhere she goes." Allen turned a groan into a smile; then he considered what it would be to have two machines clicking in one small cottage, and groaned again. Instantly he resolved never to use his while he remained at 'Sconset.

But "mother" had pricked up her "Be you sick? 'Cause if you be I

couldn't take ye. Margaret's comin' home ter rest. She needs it. Auybody needs it who has writ a book.' The boarder silently agreed with her. Especially such a book, and in such

poses as the photographs showed. When Allen awoke, the next morning, he heard somebody singing. Then the

"That's a lively tune, Meg-Margaret! An' ye look right peart. Glad ter get

home agin?" "Glad? Oh, popsey, I'm sick of liv-ing?" Then she dashed again into met-ody. The old father was also musical. Once he had led the choir in meeting. He never heard a new air without sam-pling it, and he at once attacked "Aunio Roomy." He his is fairly well, too.

Meg-Margaret laughed aloud

"H'm! Like ter hear me, don't ye, my ain fisp-jacks are famous. gal? What tune is it?"

"Oh! Allen laughed also, as he raised the green shade and opened the unshuttered window upon a girl in a yachting suit waltzing the old captain all about the

"There! Don't ye, Meg! Don't! I'm clean out o' breath! "You will have to dance till you

romise not to 'Margaret' me any more. It's absurd. Here when I come home to be just Meg. Will you ever do so

"No-no-I won't. Mother-mother

"Bother mother!' You and I understand each other, popsey; and how would you like if I began to call you 'Captain Sudbury?' I-I'd whip 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-s '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. Then she wheeled round and saw Allen

"Horrors!" she cried, and fled. But no further than the breakfast-room. "Mother, who is that creature in the

spare bedroom?" "He's a boarder I've took." "Oh, mother! And just as I was

coming home. I'm so sorry!" "Humph! I thought it would be livelier for ye. Then ye wouldn't go moonin' round on the sands after dew-

She'll be in bime-by."

To make the waiting less tedious, or to gratify his own pride, the captain who had followed his darling into the

"Mother" paused in her swift dishing up of the breakfast. " Meg.' father! I told ye 'twasn't becoming to call her "Mother, don't! Iil-luck take the

day I ever took up a pen-or a type-writer. I won't write a word all sum-"Mother's" only reply was to ring the

bell, and Allen promptly appeared.
"My darter, Meg;" said the captain, after his hearty good-morning.

"Margaret-Margaret Sudbury, the authoress," corrected "mother."

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

That was the beginning, but the end was not for some weeks. By promises exacted from the household, there was no "literary talk;" and Margaret did not discover what sort of creature was housed within her home. And it was all pretty plain sailing, both literally and figuratively. The captain attended to the lit-August; but-mother's a-comin' now. I eral part, and the young folks proceeded to fall in with "mother's" plan and "keep company." Only, to her credit be it said, she had had no lovering business in mind when she spoke those fateful words. But her husband had-very distinctly. So when "mother" said to him, "Don't ve think it's wrong ter throw them young things tergether so much?" he unblushingly replied, "No!"

"But ye know what gen'ally comes o' sech goin's on." "Yes. Mattermony."

"My stars! An' ye take it like

that?" "I'm a doin' it a pu'pose. I'm sick o' another treasure from the dresser, and havin' Meg-Margaret livin' away from to be stopped and brought back for relinen-for the guest's inspection. The as she is 'd orter have a husband; an' I mean ter get her one if I kin. An'. I must say, if I'd been in that young telworthy so much care. The treasure proved to be the most summery of summer novels; a book which, as critic for little craft 'n Mog? Clean-cut an' purty on the outside, an' big an' clean an' roomy ter heart. All she's earnin' money fer is ter make us comfortable in our old days; an' fer my part I'd ruther see her comfortable in her young ones. I'll get her a husband if I kin.'

Then the ancient mariner went out to craftily propose a sail by moonlight for the pair whose matrimonial interests he had so greatly at heart. He found them sitting facing one another on the two little settees of the back porch, spell-bound and dumb. They had each heard every

word, and neither had power to move. Margaret recovered first; and without look toward any one she arose and went into the house, past her mother, and up to her own room. No one spoke to her or attempted to stop her; there was that

Five minutes latter, when the cottage had the same thought: "She has gone to walk it off on the sands."

And one of the three, the youngest, concluded that he would go and walk it off with her. His chance would be poor enough, perhaps; but it was a chance he had long since decided to take, and delayed-because unspoken love is sweet. He did not find her. Nobody found her; but her trunk and her typewriter

went away by that evening's boat.

A year later, John Allen was again off for his vacation, but he carefully avoided Nantucket. He went to the mountains, there to rest and try to "forget." was graver and sterner than he had been a year before; apparently he needed rest more badly. He was determined to put his 'Sconset romance forever out of mind. Men lived without a lung, and did much good work, too; why shouldn't he try the experiment of living minus a heart, yet accomplishing fine things? Of course there was n

On the evening when he arrived at the hotel where he intended to recreate, he noticed the servants. "Ah! this is one of those houses where college students are waitresses and waiters. I'll look into it and see if it won't make a column for the Sunday edition. That is, if I can manage to put the thing in a new light."

A guest sitting near him called Allen started. It was a foolish habit he had acquired during the past year; when any change rung upon the name of Margaret roused his interest. But he did not look round. He mentally stepped the vacuum which his lost heart lad laft and went on enting dep-lecte; for which

he should not be blamed. White Mount-

"Maggie, another plate please. About twenty-four. I never at 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-waitresses stared, comprehended,

and looked away.

Allen's hand fell on Margaret's shoulder, with such an eager clutch that she creamed and dropped the plate she was carrying. Then she turned pale, but per assistant did not allow her to faint. He tucked her arm into his and marched her out of the house and down into the 'Glen." She was forced to go or "make

scene. In the "Glen" he released her, or placed her on a rock and stood guard over her.

"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 "literary woman.' You told me that you didn't like that kind."

"I don't. But you were never liter-"I was. I wrote a book." "Yes. The 'Sconset Romance.' Well,

punished you for that. I-no matter. "I will if I like." "You won't like."

"Pooh! Humph!" "How did you happen to start or such

distressing career?' "Oh, I could always write. I wanted "I thought so. You had no special

hankering for fame?" "Bosh! for fame. I never thought of ame, even in my 'authoress' days. I had to do something to help, and that came easiest.

"Maggie-Margaret-Meg, will you

"Why?" "I love you. For your retaliation. For my expiation. It was I who killed our book-when I reviewed it in the Clarion."

"You-you mean thing! It nearly cilled me, too." "Criticism doesn't kill-people. If it did I shouldn't be here to ask you the third time to marry me. I know. I'm in 'literature' myself."

"You! Oh, John!" After a while, between kisses, he paused to say: "But I am-literary; nd-realistic. The genuine 'Sconset romance beats the sham one by a long shot. I believe I'll write it up.'

But he didn't. I did .- Frank Leslie's.

Quick Eyes and a Clear Head Needed. When a railroad company, says the Philadelphia Record, handles as many million tons of coal annually as the Reading does, the question of weighing it becomes a matter of some importance Skill and long experience have solved the problem, however, and the bulk of the vast coal tonnage of the leading coal-carrying road in the country is weighed on four scales, and then they are not crowded.

The weight of the empty oar is marked in chalk on the outside. As the car approaches, a clerk takes the number of the car and its weight, the weigher calls out the gross weight, and the difference is the weight of the coal. The cars run as fast as ten miles an hour across the scale, and it is very seldom that one has the weigher is at all uncertain about his

figures. The men at the scales can generally tell within a hundred pounds or so what car contains. As soon as they see the class of car coming, they know the num-ber of tons it contains, and have the scale so prepared that only the hundredweights need be adjusted while the car s moving over it. Expert officials of the company can tell at a glance what each class of cars should contain, and if, in looking over the weight sheet, any car appears either too heavy or too light, it is brought back and reweighed.

Time Saving Tubes.

We Americans are apt to think that we have a monopoly on all the labor saving contrivances and devices for making short cuts in distances. It is therefore with some surprise we read that over in Europe they are sending letters between Paris and Berlin, a distance of severa hundred mises in an hour and a half sometimes even in thirty-five minutes This is accomplished by means of pueu matic tubes, a fact that suggests possibilities in the way of future rapid transit which, it may be, the United States will be the first to develop fully.

The only use of these means of comunication in this country on anything like an extended scale is, so far as we know, the Western Union Telegraph Company's system of transmitting messages between its head offices in Dey street, New York, and its branc's at Twenty third street. These two points, distant about two miles and a half, are connected by a double pueumatic tube beneath the surface of Broadway.

The city of Paris is govered, or rather undermined, by a network of such tubes, with numerous stations at which messages are received and delivered. The special cards provided for this service by the French postal authorities are no doubt known to most of those who collect foreign stamps. - The Argosy.

Effective Defence Weapons. Four of the twelve-inc ; rifle mortars,

intended for the defence of New York City, have been delivered at the Sandy Hook proving ground. These mortars have a cast iron body, reinforced with two thicknesses of steel bands. They are 104 feet long and weigh 29,000 pounds each. The maximum charge is eighty pounds of powder. The shell weighs 630 pounds, and is charged with weighs 630 pounds, and is charged with forty pounds of explosive. The greatest range is six miles. As the test they showed great accuracy. As a range of five and a half miles ten shots all fell within a space of 630 feet by thirty—about the size of a ship; at two and a half miles, all fall within a rectangle sixty-six yards long by ninstead wide,—

WHAT A CHANCE FOR THE WIND

ctiont Man with Yards and Yards

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



kown he labors methodically in the old-time leisurely way for a certain line of old fastioned oustomers gronies of his, who are as taciturn and unobtrusive as himsel. He has scissored and basted and sewed a spng 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 in-ide his shirt, and it grew even faster in there. But it was o completely out of sight that even after it had become as long as it is 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 photo-graph rooms of his friend, Mr. Laighon, squared off before a camera, vanked 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. Laighton 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 sight unseen, but Barnum came straightway to Norwich and saw the tailor. It was apparent to him at once that Trumbull was away out of the contract 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. Barnum thereupon offered Mr. Cook \$80 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 ber expenses also, but the offer was spurned by the tailor, who said he had 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 there is hardly a s lver thread in either his hair or his

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