

THE DAILY JOURNAL WILMINGTON, N. C. SUNDAY, APRIL 24, 1870.

WE DO NOT HESITATE TO ASSESS THAT THE DAILY JOURNAL IS A PAPER PUBLISHED IN NORTH CAROLINA PUBLISHERS WILL DO WELL TO MAKE A NOTE OF THIS, AND INSERT THEIR NOTICES IN THE COLUMNS OF A PAPER THAT REACHES RELIABLE BUSINESS MEN IN EVERY SECTION OF THE COUNTRY.

Transient Advertisements must, in all cases, be paid for in advance. The Daily Journal is for sale at the paper stands of Mr. T. M. Harris, opposite Puroel House, at Mr. J. T. Daniels', corner of Market and Second streets, by the newboys, and at the desk in the business office, Journal Buildings, up stairs—entrance first door west.

"SHINE YOUR BOOTS, SIR?"

The voice was childish and sweet-toned, but a little unsteady. The man glanced down from under the brim of an old felt hat that had once been white, and a pair of soft, large eyes looked up into his.

"Shine your boots, sir?" "The man shook his head as he uttered a brief 'No,' and passed on. But the tender face and soft asking eyes haunted him. After walking on for half a block, trying to forget the face and eyes of the boy, he stopped, turned round, and went back, he hardly knew why.

"Shine your boots, sir?" It was the same innocent voice, but a little firmer in tone. He looked down at the bare feet and worn old clothes, and a feeling of pity touched his heart. "Not this morning, my lad," answered the man, "but here's the price of a shine," and he reached him ten cents.

"Haven't come to that yet." And the lad drew himself up a little proudly. "I'm not a beggar, but a boot black. Just let me shine them, sir. Won't keep you a minute.

There was no resisting this appeal. So the man placed his foot on the boy's rest, and in a little while the surface was like polished ebony. "Thank you," said the little fellow, as on finishing the second boot he received his fee.

The man walked away, holding in his mind very distinctly an image of the boy, that did not fade. On the next morning, while on his way to business, he was greeted by the same little fellow.

"Shine your boots, sir?" And in a voice steadier than the day before, the little boot black was gaining confidence in his new calling.

The man stopped, placed his boot on the boot-rest, and the boy set his brushes to work in the liveliest way.

"Where do you live, my little man?" "The boy brushed on, seeming not to have heard. As he finished one boot, and was about commencing the other, the man said, changing the form of his question, "Where is your home?"

"Haven't got any." As the boy made this answer, he looked up into the man's face for an instant, and then let his eyes fall upon his work.

"No home?" "No, sir."

"What do you sleep?" "Most anywhere that I can creep in," replied the boy, as he brushed away with all his might. Then, as he rose up, he said, with a business air, "That's a good shine, sir."

"First-rate," answered the man, whose interest in the boy was increasing. "Can't be beat. And now, what's the charge?" "Ten cents, sir."

The ten cents were paid. "Sleep most anywhere that you can creep in," said the man. "What do you mean by that?"

"Well, sir, it's so. Sometimes I get a bed in a cellar, and sometimes in a garret, just as it happens."

"O, yes, indeed. They won't let you sleep for nothing."

"How much do you pay for a bed?" "Sixpence or a shilling, 'ording to where it is."

"Don't you stay in one place?" asked the man. "Why do you go from cellar to garret, as you say, just as it happens?"

"Cause, sir, they get drunk, and swear and fight so, most everywhere I get in, that I don't care to go again; and so I keep moving round. Shine your boots, sir."

And, seeing a customer, off the boy ran, he had his living to earn and couldn't stop to talk when there was business to do.

The man walked away more than ever interested in this brave little fellow, fighting, at so tender an age, the battle of life.

the store, or throw it into the street, I don't care which," said the man pointing to the dirty box. The lad took it off and set it outside of the door, then came back and stood gazing at the man earnestly.

"What is your name?" "Jimmy Lyon, sir," answered the boy. "Is your father living?" "No, sir."

"Your mother?" "She's dead."

"How long has she been dead?" "Not long, sir."

"And there is no one to take care of you?" "No, sir."

"How old are you?" "Ten, last June, sir."

The man thought of his own little boy at home, just ten last June, and a shiver of pain crept through his heart.

"What are you going to do?" "Take care of myself, sir. I've got to do it now. And Jimmy drew himself up and put on a brave look, which touched the man's heart.

"Was it in the city your mother died?" inquired the man.

"Yes, sir."

"How long ago?" "It's only three weeks, sir." The brave look went out of his eyes.

"Where did she die?" "Down in Water street. We lived in a garret. She was sick a good while, sir, and couldn't work. Father died last winter. But he didn't do anything for us."

A shadow of pain was in the child's face, and the man saw him shudder.

Ah! he understood too well the sad story that little boy could tell—the story of a drunken father, and a sick, heart-broken mother, dying in want and neglect.

"Your mother was good, and you loved her," said the man.

Instantly the large, soft eyes gazed over with tears.

"What did she tell you before she died?" asked the man, speaking in a low, tender voice.

"She said," answered the boy sorrowfully yet with something brave and manly in his voice—"Never steal, never tell a lie, never swear, never lie, never do any of them, and I've never done any of them, sir, and never will."

Four mother taught you to pray, Jimmy?"

"Yes, sir, and I say my prayers every night. Sometimes bud boys make fun of me; but I don't mind it, I just think it's God I'm saying 'em to, and then I feel all right."

The man felt a choking in his throat, he was so moved by this, and would not trust himself to speak for some moments.

"God is our best friend, Jimmy," he said, after a little while; "and no one trued him in vain. He has taken care of you since your mother died, and if you will be a good boy, will always take care of you. Do you know that it was God who led me to the apple-woman's stand just in time to see your mother and stand out?"

The boy opened his large eyes wonderingly.

"We cannot see God, but God can see us; and what is more, can look into our hearts, and knows all we think or feel," replied the man.

"Oh, yes, sir, my mother told me that. But I don't know how He led you."

MISCELLANEOUS. LET THE EAGLE SCREAM. Specie Payment Resumed! 1870. SPRING GOODS. 1870.

NEWEST. LATEST and Cheapest AT Aaron & Rheinstein's, No. 25 Market Street.

WE WOULD RESPECTFULLY CALL ATTENTION TO OUR NEW GOODS purchased since the extraordinary decline in Gold and which were not offering TO CORRESPOND WITH THE DECLINE 2,000 pieces Prints, from 6 to 12 cents.

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A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF WHITE GOODS. Jacons, plain and checked, from 15 to 50 cts. Swiss, plain, dotted and striped, from 12 to 50 cts.

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Exciting Pursuit of Robbers—Recovery of \$10,000 Stolen Money. TUESDAY, APRIL 20. Sixteen thousand dollars of the money stolen from the office of the treasurer of Vermilion county have been recovered.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS IN STORE, AND FOR SALE AT THE LOWEST PRICES, ALL SORTS OF PAPER HANGINGS, WINDOW SHADES, PICTURE FRAMES AND PICTURES, PICTURE TABLES AND COOKS.

18,000 BUSHEL IN STORE. For sale by WILLIAMS & MURRISON, april 15

CARRIAGES. JUST RECEIVED FOR SALE, SEVEN SUPERIOR Wagons and Rockaways. These Wagons are light and strong, and yet together in the best manner, and will be sold at low prices.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. WELCH & GRIFFITHS, (ESTABLISHED 1830). MILL FURNISHINGS. Circular Saws with solid Teeth, or with Patent Adjustable Points, superior to all other Patent Saws.

HOW TO GET NOTHING. \$10 worth of splendidly illustrated books given for every subscriber to the N. Y. Mutual Register for 1870, a monthly Journal of 30 pages of choice music and interesting miscellany.

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WITHOUD Spectacles, Doctor or Medicine. Comfort and ease for the Sufferer. Sent at cost for 10 cents. Address: DR. H. B. POOTE, No. 120 Lexington Ave., Cor. East 28th St., N. Y.

EVERYBODY READ THIS! WE WILL PAY AGENTS \$25 PER WEEK and expenses, to sell the Great Discovery of the Age. Address: WAGNON, HERRICK & CO., Marshall, Mich.

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PIEDMONT AND ARLINGTON LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. JOHN WILDER ATKINSON, General Agent for North Carolina.

INSURANCE ROOMS. Business street, between Front and Water sts., march 29

WANTED. WANTED. WANTED. WANTED.

200 CANS. WANTED. WANTED. WANTED.

MISCELLANEOUS. CARD. SOUTHERN LIFE INSURANCE CO. To the People of North Carolina: At the request of Gen. John B. Gordon, President of the Southern Life Insurance Company, I have come to your State to bring prominently before you the claims and merits of the Southern Life Insurance Company.

HOW TO GET NOTHING. \$10 worth of splendidly illustrated books given for every subscriber to the N. Y. Mutual Register for 1870, a monthly Journal of 30 pages of choice music and interesting miscellany.

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RAILROADS. GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE. WILMINGTON & WILSON RAILROAD CO. WILMINGTON, N. C., March 11, 1870.

ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, the 15th inst., the Train at the W. & W. R. R. Depot and the following schedule will be run:

ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, the 15th inst., passenger trains on this road will leave Wilmington at 4:45 A. M. and 10:00 P. M., and arrive at Wilson at 6:00 A. M. and 2:30 P. M.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 11th of JANUARY, the Trains on the Eastern Division of this Road will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

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