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J. W. HARPER, Editor & Proprietor.

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KINSTON, N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 1879.

NO. 4.

H. G. WEST & CO.,
General Dealers in
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and Agents for
The Liverpool and London and Globe,
and other first class Fire Insurance Companies.

Drs. HYATT & TULL.
GENERAL PRACTITIONERS OF
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Office at the Dr. Brown's Office. Jan 3-12

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DENTIST.
Holds himself in
readiness to insert
Artificial Teeth, Ex-
tract, fill and clean,
or do anything neces-
sary to be done by
a Dentist.
Office at residence.
Board furnished to parties from the country.
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Are prepared to build and repair Houses and
make all kinds of Furniture in good style and at
reasonable rates.
Also Buggies and Carts built and repaired on
short notice.
Jan 1-12

GOODS AT LOW PRICES!
AT
N. D. MYERS'.

Now in store a good stock of
DIY GOODS, NOTIONS, BOOTS,
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Also constantly receiving a fresh
stock of

FAMILY GROCERIES,
CUTLERY, CROCKERY, and
HOLLOW WARE,
SOLD AT
LOWEST CASH PRICES.

A continuance of the liberal patronage
heretofore bestowed upon me is
respectfully solicited.
Jan 1-12m N. D. MYERS.

A. HARVEY & CO.
Manufacturers of FINE BRANDS of
**Chewing & Smoking
TOBACCO,**
Jan 1-12m. Kinston, N. C.

NOTICE!
APPLICATION will be made to the next
General Assembly of North Carolina to amend
the Charter of the Town of La Grange so as
to require applicants for license to retail
spiruous liquors in said town, to exhibit to
the County Commissioners a recommendation
from the commissioners of said town.
Dec. 20, 1878. —4t.

CHAS. F. HARVEY,
NOTARY PUBLIC
— and —
Inferior Court Clerk for Lenoir County.
Probates Deeds, Mortgages, Lien
Bonds and other instruments required
to be registered.
Blank Deeds, Mortgages, &c.,
furnished free on application. Jan 1-3m

LOUIS GREEN
FASHIONABLE BARBER and HAIR DRESSER,
KINSTON, N. C.
Office over Polletier's Drug Store. Jan 3-12

L. J. HILL & CO.,
Boot & Shoe Makers,
KINSTON, N. C.
We are prepared with the best
French Calf Skin and Louisville
Oak Sole Leather, to make and re-
pair Boots and Shoes to order.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Jan 1-12m

White & Parrott,
Millers and Lumber Dealers,
Kinston, N. C.,
Are now prepared to fill all orders for
FIRST-CLASS LUMBER
at the lowest CASH rates.
Also keep on hand the celebrated
Tuckahoe Family Flour. Jan 1-12m

W. J. RASBERRY,
Attorney At Law,
KINSTON, N. C.

Will attend the Courts of Greene and Jones.
Office on Court House Square. Jan 1-12m

J. W. HARPER,
Attorney At Law,
Office over Post Office,
KINSTON, N. C.

The Boys of the World.

BY FRANCIS S. SMITH.

Do not be above your business,
Let your trade be what it may—
Strive, by industry and patience,
In the world to make your way.
He who blushes at his calling
And its title fears to utter,
Shames himself, and like a ninny,
Quarrels with his bread and butter.
If you work at forge and anvil
Grime and sweat will soil your skin,
What of that! Such toil is noble!
Work and you will surely win.
If you're honest, firm and prudent,
Heed not what the idle say,
Let their scoldings pass unheeded—
Work is work, and play is play.
You can never gather honey
If you're frightened at the bees—
Fortune never will come near you
If you sit and take your ease.
You can neither plow nor harrow
If of dirty boots afraid—
Kid gloves, perfumes and cosmetics
Will not do at any trade.
Rouse, then, boys! be up and ready—
Find some honest work to do—
Labor is the great preserver
Of your lives and morals too.
Satan never seeks a victim
To recruit the host of sin
Save where sluggards hold their counsel—
Only these will let him in.

Selected.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY F. R. S.

"And your husband has been dead
four years?"
"Yes, four years."
Nothing could be lovelier than Ange-
lique Wharton's pale, pensive pro-
file, seen in the twilight.
Hubert Knox looked at it earnestly,
and Elsie White, a sadness and
vague fear coming over her happy
heart, gazed too. She had not known
before that Angelique was beautiful,
but life at Neptune House seemed to
change her. Her loose, shadowy
hair, and a dress of black velvet made
her loveliness itself that evening.
"And is it pleasant at Linden
Walks?" asked Knox.
"Oh, yes," cried Elsie; "it is beauti-
ful."
But Knox continued to look at Mrs.
Wharton.
"Elsie has told you," she said, look-
ing up and meeting his eyes.
After a moment she rose, sighed
heavily, and walked slowly down the
long verandah.
"My cousin is very handsome—
don't you think so?" asked little Elsie,
wistfully.
Knox was silent for a moment.
"She is a very handsome woman, no
doubt."
Something in the cool voice cheered
Elsie a little. She slipped a warm
little hand into her companion's, and
he received and held it tenderly.
"Angelique's health is much better
than it is at Linden Walks. She is
very nervous and never likes to be
alone."
She chatted on merrily now, reassured
by that warm handclasp.
"Your cousin is not much like you."
"No; it is strange that we are of the
same blood, for Angelique is not at all
like me."
Elsie yielded to the caressing
arm, and pillowed her young cheek
on the strong breast, all unseen in the
starlight.
"How did you come to make her
house your home?"
"Well, there was a large family of
us at Fern Cottage, and, when Ange-
lique came there visiting, she took me
home with her, I intended to stay but
a little while, but she urged me to
make my home with her. Linden
Walks was lonesome, she said, and
though Angelique was quite a stranger
to me—I had never seen her until
that Summer—I finally consented.
Papa was willing. He has four daugh-
ters left now."
"And how long have you lived
there?"
"Two years this Summer."
Though Hubert Knox knew so little
of Elsie White's circumstances, it was
none the less true that they were lov-
ers. A little tenderness, and the
strong, fearless man had won her
heart as a lily is opened by the sun-
light.
She was very young—only seven-
teen. She never thought to ask him
of his history or circumstances. She
only knew that she had never feared
him as she did most men, and he was
kindness and tenderness itself.
"Her young heart held a perfect
worship for him, and yet she had little
thought beyond the happy present.
She only knew that she loved him,
never troubled herself about his 'in-
tentions,' and let the days go by, never
realizing that she might be laying
up a store of misery.
Afterward, she remembered that
evening—the white surf rushing up

the beach, the sea rocking and glim-
mering cold in the moonlight, the sky
piled with silver-edged clouds, and all
along the pale beach people saunter-
ing to and fro.
It was getting late in the season,
and the place was less crowded than
usual. The long verandah was quite
deserted but for those two.
Knox was very quiet, yet she could
feel the strong beating of his heart
against her temple.
By-and-by, Knox looked at his
watch.
"It is ten o'clock, little pet."
Here came a sudden, light step
along the verandah.
"Still in your corner, truants? Ever-
ybody is on the beach, and I thought
to see you there. Mr. Knox I want
to speak to you a moment," said Mrs.
Wharton, for he was turning away.
He came toward her.
Elsie and I go back home next
week; it is the last of September.—
Pray come to see us at Linden
Walks."
Elsie, who had not before known
the time of their departure, listened
breathlessly for the answer. It came:
"Thanks! But I am going directly
to London."
Two rosy lips paled and broke
apart.
"I shall be very closely occupied
with my new book until Christmas,"
continued Knox.
"And you will have it finished by
that time?"
"I intend to."
"Well, then you will need a vaca-
tion. I am to have a dinner party at
Christmas," continued Mrs. Wharton,
"and should be very glad to have you
join us."
"Thanks again."
"But will you not come?" asked the
lady.
Knox stood with his head bent
down. Suddenly he lifted it, and
cast a glance at Elsie's drooping little
figure.
"I will come, I think."
"Well, it is an engagement, then—
I shall expect you. Come, Elsie, it is
time for little children to be in bed."
It makes their eyes bright," laughed
Knox, as happy Elsie went away.
Angelique's arm was around her as
she went up the stairs.
"Dear, are you engaged to Mr.
Knox?" she whispered.
"No," answered truthful Elsie.
"My love, my love, you must be
more prudent."
She opened the door of her room.—
Elsie followed her with a drooping
head.
"I must warn you, my dear child.—
Of course, Mr. Knox admires you
very much; but men weary of a girl
who shows her preference as openly
as you do. If you want to marry this
Mr. Knox—though they say he is
poor—you must not follow him about
like a pet kitten. You must not sit
at his feet and let him caress you so
openly."
"There was no one on the verandah,"
cried Elsie, her cheeks on fire. Mr.
Knox would not let me do anything
that was wrong."
Angelique laughed merrily.
"You little simpleton! Well, I have
warned you, and if he tires of you I
shall not be to blame. Help me to
take down my hair, Elsie; I have a
dreadful headache."
The trees were sparkling with ice at
Linden Walks. A profuse rain had
frozen upon the trees, and sheathed
every branch and twig with silver.—
At the end of this sparkling drive the
stately gray mansion stood, the draw-
ing-room windows clothed with crim-
son silk and frosty lace, between
which a woman's face looked out.
A cold, covert face, with silken-
pale hair and agate-blue eyes—Ange-
lique Wharton's. It was Christmas
morning. Her guests had all arrived
save one—and for that one she cared
more than all the rest.
Not Hubert Knox had not come,
and in her dressing-room little Elsie
was piling up her chestnut braids with
a heavy heart. What did it matter
that her beautiful rose-pink dinner
dress was done, and that she looked
like Hebe herself in it? It did not
matter if all the rest of the world cried
approval if his blue eyes did not look
gratified.
It was nearly twelve o'clock, and
though she had a letter referring to
his expected visit at Linden Walks,
he had not arrived. Gradually as
the minutes went by, her heart sank
in her bosom until it felt like lead.
Suddenly a rapid wheel ground
sharply to the drive. The driver
sprang down and opened the carriage
door, and a gentleman leaped out.
Little Elsie turned from the window
to the mirror. Her cheeks were as
red as roses, and they matched so
beautifully the pink silk. She was
glad that it was done now, for the
new comer was Mr. Hubert Knox.

He was talking with Angelique in
the drawing-room when she came
down.
"And Mr. Israel Wharton had no
children?"
The words were uttered by Mr.
Knox in a casual manner, but a close
observer might have discovered that
he was intently listening for the lady's
reply. She began to look a little
bored.
"There was a runaway son, not of
age. I never saw him and Mr. Wharton
did not remember him in his will.
Elsie, dear, do you not see that Mr.
Knox has come?"
Elsie was waiting to give her heart
time to calm its rapid beating before
she spoke to Hubert Knox. But she
was at ease and happy as soon as she
felt the clasp of his warm hand and
looked into his face.
Yet Elsie was hardly the confiding
child she had been six weeks before.
She had still received other hints and
warnings from Angelique. But Knox
did not understand. He missed her
frank glee, and thought she seemed
more womanly and less a child.
But the old, care-free, confiding
days were gone. Knox was grave
and preoccupied, and Elsie felt the
presence of a shadow which she could
not dispel.
Angelique was so beautiful! No
longer she wore mourning, and the
pale half tint of widowhood. Her
dinner dress, of azure silk, made her
alluringly handsome. Constantly
Knox talked with her.
Was he fascinated by this mature
woman, so much more his peer than
she—foolish, adoring little thing? Did
he dream of loving her—the heiress
of Linden Walks?
He remained at the old mansion
four days. Elsie had certain daily
duties to perform, and among them
the supervision of the sleeping rooms
of the establishment.
She was in Mr. Knox's chamber
the next morning, giving the servant
some instructions concerning it, when
his foot sounded on the stairs, and he
entered the apartment.
At first he did not see her. He be-
gan walking the floor, his hands lock-
ed behind him, his head bent, evident-
ly thinking. She put down the vase
of chrysanthemums she held, and he
turned toward her.
"Elsie, are you here?"
"Yes."
"You said that Linden Walks was
a beautiful place," said he, after a mo-
ment. "But I think it a very melan-
choly place, Elsie."
"Is it because of the time of year,"
said Elsie.
"No, it is not that."
"What is it, then?"
"Perhaps I will tell some time. El-
sie, do you know where the key is to
this cabinet?"
"It was an old Louis XIV, cabinet
ebony, with mosaic pictures upon the
panels."
"There is a bunch of keys in the
housekeeper's room. I will go and
get them."
She came back with the string of
keys, believing that he wanted to ex-
amine the quaint structure of the cabi-
net. But with an impetuous move-
ment he received them, and applying
them to the principal doors, unclosed
aperture after aperture with a ready
hand.
Suddenly a hidden drawer emptied
a letter into his hand. Elsie saw the
superscription. It was "Rupert Whar-
ton."
Knox examined it eagerly, seem-
ing quite unconscious, in his strange
eagerness, of the wondering eyes of
the girl beside him.
"A message from the dead!" he mur-
mured.
His hands were shaking violently.
To her amazement he broke the seal,
glanced at its contents and strode
from the room.
Amazed, puzzled, and half-fright-
ened, Elsie hastily locked the cabinet,
fearing lest Angelique should discover
the strange transaction.
The guests of the previous day still
remained at Linden Walks. But
when they assembled at dinner, Mr.
Hubert Knox was not of their number
and no one knew where he had gone.
A servant saw him go down the ave-
nue, but he could not be found in the
groups, and the family were obliged
to dine without him.
In the afternoon the remainder of
the guests went away, and Angelique
and Elsie were alone in the drawing-
room.
"I have a delicate matter to ex-
plain, Elsie," said the former, "but it
is best to be frank. You must have
noticed Mr. Knox's increasing atten-
tions to me. I have reason to believe
that he will soon make me an offer of
marriage, and I—well, I can afford to
marry a literary man without fortune,
and I adore talent. With you it is
different. You must have a rich hus-
band, Elsie. I have been thinking

that for the present, to relieve the
awkwardness of this affair, you would
like to go home to your father's house."
She paused.
"By-and-by you could come back,
you know, and I would do my best to
get you well settled in life. What do
you say?"
"I will go home," answered Elsie,
faintly.
The gathering twilight hid her pal-
lor and trembling. She could not
move to leave the room and her cruel
cousin's presence just then, for the
walls were swimming round and round
her.
"Mrs. Wharton," said a deep voice,
"there is a third party to this little ar-
rangement."
Looking up, they saw his tall form
leaning in the doorway.
"I wish now to be known in my true
character," he said, advancing into the
room. "Please address me no longer by
my literary name. I am Rupert
Wharton, the runaway son of Israel
Wharton; and, madam, to-day my
suspicions have been verified. My
father did not die by fair means."
"How dare you thus insult me?"
cried Angelique angrily.
"I have the proof!" he cried.
"Proof?" she faltered.
"Unmistakable!" he responded.
There was a thud upon the velvet
carpet. Elsie lay there senseless.
"My little darling!" and Rupert
Wharton bent over her.
Angelique escaped from the room.
That night she left Linden Walks.
In the confusion of finding the mis-
tress absent, the next morning, Whar-
ton drew Elsie aside.
She has gone for ever. She has
fled, and this confirms my belief. El-
sie, I dreaded to come to Linden
Walks, which I left six years ago in
boyish anger. I should not have
come but for your dear sake. But
my father never would have cut me
off penniless, Elsie, but for the wiles
and plottings of that woman. She
married the old man for his money,
and then deprived him of his life by a
slow insidious poison. He wrote to me
in appeal, begging me to return to his
relief for he suspected the truth; but
for some reason the letter never was
posted. I found it yesterday in the
ebony cabinet. Well, Elsie, she has
gone to save her life, for she is a cruel
murderess. But she is of your blood,
and you shall have a word in this.
Shall we let her go?"
"The law would have no mercy, Ru-
pert?"
"None!"
"Pray let her go!"
"As you say, my little Elsie."
In two days more the mansion of
Linden Walks was closed. Elsie
White returned to the humbler but
safer retreat at Fern Cottage, and
Rupert Wharton went to London.
But on the following Christmas the
old mansion was all alive with the wit
and wealth of the county, for Rupert
Wharton's wedding dinner took place
there and little Elsie was his bride.

MESALLIANCES.

Love-marriages made against the
will of the parents before the charac-
ter is formed, and while the obliga-
tions of society are still unrealized, are
generally mesalliances founded on pas-
sion and fancy only. A man or wo-
man of mature age who knows what
he or she wants may make a mesalli-
ance, but it is made with a full un-
derstanding and deliberate choice;
and, if the thing turns out badly, they
can blame themselves less for precipi-
tancy than for wrong calculation.—
The man of fifty who marries his
cook knows what he most values in
woman. It is not manners, and it is
not accomplishments; perhaps it is
usefulness, perhaps good temper; at all
events it is something that the cook
has and that the ladies of his acquain-
tance have not, and he is content to
take the disadvantages of his choice
with its advantages. But the boy
who runs away with his mother's maid
neither calculates nor sees any disad-
vantages. He marries a pretty girl,
because her senses has touched his
senses, or he is got hold of by an art-
ful woman who has bamboozled and
seduced him.
It is only when his passion has worn
off that he wakes to the full conse-
quences of his mistake, and under-
stands then how right his parents
were when they cashiered his pretty
Jane as soon as they became aware of
what was going on, and sent that art-
ful Sarah to the right about—just a
week too late.
It is the same with girls; but in a
far greater extent. If a youth's mes-
alliance is a millstone around his
neck for life, a girl's is simply destruc-
tion. The natural instinct with all is
to marry above themselves; and we
know on what physiological basis this
instinct stands, and what useful social
ends it serves. And the natural in-

stinct is as true in its social as in its
physiological expression. A woman's
honor is in her husband; her status, her
social life, are determined by his; and
even the few women who, having
made a bad marriage, have nerve and
character enough to set themselves
free from the personal association, are
never able to thoroughly regain their
maiden place. There is always some-
thing about them that clogs and fet-
ters them; always a kind of aura of a
doubtful and depressing kind that
surrounds and influences them. If
they have not strength to free them-
selves; they never cease to feel the
mistake they have made, until the old
sad process of degeneration is accom-
plished, and the "grossness of her na-
ture" has had strength to drag her
down. After a time, if her ladyhood
has been of a superficial kind only, a
woman who has married beneath her-
self may ease down into her groove,
and be like the man she has married;
if, however, she has sufficient force to
resist outside influences she will not
sink, but she will never cease to suffer.
She has sinned against herself, her
class, and her natural instincts, and
so has done substantially a worse
thing than has the boy who married
his mother's maid. Society under-
stands this, and, not unjustly, if
harshly, punishes the one while it lets
the other go scot-free; so that the wo-
man who makes a mesalliance suffers
on every side, and destroys her life
almost as much as the woman who
goes wrong.
The ideal of life, according to some,
is founded on early marriages. But
men are slower in the final setting of
their character than women, and one
never knows how a young fellow of
twenty or so will turn out. If he is
devout now he may be an infidel at
forty; if, under home influences, he is
temperate and pure, when these are
withdrawn he may become a rake of
the fastest kind. His temper, morals,
business power, ability to resist tem-
ptation, all are as yet inchoate and un-
defined; nothing is sure; and the girl's
fancy that makes him perfect in pro-
portion to his good looks, is a mere in-
stinct determined by chance associa-
tion. A girl, too, has more character
to come out than she has shown in her
girlhood. Though she sets sooner
than men, she does not set unaltera-
bly, and marriage and maturity bring
out the depths of her nature as noth-
ing else can. It is only common
sense, then, to marry her to a man
whose character is already somewhat
formed, rather than to one who is still
fluid and floating. It is all very well
to talk of fighting the battle of life to-
gether, and wedding together by time.
Many a man has been ruined by these
detestable metaphors. The theory,
partly true and partly pretty, is good
enough in its degree; and, so far as
the wedding goes, we weld together in
almost all things by time. We wear
our shoe till we wear it into shape and
it ceases to pinch us; but, in the process
we go through a vast deal of pain,
and are liable to make corns that will
last long after the shoe itself fits easi-
ly. We do not advocate the French
system of marrying off our girls ac-
cording to our own ideas of suitableness,
and without consulting them; but we
do not the less think that, of all fatal
social mistakes, mesalliances are the
most fatal, and, in the case of women,
to be avoided and prevented at any
cost short of a broken heart or a pre-
mature death. And even death
sometimes would be better than the
lifelong misery, the enduring shame
and humiliation, of certain mesalli-
ances.—*Eclectic Magazine.*

A lady writing from Charleston points
this moral for the improvement of
some members of the Caucasian race:
"Some evenings ago I was walking
behind some negroes who were making
use of some very salubrious language
Sdduently one, who was quiet, said:
See heah, nigger, ain't you ashamed
to use such perfumed talk' fore lad-
dies?"
"The one spoken to turned at once,
and replied:
"Clare to gracious, I never saw 'em.
Please missus, 'scuse us."
"This will serve to show that while
some of the colored folks are rude in
these parts there are others who are
more polite than some of their white
brethren."

We are in favor of a law giving the
option to Sheriffs, Commissioners and
other officers of the Court, of advertis-
ing the sales of property either in the
newspaper columns, by printed hand-
bills, or by written posters, as in their
judgment may best subserve the in-
terest of the beneficiary, and, when
he is absolutely secure, the owner of
the property. We are in favor of a
mandatory law only when the property
to be sold is of considerable value.—
Warrenton News.