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J. W. HARPER, Editor & Proprietor.

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NO. 6.

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

Drs. HYATT & TULL.
GENERAL PRACTITIONERS OF
Medicine & Surgery.

Office at the Dr. Brown's Office. [Jan3-1yr]

Dr. A. B. MILLER,
DENTIST.
Holds himself in
readiness to insert
Artificial Teeth, Ex-
tract, fill and clean,
or do anything nec-
essary to be done by
a Dentist.
Office at residence.
Board furnished to parties from the coun-
try. [Jan3-12m]

J. M. EVANS. T. J. PRESSON.

EVANS & PRESSON.
House Builders & Upholsters,
KINSTON, N. C.

Are prepared to build and repair Houses and
make all kinds of Furniture in good style and at
reasonable rates.
Also Buggies and Carriages built and repaired on
short notice. [Jan1-12m]

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

Now in store a good stock of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, BOOTS,
SHOES, HATS, &c., &c.

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.
[Jan1-12m] N. D. MYERS.

A. HARVEY & CO.
Manufacturers of FINE BRANDS of
**Chewing & Smoking
TOBACCO,**
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Interior 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. [Jan1-3m]

LOUIS GREEN
FASHIONABLE BARBER and HAIR DRESSER,
KINSTON, N. C.

Office over Peckham's Drug Store. [Jan3-1yr]

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.
[Jan1-12m]

J. M. WHITE. J. F. PARROTT.

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. [Jan1-12m]

J. Q. JACKSON. F. B. LOFTIN.

JACKSON & LOFTIN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
KINSTON, N. C.

Practice in Lenoir, Greene, Wayne, Jones and
adjoining counties.
Prompt and efficient attention paid all busi-
ness entrusted to them.
Settlements of estates of deceased persons a
specialty.
Office on Court House Square, formerly oc-
cupied by Jno. F. Wooten. [Jan1-12m]

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

Will attend the Courts of Greene and Jones.
Office on Court House Square. [Jan1-12m]

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

ONLY A STEP.

Only a step to the other side,
Only a step to the shining shore;
Out of the darkness into the light
O, how I wish I was there to-night
Safe in that Heaven forever more.

Only a step to the other side,
Angels are waiting for me I know;
Strains of sweet music I seem to hear,
Surely my steps must be drawing near,
Near to the land where I want to go.

Only a step to where my loved ones are,
Free from all sorrow, and pain, and care,
O! I've been waiting so long for this
That the hand of death I gladly kiss,
So that I meet with my loved again.

Only a step to the other side,
Where all my joys will be complete;
Only a step from this world of sin;
Jeans I know will then let me in,
Humbly to fall at His loving feet.

Selected.

LOVE ON THE ROAD.

BY ROVER.

'Rub the horse down well, and
don't feed him till he is perfectly
cool.'

The above was addressed to the
hostler of a hotel, in Brighton, by a
handsome, middle-aged gentleman,
dressed in the height of fashion, as he
alighted from an elegant black horse,
and tossed the rein to the attendant.

'And now,' said the horseman, ad-
dressing a waiter, 'show me into a pri-
vate parlor.'

A well-dressed man, who rides a
handsome nag, is always sure of a
warm welcome at a public house, all
the world over. Our friend soon
found himself in a neat parlor, with
flowers and vases on the mantelpiece,
and the blinds (for it was a warm
summer's afternoon) carefully closed,
while the open window permitted a
free current of air to circulate through
the apartment.

The waiter remained standing near
the door.

'Any orders, sir?'

'No—yet stay. Who came in that
handsome phaeton I saw standing in
the yard?'

'A lady, sir.'

'Ah!'

'A young widow.'

'Bah!'

'She is very handsome.'

'Go along and shut the door after
you,' muttered the traveler, testily.

'A woman, but a widow,' he solilo-
quized. 'I am glad I don't know her.'

I am certainly very fortunate to have
attained the age of forty without any
feminine attachment. Peculiarly in-
dependent and not ill-looking—I think
I must admit that—I should make
what those busybody match-makers
call a grand catch. But, thank my
stars! I have preserved my content
and independence so far, and I'm not
likely to succumb now. No, no! Jack
Campion was born to live and die a
bachelor! And now for the newspa-
per.'

In the meantime, another horseman
had come to the hotel, his horse reek-
ing with sweat, and literally unable
to place one of his feet before another.

The same hostler—an Irishman—
made his appearance.

'Pat,' said the young man, fashion-
ably attired, 'put my mare in the sta-
ble and do the best you can for her.'

'Och, Misthur Traverse, she's kilt in-
tirely!'

'I'm afraid so.'

'And what made ye crowd her so?'

'No matter. Is my sister here?'

'Yis, sur. Bill, show the gentleman
into the ladies parlor.'

'Ah, Belle!' said the young man,
entering the parlor, 'you here?'

'Yes,' replied a beautiful young la-
dy, rising to meet him; 'but what's the
matter?'

'Nothing, Belle—nothing!'

'Something is certainly the matter.
You are flushed and excited.'

'I must be brief, for I am pursued!'

'Pursued?'

'Yes. You know that fellow who
insulted you in the coach the other
day?'

'Well, I have been on his track for over a
week. I met him to-day in the street,
and gave him a confounded horse-
whipping. I handled him very rough-

ly, I'm afraid. He instantly got out
a warrant against me, and not wishing
to be taken into court, till I was ready,
I mounted my horse and gave the
officers the slip. Perhaps I'd better
waited and braved it out; but having
taken this step, I'm bound to baffle
them. To-morrow I will surrender
myself. Now, Belle, if your pony
will take me to our uncle's in five
minutes, I'm your man.'

'Poor Charley couldn't do it,' an-
swered the young lady.

'Then I'll make other arrangements.
By-the-by, I'll meet you at the vil-
la.'

From the drawing-room the young
man rushed to the stable.

'Pat,' said he, 'give me a horse and
a good one.'

'Sorra the horse we've got in the
stable, except this black, and that be-
longs to a gentleman who came here
just afore ye. Och, but he's a good
one, yer honor, two-forty to a cint.'

'I'll borrow him,' said Traverse,
jumping on his back. 'Tell Belle to
drive the gentleman to the villa, and
he shall have him.'

'But, yer honor—' remonstrated the
hostler.

In vain. Traverse had set spurs
to the horse, and was off like a thun-
derbolt.

'Oh, wirra, wirra!' said the hostler,
'what'll become of me? I'm ruined
intirely!'

Shortly after, Mrs. Leslie rung for
her phaeton, and at the same time,
Mr. Campion, the bachelor, ordered his
horse. The pony came around to the
front door, and the young widow stepped
lightly into the phaeton.

'All right!' said she to Patrick, with
a smile, nodding, and taking the reins.

'Give him his head.'

'Och, it's all wrong, my lady,' re-
plied Patrick, keeping hold of the
rein. 'Your carriage can take two in-
side.'

'Very well; but I came alone.'

'You've got to take a passenger.'

'What do you mean?'

'Oh, wirra!—your brother has been
stealing a horse.'

'Stealing a horse!' exclaimed the
widow.

'Yis; that gentleman's,' meaning
the bachelor. 'And he said you were
to take him to the villa, to get the
horse back again.'

'Very singular!' said the widow;
'but William was always very eccen-
tric.'

At this crisis, Mr. Campion appear-
ed.

'My horse ready?'

'Jump in, sir.'

'I didn't come in a carriage.'

'In-wid ye!' shouted the hostler.

'Take a seat beside me, if you
please, sir,' said the widow, with a fas-
cinating smile.

Mr. Campion approached the step
to inquire the meaning, when the host-
ler seized him with a vigorous hand,
thrust him into the phaeton, while the
pony, startled at the movement, dash-
ed off on a run.

Poor Captain Campion! Here
was a situation. A confirmed old
bachelor, bodily abducted by a fasci-
nating young widow. The captain
had to lend his assistance to the lady
in managing the pony, who was short-
ly reduced to his usual slow and quiet
pace; and then, after thanking her
companion for his assistance, Mrs.
Leslie told him that in a few minutes
he should be put in possession of his
horse, which had been borrowed by a
gentleman. This was all the explana-
tion she vouchsafed. She required in
turn, to be made acquainted with the
name of her companion, after giving
her own.

In a few minutes, the captain began
to feel somewhat more at ease—in fact
he began to like his position. He had
never sat so near to a pretty woman in
his life, and he began to ask himself
whether, if the proximity was so pleas-
ant for a few moments, a constant
companionship might not prove as
agreeable. While her attention was
engaged upon her pony, he had an op-
portunity to survey her features. Her

large and luminous eyes seemed to
be literally swimming in liquid lustre;
her cheeks were as soft and blooming
as the sunny side of a peach. Her
profile was strictly Grecian, and her
parted lips showed a row of tiny pearls
as white as snow. The most delicate
taper-fingers, encased in French kids,
closed upon the reins, and the var-
nished tip of a dainty boot indicated a
foot that Cinderella might have en-
vied.

'Do you live far from here, madam?'

asked the captain.

'Not very far. The pony can mend
his pace if you are in a hurry.'

'Not for the world. The pace seems
a very fast one.'

The widow turned those witching
black eyes of hers upon the old bach-
elor, and smiled. It was all over
with him. When he sprang out at
the gate of the villa and touched the
fairy fingers of the widow as he assist-
ed her to alight, his heart was irre-
trievably lost.

A red-faced old gentleman, in a
dressing-gown, received them at the
door.

'My friend, Captain Campion, uncle,'
said the widow. 'Excuse me for a
moment, sir.'

'Very happy to see you, sir,' said
the old gentleman. 'Walk in. Warm
day.'

'Very,' said the captain.

His looks seem to corroborate his
statement for he was as red as a peo-
ny.

The captain and the old gentleman
were soon chatting together familiar-
ly, and the former felt himself com-
pletely at home. After an hour in
this manner, his host excused himself,
and the bachelor was left alone.

A dreamy reverie was interrupted
by the sound of voices, in the hall.—
The captain easily recognized the wid-
ow's, and a glance through the half-
open door showed him that her com-
panion was a very handsome young
gentleman.

'There, dear Belle,' said the young
man, 'don't scold me any more. I
won't do so again, I promise you.—
Give me one kiss.'

A hearty smack followed. It was a
veritable, genuine kiss. The captain
saw and heard it. A pang shot
through his heart.

'The only woman that I could ever
love,' he said to himself, 'and she's
engaged.'

The widow tripped into the room.—
If she was pleasing in her carriage-
dress, she was perfectly bewitching in
her drawing-room attire. Campion
could now see the whole of that deli-
cate fairy foot.

'My dear sir,' said she, 'your horse
is at your service now.'

Campion rose.

'But,' she added, 'if you will stay
and take dinner with us, my uncle will
be very much gratified, and I shall be
highly pleased.'

'The coquet!' thought Campion, 'I
am really obliged to you, madam,' he
said, 'but I have another engagement.'

'Then we cannot hope to detain you,
sir; but you must first allow me to pre-
sent you to my brother.'

The handsome young man now
made his appearance, and shook hands
with the bachelor.

'That's the horse-thief, captain!'

said the widow, laughing.

The young man apologized, and ex-
plained the circumstances which had
impelled him to take the liberty.

'I am sorry,' he added 'that we can-
not improve the acquaintance thus
casually made by enjoying your com-
pany at dinner. I am sorry that you
are otherwise engaged.'

'Why, as to that,' said the captain,
pulling off his gloves, 'your offer is too
tempting, and I feel compelled to ac-
cept it.'

So his horse was remanded to the
stable, and he stopped to dinner.

After dinner, they had music, for
Mrs. Leslie played and sang charm-
ingly. Then he was persuaded to stay
to tea, and in the evening the family
rambled in the garden, and the cap-
tain secured a ten minutes *le-to-let*

with the widow, in a summer-house
overgrown with Madeira vines, and
inhabited by a spider and six ear-
wigs.

It was ten o'clock when he mounted
his horse to return to Boston; but it
was bright moonlight, and he was ro-
mantically inclined.

The next morning he repeated his
visit, and the next, and the next. In
short, the episode of the borrowed
horse produced a declaration and an
acceptance, and though years have
passed away, the captain has had no
occasion to regret his ride with the
widow and the pony phaeton.

Senator Ransom.

It gives us pleasure to know that our
Senators and Representatives find just
appreciation outside of our own State.
The position and influence of Senator
Ransom as one of the foremost men of
the Senate is recognized in every
section of the Union. Day by day
we see just such notices as the fol-
lowing, which we clip from the
Washington correspondence of the
Nashville American, so frequently
and so complimentary indeed as to
point to our distinguished Senator as
the next nominee of the party for
Vice-President, should the South be
thus honored:

Senator Ransom is almost if not
altogether, the first gentleman of the
Senate Chamber, and almost, if not
altogether, its first orator; not a gen-
tleman of the Conkling pattern, made
by mechanics—a combination of tail-
or, barber, dancing master and cox
comb, not an orator, either of the
Conkling sort—cold, glittering and
studied. But a gentleman to the
manner born, polite by instinct, cour-
teous by nature—one whose lofty
mind and noble heart will not permit
his body to do anything ungentleman-
ly or mean; and an orator of the type of
Patrick Henry—not great at a set ora-
tion but a fountain of eloquence when
an occasion touches his heart and
spurs his brain to action. If there is
a single small trait in Ransom's
character, I have failed to note it, af-
ter a pretty close acquaintance of sev-
eral years. I watched him the other
day, in his debate with Blaine. The
hot blood mounted to his face and re-
deemed the broad, high forehead more
than once as Blaine, rushing to and
fro before him and brandishing threats
in his face, after the manner of a
bully of the buskin, sought to provoke
an angry retort by insulting his State
and his people. More than once the
proud North Carolinian's bosom swel-
led with indignation but not one hasty
word escaped his lips; not once did he
forget to address his opponent as a
Senator and a gentleman. No wonder
his sober self command, his lofty
patriotism and his burning
eloquence as he defended his people
from the tongue of the slanderer car-
ried the Senate and listening public
with him. No wonder Blaine, the
wary, cheeky Blaine, himself, sat
down abashed at last.

The no-fence system has been adop-
ted in the counties of Virginia border-
ing on this section of North Carolina,
and all the farmers with whom we
have talked on the subject concur in
the opinion that the disuse of fences
has been of great value to farmers,
and that it has increased the market
value of the lands. This fact alone
settles the question of the advantage
of doing away with fences. In Nor-
folk county, Va., just across the bor-
der from us, lands have gone up from
that cause alone. Even those persons
who were at first opposed to doing
away with fences now see its advan-
tage.—Elizabeth City Economist.

Petitions are being circulated in
Guilford County for signers praying
the legislature to pass a similar fence
law for Guilford county that is now in
force in Mecklenburg. The object of
the petition is to compel the people to
keep up their stock, and not to allow
them to run at large. If there are any
who object to such a law let them get
up and circulate petitions to that ef-
fect.—North State.

"Boy Wanted."

A few mornings since a lady living
on Clifford street answered the bell to
find a bulky boy with an innocent red
face and peach colored ears standing
on the steps. He explained that he
wanted to see her husband, and she
answered that her husband had left
for his office.

'I'm the boy who sweeps out all the
offices where he is,' said the boy as he
backed down the steps, 'and this
morning I found a letter in the big
scrapsack.'

'Well, you can leave it,' she re-
plied.

'I—I guess I hadn't better,' he half-
whispered, as he showed the small
pink envelope.

'Boy—that is—boy, let me see that
letter!' she said as she advanced and
extended her hand.

'Oh, 'twouldn't be 'sactly right,
ma'am, 'cause I know he'd gin me fifty
cents.'

'See here, boy,' she said as she felt
for the dollar bill left her to buy cof-
fee and tea, 'you take this, give me
the letter, and don't say a word to Mr.
——about finding it.'

'I don't believe it's much of a let-
ter,' he remarked.

'Never mind—hand it over—here's
your money!'

'Maybe there hain't a word of writ-
ing in it, ma'am.'

'Here—give me the letter—now go!'

She took it and entered the house,
and the boy with peach-colored ears
flew down the street like a cannibal
going to dinner.

In about forty seconds the woman
came out, looked up and down the
street, and the expression around her
mouth was not happy and peaceful.—
The boy had seemed to doubt that
there was any writing inside the en-
velope, but she was not quite prepar-
ed to tear it open and find a printed
document commencing: 'Whereas, de-
fault having been made in the condi-
tions of a certain mortgage—, etc.—
She wants to hold another interview
with the lad. If this meets his eye, he
will please call between the hours of 8
and 10 a. m., when she feels the
strongest.

INGENUOUS USE OF A KISS.—The
Auvergnat is the Paddy of France;
but like the Irish Paddy he sometimes
redeems his character for native
stupidity and belies his reputation.
A water carrier, born and bred in
Auvergne, but established in the
French capital for the last year or two,
reckoned among the customers whom
he supplied with their daily water a
young married couple, whom neither
by threats nor entreaties could he
succeed in inducing to settle a long
standing account. The invariable ex-
cuse with which the young wife, who
was her own servant, put him off, was
that her lord was out. The Auvergnat,
a patient fellow, accepted the ex-
cuse for a time but at length patience
being exhausted, and his faith in the
lady's diurnal assertion diminished, he
determined to try a little plan of his
own for bringing confusion upon the
heads of his debtors. A few mornings
ago after replenishing the domestic
water fountain, he asked madame if
Monsieur was within. Most annoy-
ingly, Monsieur has just gone out to
the *coiffeur's*, replied the lady calmly;
but the very next moment the report
of a formidable kiss brought the *soi-
disant* absentee before the water car-
rier's eyes, his cheeks crimson with
jealousy. 'Wretch!' ejaculated the
outraged spouse; 'I'm not a wretch.
'Twas but a sly trick,' objected the
Auvergnat, who speedily pacified the
tempest he had raised in the martial
brast by explaining that the kiss had
been bestowed upon his own horny
hand, and not on the lady's ruby lips.
The result of the *ruse* was that the lit-
tle account which had necessitated it
was promptly settled.

There are three political parties
in North Carolina now—the Re-
publican party, the Democratic party
and Joe Turner.—North State.