

THE KINSTON JOURNAL.

J. W. HARPER, Proprietors.
J. M. WHITE,

VOL. 1.

KINSTON, N. C., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1879.

TERMS—\$1.50 Per Year.

NO. 8.

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Satisfaction Guaranteed.
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Also keep on hand the celebrated
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Prompt and efficient attention paid all busi-
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Will attend the Courts of Lenoir Greene and
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J. W. HARPER,
Attorney At Law,
Office over Post Office,
KINSTON, N. C.

Why Not Forgive Him?

BY F. S. S.
Why not forgive your brother,
If he comes to you in sorrow?
Why not your anger smother,
Ere the dawning of to-morrow?
You say he has reviled you?
Your dearest friends among;
But has error ne'er beguiled you?
Have you ne'er committed wrong?
Why not forgive him?
He is penitent and humble,
He is weak and in your power—
Who is not apt to stumble?
When passion rules the hour?
He wronged you in his blindness;
Now set the Christian's part,
And pour the balm of kindness
On his sad, repentant heart.
Why not forgive him?
With his grief his heart is riven,
And can you with reason pray
That your sins may be forgiven
When from him you turn away?
Vain't not your pure condition,
Nor look forgiveness keep—
Think of heaven's admonition,
"As ye sow, so shall ye reap."
Why not forgive him?

Selected.

MENIE'S LITTLE BARE FEET.

BY BARBARA SEMPLE.

[CONCLUDED.]

As they left the Academy, Mr. Hayward remarked to his little friend that it was a very desirable thing that the picture should be sold.

"Is't just for me that I may get the ten per cent. that ye want it sold, or is't for yourself too?" she inquired.

"It's very important for me, Menie, that it should sell," he replied. "I have worked very hard at this picture, harder than I ever did in my life; and it will be a severe disappointment if I have no reward for my labor. Besides, I want money—badly!"

Menie looked up in his face sorrowfully. Was it possible, she asked herself, that a gentleman could want money badly?

"Then Menie, I like this picture," the artist continued; "I think it's the best thing I've done, by a long way; and if people don't care for it, I'll be very apt to become despondent, and to fear that I have mistaken my vocation, and can never earn my living as a painter."

These words sank into the child's heart, and she went home with a new anxiety clouding her youthful face.

That evening Mrs. Brown became worse than she had ever been. There was neither money nor food in the house, and the sick woman was in a state of extreme exhaustion. Menie crept into bed beside her mother, and putting her arm round her, wept bitterly. "Oh," she thought, "if the picture were only sold! Then, when her sobs ceased, and she was just falling asleep, she was aroused by her mother's voice in earnest prayer.

Menie had often heard her mother pray; but it was always for spiritual blessings expressed in set theological phrase. On this occasion it was relief from a definite earthly care for which she prayed, and that with an intense fervour which startled the child.

"Oh, if it be Thy will, keep me from the workhouse!" was the poor woman's oft-repeated petition. "Eh, Menie," said Mrs. Brown, the following day, "I feel real ill: I maun hae something to eat. Look if there's anythin' in the kist we could pawn."

Now that the sittings were over, and Menie no longer earned any sixpences, Mrs. Brown and daughter had become reduced to still greater privations than they had for some time experienced.

"There's the big Bible," replied Menie, peering into the chest.

"We couldna expect a blessing if we pawned it," returned Mrs. Brown, shaking her head.

"An, there's the big-printed psalm-book," added Menie, holding up the lid of the box, while she stretched down into its capacious depths.

"Bring me the psalm book," said Mrs. Brown; "I dinna think it would be a sin to pawn it, for I hae the Psalms in the Bible. Here! tak' this an' the psalm book, an' see what ye can get for them; and, as Mrs. Brown spoke, she pulled off her wedding ring, and as she gave it to her child, said, "I'm sair pushed, or I wouldn't part wi' this; but my marriage lines is in the big Bible in the kist, an' if I was ta'en awa' sudden, before we got the ring back, ye maun tell that the lines are there."

Impressed with the earnestness of her mother's manner, Menie promised to remember this request, and ran down stairs to beg Mrs. Smith to let her go on an errand for her mother; for the landlady, now that the sittings were over, claimed all her time, and still gave her to understand that her services were not quite an equivalent for the rent.

Famished though she was, Menie, as she walked along, could not resist

stopping a moment at the window of a printseller's shop. As she lingered there, two gentlemen come up, and, looking in the window, made some observations to each other respecting the engravings displayed there.

"Ah, there's a pretty thing," said one, pointing to an engraving, the subject of which was a little boy with a bird's nest in his hand.

Menie looked at the picture, and became much interested in the young birds, with their open bills, and was studying the expression of the boy's face, when she heard the gentleman who had not yet spoken say to his friend,

"I observe you are fond of life pictures."

"Yes, and of child-life particularly. I never buy anything else."

The blood rushed to Menie's face, and her breath came fast, as she heard these words.

"Please, sir," said she, looking up towards the gentleman who had spoken first; but she was timid, and spoke in a low trembling voice, so that her words were not heard. "If ye please sir," she said, a second time, venturing to give a gentle pull to the coat of the gentleman.

Supposing some one to be robbing him of his pocket-handkerchief, he turned sharply round, and met the earnest supplicating look of the child with a kindly smile.

"What is it my dear?" a penny? he inquired, putting his hand into his pocket.

"No, thank ye, sir," said Menie, drawing back her hand firmly, though she suffered at the moment the sharp pangs of hunger.

"What! not take a penny to buy sweets?"

"No, thank ye, sir; but, if ye please, would ye like to buy a picture?"

Now it happened that the gentleman was a Scotchman, who had been twenty years in London, and Menie's dialect was as music in his ears; so he bent towards her as he said imitating her tone.

"Would I like to buy a picture? Have you got one to sell, my dear?"

"No; but a gentleman that I know has."

"What kind of picture is it?"

"A picture wi' me in't," said Menie, shyly.

"Where is it?" inquired the Scotchman, whose name was Lander.

"In the Academy," was the reply; and it took both gentlemen very much by surprise.

"Do you know the name of the artist who painted it?" inquired Menie's countryman, regarding her curiously.

"Ay, Mr. Hayward."

"Hayward—Hayward—Do you know him?" inquired Mr. Lander of his friend.

"I think I do remember the name," was the reply; "he is quite a young man I think. He had a picture in the Academy last year: a scene on the Devon—a very nice thing."

"What makes you so anxious to have the picture sold?" inquired Mr. Lander, turning to Menie.

"I'm to hae ten per cent. when it's sold, an' mother's very poor an' very ill," was the reply, while Menie's lip quivered, and tears filled her eyes.

And why wouldn't you take the penny I offered you?"

"Mother'll no let me take money," she answered with a choking voice.

"Well, my child, I'll look at your picture the first time I go to the Academy. But stop: when does it open?"

And the Scotchman, as he asked the question, turned to his friend.

"It's open to-day," was the reply.

"Then what do you say to going to see this picture at once?"

"I have no objection."

So, followed at some distance by Menie, the two gentlemen went at once to the Academy, and having paid for her admission, suffered her to lead them straight to the picture.

"Oh, that's very good—very good, indeed!" exclaimed the Scotchman.

"You are not looking at the picture," said Mr. Lander, turning to Menie.

"I think awfu' shame o' my bare feet," was the reply.

The Englishman laughed, and his friend patted the child on the head.

"You have no occasion to be ashamed of your feet, my lassie," said he.

"I had red stockings no very long syne, an' boots wi' brass rings, but I hadna them when my picter was drawn."

"Puir bit bairnie!" said the Scotchman, in a tone of kindly interest.

It was so early when they entered the Academy that there were few visitors present, but now they began to arrive, and as Menie was a very unusual figure in such a place, she attracted attention, and more than one individual looked from the picture to the child and smiled.

"Come, my dear, you are becoming the subject of observation," said Mr. Lander, and with these words the two gentlemen and Menie proceeded to leave the Academy; yet before he quitted the building Mr. Lander had inquired and ascertained the price of the picture.

"Now my dear," he said when they gained the street, "I am going to buy your picture."

"Oh, are you though—really?" cried Menie, scarcely able to credit such good news.

"Really, quite really," said the gentleman, smiling.

"I'm just awfu' glad!" cried Menie, highly excited. "Then I needn't take the psalm-book to the pawnbroker's?" she asked.

"My poor bairn, were you really on your way to the pawnbroker's?" he inquired, "and with a psalm-book? Let me see it."

"We couldna help it, sir, an' we hae the Psalms in the big Bible," replied Menie, holding out the book, and anxious to clear her mother from all suspicion of disrespect to Holy Writ.

"An interesting old-fashioned copy, with a good morocco binding," said the gentleman, returning the psalm-book. "No, my little girl, it would be a thousand pities to pawn this. If the artist accepts my offer, you shall have your percentage this very day. I suppose you would like to know what I intend to offer for the picture?"

"Yes, sir."

"A hundred guineas," said he, "the price the artist asks."

"Guineas!" said Menie, looking puzzled. "Is that littler than pounds?"

"More!"

"More! Oh, what a lot o' money it'll be! and how much will Mr. Hayward have all to himself?"

"Ninety guineas," said he, watching with considerable interest the changing expression on the little girl's face; then, observing that her eyes sparkled with joy when she heard this, he could not refrain from remarking, "you seem as much pleased with your friend's reward as with your own."

"It's my opinion," remarked the Englishman, laughing, "that this little maiden ought also to get a handsome commission for selling the picture."

"Indeed she should," said his friend. Then, turning to Menie, he added, "I wish to visit your mother, my dear, and should like to see the artist—Which of them shall I call upon first?"

"Mr. Hayward lives on the way to mother's," was the little girl's eager reply. Then, turning to his friend, Mr. Lander said, "excuse me, Blake, do. I must look after this poor woman at once; and, in order to help her must buy this picture without a moment's delay,—though it's a remarkably clever work and I should have bought it in any case."

"You wouldn't have given a hundred guineas for it though, unless there had been a suffering countrywoman in the case."

"Possibly not so readily, but I think it's quite worth the money."

So the gentlemen shook hands and parted, and Menie led Mr. Lander to the artist's house, and leaving him at the door, ran home to tell her mother all that had happened.

Before evening Mr. Hayward called, and putting four five-pound notes and a sovereign into Menie's hand, said:

"Here are twenty guineas, the ten per cent. I promised you and ten guineas for your active services in selling the picture."

"I dinna want sae much," returned Menie earnestly, "I would like ye to hae a good deal to yourself!"

"My dear child, your mother's very ill," said he, taking her apart, "requiring nourishing food, if not medical attendance, and this money is honestly earned by you. There need be no hesitation about taking it. Put the notes away carefully, and I'll take the sovereign and go out for some wine and other things."

While Mr. Hayward and Menie conversed, Mrs. Brown lay too feeble

to take part in the discussion, and Menie put the four notes within the leaves of the big Bible in the chest.

Then the artist returning laden with delicacies for the invalid, Menie went out for coals, and made a good fire, and gradually Mrs. Brown revived and looking at the cheerful blaze she had not seen in her poor room for many months, and at the bread, wine, jelly, and cold fowl upon the table, raised her eyes and devoutly gave thanks to God.

How joyfully Menie sprang out of bed the following morning to light the fire! What a wonderful experience it was to have wood and coals, and to know that as soon as the kettle boiled she could make a good breakfast! To be able to go to the cupboard and take out everything necessary for the meal, and actually the remains of a cold fowl, too, was a proceeding so extraordinary that Menie could scarcely believe in its reality.

After breakfast she ran eagerly to the pawnbroker's and brought home as many of the articles as she could carry.

Among other things her own red stockings, and boots with brass rings; but to Menie's great disappointment, when she tried on the boots they were found to be too small. There was no time to fret over this, for there was a small table and two chairs to bring from the pawnbroker's, and Mrs. Brown's wedding gown, which was of fine and silky texture, and a gorgeous garment in Menie's eyes. There was her father's silver watch too, and her own little blue merino frock, with short, puffed sleeves, and a pretty work box lined with red leather, that she had got as a prize at a sewing school. So the child had a busy, happy day in collecting all these treasures together again. Then she cleaned the windows, swept the floor, and brushed the grate, that the house might be clean and fresh, and worthy of the precious articles just redeemed.

With what eager haste she spread the strip of carpet before her mother's bed, and set the little round table in the window, with her work box upon it, and hung up the silver watch on a nail above the mantel piece, and then spread a bright patch-work quilt upon her mother's bed.

"Oh, mother, it's bonny!" she cried; "awfu' bonny! Doesn't the watch make the house look grand? An' isn't it a braw quilt?"

"Eh, lassie, it's a braw thing that there's no a pawn ticket in the hoos," returned the mother, to whom in common with many of the frugal, industrious Scotch, such a thing was a sign of degradation, and to obtain money in this way indicated a fall in life as keenly felt by this poor laundress as is the descent from wealth to straitened means by the better born. So bitter had been the humiliation, apart from the discomfort of her lot, that Mrs. Brown had become depressed in spirits, scarcely caring to live. And now it was not only the beef tea, which Menie made so carefully, nor the jelly, nor the wine, which gave her new life, but every time she looked at the various articles restored to their accustomed places, she felt that an intolerable burden had been removed, and that life was pleasant after all.

"Menie, we maunna forget to render thanks to the Giver o' a' good for His mercies," said the mother solemnly.

"It's His pleasure to give help, whiles, in the most unlooked-for ways. I'm sure it's as strange a thing that a man should gie a hundred guineas for a picter, as that the ravens should hae fed Elijah."

"But, mother," urged Menie, jealous for the honor of her friend, Mr. Hayward, "I dinna think it's just the same as the ravens an' Elijah: the picter took a long time to paint, an' was ill to do, an' it wouldna been right if he hadna got a lot o' money."

"Na, na, Menie, gie the honour to the Lord; it's his doin' this help that has come to us, no man's."

"But was't no the Lord that made Mr. Hayward awfu' clever?" asked Menie.

As Mrs. Brown did not clearly see the use of artists any more than she saw the utility of flies and spiders, she could make no reply to this argument but, bidding Menie bring the big Bible, she selected, and reverently read aloud, such passages as, "The needy shall not always be forgotten; the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever."

Mrs. Brown gained strength so fast that she was soon able to go into the country, and great was Menie's delight to renew her acquaintance with buttercups and daisies, to pluck the fragrant hawthorn from the green hedges and to discover a bird's nest full of tender, tiny nestlings, which she regarded with intense interest.

One day Mr. Hayward paid Menie a visit, for, besides being fond of the child for her own sake, he connected

her with his first great success in his art, and experienced toward her on that account a certain amount of grateful affection not usually elicited by little girls from young men. Then how delightful it was to walk with him in the fields, and to learn to look at the trees and flowers as the artist looked at them! Then the meaneast weed which sprang up by the roadside became an object of loving study, and the young green leaves of a common fern growing in the ditch, a mossy stump in the wood—even the grass they trod underfoot—were objects, looked at as Mr. Hayward taught Menie to regard them, full of beauties she had not dreamed of before.

Inigorated by country air and good food, Mrs. Brown was soon restored to health, and then Mr. Lander procured for her a situation of trust, for which her strict integrity rendered her peculiarly suitable. Here she received good wages, and was able to send Menie to school, at which she remained long enough to obtain a sound English education, and some careful instruction in drawing.

Mr. Hayward's picture was so much admired, that if Mr. Lander had been as fond of money as his countrymen are said sometimes to be, he might have made a little fortune by the sale of it; but, though on more than one occasion offered a sum immensely larger than that which he had paid, he could not be induced to part with it.

As Menie's early liking for art deepened each year into an earnest love, she was advised by Mr. Hayward to attend the Kensington School of Art, where she obtained so much proficiency that in course of time she became herself an exhibitor in that very academy where she had first appeared with bare feet.

President MacMahon has been threatening to resign for a long time, and beautiful Paris waked up on Thursday's lovely morning and found that it was an accomplished fact.—Paris can stand it, and France will survive. We have not taken large stock in the Marshal-President. He was bull-headed and Bourbonish to a fault. He was simply intractible—would neither lead nor be led. He brought the last trouble about by refusing to allow the Republican majority to control the army. The prospect is that he will be succeeded by M. Grevy.—Star.

Franklin's Maxims.

Plough deep, while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep.

Pride is as loud as want, and a great deal more saucy.

Silks and Satins, scarlets and velvets, put out the kitchen fire.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

Pride breakfasted with Plenty dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.

Extravagance and improvidence end at the prison door.

It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel.

What maintains one vice would bring up two children.

He that goes borrowing, returns sorrowing.

Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.

South Carolina Jute.

There is now on exhibition in the counting rooms of the Charleston News and Courier a superior article of Jute, raised by Mr. John Jenkins. It has been compared with that imported from India, and found to be glossier and silkier. Mr. Jenkins only planted for seed this year, only stripping a few stalks for exhibition, but next year he will cultivate the crop as a regular business. Excellent jute has been raised as high up as Abbeville, and will take its place by the side of rice and cotton.

In view of the back pension grab law the Western and Southern members of the House are in favor of restoring the income tax. This will cause New York to be lost to the Democrats, say members from that State. In order to catch some votes they lose the most important State. Another example of the danger of buncombe legislation. The Cabinet is said to favor the restoration of the income tax.—Star.

The jury in the Arlington case, at Alexandria yesterday, rendered a verdict for the plaintiff, General Lee, for the whole property in fee. The defendants moved for a new trial.

General Sherman yesterday reviewed the troops and visited the various battle fields around Atlanta. He expressed great gratification at the prosperity of Atlanta.