

THE KINSTON JOURNAL.

J. W. HARPER, } Proprietors.
J. N. WHITE, }

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KINSTON, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1879.

TERMS—\$1.50 Per Year.

NO. 9.

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. Jan-12m

Dr. A. R. 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. Jan-12m

ENNIS & PRESSON.
House Builders & Upholsterers,
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 Carts built and repaired on
short notice.
Jan-12m

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

Now in store a good stock of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, BOOTS,
SHOES, HATS, & 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 pat-
ronage heretofore bestowed upon me is
respectfully solicited.
Jan-12m N. D. MYERS.

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

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-12m

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

Office over Pelletier's Drug Store. Jan-12m

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-12m

J. F. Parrott,
Miller and Lumber Dealer,
Kinston, N. C.,
Is 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-12m

J. Q. JACKSON, F. R. 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 J. W. F. WOOTEN. Jan-12m

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

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

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

Office over Post Office,
KINSTON, N. C.

Hang Up The Baby's Stocking.

Hang up the baby's stocking—
Be sure you don't forget.
The dear little dimpled, darting,
She never saw Christmas yet;
But I've told her all about it,
And she opened her big blue eyes,
I'm sure she understood me,
She looked so funny and wise.

Dear! dear! What a tiny stocking!
It don't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold,
But then for the baby's Christmas
It would never do at all;
Why, Santa Claus would not be looking
For anything half so small.

I know what we'll do for the baby,
I've thought of the very best plan;
I'll borrow a stocking from grand-ma,
The largest that ever I can,
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,
Right here, in the corner, so,
And write a letter to Santa,
And fasten it on the toe.

Write: This is the baby's stocking.
That hangs in the corner here,
You never have seen her Santa,
For she only came this year;
But she's just the bluest baby;
And now before you go,
Just cram the stocking with goodies,
From the top clean down to the toe.

Selected.

THE DOCTOR'S LAST SHOT.

Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Brown were
having a very comfortable afternoon
together. Mrs. Smith, who was an
invalid, or thought herself one, which
was just as bad, was reclining in an
easy chair, and Mrs. Brown, who had
run in with her knitting just to see
how she was, had been persuaded to
spend the rest of the day with her
friend.

'Yes, Mrs. Brown, I consider it pro-
vidential. That poor niece of mine was
left an orphan on the cold charities of
the world, and as I was the only friend
she had, she came right here of course.
Well, here I am, in such very delicate
health, needing constant attention,
and I could not expect my own girls,
poor dears, to be fussing around their
sick mother all the time. I want them
to enjoy themselves while they can.
This poor thing needed a home, and I
gave it to her at once. I said 'of
course, child, come right here and
live with us. You can make yourself
useful, no doubt, it will be all right.'
She has been here for six months now,
and has been a wonderful help to me.
I keep her busy from daylight until
dark to keep her mind off her troubles,
you know, and nights when I can't
sleep it's dreadful handy to have her
where she can rub my back, soak my
feet, bathe my head, and read me to
sleep.

'Don't you pay her wages?'
'Bless me, no! She said something
about it one day as if she expected to
be paid for her work, but I told her
that we couldn't think of hiring our
own blood relations to work for us. I
told her to just be easy about that,
whenever she needed anything we'd
see about it. She gave me a kind of
queer smile that I didn't quite under-
stand or like; but, on the whole, she is
wonderful quiet and gentle like; and I
consider it a real Providence.'

'Where is she?'
'I sent her down to the back pasture
to get some blackberries for my tea. I
thought maybe I'd relish them if they
were fresh.'

Down in the back pasture she was,
the poor niece, Meta Langdon, but not
picking blackberries. She was sitting
on a mossy log among the bushes,
crying as if her heart would break. It
did her good; it cooled the fierce fever
in her heart, and she finally grew quiet
and slipped softly down on her knees
and prayed long and earnestly for
patience and wisdom and help
from her heavenly Father. Then she
caught up her pail and rose to com-
mence her task. But it so happened
that Dr. Chester, who was spending a
few weeks in that delightful country
place, was out hunting that day. A
fine, plump partridge flew up from the
bushes just at that moment, and the
doctor fired. To his astonishment
the bird escaped, but a shrill scream
and heavy fall beyond the bushes
made him throw down his gun and
rush furiously through the sharp bri-
ers, never heeding the rents they made
in his fine hunting suit or the scratches
upon his face and hands.

There lay the game he had brought
down, in the shape of a young girl
who was in a dead faint or killed for
aught he knew. He quickly loosened
her dress and dashed water in her face
from the full canteen which he hap-
pened to have, and finally forced a
few drops of brandy between her lips.
At length she opened her eyes, to his
great relief, and tried to rise, but a
sharp cry of pain showed there was
something more serious than a mere
scratch.

'What is it, where are you hurt?'
'My arm,' she exclaimed.
He tore the faded calico sleeve o-

pen to the shoulder, and sure enough
the soft white arm was covered with
blood and seemed to be riddled with
shot.

'Dear, dear, what have I done?' he
exclaimed, hastily tying his own and
her handkerchief tightly around it.
'There's no time for apologies or ex-
planations. I thought I was shooting
a partridge, and in some unaccount-
able way I have shot you. Now tell
me where you live so I can get you
home as soon as possible. I am a
physician, and we'll soon have the
poor arm all right again.'

'My home is just over the hill; I can
walk if you will help me a little.'—
With a set, resolute face, and lips
tightly closed to keep back the moans
of pain, Meta walked hastily towards
home leaning upon his arm. But as
they reached the gate she fainted
again, and taking her in his arms he
bore her rapidly to the house, and
without any ceremony pushed open
the parlor door and laid her upon a
sofa.

Mrs. Smith screamed murder at the
top of her voice, and went into hyster-
ics. The doctor frowned scornfully at
her and said to Mrs. Brown: 'There's
no time for nonsense; bring me some
cold water and bandages at once, and
send some one to the hotel for Dr.
Chester's small case of surgical instru-
ments.'

Mrs. Smith left to herself soon re-
covered, and insisted upon an expla-
nation of the affair.

'It's nothing serious, I hope. I have
accidentally sent a charge of shot into
this young lady's arm. Are you her
mother?'
'No, indeed, she is a poor, depend-
ent creature that we've taken in for
charity's sake; a niece of mine, and
what I'm to do with her now I can't
see. I can't take care of her, and,
indeed, sir, it's mighty inconvenient
to have her laid up just at this time.
She is very necessary to my comfort.
I need a sight of care and waiting on
night and day.'

'Well, madam, she'll need a sight of
care and waiting on, herself, now for
awhile, and must have it.'
By this time the young girl revived
again under the vigorous treatment
she received, and the instruments were
brought to him.

'Now, madam, will you tell me
where to take this young lady, for
she must be put to bed at once.'
'Well, she sleep in a little closet off
my room—'
'That will never do. Show me the
largest, best room you have in the
house.' Taking Meta gently in his
arms, the doctor followed Mrs. Smith
upstairs to a large pleasant chamber.
She groaned in spirit as she turned
down the white counterpane, and as-
sisted the doctor in getting Meta un-
dressed and into bed; but he was not
to be trifled with at such a time. 'Now
madam, I will excuse you, but let
Mrs. Brown bring me plenty of warm
water, and soft, old linen, and remain
to assist me. And I want a servant
close at hand to get whatever else I
may require while dressing the arm.'

It was a terrible hour to Meta while
he probed each wound and removed
the shot that were deeply imbedded
in the tender flesh. Fortunately no
bone was broken, and at last it was
neatly bandaged with soft linen and
wet with a healing lotion, and she fell
asleep. Mrs. Brown proved an efficient
helper; and as they passed quietly out
of the room the doctor said:

'My patient must have the greatest
care and attention. Could you stay
and nurse her for a while?'
'Yes, I might.'
'Very well; I will pay you well if
you will do it, for everything will de-
pend upon keeping her quiet now.'

He met Mrs. Smith in the hall.
'Madam, this woman has consented
to stay and take care of your niece,
and I will see that she is well paid for
it. But mind what I say; you must
not see her, nor must any one else see
her but Mrs. Brown and myself for a
week at least, for she will have a se-
rious time of it at the best. I regret
it exceedingly, more than I can tell
you, that I have been the cause of all
this suffering, and will do my best to
have her out again as soon as possible.'

So saying the doctor wished them good
day, and soon disappeared from their
view.

'Well, now, if that isn't cool! And
what am I to do all this time?' groaned
Mrs. Smith rocking herself vigorously
in her great arm chair. 'And my
best spare room, too! Say, did he
mess everything up dressing that
arm?'
'Oh, no! he was very careful about
that.'

'Well, that's a comfort any way.
To think I should have such trouble
with that girl just when I needed her
most. I think it is a very mysterious
dispensation of Providence.'

The next morning the doctor found
Meta in a high fever, moaning with

pain and delirious. The arm was bad-
ly swollen and inflamed, and altogeth-
er her case had assumed an alarming
aspect. He did not go hunting or
fishing that day, but stayed by her
bedside administering medicine with
his own hands, and doing everything
in his power for her relief. He was
greatly distressed over the accident,
and inwardly vowed he would never
fire off another gun as long as he lived.

But what a revelation of toil, hard-
ship, and cruel wrong the unconscious
Meta made in her delirium; she fan-
cied the doctor, as he bathed her hot
head and hands and smoothed her hair
as he would a child, was her mother,
and she drew his head close to her lips
and whispered:

'O, mother! I am so glad you have
come for me! I am tired to death.
Auntie has no mercy or feeling for
me; she has kept me at work over her
night and day, and I've gone hungry
many and many a time, because I
couldn't bear to eat the food so grudg-
ingly given. O, I am so glad you
have come!'

Now Meta was a beautiful girl,
though she had a sweet, pure womanly
ly face, and great wistful eyes, and
abundance of dark, silky hair. But
her small hands were brown and hard-
ened with toil; she was poor, depend-
ent, alone in the world except for this
selfish, unnatural aunt, and the coun-
sins who scarcely deigned to notice
her.

Dr. Chester was a rich old bachelor,
not so very old either, only thirty-six.
Why he had never married no one
could tell, but true it is he had re-
mained heartwhole these years in spite
of the many beautiful women who had
smiled gracefully upon him. But
somehow this poor orphan won his
heart completely during that week of
unconsciousness. He was charmed
with her sweet prattle about her child-
hood; and her innocence and helples-
ness, together with the suffering he
had so unwittingly caused, appealed
strongly to his sympathy, and he fully
resolved to win her love and make her
his wife if possible. Never had a pa-
tient a more assiduous doctor than poor
Meta. Mrs. Smith fumed and fretted
over all the fuss that they made about
'that girl,' until the doctor frightened
her into silence by telling her that he
knew how she had treated the poor
child, and that if she didn't keep quiet
and have everything done that was
needed for her comfort he would have
her arrested and tried for inhuman
cruelty.

Under his watchful care the danger
was soon over, and Meta was pronoun-
ced convalescent. The doctor took
her out to ride as soon as she was able
in the easiest of all carriages. Rare
delicacies were sent every day from
the hotel to tempt her returning ap-
petite. The sweetest and most frag-
rant flowers that could be found ad-
orned her room. Meta remonstrated
with him for all his lavish kindness,
but he would reply by saying he was
the cause of all her suffering and she
must allow him to atone for it in every
way he could. How eagerly he
watched the faint color that crept in-
to her cheeks at his approach. How
tenderly and delicately he administered
to her comfort and pleasure day
after day, until at last he ventured to
tell her of his love and his great de-
sire to have her for his own. He had
become very dear to her during all
these weeks of suffering, and she ac-
knowledgeed it and promised to be his
wife. He hastened to inform Mrs.
Smith of their betrothal, and asked
forbearance for another week when,
he assured her he would relieve her
from all future care and responsibility
of her niece. Imagine if you can her
astonishment! She was completely
'dumbfounded' and had not a word to
say; though doubtless in her heart she
thought it another most mysterious
dispensation.

The next day a notable dressmaker
from the city arrived with various
costly and wonderful fabrics, which
she had orders to make up for Miss
Langdon in the latest style. Such a
time as there was then of cutting and
basting, of trying on and trimming;
two other seamstresses kept their sew-
ing machines running at the highest
rate of speed, until at the close of the
week there was enough of a wedding
trousseau to fill a huge Saratoga trunk.

The doctor took daily pilgrimages be-
tween that chamber and the city, un-
til at last he could not devise another
thing which his darling could possibly
need for dress or ornament during the
trip to Europe which he had planned.
Never was there a happier bride and
groom than those who were made one
in Mrs. Smith's parlor that bright
September morning. They went im-
mediately to his home on the Hudson,
where his mother received the new
daughter with open arms and soon af-
ter went to Europe, where they spent
a year. Meta made good use of the
time by putting herself under the care

of the best private teachers, and when
on their return the happy doctor pre-
sented his wife to his friends, there
was not among them one more highly
accomplished or more elegant and re-
fined. The doctor was very proud of
her, and never tired of telling his in-
imate friends how he found his wife,
or the result of his last shot.

From the N. Y. Post.
Clay and Peanut Coffee.

The writer hereof, while sitting in
the office of a large coffee and spice
mill a few years ago, heard a clerk
ask the manager whether an order for
a large quantity of ground coffee could
be filled within a certain time. Before
replying the manager stepped to a
speaking tube, whistled, and then
asked: 'Has that cargo of peanuts ar-
rived yet?' Having received an an-
swer apparently satisfactory, he told
the clerk that the order could be filled
in the time mentioned.

In the course of investigating this
subject the Post's representative hap-
pened to meet an old acquaintance
formerly engaged in a coffee and spice
mill. On being asked about some of
the tricks of the trade he said:

'Now, look here, you think that
there's nothing too bad to be done in
one of these mills, but I can tell you
of a trick that beats any adulteration
they ever did clean out of sight.'

Having obtained a promise that no
names should be used, he said he had
been asked a couple of years ago if he
would like to undertake the manufac-
ture of artificial coffee. Being of a
speculative turn of mind (and en pas-
sant, none too scrupulous) he went in-
to the business.

'We used to buy a very soft, fine,
blue clay, grind it thoroughly and dry
out the water. It was then moistened
to a moulding consistency with extract
of chicory and dandelion, moulded
into coffee bean shape and mixed with
a certain proportion of pure coffee.
When roasted it had all the appear-
ance of genuine coffee, with the addi-
tional advantage to us of weighing
more. Using twenty-five per centum
of clay beans, which weighed about
25 per centum more than the real
coffee, we would get 64 per centum
more weight out of a given quantity
by measure, and this additional weight
was enough to pay for the working of
the clay into shape; so that our clay
coffee gave us a clean profit of 25 cents
on the dollar, beside the profit on the
genuine coffee.'

'Did you sell much of it?'
'We did a very large business. We
could undersell any other house in the
market, but we never ran down our
prices so as to excite suspicion. By
keeping just enough below market
rates to secure a sale for all we could
handle, we kept up good profits and a
good reputation.'

'Where did your clay come from?'
'That I can't tell you. I've gone
out of the business myself for reasons
of my own.'

Business Law.

Ignorance of the law excuses no
one.

An agreement without consideration
is void.

Signatures made with a lead pencil
are good in law.

A receipt for money paid is not le-
gally conclusive.

The acts of one partner bind all the
others.

Contracts made on Sunday cannot
be enforced.

A contract made with a minor is
void.

A contract made with a lunatic is
void.

Agents are responsible to their prin-
cipals for errors. Principals are re-
sponsible for the acts of their agents.

Each individual in a partnership is
responsible for the whole amount of
the debts of a firm.

A note obtained by fraud, or from
a person in a state of intoxication,
cannot be collected.

A note given by a minor is void.

If a note be lost or stolen, it does
not release the maker; he must pay it.

An indorser of a note is exempt
from liability if not served with notice
of its dishonor within twenty four
hours of its non-payment.

In The Light.

CARLOTTA FERRY.

The day was very dark, but towards its close
The sun shone out, in sudden beauty burned
The Western sky, and all the clouds were turned
To a great flame of purple, gold, and rose.

And, though from early dawn the skies did low'r,
That moment's glory swept all gloom away—
His memory even—for, of that long day,
I do remember but that one bright hour.

So sweet, so strong, its light can never die;
The conquering sunshine, with its perfect joy,
Nor all life's later shadows can destroy—
O heart of mine! we know the reason why.

The Natural Channel of Trade.

From the Raleigh News.
The Charlotte Observer might profit-
ably study the Virginia legislation,
which led to the Mahone consolidation
scheme, and therefrom gather a truer
notion, as we think, of what there is in
the expression, 'the natural channel of
trade.'

The Atlantic, Mississippi & Ohio
Railroad came to be a natural channel
after the Old Dominion statesmen,
with a good many northern men to
help them to a decision, agreed that it
should be made one. Richmond for a
long time enjoyed the 'natural channel'
of the R. & D. R., and would per-
haps never have become satisfied to see
Norfolk enjoy the 'natural channel'
business, had not her wise men suc-
ceeded in proving that the 'natural
channel' of the N. O. R. R. led to
Richmond's door. Now Norfolk comes
back to the fight, transferred as it is to
our soil, and wants us to believe that
the Creator intended our Anson county
cotton, for instance, to seek shipment
only at the mouth of the Elizabeth
river.

Water will run down hill, say the
mockers of the North Carolina system.
We have known cases where by throw-
ing in a small dam it would not run on
a neighbor's land unless his consent
was first procured. Nothing is easier
than to advocate broad commercial
generalities, the unrestricted freedom
of trade the goodie goodies which fol-
low States that keep out of corpora-
tions and more of the same sort.

It has been our crude reading of the
subject perhaps, which has thus far,
unfortunately for us, prevented our
believing any of this. On the contrary,
our observation has been that when
once a State released control of her
corporations they quickly took control
of the State.

One has only to glance at the map to
get the number of States afflicted in
this way. North Carolina has not yet
taken a fixed place in this list though
one seems reserved for her of other
sections. It is really an external pol-
icy—for all the good goes outside.

From the N. Y. Herald.
**The Old Flag and an Appropria-
tion.**

The real cause of quarrel in the
Democratic camp is not, after all, the
war claims. The Southern discontent,
which is so wide spread and deep that
the Democratic alarm about it would
be excusable if it were not part of the
whole absurd and impossible political
situation here, arises out of an urgent
and irrepressible desire in the South
for large appropriations for internal
improvements and subsidies. The
Southern Democrats imagine that
their section of the country is excep-
tionally poor, and they would like it
to be made prosperous by a large
shower of government money. They
see that they get no sympathy in this
matter from the Northern Democrats,
who have very persistently and effec-
tively kept guard over the Treasury
and have resisted the persuasion and
threats of the Southern men, until, as
in General Bragg's case, they are los-
ing their temper.

'If the Northern Democratic party
is not willing to help the South, I, for
one, do not see why we Southern Dem-
ocrats should any longer go trailing at
the heels of the Northern Democrats
to help them to office,' said a Southern
Democrat to your correspondent the
other day, and this is so general a feel-
ing that half the Southern men in
Congress earnestly and even vehemently
approve of it.

The most careful biography of
Washington Irving yet written now
appears; strange to say, not in Amer-
ica, whose literature he almost found-
ed, nor in England, which he loved,
nor in Spain, which he celebrated and
served, but in Germany—and in Ger-
man—a country and a language which
Irving knew and valued less than he
certainly would have done had he
lived later. In two compact volumes
(Washington Irving, Ein Lebens- und
Charakterbild, von Adolf Laun; Ber-
lin, R. Oppenheim) Herr Laun gives
the results of an affectionate and intel-
ligent study of his subject in all its
aspects, and succeeds in presenting a
remarkably interesting and correct
picture of the great diplomatist, trav-
eller, and master of English style.—
Putnam's Magazine.

The Sampson people will this year
try their hands at a tobacco crop.—
Wayne will plant 200 acres in the
Goldboro neighborhood.