

THE KINSTON JOURNAL.

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J. M. WHITE.

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KINSTON, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1879.

TERMS—\$1.50 Per Year.

NO. 12.

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

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,
Jan-12-13

ENNIS & 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 Carts built and repaired on
short notice.

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Manufacturers of FINE BRANDS OF
**Chewing & Smoking
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— 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-1-13

ALSO AGENT FOR
THE PIEDMONT GUANO.
Will sell it for 475 pounds of Cotton, per Ton,
payable next Fall.

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FASHIONABLE HAIRER AND HAIR DRESSER,
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We are now prepared
with the best French
Calf Skin and Louis-
ville Oak Sole Leather,
to make and repair
Boots and Shoes
to order.
SATISFACTION
GUARANTEED.
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J. P. Parrott,
Miller and Lumber Dealer,
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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-1-12-13

J. M. JACKSON, F. B. LOPEZ,
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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. Jan-1-12-13

W. J. RASBERRY,
Attorney At Law,
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Will attend the Courts of Lenoir, Greene and
Jones.
Office on Court House Square. Jan-1-12-13

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SUPERIOR COURT CLERK, PROBATE JUDGE,
— and —
Ex-Officio NOTARY PUBLIC
for Lenoir County.

Office in S. B. West's Store, North of the
Court House, KINSTON, N. C.
All legal blanks required to be Probated
kept constantly on hand and furnished free of
charge. Jan-1-13

TO THE PUBLIC!
J. W. TAYLOR
Has in store at the
NEENE RIVER BRIDGE,
LIQUORS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE,
and other articles for the Farmer, and he will
give the top of the Market for country produce.
He also has at his old stand in Kinston a Fine
Supply of
Whiskies, Brandies, Wines, Cigars & Tobacco.
When you trade with him you put your money
where it will do you the most good.
Extend thanks for past patronage and
hope for a continuance of the same.
Feb-20-13

THE OUTCAST.

Forever silent,
Cold, and stiff,
There he lies!
Where does he come from?
Why did he drown himself?
From his ragged garments
The water is dripping,
Soaking the ground;
Boys brutally joking,
Men chewing and smoking,
Standing around.
A carriage comes nearer
With footman and driver,
A man with stern features
Gives order to stop;
He steps from the wagon
To see what's the matter;
The boys cease their fun.
When his eyes met the corpse
A cry went to heaven
Oh, my son!

Selected.

CHECKMATED.

BY R. W. P.

Maude Trevelyan's black eyes were flashing with mingled jealousy and anger, as she stood beside the lounge over which Georgie May's new dress was lying—a dainty white Swiss, trimmed with Valenciennes edged ruffles, sheer and pure as foam-sparkles.

"Of course you like it, Maude? You couldn't help admiring it, could you? Georgie's glad, eager voice was so sweet, so girlish, that its very gay freshness stung Maude Trevelyan.

"Oh, yes, it is very elegant indeed—rather elaborate, perhaps, for the occasion."

Georgie touched the soft material tenderly.

"White is never too elaborate, Maude; and it costs so little—nothing—for the making. Do gratify me by praising it unreservedly, Maude! Tell me you think it will be becoming and stylish for the reception at Holman Hall!"

She was such a sweet, honest little pleader, not in the least ashamed of wanting to be told her new dress was lovely, and when she lifted her bright little face, with its clear complexion and laughing gray eyes, Maude could hardly refrain from striking it.

For, since Sydney Elvinly had shown himself somewhat fascinated by those same sweet, honest eyes, and Georgie's pretty, winsome ways, Maude had known what it meant to hate with a cordial hatred and desperate jealousy.

From the very first, Maude had so greatly admired Mr. Elvinly, and he had seemed to equally admire her.

He was very handsome and attractive, and just such a gentleman as would naturally attract such a dashing, stylish girl as Maude Trevelyan, herself as pretty as beautiful dark eyes and luxuriant blue-black hair, cream and rose complexion, and a proud, well-cut mouth, could make her.

It had been a grand triumph at first to Maude, when Mr. Elvinly had chosen her as a special recipient of his attentions, although he was by no means exclusive. Then the triumph had changed to happiness, as she found out more and more of his good qualities, and his sweetness of temper, and grace of mind; and Maude had come to love him with all her strong, passionate nature—had bestowed upon him, unsolicited, her heart. Then, right in the midst of all the happiness she was experiencing, Georgie May intruded—plain, yet bright little Georgie, with her unassuming ways, so winsomely sweet, so honest, joyous nature.

She had come to spend the winter with her cousin, who was one of Maude's friends, and naturally, in the course of time, met Mr. Elvinly; and then—it was evident to everyone that Sydney was attracted by the sweet charm of her manner, and that the two were good friends, although no one, even hot-headed, jealous Maude, could accuse them of being aught more.

to the dance, and Sydney Elvinly would see her, and admire her, and single her out, perhaps, for special attention, and, likely enough, under the influence of her pretty, bright ways, make love to her.

It almost maddened Maude to think of it.

It was a matter of almost indifference to her that she would be equally well dressed and certainly handsomer than Georgie; she had no thought excepting that Georgie was her rival, and, if she proved a successful one, Maude's own misery was insured.

There were such thoughts as these trooping through Maude's brain as she stood looking at the foamy white silk dress.

Then, as she turned away, there was a flash in her eyes—a flash and a sparkle of satisfaction—for something had occurred to her almost like an inspiration; and her pretty, eager face was eloquent of it as she walked down the street.

"Georgie May shall not have the pleasure of wearing her new dress and fascinating people generally—and Sydney Elvinly in particular! She shall stay away from the reception at Holman Hall—I will keep her away! And then—once out of sight, I'll risk her being out of Mr. Elvinly's mind. I'll see to it that he has no chance to regret her absence."

Her eyes were bright with determination and excitement as she walked along, and were brighter still when she stepped into a telegraph office, and wrote a message that read:

"Come home at once."
It was signed with the initials 'C. M.' Maude looked very pretty and bewitching as she handed her message through the operator's window.

"I want this sent to Marston Hill, Somerset, please, and then returned to this address. How much will it be?" And after she had paid the double rates, she walked out of the office, feeling that, without committing any venial sin, she had quite effectually prevented any intercourse between Sydney Elvinly and Georgie May.

"Of course she'll think the despatch is from her brother, this 'Cal' whom she talks so much about, and she'll rush off home post haste. Once there, a hundred miles away, Miss Georgie won't return to finish the visit, while I—well, the sun will shine, and I will make my hay. I will win Sydney Elvinly!"

And she went leisurely on home, quite content with her contemptible little game.

Several hours later, the telegram from Marston came to Georgie, alarming her, as telegrams have a trick of doing, and in this special instance adding to itself by its vagueness and terseness.

"I do wonder what can be the matter? It's from Cal, of course, and something terrible must have happened or they would never have sent for me. Oh, auntie! you don't suppose anything can be the matter with mamma?"

The sweet, quivering lips were very piteous in their appeal to Mrs. Leighton, and Mr. Elvinly, who had been there when the message came, felt how blessed a pleasure it would be to take the girl to his heart and try to comfort her.

"You can't go before to-morrow morning, at any rate. Georgie; so be patient, and hope for the best."
"But it is such a long, long time to be in suspense—to be wondering and fearing! Mr. Elvinly, don't you think that I might telegraph to know what is the matter?"
Mr. Elvinly sprang to his feet at once.

"Certainly, Miss Georgie. There is no need for you to be in a state of suspense all night and until you reach home to-morrow. I will run down to an office where an especial friend of mine is operator, and he'll pass a message of inquiry through and get an answer. Give me your brother's address, please."

And he took it from her eager, trembling lips.

"All right—Calvin May, Marston Hall, Somerset. I'll be back as soon as possible."

He saw the thankful look in her lovely, wistful eyes as he took her cold little hand.

"It may be only a trivial matter, after all, Georgie. At any rate, fretting won't help it."

He had never called her 'Georgie' before; nor had he ever pressed her hand so warmly, and even amid the fear that was numbing her heart she thought, with a great thrill of happiness, how splendid he was.

And Mr. Elvinly rushed off down to the very office where, a few hours before, Maude Trevelyan had written and had despatched her sham message. The same young fellow sat there, reading an evening paper when El-

vinly dashed in.

"Heigho, Bruce! Busy. Wires clear for this?"
He pencilled his words on the blank and thrust it in the window.

"That's all right, Syd. I'll go right on. Funny isn't it? The last message I sent was to the same place and same name."

He began clicking the instruments. But Elvinly went on talking.

"What a telegram from here to Mr. Cal May?"
I know I've no business to ask, nor you to answer, but I'd like to know who it is in town who know the Mays down in Somerset."

Mr. Bruce was rapidly counting the words.

"One and three, Syd. It was Miss Trevelyan who sent it, to be re-telegraphed from Marston here. I sent the despatch down. Didn't the young lady get it?"

Mr. Elvinly was looking at his friend while he spoke with a quiet, stern expression on his face.

He was somewhat bewildered, and indignant at the poor joke he began to understand had been played on Georgie May.

He remembered her piteous, wistful face, her eyes bright with tears, her sweet, pleading voice; and he grew almost desperately angry with Maude Trevelyan.

"A thousand thanks for your kindness, Frank. You have explained away a trouble, and brightened things considerable in general. I won't send my telegram. Good night, old fellow."

When he returned to Miss Leighton's parlor, Georgie was there alone, waiting in nervous eagerness for the news from home.

She sprang forward to meet him, all her heart in her eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Elvinly! Please tell me at once—please tell me! No matter what it is, I want to know."

He linked his arm in hers, and led her to a chair.

"There has been a mistake, Georgie. There has come no telegram for you from your family. Everything will be all right with me, my darling, if you will only tell me you can love me! Georgie, little girl, have I surprised you? Had you no idea I meant to try to win you for my own little wife? Georgie, will you be my wife darling?"

It certainly had taken her by surprise—this sudden eager, loving declaration—and Mr. Elvinly knew it by the pallor on her cheeks, the droop of her eyes, the little quiver that thrilled perceptibly over her.

And he knew, too, his love was not unacceptable, by the happiness that crept over her downcast face, by the half-delighted, half-shy sweetness that was in her eyes as she raised them one little instant.

"Georgie, it is yes?"
His arms were around her now, his eyes looking at her burning cheeks.

"Oh, Mr. Elvinly, it is such a sudden change from misery to happiness—perfect happiness; because—because I do love you!"

And at the reception at Holman Hall, Maude Trevelyan not only wondered how it was that Georgie May had returned again to attend it, not only was hurt—justly hurt—and angered at Mr. Elvinly's cool courtship, but also wondered, with rage and jealous pain, if the diamond on Georgie's finger was really her engagement ring.

She found out soon enough, but she never knew that her treacherous little trick had been discovered, although she was conscious of something that for ever interposed between an intimacy between her and Sydney Elvinly's wife.

Who Will Guess This Puzzle?
A little friend has been tormenting every sharp-witted person whom she knows, to guess the puzzle given below. Thus far she has met with no success. Will not some of your readers help us out with the difficulty? The answer is said to be a word of one syllable, and the enigma is supposed to be English or Irish.

SLOW COACH.
I sat stern on the rock, while I'm raising the wind.
But the storm once afloat, I'm gentle and kind.
Kings sit at my feet, who wait at my nod
To kneel in the dust, on the ground I have trod.
I'm seen by the world, and known by but few—
The Gentle detests me—I'm pork to the Jew.
My weight is three pounds, my length is a mile,
And when once discovered, you'll say with a smile
That the first and the last are the pride of our side.
—*Courier-Journal.*

Cure for a felon—Take it to the penitentiary.
"I see very little of you," said an old gentleman at a Louisville ball to a young lady whom he had not met in a long time before. "I know it," was the artless reply, "but mother wouldn't allow me to wear a very low neck dress, to-night, the weather is so cold."

Ill Health.
THE ADRIAN MAN WHO HAD DYSPEPSIA AND COULDN'T EAT ANYTHING.

There came to the dinner-table at the Lawrence House, the other day two strangers, one a lean and hungry-looking customer, the other a decent-appearing young fellow. As they reached the table the older man clutched frantically at the bill of fare, and remarked as follows:

"Let's see what they got. You know I can't eat anything. Been nearly dead for 10 weeks with dyspepsia. Ah, 'oyster soup,' guess that won't hurt me." To waiter—"Bring me some oyster soup, and let's see, 'boiled white fish,' yes, I'll have some o' that."

The soup and the fish were rapidly eaten.

"Now, let's see what else they've got, you know I can't eat anything. 'Roast turkey,' yes. 'Roast beef,' yes, I'll have some o' that. Chicken pot-pie,' yes, that's easily digested. I'll have some. Let's see, I can't eat everything, I'll take a bit of the boiled ham, some macaroni, and ah, some chicken livers, and vegetables."

The waiter had been taking the order, and the man with the weak stomach reached this way for crackers, that way for butter, here took a piece of bread, there a pickle, and a stick of celery, and frequently remarked that he couldn't eat anything, stayed his stomach until his dinner was brought. He looked it over, sent the waiter back for some roast veal, and another onion, remarked that his stomach was weak, he had been suffering terrible from dyspepsia, and couldn't eat anything, but at last got to work and cleared the dishes.

The matter of dessert troubled him some because his stomach was so weak, but he finally ordered mince pie, plum pudding and ice cream, with a cup of coffee.

They were brought and devoured, and then he called the waiter, and made her a confidential communication to the effect that he had been sick with the dyspepsia; that his stomach was weak, he couldn't eat anything and would she bring him a bowl of milk?

The milk was brought, he crumbled some bread therein, and as his younger companion had departed, the man with the weak stomach remarked to the gentleman across the table from him that it was darned rough to have to come down to bread and milk, but he had been sick, he couldn't eat anything, and had to be careful.

And now the landlord is anxious for that man to come around when he is well. He needn't come but once.—*Adrian Times.*

At The Barbers.
"Next," shouted a barber, who had just finished a customer.

Two persons at once sprang from their seats, where they had been patiently waiting, and approached the knight of the lather, and both looking ferociously and inquiringly at each other.

One of them was an elderly personage, evidently from the country; the other a young sprig of city breed, whose down had just begun to indicate the slow and uncertain approach of beard.

"Which of you is next?" asked the barber.

"I am," said the young man.

"No, you are not. We both entered at the same time, and as I am the oldest, I claim the first chance. Besides I am in a great hurry."

'I Love, You Love.'

Old Jones, the village pedagogue, The grammar lesson called one day. Young Bess, a maid of sweet sixteen, Began the well-known words to say: "First person, I love," first she said. Sly Tom, beside her, whispered, "Me!" "Second person, you love," Bess went on. "Aye, that I do," said Tom, "love thee!"

"Third person, he loves," still said Bess. Tom whispers, "Who is he?" "Oh, Tom," said Bess, pleading low, "Do hold your peace, and let me be!" "No whispering!" called the master loud, And frowned upon the forward youth. "First person, we love," Bess said. "By George!" Tom whispered, "that's the truth!"

The lesson over at last, poor Bess, With cheeks all crimson, took her seat, While Tom, sly fellow, tried in vain The maiden's soft blue eyes to meet. And when the recess hour was come, Tom begged a walk with coaxing tone, And 'neath the trees Bess said again The lesson o'er—for him alone.

SHE DIDN'T SCARE.—A Detroit boy who was disappointed, the other day, in making a sale of tinware to a woman on Park street, muttered something which excited her indignation, and she gave him a great big piece of her mind. In 'jaw back' he said: "Your husband ought to be arrested for working on Sunday!" "Working on Sunday—come here, bub! Now, bub, if you'll prove that my husband ever worked on Sunday, or any other day in the week, I'll give you a dollar. I've lived with him for twenty years, and have always had to buy even his whisky and tobacco and now if he's gone to work I want to know it!" The boy backed off without another word.

"There's fifty cents, my little man; put them where they will do the most good," said kind-hearted Mr. Morman Jones to his boy Cornelius, as the latter started for Sunday school last sabbath. Cornelius put twenty-five cents of it in a jack-knife, fourteen cents in taffy, ten cents in cakes, and lost the cent he meant to put into the contribution-box. Thus are our good intentions often thwarted by the mysterious ways of Providence. It may be well to add that Cornelius lost the cent before he had put the other forty nine where he thought they would do the most good.

COULDN'T ACCOUNT FOR IT.—A promising youth of only seven summers, who had been accused of not always telling the truth, cross-examined his father. "Father, did you use to whopper when you were a boy?" "No, my son," said the paternal, who evidently did not recall the past with any distinctness. "Nor mother, either?" persisted the young lawyer. "No; but why?" "Oh, because I don't see how two people who never told a whopper could have a boy that tells as many as I do."

Almost submerged.—The New York sinking fund.

Breach of good manners.—For ruin to stare you in the face.

The sign of an untoward generation.—Wearing narrow boots.

Why is a retired carpenter like a lecturer? Because he is an explainer.

No manners are so fine as the most awkward manifestations of good will toward men.

'Kiss me,' was all she said.—Modern novels.) That was 'enough said' to any young man.

One reason why Chief Justice Waite has so large a head is that he has got ahead of all the lawyers in Ohio.

It was an expensive remark of a practical man regarding the woman of the period, recently: "She don't know enough, sir, to boil water."

Honest sympathy.—Intelligent boy—"Pa, I'm sorry you've got the 'fluency!'" "Why, laddie?" "Boy—"Cause I might catch it, you know!"