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J. M. WHITE, }

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

NO. 13.

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 neces-
sary 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.

A. HARVEY & CO.
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-13m

ALSO AGENT FOR
THE PIEDMONT GUANO.
Will sell it for 450 pounds of Cotton, per Ton,
payable next Fall.

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FASHIONABLE BARBER and HAIR DRESSER,
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Office over Pelletier's Drug Store. Jan-13m

L. J. HILL, C. C. TAYLOR.
L. J. HILL & CO.,
Boot & Shoe Makers,
KINSTON, N. C.

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.
Jan-13m

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
adjacent 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-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

Wm. W. N. HUNTER,
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 ruins, KINSTON, N. C.
All legal blanks required to be Probated
kept constantly on hand and furnished free of
charge. Jan-12m

TO THE PUBLIC!
Has in store at the
NEUNE RIVER BRIDGE,
near Kinston, a good supply of
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, Brandy, Wines, Cigars & Tobacco.
When you trade with him you put your money
where it will do you the most good.
I extend thanks for past patronage and
hope for a continuance of the same.
Feb-20-1m
J. W. Taylor

The Devil Fishing.

The devil sat by the river's side—
The stream of time, where you'll always find
him—
Casting his line in the rushing tide,
And landing the fish on the bank beside him.
He sat at ease in a cosy nook,
And was filling his basket very fast;
While you might have seen that his deadly hook
Was differently baited for every cast.
He caught 'em as fast as a man could count;
Little or big, it was all the same.
One bait was a check for a round amount;
An Assemblyman nabbed it and out he came.
He took a gem that as Saturn shone;
It sank in the water without a sound,
And caught a woman who long was known
As the best and purest for miles around.
Sometimes he would laugh, and sometimes sing,
For better luck no one could wish,
And he seemed to know to a dead sure thing,
The best bait suited to every fish.
Quoth Satan: "The fishing is rare and fine!"
And yet a person swam round the line
That even the most tempting of baits refused.
He tried with his gold and flashing gems,
Hung fame and fortune upon the line,
Dressing-gowns with embroidered hems,
But still the Dominic made no sign.
A woman's garter went on the hook;
"I have him at last," quoth the devil, bright-
ening;
Then Satan's sides with laughter shook,
And he landed the preacher as quick as light-
ning.

Selected.

A DOUBLE ERROR.

BY A. T.

Ethelyn sat quite by herself—a very unusual thing to happen to her at such places as the one at which she was now; but somehow to-night, she had been so exceedingly haughty, and reserved, and ennuied, that men who would have given a great deal to have danced with her, or to have taken the vacant seat on the sofa beside her, seeing her cold glance and graceful listlessness, passed by disappointed and admiring.
For she was a woman whom men always admired—a woman to rave over, and dream about, and worship unreasoningly.
People always called her "exquisitely lovely;" and she was of a type as rare as beautiful.
Never in all her young life had she looked so fair as to night, when, cold as an icicle with silver moonshine beaming on it, she sat on the sofa in a remote corner of Mrs. Howard's drawing-room, almost alone, her slaves dismissed.
She had been sitting there, perhaps, five minutes, enjoying the odd position of utter inattention, when a step sounded near her—a man's step, but not eager and quick, as such footsteps usually were when approaching her, so firmly deliberate and determined in their even tread, that Ethelyn looked up, actually in curiosity, to see who it was—looked up, and met face to face, for the first time in four years, for the first time since a day when they two had parted in high anger and bitter jealousy—looked into Errol Champion's blue eyes.
It was an awfully sudden surprise for her.
She had no idea he was nearer than Paris, this one time lover of hers, of whom she thought momentarily, for whose sake there had been uplifted shadows in her eyes and unceasing weariness in her heart since that parting day four years ago.
But as he came deliberately forward, perfectly at ease, smiling, handsome as ever, Ethelyn arose with no trace of aught distrust in her half-restrained bow of greeting, while her heart galloped like a racer.
The moment the man spoke you knew one of his charms.
His voice was just what a man's ought to be—clear, intonated to both strengthfulness and sweetness; and it held a sort of caressing witchery which seemed to make you feel tender towards him.
Now, as he spoke, there thrilled over Ethelyn a tinge of the old-time passion he always evoked.
Perhaps her creamy-pale cheek deepened a hue where the delicate blush-rose tint bloomed; but, if so, not even the sharp eyes of Errol Champion could have construed its true meaning, so thoroughly did her manner and tone give that sweet flush the lie; for Ethelyn was proud—oh! prouder than woman ever ought to be.
"I hope I have not succeeded in thoroughly frightening you, Miss Merle; but really the desire to see you was too strong to be denied. I came to London from St. Petersburg direct, and you are the second woman I have spoken to."
His dainty flattery, more inferred than spoken, was so like him.
His voice was so passing sweet; his eyes the same worshipful blue eyes that had thrilled her time and again;

his coolly smiling face, half haughty, half tender, appealed to her so.
Her heart was throbbing fiercely for love of him—for ecstatic rapture that he was near her—and yet she skillfully continued to preserve her usual frigidly indifferent graciousness.
"Thanks, very much. One can hardly be surprised in these days of transit, by seeing even the most unexpected travelers. I hope you find your home and friends as you desire to find them?"
A little puzzled, half-angry, look came in his eyes, as he watched her toy with her feathery edged fan, every syllable falling from her beautiful lips in such cool proper precision.
He was more than puzzled, more than half angry at her careful avoidance of his name, her polite inquiry after his family and friends.
"I find the one friend I left not as I desire, Ethelyn. I came back from Russia for no other reason than to ask you to forgive me for my share in the foolishness that has made us both unhappy. My conscience has upbraided me until I have yielded to its whisperings, and I am come to ask your pardon."
Her pardon!
Ethelyn's breath came in several little gasps as she tried to realize what it meant.
Did it not mean love and happiness again—such love and happiness as only had come, and only could come to her through Errol Champion?
Her pride was melting—nay, had melted—under the spell of his voice, his words, his handsome eyes. Her heart was throbbing with jubilant delight, and the light in her eyes was softening and growing into smiling graciousness of happiness, just as Champion, wondering impatiently at her lengthy silence, and so, wrongly interpreting it, went on:
"You will surely appreciate the truth of what I say, Ethelyn, when I tell you that it is only right that we two should agree to forgive each other and give each a godsend before the marriage takes place which will still more effectually separate us."
If a hand—a cold, steely-sinewed hand—had suddenly closed over her joyously throbbing heart, Ethelyn Merle could not have suffered a keener, more agonizing sense of pain, and suffocation, and despair, and woe than she felt then, when his beloved voice told her of the marriage about to occur.
Merciful heaven! Had she this to face, and teach herself to suffer and endure?
Had she to know of a certainty that there was another favored woman who would receive his kisses, that had once been hers—his loving caresses, that had thrilled her with proud, ecstatic joy?
His marriage!
It seemed as if every drop of blood in her body curdled in one icy pool around her heart.
She felt that a tell-tale deathliness was on her cheeks—that a pitiless woe of horrible pain was darkening her eyes.
Then, as she looked up and saw the blue eyes of the man she loved—or was it the man she hated, because he loved some other woman?—when she saw him with a half-smiling, half-sarcastic expression in them, then Ethelyn's pride came bravely and suddenly to the rescue.
She crested her ivory throat, held up her haughty little head, and looked at him glance for glance, resolving never to show a trace of pain.
"As you say, Mr. Champion, the marriage on the tapis will make a difference. So far as I am concerned, you can be assured that the past has no annoyance for me. If you prefer it in so many words, consider it forgiven—and forgotten."
Forgiven and forgotten!
So this was what Errol Champion had come for—to be assured in Ethelyn's most icily-sweet tones, that he was forgiven and forgotten!
A great, tearing, throbbing pain was at his heart as he bowed his apparently satisfied acceptance of her mercy—the mercy of this fair woman he loved with a love that was as hopeless as death, now that he had received such confirmation of the report he had heard in Paris—the report of Miss Merle's approaching marriage to Albert Wynnington, the rumor of which had decided him to fly home and see for himself how affairs were.
And he had mentioned it to her—her approaching marriage—that marriage that would so effectually separate them, and she had not only not denied it, but even met his attempt at conciliation with a freezing consent to forgive and forget.
And so they met and parted, under such a pitifully fateful misconception of affairs: so they went their ways, each laboring under the terrible mistake they made, each more poignantly

unhappy than before.
Two years afterwards and the West-end of London bright with summer. Beautiful, haughty, cold as ever Ethelyn Merle walked leisurely up Regent-street, dressed in her exquisite costume of rich gray silk, with dainty blossoms in her bewitching hat, and a warm, pearly reflection from her delicate, pink-lined parasol drifting on the pure, pale face.
And as Errol Champion met her suddenly, abruptly, in the crowd, as he stepped from the entrance of his hotel, he thought he never had seen so entertaining a vision, for all the lovely women he had met abroad on his second tour, begun the day after Ethelyn had so calmly agreed that he and her past, as connected with him, were forgiven and forgotten—the tour only ended the night before, when the train had brought him to town.
It seemed like fate, this unexpected encounter with her, and both their faces showed a trace of agitation that was quickly hidden.
"Ethelyn—I beg pardon, Mrs. Wynnington!—this is an unexpected pleasure."
She flushed more warmly than he had ever seen her, and then the old distant manner rose uppermost.
"Mr. Champion, I am glad to see you, although at an utter loss to account for the ridiculous mistake you have made—unless it is jest, and I especially detest jokes. You know I am Ethelyn Merle."
He looked at her a second, his face blanching.
"What! Then you were not married to Albert Wynnington? Come to the ladies' coffee room a moment—come in, for heaven's sake! I must understand about this."
She went in, indifferent to all seeming, but when he had closed the door, and they were alone, with his agonized blue eyes on her face, she felt the old pangs of utter misery she had hoped were dying.
"Ethelyn, what pitiful fate has ordered you and me about? For mercy's sake, tell me you are married or engaged. For heaven's sake, tell me you hate me—always hated me—always will! Don't for sweet memory's sake, say you are free, and—true to me!"
His eager passion of entreaty almost alarmed her. It touched her, too! most agonizingly. A piteous wisdom and great sparkles of excitement glowed in her dark eyes.
"I don't know what you mean. I don't understand what I, or my intentions, or my feelings can or ought to be to you—a married man!"
But there was no rage in her tones, scarcely anything but infinite pain.
Errol Champion's pale face had touched her too tenderly for that.
He looked at her in astonishment. His face grew more hopeless in its stern misery of whiteness.
What fateful error are we laboring under, Ethelyn? I have regarded you as a married woman for months, because I've heard it was to be so, I find you as I left you, while you call me a married man. Good heavens, Ethelyn, this is terrible! I thought you were ever lost to me—me, who loved you so, who love you so, to-day that my heart will break!"
A glorious sweetness came over Ethelyn's face—such a look of perfect rapture and joy that it made him pause in his complaint.
She reached out her arms to him—this proud, cold woman—and great tears of happiness stood like crystals on her golden-brown lashes.
"Errol! Oh, my love, my darling! then nothing shall ever again divide us! Errol, take me. Kiss me as you used in those blessed days!"
But, instead of snatching her in his glad embrace, this man, who loved so, stood like one suddenly stricken to stone.
Then a low, shivering moan came from his lips.
"Great heaven! can I endure this?—Ethelyn, Ethelyn, you will drive me mad! Tell me you hate me, tell me you despise—anything, anything, rather than this! Ethelyn, I have come home to be married! My betrothed bride is in this very hotel—Oh, merciful heaven!"
For Ethelyn gave a sharp, anguished cry, and tottered to a chair, white, gasping, looking as if she were dying.
And, at the same instant, the heavy damask curtains at a distant window parted, and a fair, delicate girl came towards them tears on her cheeks, her red lips quivering—Lilly Dean, the betrothed bride of the man who loved Ethelyn Merle.
Champion gave an exclamation of pain and horror, and Ethelyn looked up, amazed.
Her low, tearful voice fell scorchingly on their ears.
"I am so glad I heard it all. Errol, indeed I am not angry—indeed, indeed I am glad it is in my power to make

you a happier man than I could ever have made you, because you must accept this dear, true girl from me, to be your wife in my stead. Errol, believe me, it is best, and will you forgive me for ever accepting you, when my heart was another's as truly as yours was Miss Merle's?"
It was a curious romance, but it ended so happily that they all forgot their troubles.
Of course, Ethelyn and Errol renewed their engagement, but before their marriage they attended Lilly Dean's wedding, and knew she was as happy as they.
A curious story, but truth is stranger than fiction, for this is a true story and in a certain beautiful home a bride of a year will read this story of light and shadow out of her own life as she one day told it to me—sweet, gentle 'Ethelyn,' her intense pride melted in the sun of perfect love and content.

The Mule.

The mule is the only animal that Noah didn't take into the ark with him. I have looked over the freight list carefully, and could not see a mule way-billed for any place. So clear-headed a man as Noah did not dare to take one on board, as he knew he would kick a hole through her in less than a week. I don't know a man on whose head you could pour quillsail-er and run less risk of it spilling off than on Noah's. He was a dreadfully level-headed man, and before the freshet was over everybody on earth realized the fact.
The origin of the mule is enveloped in a good deal of mystery. Tradition informs us that when the flood had subsided, and the ark had laid on Mount Ararat, Noah was very much surprised in one of his observations to find a good, healthy mule standing on the top of an adjoining mountain. The same tradition informs us that the mule is the only animal that lived through the flood outside the ark.
The mule can be considered in a good many ways, though the worst place to consider him is directly from behind, anywhere within a radius of ten feet. I never consider a mule from that point unless I am looking out through the flue of a boiler.
The mule has one more leg than a milking stool, and he can stand on one and wave the other three around in as many different directions. He has only three senses, hearing, seeing and smelling. He has no more sense of taste than a stone jug, and will eat anything that contains nutriment, and he don't care two cents whether it be one per cent. or ninety-nine. All he asks is to pass him along his plate, with whatever happens to be handy round the pantry, and he won't go away and blow how poor the steak is. He just eats whatever is set before him, and asks no questions.
If I were to have a large picture of innocence to hang up in my parlor, and I did not wish to sit for it myself I should get a correct likeness of a mule. There is innocence enough depicted in a mule's countenance to fit out a Sunday school class. It looks as guileless as an angel worm.
A mule never grows old or dies. Once brought into existence he continues on forever. The original mule is now alive somewhere in the South, and is named Robert Toombs, because he is so stubborn.
Mules are chiefly found in the South and West. They have been more abused than Judas Iscariot. A boy who would not throw a stone at a mule when he got a chance would be considered by his parents too mean to raise.
The mule is a good worker, but he cannot be depended on. He is liable to strike, and when a mule strikes human calculation fails to find out any rule by which to reckon when he will go to work again. It is useless to pound him, for he will stand more beating than a sitting-room carpet. He has been known to stand eleven days in one place, apparently thinking of something, and then start off again as though nothing had happened.
One of the dead certainties about a mule is that he is sure-footed, especially with his hind feet. He never misplaces them. If he advertises that his feet will be at a certain spot at a certain time, with a sample of mule shoes, to which he would call your attention, you will always find them there at the appointed time. He is as reliable as the day of judgment, and he never cancels an engagement. Every man now living who drove a mule team during the war draws a pension.
If I had my choice to either work in a nitro-glycerine factory or take care of a mule, I should go far the factory, as in case of an explosion

there would be more possibility of my friends finding some little mementoes of me with which to assuage their grief. A very small piece of me would lighten a very big sorrow.
I will hunt round and if I find any other facts that belong to the mule, I will send them to you by express, C. D.—Baltimore Sun.

BRO. GARDNER'S LIME-KILN CLUB

"Gemen, I doan' go much on de celebrashun bizness in general," said Brother Gardner as he looked down the long aisle and took notice that Elder Toots was preparing to go to sleep, but if I eber felt like whoopin' for, joy it war to see Feb'rury slide out an' March come in. I know dat spring isn't ha'r yit, but de time ain't ober a mile away when de songs of de rodents an' de patter of rain will put grain on ebery mouf in de kentry. Ize bin haug' aroun' for nigh on to, seventy y'ears, on' I do make cef dat de pas' wintur was de most degradin one I eber tackled. Ize bin froza up t'hawed out an' stuck in snow-drifts till Ize got a chilblain as large as my hat on ebery toe, an' de ole woman is still wusser off.
We had sore frost all de week an' Sunday froz in; de ager knocked at my cabin airly in de fall, an' is board- in wid us yit; Ize had a cough an' de ole woman has had de sneezes, an' de Lawd only knows how many hot bricks it haf taken to keep de bed warm o' nights. I stan' heah wid a feelin' o' gratitude dat de world am round' stead ob flat, an' dat de next move of dis big globe has got to gin us a change of seawn. Some poetry by de renowned Waydown Bebee will now be read in a loud voice by de Secretary.
After a proper display of modesty by the author the verses were passed over and read. They were as follows:

ODE TO SPRING.
Winter am gone, an' March am here,
An' soon will de rain-drops fall;
Nore long will de grass look green again,
An' de voice of de robin call.
De ice will soften, de snow will melt,
An' de sun shine clear an' strong;
An' de darkey will scratch his frozen heel
An' dance to de glad spring song.
De folks big an' de folkses small,
Will open dere moufs an' sing:
'Oh! winter, go way wid yer frosts bites—
Come later de cabin oh, spring!'

The key to an uncertain gait—Whiskey.
The minister to the interior—The mouth.
Barbers say that bald-headed men dye easy.
Preferred creditors are those who do not dun.
When is a boat like snow? When she is adrift.
What part of speech is kissing? A conjunction.
The first lesson in drawing—Drawing your breath.
Digestive organ grinders—Stomach and liver pills.
An affair of the heart—The circulation of the blood.
A man sticks at nothing when he tries to stab a ghost.
The cause of woman suffrage—Scarcity of husbands.
The new bonnets are of chip, but not of the old block.
What is the form of an escaped parrot? A dollygone.
Domestic magazines—Wives who blow up their husbands.
An exchange gives this eulogy pronounced over the coffin of a deceased Tennessean: 'Thar lays a man who'd give his last chaw of terbacker to a starvin' stranger, and then pay him for spitting.'
A man who speaks with the air of a man who has discovered a new fact by experience, says that the new way to prevent bleeding at the nose is to keep your nose out of other people's business.
Policeman (to individual who has arrived at the maudlin stage)—'Now, then, move on. What are you a thinkin' on, loitering here? Individual—'I was (hic) thinkin' o' turning over quite a noo leaf, sir; quite a noo leaf!'
Chorus of ladies (to comely curate who is ascending the ladder to hang decorations)—'O, Mr. Sweetlaw, do take care! Do come down! O! Rector (sarcastically)—Really, Sweetlaw, do not you think you'd better let a married man do that?'
London, with its suburbs, within the fifteen miles radius of Charing Cross, covers 706.86 square miles, and numbers over 4,000,000 inhabitants, of whom 37 per cent. are country-born. There is a birth in the metropolis every four minutes and a death every six. There are 7,000 miles of streets, and 25 miles of new streets are opened and 9,000 new houses built every year.