

THE KINSTON JOURNAL.

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

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KINSTON, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1879.

TERMS—\$1.50 Per Year.

NO. 14.

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.
Board furnished to parties from the coun-
try. Jan3-12m

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 Carriages built and repaired on
short notice. Jan1-12m

A. HARVEY & CO.
Manufacturers of FINE BRANDS of
Chewing & Smoking
TOBACCO,
Jan1-12m. 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. Jan1-12m

LOUIS GREEN
FASHIONABLE BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER,
KINSTON, N. C.
Office over Pelletier's Drug Store. Jan3-12m

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.
Jan1-12m

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. Jan1-12m

J. Q. JACKSON, F. R. LOFTIN,
JACKSON & LOFTIN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
KINSTON, N. C.
Practice in Lenoir, Greene, Wayne, Jones and
Surry 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. WOODRIF. Jan1-12m

W. J. RASBERRY,
Attorney At Law,
KINSTON, N. C.
Will attend the Courts of Lenoir, Greene and
Jones.
Office on Court House Square. Jan1-12m

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. Jan3-12m

TO THE PUBLIC!
J. W. TAYLOR
Has in store at the
NEUSE RIVER BRIDGE,
near Kinston, a good supply of
LIQUORS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE,
and other articles for the Farmer, and he will
give the best 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.
Feb20-1m
J. W. Taylor.

Betsy and I Are Out.
[By request.]

Draw up the papers lawyer, and make 'em good
and stout;
For things at home are crossways, and Betsy
and I are out,
We, who have worked together so long as man
and wife,
Must pull in single harness for the rest of our
natural life.

"What is the matter?" say you. I swan it's
hard to tell!
Most of the years behind us we've passed by
very well;
I have no other woman, she has no other man—
Only we've lived together as long as we ever
can.

So I have talked with Betsy, and Betsy has
talked with me,
And so we've agreed together that we can't never
agree;
Not that we've caught each other in any terri-
ble crime;
We've been a gathering this for years, a little at
a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for a
start,
Although we never suspected 'twould take us
two apart;
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and
bone;
And Betsy, like all good women, had a temper
of her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we disar-
gued
Was something concerning heaven—a difference
in our creed;
We argued the thing at breakfast, we argued the
thing at tea,
And the more we argued the question the more we
didn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost
a cow;
She had kicked the bucket for certain, the ques-
tion was only—How?
I held my own opinion, and Betsy another had;
And when we were done a talking, we both of us
were mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a
joke;
But for full a week it lasted, and neither of us
spoke,
And the next was when I scolded because she
broke a bowl,
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't
any soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in our
cup;
And so that blamed cow-critter was always a
comin' up;
And so that heaven we argued no nearer to us
got,
And it gave me a taste of somethin' a thousand
times as hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-
same way;
Always somethin' to argue, and somethin' sharp
to say;
And down on us came the neighbors, a couple o'
dozen strong,
And lent their kindest service for to help the
thing along.

And there has ben days together—and many a
weary week—
We was both of us cross and spunky, and both
too proud to speak;
And I have ben thinkin' and thinkin', the whole
of the winter and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then, I
won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsy, and Betsy
has talked with me,
And we have agreed together that we can't never
agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine
shall be mine;
And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to
her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first para-
graph—
Of all the farm and live-stock that she shall have
her half;
For she has helped to earn it, through many a
weary day,
And it's nothing more than justice that Betsy
has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead—a man can
thrive and roam;
But women are skeery critters, unless they have
a home;
And I have always determined, and never failed
to say,
That Betsy never should want a home if I was
taken away.

There is a little hard money that's drawin' to-
ward me;
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy
day;
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get
at;
Put in another clause there, and give her half of
that.

Yes, I see you smile, sir, at my givin' her so
much;
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in
such
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe
and young;
And Betsy was allays good to me, exceptin' with
her tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so smart
perhaps,
For me she mitted a lawyer, and several other
chaps;
And all of them was flustered, and fairly taken
down,
And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in
town.

Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—
I was hot as a baked turkey and crazy as a
loon;
Never an hour went by me when she was out of
sight;
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me
day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen
clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever
seen;
And I don't complain of Betsy, or of any of her
acts;
Exceptin' when we've quarreled, and told each
other facts.

So draw up the papers, lawyer, and I'll go home
to-night.

And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all
right;
And then, in the mornin', I'll sell to a tradin' man
I know,
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in
the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me
didn't occur:
That when I am dead at last she'll bring me back
to her;
And lay me under the maples I planted years
ago,
When she and I were happy before we quarreled
so.

And when she dies I wish that she would be laid
by me,
And lyin' together in silence, perhaps we will
agree;
And, if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think
it queer
If we loved each other better because we quar-
reled here.

Selected.

MALCOLM'S CHOICE.

An old gentleman, leaning forward
with his hands clasped over a gold-
headed cane, was seated in a summer-
house situated upon the grounds of a
hotel at a fashionable watering-place.
He was in a corner hidden by droop-
ing vines, and his face expressed deep
and apparently painful thought. The
refrain of his sad musing was, "Only
one person in the whole world to love
me, and I shall lose even that love
now!"

On the other side of the summer-
house, divided from the side the old
gentleman occupied by a rustic parti-
tion two ladies, young and fair, rustled
in, and taking out some fancy work,
settled down for a chat.

One was tall and dressed in a pretty
costume that was at once youthful
and matronly; the other was petite,
blonde, and not more than eighteen.
Mrs. Courtland spoke first.

"Embroidery, Alice?" she said. "A
handkerchief corner. For your trousseau?"

"Yes," and the sweet voice faltered,
while a burning blush crimsoned the
fair cheek. "Is it not pretty?"

"Very. I want to talk about your
prospects, child. Your Aunt Mary
tells me you are making a splendid
match."

"Did she? I think so, Blanche.
Malcolm is so noble and good!"

"But your aunt tells me he is the
favorite nephew of the great merchant,
Hubert Bates, whose wealth is some-
thing enormous. You have only to
help him play his cards well and he
will probably be heir to a magnificent
fortune. But what ails you? You
look as if I was telling you a piece of
news."

"I think Aunt Mary has been mis-
informed, that is all."
"Then he is not Mr. Bates' nephew?"

"I never heard him speak of a rich
uncle, and I am quite sure he has no
hope of inheriting money. He has a
good salary, and my little fortune will
furnish a small house; so we can make
a comfortable and, I hope, a happy
home."

"Did he never speak to you of his
uncle?"

"Not of a rich uncle. He had told
me of a lame uncle, his mother's brother,
who has been very kind to him,
given him his education and a start in
the world. He always talks of him
with the deepest love and pity."

"Pity?"

"He suffers tortures from the effects
of a fall that has lamed him for life
and often causes him weeks of agoniz-
ing pain. Malcolm tells me with
tears in his eyes of his fear of losing
this friend."

"I wonder if it is the same!" mur-
mured Mrs. Courtland.

"Tell me, Blanche, some of the best
places to go for our furniture and car-
pets. It will be new work for me to
buy household goods, and Aunt So-
phy is not well enough to help me
much."

"Oh, I will go with you. But I de-
clare, if I were you, I would wait and
see if your Aunt Mary is right. Your
fortune will never buy or furnish
such a house as a future millionaire
should live in."

never even mentioned it to his prom-
ised wife? Can it be that I shall gain
a loving, tender niece, instead of los-
ing my nephew when Malcolm mar-
ries?"

Loving his nephew so deeply, Hu-
bert Bates had felt a keen pain at
the news of his betrothal. He had
never seen Alice Hunter, but he
knew she had been brought up in a
circle of fashion and was the orphan
niece of one of society's gayest votar-
ies, Mrs. Mary Haydon.

While he mused upon the conversa-
tion he had overheard, the silvery
voices of his young neighbors still
sounding beside him, there was a sud-
den crash. Something struck him
upon the head, and he lost conscious-
ness.

Cries from the summerhouse, from
groups of people collected in the
grounds brought a party of men
speedily to the spot. The rotten posts
surporting the roof upon one side had
given way and the side and roof had
fallen in. Mrs. Courtland and Miss
Hunter were buried under the fallen
timbers, the doorway being complet-
ly blocked, but were uninjured. Not
so the old gentleman, who had been
their unsuspected listener. He was
taken out pallid and senseless.

Nobody knew him. He had come
by the morning train, had taken
breakfast, but no room, and asked
the hour for the return train. A sur-
geon, summoned as speedily as possi-
ble, announced a broken arm and in-
jury to the head, making a likelihood
of a long, tedious illness. There was
some animated discussion, some sug-
gestions of hospital, a search through
the pockets of the unconscious victim,
resulting in the discovery of a small
sum of money, but no letters, papers
or cards; and finally a desertion of
one and another, each going his or
her way with the consoling reflection.

"It's none of my business."
But when they had all deserted the
injured man the surgeon, still busy
binding up his arm as he lay upon a
bench brought from a ruined summer
house, felt a light touch on his hand
and looked up.

"Can I help you?" Alice Hunter
asked.

"No child, not now."
"What will they do with him?"
"I suppose he must go to a hospital?"
"But the ride—the journey?"
"Will cause great additional suffer-
ing, perhaps result in death."

"Doctor, will they keep him here if
he is paid for?"

"Certainly; but there is not money
enough about him to pay his board a
week."
"I will pay it."
"You?"

"Yes; I will not let him die for want
of money I have. He—and her lips
quivered—the looks like my dear
father who is dead."

"Hem. yes. Here comes the follow-
ers to carry him to the station. I
think I will have him taken to the
house where I board. It will cost
less, and be more quiet."

Mrs. Courtland declared Alice was
outraging the proprieties most dread-
fully when the young girl went to the
house and offered her services as nurse
to the doctor; but Aunt Sophy silenced
all comment by moving her belongings
from the hotel to the quiet board-
ing-house, and the doctor found he had
a valuable assistant.

Alice explained in her quiet, low
voice, that her father was ill for nine
long months before he died and she
was his nurse. This accounted for the
noiseless woolen dresses, the vel-
vet-shod feet, the quick eye and ready
hand, and when the sufferer recovered
consciousness the gentle voice and
tact that quieted him in paroxysms of
pain and fever. Aunt Sophy was too
much of an invalid herself to help;
but she sat beside the bed while Alice
moved to and fro, and performed all
nursing duties.

The invalid had one long talk with
the doctor, and then submitted to the
gentle ministrations of the two women,
only insisting upon a man the doctor
provided being with him at night and
within call.

The season was over, and only these
three remained of the summer board-
ers at the house, when, one cool Octo-
ber day, the sick man, now fast recover-
ing, called Alice to him.

"I shall soon be well again," he said,
regretfully.

"Yes," she answered, cheerily, "very
soon."
"I shall miss my nurse."
"And I my patient; but I am glad
you are recovering. We were afraid
at one time there would be a more
painful parting."

"You mean I was in danger of dy-
ing. Why should that be painful? I
am old."
She made no answer, looking sor-
rowfully into his uplifted eyes.

"And a burden upon you, the doctor
tells me. Why did you make your-
self responsible for a stranger?"

The fair face flushed, the soft eyes
were dewy with feeling, as Alice said
softly: "Because you are old and
seemed poor and friendless. I was glad
it was in my power to aid you. Do
not think it was at any great cost,"
she added, with a generous desire to
lighten the burden of obligation. "I
have some money lying idle."

For the wedding-day perhaps. Well,
child, you might have poorer jewels
to deck your bridal than an old man's
tears of gratitude and love. I am
getting well and shall soon leave you.
Will you give me a keepsake?"

The girl loosened a little locket
from a chain round her throat, cut off
one of her golden curls and put it in the
place of some hairs he took out, and
laid the trinket in the old man's
hand.

"With my love," she said, softly.
"Ah, child!" he sighed, "an old man
sick and feeble wins little love."

"Yet," she said earnestly, "you must
believe that I have nursed you since
you were conscious with affection.—
My own father is gone, but if ever
you want a daughter's care or affec-
tion, believe me, I will gladly come to
you if possible."

Three days later the house was de-
serted. Aunt Sophy and Alice return-
ed to their home, and Alice cheerfully
paid out of her small patrimony for
the board and expenses of her venera-
ble patient.

She little guessed how deep an im-
pression her care and tenderness had
made upon the heart so long closed
against human affection, so distrustful
of any advances from his fellow-crea-
tures. It was a revelation to him;
this active charity to an utter stran-
ger. He had gone to the hotel mere-
ly to see Malcolm's choice and had
purposely left all clue to his identity
behind him. He had intended meet-
ing Alice, if possible, unknown and
watching her unobserved; but acci-
dent had thrown them together in a
way he little anticipated. The first
use he made of his recovery was to
write to his nephew, and Malcolm met
him at the station when he returned
home.

Knowing nothing of the recent acci-
dent, the young man was shocked at
the change in his uncle's face.

"You've been ill?" he cried.
"Very ill."
"Why did you not send for me?"
"I had even better nursing than
yourself, Malcolm. Don't ask me any
questions now, but tell me about your
marriage preparations."

"Alice has gone home, and will re-
main until November. Then she comes
to Mrs. Haydon's, and will buy her
furniture."
"In November?"
"Yes."

Late in November she came, her
trunks full of Aunt Sophy's present,
and Aunt Mary gave her cordial greet-
ing. A grand wedding was the dis-
play upon which the lady had set her
heart, and Alice shrank a little at the
comments upon the rich uncle and her
own good fortune in the "first-rate
match."

But just before the wedding day a
little note was brought to Alice by a
gorgeous footman, who was driven to
her aunt's behind a private carriage.
The note was from Malcolm, and begged
her to come to him in the car-
riage.

Wondering, but obedient, Alice was
speedily ready, and was driven to a
handsome house where the door was
open to usher her into a stylish draw-
ing room, where a gentleman awaited
her, and Malcolm advancing said:
"My Uncle Hubert, Alice!"

Kindly blue eyes looking into her
own, withered hands were extended and
a voice she knew well said: "We are
old friends, Malcolm. Are we not,
Alice?"

Then before she could answer, the
old man continued: "I have thought,
Alice, that it was unkind to have my
nephew wait for my death before shar-
ing in my wealth. I have borne a
curse of distrust in my heart for many
years, thinking my money won me all
the affection, save Malcolm's, that was
offered me; but, though you were well
content to wed the young clerk and
put young own patrimony into his
home, you must not refuse my heir,
who has accepted from me an income
that makes him independent, and this
home."

"My love for Malcolm can bear riches
or poverty," was the answer; "but,
sir, our home needs you. You will
come, will you not, to the children,
who will try to make your life happy
by loving care? Long before I knew
you, Malcolm told me he hoped, when
he had a home, to win you to live in
it. Will you let me, too, beg of you
to come to us?"

"Gladly, child!" the old man said.
"I understand now," Alice said to
Malcolm, "why you wanted to wait un-
til after the wedding to take our house."

You wanted to surprise me."
"I assure you I am as surprised as
you are, though it was Uncle Hubert
who persuaded me to wait."
So where the rich, lonely man had
feared to lose the one love of his life,
he gained another tenderer, sweeter
love to brighten his declining years
by a daughter's devotion and affec-
tion.

Rights In The Road.

The following statements as to rights
in the road may be useful to some of
our readers. It certainly contradicts
certain common opinions:
If a farm deed is bounded by, on or
upon a road, it usually extends to the
middle of the roadway.

The farmer owns the soil of half the
road, and may use the grass, trees,
stones, gravel, sand or anything of
value to him, either on the land or be-
neath the surface, subject only to the
superior rights of the public to travel
over the road, and that of the highway
surveyor to use such material for the
repair of the road; and these materials
may be carted away and used else-
where on the road.

No other man has a right to feed
his cattle there, or cut the grass or
trees, much less deposit his wood, old
carts, wagons or other things there.

Nobody's children have a right to
pick up the apples under your trees,
although the same stand wholly out-
side of your fence.

No private person has a right to cut
or lop off the limbs of your trees in
order to move his old barn or other
buildings along the highway, and no
traveller can hitch his horse to your
trees in the sidewalk without being li-
able, if he gnaws the bark or other-
wise injures them.

No man has a right to stand in
front of your land and insult you with
abusive language without being liable
to you for trespassing on your land.

He has a right to pass and repass
in an orderly and becoming manner;
a right to use the road, but not to a-
buse it.

But notwithstanding the farmer
owns the soil of the road, even he can-
not use it for any purpose which inter-
feres with the use of it by the public
for travel.

He cannot put his pig-pen, wagons,
cart, wood or other things there, if the
highway surveyor orders them away
as obstructing public travel.

If he leaves such things outside his
fence, and within the limits of the
highway as actually laid out, though
some distance from the travelled path,
and a traveller runs into them in the
night and is injured, the owner is not
only liable to him for private damages,
but may also be indicted and fined for
obstructing a public highway.

And if he has a fence or wall along
the highway, he must place it all on
his land, and not half on the road, as
in case of division fences between
neighbors.

But as he owns the soil, if the road
is discontinued, or located elsewhere,
the land reverts to him, and he may
inclose it to the centre, and use it as
part of his farm.—Judge Bennett.

How To Get Along.

Don't stop to tell stories in business
hours.
If you have a place of business be
found there when wanted.

No man can get rich by sitting a-
round stores and saloons.
Never fool in business matters.
Have order, system, regulation and
also promptness.

Do not meddle with business you
know nothing of.
Do not kick everything in your
path.

More miles can be made in one day
by going steady than by stopping.
Pay as you go.
A man of honor respects his word
as he does his bond.

Help others when you can, but never
give what you cannot afford be-
cause it is fashionable.
Learn to say no. No necessity of
snapping it out dog-fashion, but say it
firmly and respectfully.
Use your own brains rather than
those of others.
Learn to think and act for yourself.
Keep ahead rather than behind the
times.

A Dog and a String.

A near-sighted friend went to an
optician to change his glasses, he then
inquired:
"After these what will I take?"
"These."
"And after that?"
"Those."
"And then?" he asked anxiously.
"Then," said the dealer, "I think a
small and sagacious dog, with a string
attached, will be about the thing."