

THE KINSTON JOURNAL.

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

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TERMS—\$1.50 Per Year.

NO. 19.

1879. SPRING. 1879.

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Fashionable Milliner,
KINSTON, N. C.

Having been engaged in the manufacture of Ladies Hats for the past few seasons for S. B. West, returns her sincere thanks to her patrons and extends to them and all the public a cordial invitation to call and examine her New Stock of Ladies, Misses, and Childrens Hats, Bonnets, Flowers and Trimmings,


All of which has been selected with great care from the most fashionable and Largest Houses in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and consists of the

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Miller and Lumber Dealer,
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FIRST-CLASS LUMBER
at the lowest CASH rates.

Also keep on hand the celebrated
Tuckahoe Family Flour. jan1-12m

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Practice in Lenoir, Greene, Wayne, Jones and adjoining counties.

Prompt and efficient attention paid all business entrusted to them.

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

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Brackets and Moulding to order. jan2-1y

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Come and EXAMINE His Stock.

COUNTRY PRODUCE WANTED.

N. B.—Orders for any Books not in store

filled with promptness and dispatch. 13-3t

THE CHILDREN.

BY J. T. W.

Children's treasures of the heart,
Born on earth—of heaven a part;
Gifts from God—to parents dear,
Lifting little hands in prayer.

"Suffer them to come to me,"
Saith the Lord of earth and sea;
For of such my jewels are—
Subject of my constant care.

Mother point their way to God;
Let the Gospel be thy rod
To correct, instruct and teach—
By example daily preach.

Bring them up for Heaven above,
Trusting in the God of love;
And direct their little feet,
That they for Jesus may meet.

They are flowers of earthly birth;
Blooming around their parents' hearth;
They bloom on earth and fade and die
That they may bloom again on high;

Of all the gems of earthly birth,
Our children far exceed in worth;
They sparkle in the crown of love,
And brighter shine in heaven above.

So, gentle mother, sow the seed—
The seed of truth is all they need;
Sow them morning, noon and night,
And they shall dwell with God in light.

Such are the thoughts my heart conceives;
O may they not, like withered leaves,
Be scattered by the passing breeze,
And lost in life's tumultuous seas.

Selected.

POOR AND PROUD.

"Strawberries! strawberries! Very

fine and fresh—lady, please buy!"

But Madeline Joyce, leaning from
the open window, with her cheek idly
supported on her hand, shook her head.

"No, I don't want any, child!"

And the strawberry girl passed on,
her clear, shrill voice echoing fainter
and fainter in the distance as she went.

Madeline gazed after her with sad,
violet-gray eyes.

"Poor and proud! proud and poor!"
she murmured to herself. "Oh, heaven!
why was I not yonder ragged

strawberry girl, or even the child who
sweeps the crossings, and earns an
honest penny now and then? But
now—now my hands are tied by

mama's absurd prejudices! Well,
Beatrice, what is it?"

For her younger sister had come
noiselessly in—a tall slip of a thing,
like one of the graceful field-lilies
that grow in solitary places.

"The bill from the baker's Madeline!"

"Another bill!" with an impatient
lift of the eyebrows. "Did you tell
the man we had no money, Beatrice?"

"What would have been the use
Maddy? Of course I did not tell
him."

"And, mama?"

"She does not know—she is reading
in the parlor; she will not let me mend
the table-cloth; she says it is not work
for ladies. Oh, Maddy, what shall
we do?"

Madeline rose, and began pacing
impatiently up and down the room,
her white, slender hands clasped over
her head.

"Hush!" she cried, abruptly; "there is
a ring at the bell. It is Mrs. Benjamin
again. Go, tell her I am en-

gaged—busy—gone out—anything
you please. No—stay—stay! Per-

haps I had better see her, after all."

And Madeline went down stairs to
the darkened room, where Mrs. Joyce
sat in faded silk, and darned lace, a
relic of the glorious past, with white,
washed hands folded in her lap, and
an embroidered ottoman under her feet.

"It is like a dream," Madeline said
to herself, smiling impatiently, as Mrs.
Benjamin and her mother prattled on
about the current topics of the day.

"And to think that there is nothing
in the house for dinner! Perhaps
Mrs. Benjamin will ask mamma to
dine, and Bee and I can send out for
some biscuits. We can eat anything."

And through her disjointed medita-

tions, her mother's soft, sweet voice,
sounded, as voices sometimes sound
when one is half sleeping, half awake.

"To the Lakes, with you? My dear
Mrs. Benjamin, you are very kind, I
am sure, and Maddy must use her
own discretion about accepting. Do
you hear, darling? Mrs. Benjamin

wants you to accompany her to the
Lakes as soon as she has secured a
governess for the dear little boys. I
am sure it would be a charming op-

portunity for you to see a little of life;
for circumstances, you know—with a
gentle little sigh "preclude me from
giving you much variety."

Madeline looked up with a sudden
glitter in her eyes; and Mrs. Benjamin
thought with surprise how pretty Mrs.
Joyce's eldest girl was growing.

"A governess? I think I know of
some one, Mrs. Benjamin, who will
suit you, if—if your terms are at all
liberal."

"Sixty pounds a year and all ex-

penses paid," said Mrs. Benjamin,
complacently. "I think it isn't at all
stingy. Who is it, Madeline?"

"A young lady—a friend of mine.
When do you want her?"

"At once; and then we can be off
without delay. You will accompany
us, Madeline?"

"Oh, of course—of course. That is,
if mama approves?" with a glance at
the pretty, faded effigy of former gen-

tility, who sat in the shadows beyond,
as befitted her darning lace and with-

ered complexion.

And Mrs. Joyce smiled faintly.

"How ready the young birds are to
fly away and leave the parent nest,"
she sighed. "Well, it is but natural.
I can hardly blame Maddy for being
anxious to leave so dull a place as this."

"Mamma," cried Madeline, passion-

ately, "it is not that. Oh! mamma, if
I could only tell you!"

And she hurried out of the room,
with a choking gasp in her throat.

Mrs. Benjamin did not like scenes;
she looked on with civil wonderment.
But she understood it all—after a lit-

tle while.

"The landlord, again!" cried Mrs.
Joyce, in her soft, well-modulated
voice.

"Mamma," said Beatrice, hurriedly,
"it's three months since he was here
last, and don't you remember, we
didn't pay him then?"

She could say no more, for just
then Mr. Atheling himself followed on
her footsteps—a tall, fine looking man,
about two-and-thirty, dark as a Span-

iard, with square chin, and brow as
that of an ancient Roman statue.
Mrs. Joyce drew herself dignifiedly
up.

"This intrusion is scarcely called
for, Mr. Atheling," said she. "My
daughter transacts my business affairs
for me—my daughter, who is now at
the Lakes, or going there immedi-

ately."

"Can I see her?" Mr. Atheling
asked, quietly.

"I presume so, if you go to Mrs.
Bruce Benjamin's, No. 7, Park
Lane."

"Thanks, madam. Pray excuse me
for disturbing you."

Mrs. Joyce bowed with the air of
an ex-empress and Mr. Atheling with
drew.

"That's over, think goodness!" said
she, and buried her nose once more
in the pages of a book.

But Bee was by no means certain
that it was over.

"Mamma might bear some of her
own burdens," she murmured unsym-

pathetically to herself. "It isn't fair
upon Maddy to send people there."

Mr. Atheling himself walked along
the street, with something of indigna-

tion rising up within his breast.

"Madeline Joyce is a good and
beautiful girl," he said to himself, "and
for her sake I have borne with these
people longer than I otherwise should.
But dress and gaiety, and endless ex-

penses at the Lakes, with a year's
rent due—that is altogether a different
matter. I have been mistaken in
Madeline Joyce, and the sooner she
understands it the better. A mere
society butterfly—too proud to work,
too frivolous to stop and think! And
I had fancied her so different!"

Mrs. Benjamin's tall footman put
on a supercilious grin as Mr. Atheling
asked for Miss Joyce.

"The new gov'ness," said he. Up
stairs—second story, back, please."

And with a backward motion of his
thumb footman went about his busi-

ness; while Mr. Atheling somewhat
surprised and a little annoyed, ascen-

ded the staircase by himself.

The door was half open, and even
as he knocked at the panels he could
see Madeline Joyce on a low sofa in
the window, a book in her lap, and
two or three chubby little boys swar-

ming around her, evidently intent on
anything and everything but their
lessons.

She started up, crimson and confus-

ed at the sight of the dark, handsome
face, she knew so well.

"It is about the rent," she gasped—
"Yes, yes—I know. We cannot pay
it just yet; but—"

He smiled as he took her hand.

"You are not going to the Cumber-

land Lakes, then?"

"Yes, I am—as Mrs. Benjamin's
governess. Only mamma does not
know. It would break her heart,
Mr. Atheling. And the very first
quarter's salary I receive shall be for-

warded immediately to you. For

"Madeline!" he burst forth, impuls-

ively, "I have mistaken you—I have
misjudged you altogether! Will you
pardon me?"

"I don't understand you, Mr. Athel-

ing."

And then he explained. Madeline's
scarlet upper lip curved.

"And you believed I could go fash-

ion hunting, pleasure-seeking, while—
while we owed money that we could
not pay! Oh, Mr. Atheling!"

Five minutes later Master Clarence
Benjamin, the oldest and most aggrava-

ting of the trio of boys, rushed down
to his mother's boudoir, where Mrs.
Benjamin was half-distracted over the
mysteries of packing for the Lake.

"Mamma! mamma!" he howled,
grasped her hand; "come quick,—
There's strange man whispering to
Miss Joyce, and she's crying."

But when Mrs. Benjamin reached
the scene of action, the tears were all
dried up, and Madeline was smiling
and coloring radiantly.

"Oh, Mr. Atheling, it is you!" cried
the lady, recognising the wealthy
landholder at a glance. "And Maddy

"I may as well tell you," said Madeline, softly. "Mr. Atheling has
asked me to marry him; and—"

"And you will lose your governess,"
said Atheling smiling.

So Madeline Joyce never gave up
her honest pride, but she was poor no
longer, either in heart or purse. And
she went to the Lakes, after all; but
it was as a bride, not as Mrs. Ben-

jamin's companion.

Judge Bogan.

When Judge Bogan was a practicing
lawyer in Georgia he weighed
about 300 pounds. He was a short
man, and had no coupling pole be-

tween his head and his shoulders. His
back was as broad as a cellar door.—
Of course he was a good-natured man,
but sometimes was very sarcastic in
the use of language before a jury.—
One day he had a cause in a justice
court, in one of the upper counties of
Georgia, and there was a little lawyer
on the other side named Wiggins.—
Wiggins weighed about ninety pounds,
and was game and sassy, like most all
little men; and had a voice as fine as
the E string on a fiddle.

Well, the Judge was rollicking
along in a good-natured way to the
jury, and made some allusions that
insulted Wiggins' dignity. Where-

upon Wiggins hopped up like a kill-

deer and hit the Judge a lick on the
back.

The Judge looked around a little;
and says he. "What you 'bout, Wig-

gins—what you 'bout?"

"I'm a fitin'!" says Wiggins.

"Set down and behave yourself,"
said the Judge, and his eyes twinkled
merrily as he continued his rhapsody
of random remarks. Pretty soon he
offended Wiggins again, who, rising
forwards, tumultuously popped him
three or four times more, making as
much impression as if he had hit the
side of a house.

"What you 'bout, Wiggins? What
you tryin' to do?" said the Judge as
he winked at the jury.

"I tell you sir, I'm a fitin'," screamed
Wiggins, and he popped him again.

The Judge reached his arm back
and gently "squashed" Wiggins down
in his chair, saying "set down, Wiggins,
and be quiet, or I'll take you by the
nap of the neck and seat of the
breeches and throw you up so high
the blue birds will build in your jacket
pocket before you come down. Be
still, I say!"

Wiggins 'beed still,' but he studied
the code of honor for a few days and
then went back to his tailor's trade.

The Man Who Didn't Vote.

The man who had fully made up
his mind never to poll another vote
was 'around' at the last election. He
was heard of on street corners and in
groceries for a fortnight previous and
it did him a heap of good to have
men reply to his assertion:

"Oh don't say that, Mr. Jorkins.
We can't spare you from politics, in-

deed we can't."

But he was obstinate. He had de-

liberately and carefully made up his
mind not to go near the polls, and no
arguments could move him. Even
when men predicted that both parties
would be smashed to pieces if Mr.
Jorkins didn't come out, he wouldn't
relent. During the morning of elec-

tion day he expected callers—influ-

ential citizens to entreat him for Heav-

en's sake to come and poll his vote
and save the country—but they didn't
call. He also expected to hear rum-

ors that the whole election had been
declared 'off' on account of his ab-

sence, but no such rumors came.

Mr. Jorkins walked out after din-

ner. He truly hoped that he would
not meet any of the candidates and
be rushed to the polls, and—he didn't
meet any. He expected that every
citizen would wildly demand if he
had voted yet, but not one of the
hundreds he met said a word about
election. On the contrary, they talked
about bilious fever, catarrh, the weath-

er, etc. Even when Mr. Jorkins ac-

cidentally walked past his ward poll-

ing-place no one rushed for him. He
went home and gave orders that no
callers should be admitted, and had
almost persuaded himself that there
had been no election, when his son
came home and said it was the big-

gest election he ever heard of.

"But I didn't vote," persisted Mr.
Jorkins.

"I know, father; but the party went
right on, just the same."

"It did!"

"Yes, father; and we saved the
country."

"You did! Didn't they ask for
me?"

"Well, I heard one man ask for you,
and some one told him your vote
wasn't worth sending a hack for, and
so they didn't send."

And now he rubs his hands and
says: "By the great Mogul! but didn't
we just clean 'em right out of their
boots?"—Free Press.

'Greenings.'

A youth living on Hagg street rolled
an apple barrel to the curbstone
the other afternoon, filled it with cob-

blestones, headed it up, and marked
the barrel: "Greenings—handle care-

fully." The youth retired to await
further developments, and they soon
came. A sawdust wagon came along,
the driver jumped down and looked
at the barrel. He probably reasoned
that it had been delivered by a grocer,
and he doubtless wondered why it had
not been rolled into the cellar. Dusk
was coming on, and the man drove off.
In a quarter of an hour he returned.
'Greenings' were there yet, and he
drove around the square, took the tail
board out of his wagon, and at length
drove up close to the barrel. No one
was in sight, and he made a dash for
the prize. He probably expected a
rather heavy lift, but when he felt
the weight of those cobblestones his
surprise must have been great. He
gave one awful lurch, lifted the barrel
about an inch, and as his fingers raked
over the hoops he groaned in agony
and leaped into his wagon as if a dog
had been reaching for his coat-tails.
At various times during the night
vehicles were heard halting and driv-

ing suddenly away, but when day
broke the 'greenings' were still there,
though only two hoops were left on
the barrel.

X., ASSAULTED by his tailor.

"I really can not understand why
you do not pay me my little bill.
You had a good salary and it has
been raised."