THE KINSTON JOURNAL.

J. W. HARPER, I. M. WHITE,

VOL. 1.

Proprietors.

KINSTON, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1879.

NO. 19.

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BY J. T. W.

For The Kinston Journal,

THE CHILDREN

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

Saith the Lord of earth and sea; For of such my jewels are-Subject of my constant care. Mother point their way to God;

"Suffer them to come to me"

Let the Gospell 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 be 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 breze, And lost in life's tumultuous seas

Selected.

POOR AND PROUD.

'Strawberries! strawberries! Very fine and fresh-lady, please buy!'

'No, I don't want any, child!' And the strawbery girl passed on, up. her clear, shrill voice echoing fainter

violet-gray eyes. 'Poor and proud! proud and poor!' ly. en! why was I not yonder ragged asked, quietly. Also keep on hand the celebrated sweeps the crossings, and earns an Bruce Benjamin's, No. 7, Park upon Wiggins hopped up like a killhonest penny now and then? But Lane. now-now my hands are tied by mama's absurd prejudices! Well, for disturbing you. Beatrice, what is it?

> noiselessly in-a tall slip of a thing, drew. like one of the graceful field-lilies

that grow in solitary places. 'The bill from the baker's Made- in the pages of a book.

'Another bill!' with an impatient that it was over. lift of the evebrows. 'Did you tell' Maddy? Of course I did not tell upon Maddy to send people there.'

him.' 'She does not know-she is reading | tion rising up within his breast.

in the parlor; she will not let me mend 'Madeline Joyce is a good and the table-cloth; she says it is not work beautiful girl,' he said to himself, 'and Wiggins, and he popped him again. for ladies. Oh, Maddy, what shall for her sake I have borne with these

her head.

jamin again. Go, tell her I am en- society butterfly-too proud to work, still, I say! gaged-busy-gone out-anything too frivolous to stop and think! And you please. No-stay-stay! Per- I had fancied her so different!' haps I had better see her, after all.'

the darkened room, where Mrs. Joyce ing asked for Miss Joyce. sat in faded silk, and darned lace, a relic of the glorious past, with white, stairs-second story, back, please.' wasted hands folded in her lap, and

to herself, smiling impatiently, as Mrs. | ded the staircase by himself.

And through her disjointed medita- lessons.

'To the Lakes, with you? My dear Brackets and Moulding to order. [ja24-ly Mrs. Benjamin, you are very kind, I 'Yes, yes-I know. We cannot pay am sure, and Maddy must use her it just yet; but-butown discretion about accepting. Do you hear, darling? Mrs. Benjamin wants you to accompany her to the land Lakes, then?' Lakes as soon as she has secured a gentle little sigh 'preclude me from warded immediately to you. For to that, Brother Foster, eh?"

giving you much variety.' glitter in her eyes; and Mrs. Benjamin sively, I have mistaken you-I have the Colonel. Joyce's eldest girl was growing.

'A governess? I think I know of some one, Mrs. Benjamin, who will ing.' As N. B.—Orders for any Books not in store suit you, if—if yours terms are at all And then he explained. Mad-gentleman. Retire and make up your solation out of your philosophy that 15-5t. liberal.

'Sixty pounds a year and all expenses paid,' said Mrs. Benjamin, ion hunting, pleasure-seeing, whilecomplacenly. 'I think it isn't at all while we owed money that we could stingy. Who is it, Madeline?' 'A young lady—a friend of mine.

When do you want her?' us, Madeline?"

'Oh, of course—of course. That is, mysteries of packing for the Lake. if mama approves?' with a glance at as befitted her darned lace and with- Miss Joyce, and she's crying." ered complexion.

And Mrs. Joyce smiled faintly. fly away and leave the parent nest,' and coloring radiantly, she sighed. 'Well, it is but natural. 'Oh, Mr, Atheling, it is you!' cried I can hardly blame Maddy for being the lady, recognising the wealthy anxious to leave so dull a place as landholder at a glance. 'And Maddy

'Mamma,' cried Madeline, passionately, 'it is not that. Oh! mamme, if eline, softly. 'Mr. Atheling has 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. her honest pride, but she was poor no

tle while. 'The landlord; again!' cried Mrs. jamin's companion. Joyce, in her soft, well-modulated

voice. 'Mamma,' said Beatrice, hurriedly, didn't pay him then?'

But Madeline Joyce, leaning from her footsteps-a tall, fine looking man, Of course he was a good-natured man, the open window, with her cheek idly about two-and-thirty, dark as a Span- but sometimes was very sarcastic in supported on her hand, shook her lard, with square chin, and brow as the use of language before a jury .-

and fainter in the distance as she for, Mr. Atheling,' said she. 'My Wiggins weighed about ninety pounds, Madeline gazed after her with sad, for me-my daughter, who is now at little men; and had a voice as fine as the Lakes, or going there immediate- the E string on a fiddle.

strawbery girl, or even the child who I presume so, if you go to Mrs.

'Thanks, madam. Pray excuse me back.

Mrs. Joyce bowed with the air of For her younger sister had come an ex-empress and Mr. Atheling with gins-what you 'bout?' 'That's over, think goodness!' said

she, and buried her nose once more

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

Mrs. Benjamin's tall footman put then went back to his tailor's trade. And Madeline went down stairs to on a supercilious grin as Mr. Athel-

an embroidered ottoman under her thumb footman went about his busi- back. One day Col. Foster was 'It is like a dream,' Madeline said surprised and a little annoyed, ascen- promissory note, and wound up an

Blinds \$1.15 about the current topics of the day. as he knocked at the panels he could which control this. They are as old Blinds \$1.15 'And to think that there is noth- see Madeline Joyce on a low sofa in as England, as solid as the Blue Ridge Blinds \$1,40 ing in the house for dinner! Perhaps the window, a book in her lap, and and have come down to us untarnished Blinds \$1.40 Mrs. Benjamin will ask mamma to two or three chubby little boys swar- by the tide of time or the wreck of Blinds \$1.50 dine, and Bee and I can send out for ming around her, evidently intent on bloated Empires, and so will his Hon-Blinds \$1.40 some biscuits. We can eat anything.' anything and everything but their or charge you.'

when one is half sleeping, half awake. face, she knew so well.

'It is about the rent,' she gasped .-He smiled as he took her hand.

governess for the dear little boys. I governess. Only mamma does not all these dilatory, nugatory, purgathing from my extra allowance. When am sure it would be a charming op- know. It would break her heart, tory pleas that he has ripped up, dug I do I'll pay you.' portunity for you to see a little of life; Mr. Atheling. And the very first up, stumped up and trumped up,

Madeline looked up with a sudden 'Madeline!' he burst forth, impul- obliged to differ with the Court,' said ease, he went to Nelaton. thought with surprise how pretty Mrs. misjudged you altogether! Will you pardon me?'

elin's scarlet upper lip curved.

'And you belived I could go fash-

not pay! Oh, Mr. Atheling!' Five minutes later Master Clarence Benjamin, the oldest and most aggrav-'At once; and then we can be off ating of the trio of boys, rushed down without delay. You will accompany to his mother's bondoir, where Mrs. Benjamin was half-distracted over the

'Mamma! mamma!' he howled, the pretty, faded effigy of former gen- grasped her hand; 'come quick,tility, who sat in the shadows beyond, There's strange man whispering to But when Mrs. Benjamin reached

the scene of action, the tears were all 'How ready the young birds are to dried up, and Madeline was smiling

'I may as well tell you,' said Mad

asked me to marry him; and--'And you will lose your governess, said Atheling smiling.

So Madeline Joyce never gave up But she understood it all-after a lit- longer, either in heart or purse. And she went to the Lakes, after all; but it was as a bride, not as Mrs. Ben-

Judge Bogan.

it's three months since he was here ing lawyer in Georgia he weighed election. On the contrary, they talked last, and, don't you remember, we about 300 ponds. He was a short about bilious fever, catarrh, the weathman, and had no coupling pole be- er, etc. Even when Mr. Jorkins ac-She could say no more, for just twit his head and his shoulders. His cidentally walked past his ward pollthen Mr. Atheling himself followed on back was as broad as a cellar door .that of an ancient Roman statute. One day he had a cause in a justice Mrs. Joyce drew herself dignifiedly court, in one of the upper counties of came home and said it was the big-Georgia, and there was a little lawyer gest election he ever heard of. 'This intrusion is scarcely called on the other side named Wiggins .daughter transacts my business affairs and was game and sassy, like most all

Well, the Judge was rollicking she murmured to herself. 'Oh, heav- 'Can I see her?' Mr. Atheling along in a good-natured way to the jury, and made some allusions that insulted Wiggins' dignity. Wheredeer and hit the Judge a lick on the

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

'I'm a fitin'!' says Wiggins. 'Set down and behave yourself, said the Judge, and his eyes twinkled merrily as he continued his rhapsody But Bee was by no means certain of randon remarks. Pretty soon he offended Wiggins again, who, rising 'Mamma might bear some of her forwards, tumultuously popped him the man we had no money, Beatrice?, own burdens,' she murmured unsym- three or four times more, making as 'What would have been the use pathetically to herself. 'It isn't fair 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 The Judge reached his arm back people longer than I otherwise should. and gently 'squashed' Wiggins down Madeline rose, and began pacing But dress and gaiety, and endless ex- in his chair, saying set down, Wiggins, impatiently up and down the room, penses at the Lakes, with a year's and be quiet, or I'll take you by the In a quatrer of an hour he returned. her white, slender hands clasped over rent due-that is altogether a different nap of the neck and seat of the matter. I have been mistaken in breeches and throw you up so high 'Hush!' she cried, abruptly; 'there is Madeline Joyce, and the sooner she the blue birds will build in you jacket a ring at the bell. It is Mrs. Ben- understands it the better. A mere pocket before you come down. Be

Wiggins 'beed still,' but he studied the code of honor for a few days and

When the Judge was elevated to the bench he didn't give the juries very 'The new gov'ness,' said he. Up much latitude in making up a verdict. If the verdicts didn't suit him he And with a backward motion of his he changed 'em over again and sent 'em ness; while Mr. Atheling somewhat defendin' a fellow who was sued on a eloquent speech with 'these are the Blinds \$1.00 Benjamin and her mother prattled on The door was half open, and even grand principles of the law, gentleman, broke the 'greenings' were still there,

Blinds \$1.50 tions, her mother's soft, sweet voice, She started up, crimson and confus- eyes sparkling and his mouth twitc- been raised. Blinds \$1.60 sounded, as voices sometimes sound ed at the sight of the dark, handsome hing at the corners. Hardly wating for the Colonel to sit down he said:-'His Honor won't charge you any such thing, gentleman; for those eternal principles my Brother Foster has allowance.' elucidated have no more to do with 'You are not going to the Cumber- the case than the Koran of Mahomet; This defendant admits that he signed 'Yes, I am-as Mrs. Benjamin's this note, and if you believe him, then for circumstances, you know'-with a quarter's salary I recive shall be for- won't avail him. What do you say

the right to differ; but where the Court | philosopher?" 'I don't understand you, Mr. Athel- and the counsel differ, the Court prevails, and that's the law of this case, verdict.'-Free Press.

The ManWho 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, indeed we can't.'

But he was obstinate. He had deliberately 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 election day he expected callers-influential citizens to entreat him for Heaven's sake to come and poll his vote and save the country-but they didn't call. He also expected to hear rumors that the whole election had been declaired 'off' on account of his absence, but no such rumors came.

Mr. Jorkins walked out after dinner. 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 When Judge Bogan was a practic- hundreds he met said a word about 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

'But I didn't vote,' persisted Mr. 'I know, father; but the party went

right on, just the same.' 'It did! 'Yes, father; and we saved the

country.j 'You did! Didn't they ask for '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.'

led an apple barrel to the curbstone must be obeyed. the other afternoon, filled it with cobblestones, headed it up, and marked the barrel: 'Greenings--handle care- won't shoot?' 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. '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 figers 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 driving suddenly away, but when day though only two hoops were left on horror. the barrel.

X., ASSAULTED by his tailor. 'I really can not understand why you do not pay me my little bill. The Judge was leaning forward, his You had a good salary and it has

'Yes.' 'And you promised me faithfully that you would pay me out of the amount you saved from your extra

'Precisely.' 'Then you have lied to me, for you haven't paid me the first red centime.' 'Not at all-I haven't saved any-

When, just ten years ago Hector Berlioz came back from St, Peters- night reveler stations himself against 'Nothing, sir; only that I am burg suffering severely from his dis- the wall of a public edifice in an atti-

'Yes sir, you can differ; you have and asked, 'Are you anything of a 'Yes,' said the patient-'Then you'd better get all the con-

you can-you will never recover.'

The great physician examined him

CLEOPATRA.

I am dying, Egypt, dying: Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast, And the dark Plutonian shadows Gather on the evening blast, Let thine arm, O Queen, support me, Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear; Hearken to the great heart-secrets Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions Bear their eagles high no more; Though my wrecked and scattered galleys Strew dark Actium's fatal shore, Though no glittering guards surround me, Prompt to do their master's will, I must perish like a Roman-

Die the great triumvir still. Let not Cæsar's servile minions Mock the lion thus laid low; Twas no foeman's hand that felled him, Twas his own that struck the blow, Dead' then pillow on thy bosom, Ere his star shall lose its ray, Him who, drunk with thy caresses,

Madly threw the world away. Should the base plebeian rabble Dare assail my fame at Rome, Where the noble spouse Octavia Weeps within her widowed home, Seek her; say the gods have told me-Alters-augurs-circling wings-That her blood with mine commingled

Yet shall mount the throne of kings, As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian, Glorious sorceress of the Nile, Light the path to Stygian horrors With the splendor of thy smile, Give to Cæsar crowns and arches, Let his brow the laurel twine; I can scorn all Cæsar's triumphs

Triumphing in love like thine. I am dying, Egypt, dying; Hark! the insulting foeman's cry! Let me front them ere I die Ah! no more amid the battle Shall my heart exulting swell: Isis and Osiris guard thee— Cleopatra—Rome—farewell

One pleasant night, in a lonely spot in the Faubourg du Temple, a pedestrian was halted by a robber who threatened to kill him unless he voluntarily subscribed to the campaign fund. The pedestrian calmly drew a pistol from his pocket, and placing it to the highwayman's head, marched him to the nearest police station, where he gave him in charge and

told the story to the sergeant. 'Very good,' said that vigorous official; 'and now have you a permit to

carry a pistol? 'I have not' 'In that case I shall be compelled

to hold you on a charge of carrying concealed weapons. 'But if I hadn't had my pistol with me I would probably have been mur-

'That is quite likely, but the law takes no cognizance of little things A youth living on Hagg street rol- like that. The law is the law, and

> nance against carrying a pistol that 'No: of course not.' 'Then if you will be so good as to examine this deadly weapon you will perceive that there is no trigger to it.

'Very well; but is the:e any ordi-

It is one a friend gave me to take to the armorer's and have repaired.' 'Lemme go!" yelled the captive highwayman; 'I was kidnapped and inveigled here under false pretenses. This is a charge af fraud by a fraud.'

deeply disgusted. A clown who has made a fortune is visiting a lady who has two daughters, One of them is a sweet little creature of three years, and the other is a sweet-though not little, by any means-creature of eighteen,

The vigilant sergeant was about as

Talking gaily with the family, the visitor picked up the little girl and dances her on his knee, to her great joy. Presently the little one gets down from her 'horse,' and the muscular visitor seizes her big sister around the waist and prepares to indulge her in the same sport. 'Monsieur!' exclaims the mother, in

'Oh don't be afraid,' says the visi tor, tranquilly. 'I don't mind it-it don't tire me at all!"

The little delicacies of the language of Southern France are always being brought to light by the Parisian papers. One of them recounts how a youth of Toulouse told the story of his parting with his father when he left his native town. The old gentleman had accompanied his son to the railway station, and his farewell was extremely affectionate and demonstra-

'Finally" said the youth, wiping the tears from his eyes, 'the train started, and that's the way I pruned off the old man!"

One o'clock in the merning. A tude which is contrary to regulation. A friend who is waiting for him a few steps away: 'Look out! the policemen are coming!'

'Oh; they're easily disposed of .-Thieves! Thieves! Exeunt police rapidly in the dis-