

THE KINSTON JOURNAL.

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

TERMS—\$1.50 Per Year.

VOL. I.

KINSTON, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1879.

NO. 20.

1879. SPRING. 1870.

MRS. S. A. WEST,
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

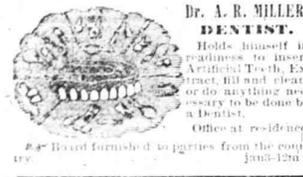
New Stock of Ladies, Misses, & Childrens Hats, Bonnets, Flowers and Trimmings,

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

LATEST MODELS OF THE SEASON.
Also a full and complete stock of

LADIES DRESS GOODS, READY MADE SUITS, TRIMMINGS, NOTIONS, WHITE GOODS, PARASOLS, UMBRELLAS, FANS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, CORSETS, &c.

G. B. Remember the place—the New Store adjoining the residence of S. B. West. apr3-23



Dr. A. R. MILLER,
DENTIST.

Holds himself in readiness to insert Artificial Teeth, Extract, fill and clean, or do anything necessary to be done by a Dentist.

Office at residence. Jan1-12m

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

LOUIS GREEN
FASHIONABLE BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER,
KINSTON, N. C.

Office over Polliter's Drug Store. Jan1-12m

J. P. 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 adjoining counties.

Will attend the Courts of Lenoir, Greene and Jones. Jan1-12m

W. J. RASBERRY,
Attorney At Law,
KINSTON, N. C.

Will attend the Courts of Lenoir, Greene and Jones. Jan1-12m

Wm. W. N. HUNTER,
SUPERIOR COURT CLERK, PROBATE JUDGE,
—AND—
EX-OFFICIO NOTARY PUBLIC
for Lenoir County.

Office on S. B. West's Store, North of the Court House, KINSTON, N. C.

All legal blanks required to be prepared kept constantly on hand and furnished free of charge. Jan1-12m

JONES & CO.,
BUILDING CONTRACTORS,
—AND—
SASH BLIND AND DOOR FACTORY,
KINSTON, N. C.

Price List of 12 Light Glazed Sash, and Blinds:
8x10, 12 lights, \$1.00 Blinds \$1.00
8x12, 12 lights, \$1.20 Blinds \$1.05
9x10, 12 lights, \$1.25 Blinds \$1.15
9x12, 12 lights, \$1.30 Blinds \$1.40
9x13, 12 lights, \$1.40 Blinds \$1.40
9x14, 12 lights, \$1.50 Blinds \$1.40
9x15, 12 lights, \$1.65 Blinds \$1.50
10x12, 12 lights, \$1.40 Blinds \$1.25
10x14, 12 lights, \$1.60 Blinds \$1.40
10x15, 12 lights, \$1.70 Blinds \$1.50
10x16, 12 lights, \$1.90 Blinds \$1.50
10x18, 12 lights, \$2.10 Blinds \$1.60

All other sizes made to order, and estimates furnished on application. Jan1-12m

Established 1866.
HENRY DUNN,
DRUGGIST & APOTHECARY,
KINSTON, N. C.

DRUGS and MEDICINES
of the BEST QUALITY constantly being received.

NOT LOST.

Yes, cross in rest the little snow-white hands. Do you not see the lips so faintly red With love's last kiss? Their sweetness has not fled. Though now you say her sinless spirit stands Within the pale of God's bright summer lands. Gather the soft hair round the dainty head. As in past days. Who says that she is dead And never more will heed the 'old commands? To your cold idols cling. I know she sleeps; That her pure soul is not by vexed minds tost Along the pathless altitude of space. This life but sows the seed, from which one reaps The future's harvest. No, I have not lost The glory and the gladness of her face. —[A Masque of Poets.]

Selected.

COMING TO WOO.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

When Aunt Philinda went away, the last thing she said to me was: 'I'm going to send somebody down to see you afore long, an' I hope you'll act like a sensible girl, an' not stand in your own light. He's smart as the average, an' he's got the best farm I know on anywhere in our section o' country. You couldn't do better.'

I hadn't the faintest idea that she would do as she said; but I began to believe she meant business when I received the following letter:

DEAR NEECE MARIAR: I've told Mr. Green about you, an' he's going to come down to your place next week. I do hope you'll like him, for a better husband never lived than he'd make you. Afore Mehetabel—that was his first wife—died, he was the best provider I ever see, an' the land knows he's had to be sence, for that sister of his'n that keeps house for him is awful wasteful. He's considerable took up with you from my descripshun, an' I know he'll like you. Anybody that's smart an' capable can do well to marry him. The children are purty behaved, an' take after their father. Now don't think he won't suit you 'cause he ain't fixt up like a young man. He's worth a dozen young men, fur's property's concerned, an' Mehetabel used to say he was awful-lovin'. Do be a sensible girl, Mariar, an'—an' not stan' in your own light. From your affectionate ant.

PHILINDA. For goodness sake! I exclaimed, when I had read the letter through to sister Jane. What shall I do. Here it's Monday, and the letter ought to have been here last week. He's likely to happen along any time. Such an old fool as Aunt Philinda is! The idea of my marrying an old widower with half a dozen children.

'But they're 'purty behaved,' and take after father,' said Jane wiping the tears from her eyes, and hardly able to talk from laughing. 'And he's awful lovin'!

'I don't want any of his loving ways round me,' says I, indignantly. 'I won't speak to him. She might have known better. I think it a regular insult.'

'I'll tell you what,' cried Jane, her eyes luminous with a brilliant idea. 'Let me pretend that I'm you. I'll be Maria for the time being, and you be Jane.'

'What good'll that do?' I asked. 'Ever so much,' answered she. 'Father and mother won't be back for four or five days, and I can tire him out before that time. I'll be deaf! Won't that be splendid. I won't be able to hear anything lower than a shout.'

'I'm agreeable to the plan,' I said. And Jane began to make preparations for her wooer. She combed down her hair smoothly on each side of her face, and put on mother's old mohair cap. Then she added spectacles, and arranged herself in an antiquated old dress. When she had finished her toilet she looked old maidish, I laughed till I cried.

'About three o'clock there came a rap at the door. 'It's him, I'll bet,' cried Jane. 'If it is remember I'm Maria, and can't hear you unless you talk very loud.'

I went to the door. There stood Mr. Green, I was sure. He had on his Sunday best, evidently, and very comical he looked in it, and very uncomfortable he felt, judging from his actions. He was wiping his face with a huge red and yellow handkerchief. 'I'm Mr. Green,' he said, making a bow and introducing himself at the same time. 'I came to see Miss Mariar Lawton. Be you her?'

while I introduced them.

'Maria, this is Mr. Green,' shouted I, in a shrill key, putting my mouth close to her ear.

'A little louder,' said she, and I shouted 'Mr. Green' an octave higher. The poor man looked terribly disappointed. His fancy had not painted her in true colors, evidently.

'Ah, yes Mr. Green,' said Jane, fairly beaming with delight. 'How do you?' and she shook the poor gentleman's hand energetically. 'Jane, get Mr. Green a chair. Put it here by the side of mine, so that he can talk to me. I'm happy to see you, sir. Aunt Philinda spoke of you in very complimentary terms, indeed.'

'I'm glad of that,' said Mr. Green, sinking into the chair.

'Eh? what did you say?' said Jane, turning her ear toward him. 'A trifle louder, if you please.'

Mr. Green repeated his remark, while I retired to the window to laugh.

'A very fine day?' he added. 'Good crop of hay? I'm glad of it,' responded Jane. 'I'm greatly interested in farm matters, Mr. Green.'

'I said the weather was fine,' corrected Mr. Green.

'When'll I be your's? Why, you're so sudden, Mr. Green!' exclaimed Jane, pretending to blush. 'I don't really feel as if I knew you yet. And yet, my heart tells me that you are an affinity,' and then the wicked girl smiled most bewitchingly upon the uneasy man, who looked at me appealingly.

'I didn't say that,' he shouted. 'I spoke about the weather.'

'Yes; I hope we'll be happy together,' said Jane, pensively. 'Oh, Mr. Green, if you knew how I have longed for the companionship of some heart like your's these many years, and then she proceeded to shed unseen tears in her handkerchief.

Mr. Green was touched. 'She's awful affeckshunate, ain't she?' he said to me. 'I wish she wasn't so awful deaf. Can't anything be done for her?'

'Oh, you won't mind that, after a little,' said I, cheerfully. 'I dun'no,' but that,' said Mr. Green, doubtfully. 'We couldn't never have no secret without the neighbors'd hear 'em fore she did, if I went to tellin, her any. Don't seem to me's if I ever see anybody quite so deaf as she is.'

'Talk to me, said Jane, who had dried her eyes. 'Tell me all about your children. I know I shall take so much comfort with them. Bless their souls.'

The room which I appropriated as my private office contained a large and elegant safe which was built into the wall, in the manner of most bank safes, and contained all the modern safeguards against fire and burglars.

In this safe I came very near losing my life once, as I will proceed to relate.

It was a bitter cold night in December, 1874.

I was at that time engaged on the R—murder case as counsel for the defense, and every moment I could spare was spent in study on this difficult and knotty case, which I had begun to fear I should lose.

On the evening in question I remained seated at my office desk, engaged in work relating to the case referring to, until after one o'clock in the morning.

I was not aware of the lateness of the hour until I chanced to look at the little clock which hung on the wall by my side.

'This won't do,' I exclaimed aloud, rising to my feet. 'I must be off at once and get some sleep, or I shall not be fit to appear in the court in the morning.'

I arose at once, and returning to their proper places the books which I had been consulting, I turned out the gas and was just about leaving the office, when I suddenly remembered that I had left lying upon my desk a very valuable paper belonging to a client.

This document must be placed in the safe. It was of far too much importance to be left here it was.

The light of the moon streamed through the open window, and its rays fell upon the safe, enabling me to turn the knob to the proper combination without lighting the gas.

The door of the safe swung open. Taking the paper in my hand I stepped into the safe, which was large enough to hold half a dozen men.

As I entered my coat caught upon the knob, causing the door to partially close.

I had just placed the important document in a drawer, when I observed that the door was still closing. The momentum with which it had been accidentally furnished, had not en-

tirely left it. I stretched forth my hand to stop it, but I was too late. It closed, the lock snapped, and I was a prisoner.

The cold perspiration stood upon my forehead, and an exclamation of horror escaped my lips.

I knew that the safe was perfectly air-tight, and that if I were not rescued ere long, I should certainly perish of suffocation.

I threw myself frantically against the door.

Vain endeavor! What was my frail strength against that massive piece of iron.

'Help! help!' I shouted, knowing at the same time that, even were there anyone in the building, it would be impossible for my voice to be heard outside my private office, even if it were audible there.

Apparently certain death awaited me. Rendered almost frantic by this terrible prospect, I uttered wild cries for help, and threw myself repeatedly against the door, though knowing that my efforts must prove utterly fruitless.

I think that for a time I was a madman.

At last, wearied by my exertions, I sank to the floor.

My head sank upon my breast, and I uttered a heartfelt prayer to heaven for pardon for my manifold transgressions.

The little air that the place had contained was now almost consumed.

My breath came in quick, short gasps, and I knew that in a very few minutes I should be a dead man if help did not arrive.

And I had not the slightest hope of rescue, for none of my employees would arrive before eight o'clock, long before which time I should be past human aid.

Suddenly the stillness of the place was broken by a sound as if some one was attempting to unlock the safe.

Was it my imagination? I listened intently.

The noise was repeated, and I also heard the sound of voices in my office.

Was it possible that rescue had arrived? How could anyone have become acquainted with my condition?

I was about to cry out, when a suspicion of the truth occurred to me.

The intruders were, in all probability, burglars, who were attempting to gain an entrance to the safe for unlawful purposes.

I had, that very afternoon, received the sum of ten thousand dollars from a client, and the money was now in the safe.

The midnight visitors to my office had in some way become aware of its presence, and their errand here was to possess themselves of it.

If I cried out I should frighten them away and lose my last chance of rescue.

You may be certain that I was careful to preserve silence after arriving at this conclusion.

'Heaven grant that their efforts meet with success and that ere long, or it will be too late!' I murmured beneath my breath.

The burglars continued their operations upon the lock for about ten minutes, without intermission.

At the end of that time the noise suddenly ceased.

For five minutes I heard no sound, except the occasional murmur of low voices.

The atmosphere of the place was now almost consumed. If the door was not opened within a very few minutes I should be suffocated. My sufferings were even now almost intolerable.

Suddenly there was a loud explosion.

The burglars had blown the lock of the safe to pieces.

The door swung open.

'So much for old Ashley's burglar-proof safe,' said a voice, and the form of a burly ruffian appeared upon the threshold of the door, a dark-lantern in his hand.

I staggered forward and almost fell into his arms.

'What do you want here, rascals?' I exclaimed.

'The d—!' cried the fellow, dropping his lantern in affright.

An instant later all three took to their heels, in the belief, I suppose, that their plot had been discovered, and that my sudden appearance was only a part of a premeditated plan to foil them.

I made no attempt to follow them or to give the alarm.

I could not have done so had I wished, I had scarcely strength to walk to a chair, into which I sank in a semi-conscious condition.

Half an hour later, having somewhat recovered from the effects of my adventure, I arose and made an examination of the premises.

I found myself in possession of a very complete set of burglar's tools, which I handed over to the police the next day.

I never discovered who my rescuers were; but should this article meet their eyes, they will please accept my sincere thanks for the great service they unwittingly rendered me on that MEMORABLE NIGHT.

'Fifteen Cents Off.'

A Detroitian who dresses well and has a reasonable share of good looks had occasion last week to make a trip to the country, and one night he found himself at a farm house at which a party was to be. He was invited to participate in the festivities, and after he had consented the old farmer took him around the corner of the house and said:

'The young folks are mighty fond of any game with kissing in it. They'll get up something and fix it to make you kiss the handsomest gal in the room.'

'Well, I'll kiss her,' was the prompt reply.

'Yes; but hold on a little,' continued the old man. 'There's my gal Emma. We think she's as purty as any of 'em, but certain folks around here kinder sniff at her nose crooks a bit and her hair is a trifle high-colored. Now, I want you to kiss Em. for the handsomest gal in the room. It'll do the ole woman good, do Em. good, and kinder set these 'ere sniffers back a little. I don't ask you to kiss her for nothing, but if you'll do it I'll throw fifteen cents off'n your bill in the morning. What d'ye say?'

The young man said he'd do it, and the father continued:

'That's the checker. Don't have any make-believe about it; but kiss her right pop out, so that we kin all hear the smack!'

The game was played, the Detroitian was 'fixed,' and he kissed 'Em,' like the pop of a pistol. He felt all the happier for it that night, seeing how greatly the old woman was pleased, and next forenoon as he jogged along he had to run the gauntlet of a score of farmers' sons waiting in fence corners to lick him because he passed their 'gals' by for 'Em.' He was struck by thirteen stones, six clubs and about a bushel of potatoes; he got out of the neighborhood, and when he came to figure up he realized that fifteen cents was no inducement at all. —Free Press.

His Preference.

A sanitary policeman who had business on Division street yesterday had his attention attracted to the conduct of a tow-headed boy of 10 who dodged out of a house, crossed the street and returned and went over the same route several times. The officer asked if his mother was sick, and the lad chuckled and replied:

'Not very sick! She's mad at the woman over there, and I'm carrying telegrams between 'em. Mother first asked her to take it back, but she wouldn't, then mother dared her out, but she wouldn't come, then she called mother names, and now I'm going over to tell her that mother says that her sister is in the Work House. I think that will start her.'

'Are you anxious for peace between them?' asked the officer.

'Well, kinder, but as long as ma has got her mad up and a towel tied over her hair, I'd a leetle rather see the show open!'

The R-republicans vehemently object to any financial legislation by a Democratic Congress, also to any political legislation by a Democratic Congress. What is a Democratic Congress for? It must not touch the financial question, and it must not repeal any Republican laws. The Republicans modestly assume to dictate legislation, whether in or out of power;—Cincinnati Enquirer, Dec.

They tried to kill a book agent at Omaha last week. He was robbed, thrown into the river, knocked off the cars, tossed from a high bridge into the river again, and in two hours he was around with an illustrated bible, trying to get a subscription from the head of the attacking party.

The Radicals who contribute funds for the migrating negroes stipulate that no part of the same shall be used to pay their fare home again. The inherent benevolence of the action is thus luminously exhibited.

It was the Republicans who saved the Southern Claims Commission on Tuesday so as to be able to use it as a club to pummel the Democracy with. From this date, however, it is a stuffed club.

The military chest captured at Jandula (Zululand) contained \$100,000 in gold.