

THE KINSTON JOURNAL.

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

TERMS—\$1.50 Per Year.

VOL. 1.

KINSTON, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1879.

NO. 33.

MRS. A. R. MILLER,
(at the old place)
KINSTON, N. C.
1879
First in the Market!
Spring Styles of Hats & other
MILLINERY.

AGENT FOR—
Butterick & Co's. Patterns, and
the Light Running
Domestic Sewing Machine, best
Made.

Only place in town where you can get the
genuine Cable Wire Shoes. Jan3-12m

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.
Jan3-12m

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. M. JACKSON, E. B. LOTTIN,
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. 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. Jan3-4f

Drs. HYATT & TULL,
GENERAL PRACTITIONERS OF
Medicine & Surgery.
Office at the Dr. Brown's Office. Jan3-12f

FOR SALE.
One Ingersoll Press, second hand,
in perfect order, with a capacity of 500 pounds.
Price—\$75.
Dr. G. K. BAGBY,
Kinston, N. C., July 24-4f.

JOSEPH LASSITTER,
Livery, Sale, and Exchange Stables,
Kinston, N. C.

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

Boots and Shoes remarkably low. The best
new Boots at \$9.00. Gaiters \$6.00. A No. 1 low
quartered Shoe \$4.00. Repairing and other work
in proportion.
—SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.—
E. L. Over Jno. Phillips' Store.
Sign of the BIG BOOT.

B. F. FIELDS & BRO.,
MILLERS,
Falling Creek, N. C.
We are prepared to grind corn and wheat at
the usual rates and guarantee satisfaction to our
customers in the future as in the past.
We respectfully solicit the patronage of the
public and of the firm being always present in
charge of the mill. Jan12-3m

Kinston Collegiate Institute.
Eighth Term.

Fall Term 1879 Begins Monday Sept. 1st.

Tuition Fees, etc. (half in advance).
Primary English Course.....\$10.00
Junior.....\$12.00
Intermediate.....\$13.00
Advanced.....\$15.00
Classical.....\$25.00
French.....\$25.00
Music (with use of Piano and Organ).....\$20.00
Incidental Fee......50
Those pursuing the Classical Course are en-
titled to the French without extra charge.
Board per month (lights and washing ex-
cluded).....\$10.00
For catalogue containing full particulars ap-
ply to **JOSEPH B. HARVEY** till 15th of August,
afterwards to
Richard H. Lewis,
PRESIDENT.
Jan26 3m

CLOUDS.

Clouds of purple, tinted gold,
Clouds of crimson, grand and bold;
Clouds with beauty in each fold,
In the west.
Royal mountain summits lie,
As the glorious god of day
Sank to rest.

Clouds of darkness and of lead,
O'er the heavens thickly spread,
Gone to earth a look of dread,
Full of gloom.
Yet, foretold, as once again,
From their depths might fall the rain,
Fields would bloom.

Clouds of white and purest spray
Drifted all the live-long day,
On their blue ethereal way
Over the sky.
And they seemed as on their speed,
Like the forms of sainted dead,
Blessed on high.

Clouds of crimson and of gold,
Clouds of lead with deeper fold,
Clouds of spray so lightly rolled,
All will fly,
Leaving not a trace to show
Whence they came or where they go
In the sky.

So our cares, so heavy now,
Tracing on the fairest brow
Furrows deep, with cruel plow
Of sharp pain,
Like the clouds will fly away
Leaving but the pleasant day,
Once again.

Selected.

KITTY'S RASPBERRY FLOAT.

'Oh, mother!' exclaimed Mary Wylie, in tones of dismay, 'the cream is all sour!'

And her handsome face darkened with positive annoyance. It was really too vexatious, for she had in-
vited a score or more of gay young friends for that evening, to meet her newly arrived cousin Kitty, and of course ought to have ice-cream. The Wylies were rather famous for their delicious ice-cream, which they always made themselves for company, but the thermometer at ninety-eight and a thunder-storm had curdled all the milk in the dairy.

'The cake is all ready,' said Mary, sitting down in her perplexity. 'But what else are we to have. Coffee is too hot, and lemonade is too much like a fair? Kitty, can't you think of some little light thing, easy to make, to take the place of ice-cream?'

Thus appealed to, Kitty upraised her head from 'Daniel Deronda,' and said thoughtfully, 'Do you like a float?'

'What is a float?'

'It takes eggs; mamma makes it of ten for us at home, evenings. She beats the whites of eggs up like a great snowy mountain, and puts in sugar, and then she beats in strawberries, or raspberries, or jelly, to make it a pretty color and flavor it. We eat it in saucers like ice-cream.'

'It sounds good,' said Mary, with a little revival of hope, 'and we have ounces of eggs. But strawberries are all gone—there are raspberries, to be sure, down in the lots. But I burn so if I go in the sun, and the servants are busy—no, I'm afraid we can't make it.'

'I'll pick the berries!' said Kitty, jumping up; 'I'd like nothing better than a stroll in the lots, and I'm so brown already the sun won't hurt me.'

'You'll be so tired,' remonstrated Mary, looking admiringly at the merry brunette face, 'and I want you to look your very prettiest to-night, so that our young men may lose their hearts.'

'I think I would rather have raspberries than hearts,' replied Kitty, saucily, as she put on her hat and took a pail, and with a few word directions, went down the garden and out through a gate into the back lot.

It was a burning July day, but Kitty was a child of the sun, and she liked it. She had not been in the country for a long time before, and she fairly reveled in the feelings of the grass under her feet, the whirr of the grasshoppers, and the little escort of brown butterflies that fluttered all the time just ahead of her.

'Here are the raspberries!' she said to herself as she came to the low stone wall; 'not very many of them either—I suppose they picked a good many for supper last night. But I'll glean as I go.'

So she gleaned as she went, but the berries were scarce, and as the old wall was in a tumble-down condition, and there seemed to be more berries in the next lot, she climbed over and wandered on, meeting with better success. A lane ran by the lot she was now in, and a black-eyed young lady walking through it stared curiously at Kitty as she passed.

'I believe I like birds better than I do people,' was Kitty's mental comment on this; 'you dear little robins singing so over in those apple trees, I mean to go and watch your house-

keeping, and rest a little while, for my pail is almost full.'

The apple trees were in a corner of the lot, and when Kitty reached them she found a pretty bubbling spring there, and rocks covered with lovely lichens.

'Uncle Robert has good taste,' she said, 'to keep such a charming little nook here.' And she threw herself in the shadow of one quite tall rock, and fanned herself with her hat.—She was in a mood to thoroughly enjoy everything, and it seemed to her she had never seen the sky so beautiful before nor such beautiful clouds.

'I'd like to marry a farmer!' she said impulsively aloud; and to her utter dismay, a pleasant, manly voice from the other side of the rock responded:

'Would you? That's quite a rare choice, nowadays!'

Kitty sprang up and started to run, when, of all calamities, in her haste she upset her pail of raspberries, and away they rolled in every direction. With burning cheeks she began to pick them up, for it would never do to disappoint Mary about the float, and she threw an indignant glance at the young man, who now came round, in full view, and said he begged her pardon, he knew he ought not to have spoken, but it really seemed impolite not to answer!

'Your politeness has spilled my berries, you see!' she replied, rather sharply.

'Allow me,' he exclaimed, instantly, and grasping the pail, he began to pick up the berries with her.

They worked together in perfect silence for a few minutes, hunting the berries among the grass, and down in the soft green moss. One great black raspberry had caught in a spider's web; they each reached for it in the same second, their hands touched, their eyes met, and the young man smiled; and, so, in spite of herself, did Kitty.

'Do forgive me,' he said; 'you shall not be one berry the loser by it!' and he rescued two on the brink of the spring.

'I will,' answered Kitty; 'but you must never tell the farmers!'

'After that, of course, it was absurd to be formal, like two happy young creatures in the heyday of youth, they made a frolic of the whole thing, and laughed over every berry. Kitty told him what she picked them for, and for whom, and he said he was well acquainted with Miss Wylie.

'Perhaps, then, you will be there to-night,' she remarked, hoping in her heart he would.

'I have not been invited,' he answered, soberly.

'Oh, well, said Kitty, merrily, 'then I'll invite you, for Mary made the company for me, and I heard her say there were two or three more she wanted to ask, but hadn't been able to see them. Won't you come?'

The young man hesitated; he felt as if he were sailing under false colors. The truth was, he and the Wylies were not on good terms, though they had formerly been friends. But their lands adjoined, and a dispute about boundaries had lately arisen, involving this same pretty knoll with its spring and apple trees. The old merestone had been lost track of, and Mr. Wylie, surveying one day after his own fashion, found, or fancied he found, that he had a right to the knoll. This claim young Hugh Greystone had refused to recognize. His father, who had recently died, had always held possession of the knoll and greatly prized it, and Hugh saw no reason why he should give up his title. Mr. Wylie, who was hot and hasty, had begun legal measures, and Hugh, indignant, and compelled to take up the defensive, had naturally ceased visiting at the Wylie mansion.

'Of course you needn't come if you don't want to,' said Kitty, piqued at his hesitation.

'I do want to come,' he answered, earnestly, 'and will, if I can possibly arrange it so.'

'I'll expect you,' said Kitty, lightly; and then remembering that her cousin must be wondering at her long absence, she lifted the pail of berries and would have said 'good morning,' but Hugh stepped instantly to her side, and taking the pail, went with her as far as the piece of dilapidated wall where she had first crossed over. Then he watched her until she disappeared from sight in the Wylie garden.

When he turned back, his brow was knit but his lips were smiling. The merry little brunette face had aroused his interest as no other face had ever done. Hugh Greystone had more romance and generosity in the depth of his soul than any one dreamed, and was quite capable of doing a quixotic deed once in a while, if it harmed no one but himself. He determined to go to Mary Wylie's party, and to pay a royal price for the privi-

lege.

'Here are your raspberries!' exclaimed Kitty, gayly, as she entered the house; 'and now I'll sit right down and pick them over.'

'You dear little soul!' said Mary, with fervor, 'you are such a comfort. But I am afraid you are tired out, your cheeks are so flushed!'

'Oh, I ran up the path,' said Kitty, bending over the berries. She had fully meant to recount all her adventure for Mary's entertainment, but, after all, so unaccountable is a girl, she said not one word about it.

Together they prepared the float, beating the eggs up high and white and light, and gradually adding the sugar and berries, till they had a great dish heaped up like a massy mountain with the delicacy, which was in tint an exquisite pale purple. It was set aside with the cake, and then the girls flew to adorn themselves. Evening came and the guests gathered. It was a house where every one liked to visit, and Mary Wylie was a popular girl. Her cousin, the stranger, looking piquant and pretty in a black grenadine, with a few 'cloth of gold' roses, made quite a sensation, and she herself enjoyed the evening the more, perhaps because of a certain secret excitement that set her heart bounding every time a new-comer entered the door, and her first thought was, 'Is it he?'

But time passed, and he came not. There had been dancing, and every one was warm and tired. Refreshments were always served early at the Wylies' in obedience to good, old-fashioned notions on the part of the head of the house. So presently the cake was passed about and the company partook, with the pleasant anticipation that ice-cream was coming next to make them cool and comfortable. It was such a sultry July evening that they must be pardoned. When the high-piled purple dish was brought in, it was universally noticed, for human nature does feel interested in what it is about to eat at a party.

'I never saw lavender ice-cream before,' whispered one to his neighbor, and Mary Wylie heard it.

She dipped it out into saucers, and, with the electric sympathy of a hostess, felt that the first taste was followed by disappointment. The fact was, the float was a delicious thing, but for the first instant, it did fall flat in mouths that were made up for ice cream.

'It's raspberry float,' said Kitty, innocently, in reply to a neighbor's question; 'I picked all the berries for it myself.'

'Yes,' said a sharp-eyed young lady, whom Kitty had already recognized as the one in the lane, 'I saw you rifling the Greystone bushes.'

'Why, Kitty!' exclaimed Mary Wylie, with deepening color, 'you did not go out of your own lot, did you?'

'I'm afraid I did,' said Kitty, becoming embarrassed at the mischievous and meaning glances that met her on all sides, and felling that, for some reason, her cousin was annoyed.

But now some one passed his saucer for a little more of the float, and one after another began to praise it, till at last Mary's equanimity returned.

Meanwhile, Mr. Wylie, who had been sitting comfortably all the evening out in the honeysuckle-scented piazza, had company of his own. It was Hugh Greystone, who coming up the path and finding him there, had stopped for a talk.

'Mr. Wylie,' he said, 'I've come to say that I have changed my mind about our lawsuit. The well is out of repair, the mere-stone is lost, and if you are sure about your survey, I can't say but there may have been a mistake. In fact, I concede the knoll.'

'That's right. Hugh, my boy!' exclaimed Mr. Wylie, his stiff dignity melting into hearty cordiality. 'I knew you would do fair thing when you came to think it over.'

Some little friendly chat followed and then Mr. Wylie took Hugh into the parlor with the most impressive kindness, making the company all feel that this was the honored guest of the evening, and finally introducing him to Kitty, who blushed like a cinnamon rose. At her side he stayed, and when Mary smilingly brought him some cake and some float, he pronounced the latter perfection, and ate it in a state of beatitude.

'Why didn't you tell me I was trespassing this morning?' Kitty asked softly.

'I had been waiting for you too long,' he said, half earnest.

Six weeks later Mr. Wylie went out one pleasant morning to repeat his survey; and to lay the foundation of his wall anew. His measurements did not come exactly as he expected, and he was growing puzzled, when suddenly in driving a stake, he discovered, a few inches under ground, the long-
lost merestone.

merestone.

'Now we can set things right,' he exclaimed, exultantly. But his face fell as he went on surveying, for by the aid of the stone he rectified his survey and was confounded to find that the old wall had been right all the time, and the knoll was none of his! He looked up and saw Hugh Greystone crossing the field.

'Hugh!' he called out in his hasty way, 'come here! I've been an old fool and you've been a gentleman. The knoll is yours, sure enough.'

'Oh, I made you a present of it,' Hugh, said rather grandly. 'But if you don't want to keep it, you can give it to my wife.'

'Your wife?' asked Mr. Wylie, amazed.

'Yes,' replied Hugh, with a look of happy pride, 'Kitty has just promised to be mine for life.'

So the little summer episode reached its sweet conclusion, and by the time the brown autumn leaves were fluttering over the fields instead of the butterflies, Kitty became a lauded proprietor, and was mistress of the knoll.—*Ehrich's Fashion Quarterly.*

That 'Theory' Business.

The murder of Mrs. Hull has developed a fact which some people didn't know before—that every detective has from one to half a dozen theories to chase every criminal with. A farmer out beyond Springwells had probably posted himself on this fact before visiting the Central Station yesterday to give notice that some one had stolen his only hog.

'My theory,' he said after leaving the item, 'is that thief took that hog from the pen about midnight, run him to the stock-yards, hung around till daylight, and then sold him to a butcher, but, of course, you police can work on any line you see fit.'

He went away to look into several butcher shops, and in about an hour returned and said:

'Say, I've got a different theory in that hog case. I've been thinking it all over, and I've concluded that the hog was chloroformed, put on a wheelbarrow and taken down and dumped into the river by some one who wanted revenge on me. Yes, I believe that's the correct theory, but if you police don't think so you can go ahead as you like.'

He went away again, and this time he had a talk with a stall-owner on the Central Market. The result was a third visit to the station, and the farmer said:

'See here, I've got one more theory about that hog. I believe two of my neighbors down there stole him and butchered him and divided the meat, and I'm going home and get out a search warrant.'

He departed for home and the station took a rest till about sundown, when lo! the man drove up in a buggy. When asked if he had any further news he replied:

'I rather guess I have! I guess I've got another theory about that hog. My fourth theory is that he got out of the pen last night and rooted his way into the oat-field across the road. That's where I found him when I got home, and you police needn't bother any more about it.'

A Bright Boy's Happy Thought.

The Hartford correspondent of the Springfield Republican says: 'That was a pretty bright thought of one of the Battersons, who, when employed some years since as a lad in an office in New York, was sent to present a bill to a shaky concern, with orders to collect it at all hazards. After much urging the head of the debt-or house gave him a check for \$100, the amount of the bill. Hurrying to the bank at which it was payable, the lad presented the check only to be told, 'Not enough funds to meet it.' 'How much is the account short?' was the boy's quick retort. 'Seven dollars,' said the teller. It lacked but a minute or two to three o'clock, and the teller was about to close the door on the boy when the latter suddenly pulled seven dollars from his own pocket, and pushing it over with a deposit check, said: 'Put that to the credit of — & Co., the parties who had given the check. The teller did so, when the lad at once presented the check for \$100, and drawing the full amount thereof went back to his employers in triumph. But, as he puts it, — & Co. who failed the very next day, were hopping mad when they found they had no funds in their bank.'

When Mrs. E. Heath, of Sherman, Maine, was born, the house took fire; at the time of her marriage the house again took fire, and last Sunday, at the birth of her first son, the house again took fire.

Prayers I Don't Like.

I don't like to hear him pray
Who loans at twenty-five per cent,
For then I think the borrower may
Be pressed to pay for food and rent;
And in that Book we should heed,
Which says the lender shall be blessed,
As sure as I have eyes to read,
It does not say, 'Take interest.'

I do not like to hear him pray,
On beaded knees, about an hour,
For grace to spend aright the day,
Who knows his neighbor has no floor,
I'd rather see him go to mill.

And buy the luckless brother bread,
And see his children eat their fill,
And laugh beneath their humble shed.
I do not like to hear him pray
'Let blessings on the widow be,
Who never seeks her home to say,
'If want overtakes you, come to me.'
I hate the prayer so long and loud,
That's offered for the orphan's weal
By him who sees him crushed by wrong,
And only with his lips doth feel.

I do not like to hear her pray,
With jeweled ears and silken dress,
Whose washwoman toils all day,
And then is asked to 'work for less.'
Such pious shavers I despise!
With folded hands and face demure
They lift to heaven their 'angel eyes,'
Then steal the earnings of the poor.

I do not like such soulless prayers;
If wrong, I hope to be forgiven;
No angel's wing them upward bears—
They're lost a million miles from Heaven!

'Hay-Foot! Straw-Foot!'

Many boys and girls may have heard these words applied in a derisive way to raw recruits who were making a beginning in their military education by learning to march; but very few young people—or old ones, either—know how the terms originated.

During the war of 1812, there was a great deal of drilling and training among the militia-men all over the country; especially in the largest cities and towns, where the principal recruiting stations were situated. In New York city, much of the drilling of newly enlisted men was done in what is now City Hall park, in front of a tavern which stood where the Sun newspaper building is located. Many of these would-be soldiers were from the country; and these, of course, knew nothing at all about marching in military fashion. They could walk far enough, some of them, and work as hard and bear as much fatigue as any soldier in a regular army; but they walked as they pleased, and had no ideas about such things as 'keeping step.' It is even said that there were fellows among them who did not know their right foot from their left, and who were therefore continually getting themselves and their companions into disorder by mixing up their legs—that is, moving out their right leg when the officer who was drilling them called out 'Left,' and the other leg when he called out 'Right.' If they could have put both legs forwards at once, it is probable that they would sometimes have done so.

To make these men understand exactly which leg was meant when the officer gave his orders, a curious plan was devised. Around the right leg of each man, just below the knee, was tied a wisp of hay, while a wisp of straw was tied around his left leg. Now, these country fellows knew very well the difference between hay and straw, and so, when they were ranged in line and the officer gave the word to march, and calling out 'Hay-foot! straw-foot! hay-foot! straw-foot!' each one of them understood exactly which was the foot he must put forward.

It sometimes happened, however, that a man would be so busy observing his companions—and perhaps making fun at the same time, of their attempts to walk like soldiers—that he would forget his own business, and put forward his 'straw-foot,' when 'hay foot' was called for.

It must have been very funny to see these raw recruits—here a country hater in high boots and striped shirt; there a farmer in his shirt sleeves and broad straw hat; then, perhaps, a village doctor or schoolmaster, with his high beaver hat and his spectacles, with a tall boy near by in cap and short jacket—all marching side by side, with hands down by their sides, thumbs turned out, eyes fixed on the officer as he stepped before them, and all keeping time to the monotonous call of 'Hay-foot! straw-foot! hay-foot! straw-foot!—St. Nicholas.

In the kitchen: 'Rosalie, this going out incessantly I can not have, next Sunday you must stay at home all day.'

'But, madam, I have promised my aunt to spend the afternoon with her.'
Baby, interceding:—'Do let her go, mamma; her aunt has been made a Sergeant, and has got a new coat with stripes on it, and a great long sword.'

There are over 30,000 known criminals in New York.