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NO. 36.

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(at the old place)
KINSTON, N. C.

1879

First in the Market!
Spring Styles of Hats & other
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Domestic Light Machine, best
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Only place in town where you can get the genuine Cable Wire Shoes. Jan 3-12m

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Boots and Shoes remarkably low. The best new styles of \$5.00. Gaiters \$2.00. A No. 1 low quartered shoe \$4.00. Repairing and other work in proportion.
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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 one of the firm being always present in charge of the mill.
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Eighth Term.

Fall Term 1879 Begins Monday, Sept. 1st.

Primary English Course.....	\$10.00
Intermediate.....	\$12.00
Advanced.....	\$15.00
Classical.....	\$18.00
French.....	\$25.00
Music (with use of Piano and Organ).....	\$30.00
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Those pursuing the Classical Course are entitled to the French without extra charge.
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For catalogue containing full particulars apply to JOSEPH HARVEY till 15th of August, afterwards to
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FOR SALE.
A Shapley & Wells Steam Engine.
Horse Power. Second hand. In good running order.
Terms—\$225.00 Cash.
Wm. E. Sutton,
Kinston, N. C., Aug. 14, 1879.

The Siren with the Ice Heart.

Thou whom the swains environ,
O maid of wayward will,
O icy-hearted siren,
Thou too shalt feel,
Thou too shalt feel,
Thy ray wings thou dost flatter,
Thy airy nothings utter,
While the crowd can only matter,
In ecstasy complete,
At thy feet.

Sunshine the heavens adorning,
We welcome with delight;
But thy sweet face returning,
With every Sunday morning,
Is yet a rarer sight.

We love thy haughty graces,
Thy swallow-like swift paces,
Thy song the soul upraises,
Thy lips, thine eyes, thy hair,
All are fair.

Thy going from them widows
All places utterly,
The hedgerows and the meadows
Turn scentless; gloomy shadows
Discolor the blue sky.

Then when thou comest again,
Farewell fatigue and pain!
Life glows in every vein,
Over every slender finger
We would linger.

Thy pet dove, in his fitting,
Doth warn thee, lady fair!
There, in the wood forgetting;
Brighter for his dim sitting,
He shines, for love is there!

Love is the life of all,
Oh answer thou his call,
Lest the flower of thy days fall,
And the grace wherof we wot
Be forgot!

For, till great love shall move thee,
Thy victories are vain,
This little, men should love thee;
Learn thou to love again.

Selected.

IMPROMPTU FIREWORKS.

'Are you my Uncle Robert?' said a sweet, childish voice. And stopping the cheerful whistle that always accompanied his work, and looking up from the plane that was loudly hissing as it rapidly skimmed along the board he was planing, Richard Foster saw, standing in the doorway of his workshop—a bright June sunbeam resting on her pretty head—a little fair-haired girl.

Lost in astonishment, he did not answer the child, but gazed at her with wide-open eyes. She had appeared so sudden and quietly, and, moreover, she was so unlike the round-faced, rosy-cheeked white-haired, chubby little ones of his native village—so fair, so fragile, with a strange, yearning look in her large violet-blue eyes, and a tint of purest gold on the long flowing hair that fell about her small delicate face—that she seemed to belong to an entirely different race.

'Are you my Uncle Robert?' she repeated, coming a step or two into the shop.

'No I'm not, baby; I wish I were,' answered the cheery young fellow, recovering from his surprise; for he dearly loved children, and this child touched some chord in his heart that had never been touched before.

'My name's not 'Baby; it's Eva,' said the child, shaking the black hair from her face, and regarding him with a serious look. 'And mamma's name is Eva too.' And then, with a little sigh: 'I fought perhaps you was him.'

'What made you think so, baby—I mean Eva?' asked the young man, with a pleasant smile, tossing his plane aside, and sitting down on a huge block of wood that stood near.

'You look like him'—speaking with quaint preciseness. 'He went away when I was a very little girl—I'm most five now—but I'm member him. He had a face like you, a nice laughing face; but—glancing at the shirt sleeves—he wore a coat, and he used to give me candies for kisses—two candies for one kiss; and mamma cries because he does not come back and take us away with him.'

The dinner bell rang loud and long in the cottage adjoining. The young carpenter mechanically rose to his feet, and then deliberately sat down again, as he said, with a tender look in his honest brown eyes, 'I'm sorry mamma cries.'

'Yes, she cries'—in a lowered voice, and, completely won by the kind look, coming to his side, and putting her mite of a hand confidingly in his—'because papa has gone up there (pointing to the sky). I don't'member him; 'twas long, long, long ago; and Uncle Robert don't come back; and she's a beggar!'—this last remark evidently quoted, with a dramatic little gesture.

Again the dinner bell rang violently.

'Will you tell me where you live, Eva?' asked Dick, paying no attention to the summons; but before the child could reply a stout, buxom, black-eyed girl flew into the room from the rear door, and a slight, graceful, fair-haired woman came in at the other.

'Dick, why on earth don't you

come to dinner?' almost yelled the buxom girl; and, 'Eva, my darling, what are you doing here?' cried the pretty woman.

'I fought he was my Uncle Robert,' said the child, smiling at the young workman as she dropped his hand and went toward her mother.

'He?' exclaimed the pretty woman, scarcely glancing at him. 'Why, he—with a light laugh, and a slight inflection of scorn, or something very like it, in her voice—'he's a carpenter.' And catching the child in her arms, she disappeared as suddenly as she had arrived.

'Goodness gracious sakes alive!' said Dick's brow-faced, red-cheeked sister, with not an inflection but a whole volume of scorn in her voice. 'A carpenter, indeed! And what is she?'

'What is she?' repeated Dick.

'Oh, come along to dinner, Dick, and don't bother. I'm hungry, if you ain't—giving him a by no means gentle pull.

'Stop a moment, Lib—'jerked away from her—'that's a good girl, and tell me all about it.'

'All about it? Pshaw! you men are all alike! All about her, you mean. Do you think she's pretty?'

'Well, all about her, then,' said Dick, utterly ignoring the question.

'Mother'll be hopping mad, and the victuals'll be stone-cold,' but I s'pose I'd better hurry and tell you what I know at once, or you'll be p'stering the life out of me till I do. She's a widow—Mrs. Leonard Deming M. D.' that is, Mr. Leonard Deming was 'M. D.' and she came here two days ago to live in the brick-cottage round the corner, with her aunt, old Mrs. Paulding, who is always talking of 'better days,' and boasting that there never has been a mechanic in her family. And yet she's as poor as a church mouse, and no one knows how she manages to live.'

'Go on, Lib'—as she stops to take breath.

'There goes the bell again!'—turning toward the door.

'You shall not stir a step until you finish your story,' says Dick, detaining her with firm but gentle force.

'Oh, Richard Foster, what a tease you are! and only yesterday you was calling me a gossip, and saying how women's tongues did run on, and—eh? (with a shrill scream) 'what a pinch you tormenting thing! Well, her husband was a doctor, and went off to some place or other when they'd been married a year or so, and caught the yellow fever, and died, and left her nothing but his "M. D." And she's as poor as old lady Paulding and just as proud; and, oh, Dick, the funniest thing—she's filled one of her aunt's windows with wax flowers for sale, just as though any one in this place would buy wax flowers! Come along.'

'Lib, I think wax flowers are beautiful'—he had never thought of them in his life before, and in fact knew nothing about them—and I wish you'd set the other folks a good example and buy a lot of them from—Mrs. Deming for our parlor mantel, and he thrust a bill into her hand.

'Dick Foster, are you crazy? Wax flowers, and mother wanting a new cook stove this minute!—the old one's falling into pieces—and I haven't—'

'A stitch to your back,' says Dick, smiling. 'You never have. But buy the flowers, Lib dear, and mother shall have a new stove and you a new dress before the week's out. I'll work nights.'

'But, Dick—'

But Dick had rushed away at a fourth and most furious ringing of the bell, and she was fain to follow without another word.

Day after day Dick Foster set his shop door wide open, and replenished the pretty bonbon box that was hidden away behind some tools on a shelf in the corner, in hopes that he might some day again raise his head from his work and see the fair haired child standing before him. But day after day went by, and June merged into July, and she came no more.

The wax flowers had been bought a few days after Dick had so suddenly discovered how much he admired them, and wonderful imitations of nature they proved to be, but alas! wanting nature's wonderful fragrance; and they stood between the china dog and cat that Dick remembered from his earliest boyhood, on the high, old-fashioned wooden mantel in the low-ceilinged sunny parlor.

Lib had come back from purchasing them with a quick step and a snap in her black eyes, and had immediately—as Dick knew she would the moment he caught sight of her—rushed into the shop—as she was wont to express it—'free her mind.'

'There, I hope you are satisfied,' she began, with a toss of her head, putting the vase of lilies and roses into his hand 'but I think you'd better saved your money. Not but what

they're pretty enough, and I don't see how she makes 'em; I couldn't. But of all the stuck-up things I ever saw, she's the worst. 'Your little girl thinks your brother looks like my brother,' says I, trying to make myself agreeable; 'does he?' I'm sure I don't know; I didn't look at him. My brother is a very handsome man, and an artist. We were a family of artists, although my share of talent took a very lowly form,' says she, handing me the vase—she called it a 'vase.' 'Good afternoon.'

To all of which Dick replied not a word, but turned away and sawed like mad, which so offended Miss Elizabeth Foster that she never referred to the pretty widow again until the afternoon of the 3d of July, when, with a gleam of mischief in her face, she burst out at the supper table: 'Oh, Dick, I've a message for you. I met "Miss Eva," as the little servant-girl calls her. They say that girl serves Mrs. Deming for love; wish I could get people to serve me for that.' 'Please tell me—the shavings man,' said Miss Eva, 'that I wanted to come again, but mama won't let me.'

And, Oh, Dick, if they haven't put fireworks for sale in the other parlor window! Wax flowers and fireworks! Ain't it funny?'

But, judging from Dick's clouded brow and closely set lips, Dick thought it anything but funny; and Lib, wisely dropping the subject, devoted herself to mother's soft gingerbread with undivided attention.

And the cloud still lingered on the carpenter's brow as he, pail in hand just after supper, bent his steps toward the old well that stood a few feet beyond the brick cottage. He had developed an extraordinary fondness for the water of this well; it seemed as though nothing else could quench his thirst, albeit until a few weeks ago he had been perfectly satisfied with the cold as ice, clear as crystal water drawn from the well in his mother's garden.

As he drew near the isolated cottage he saw the fireworks in the window, and his heart came up in his throat. 'So poor, so proud, so lovely,' he thought. 'I'll buy them all to-morrow.' And at this moment the pretty woman stepped out on the old-fashioned porch, and Dick turned and fled.

But a few hours after Dick was again seized with a terrible thirst—a thirst that he was firmly convinced could only be assuaged by a draught from the brick cottage well, and again pail in hand, he set out, this time to reach the place of destination and begin slowly to return. It was ten o'clock. In the cottage all was silence and darkness. Dick paused as he reached it, and leaned against the maple in front of the door and gazed at the shuttered windows the wax flowers and fireworks entreated. 'Come buy me.' And as he gazed, a blue light shot past him and fell with a prolonged hiss upon the ground. Then in quick succession came another and another. Then fizz! bang! pop! pop! fizz! bang! and the pyrotechnic articles were shooting about in every direction, and the white muslin curtains were in flames.

In a moment the strong young fellow had burst open the door, through the pail of water upon the crackling fireworks, torn down the blazing curtains and stamped out the fire. And in another moment some one in a long white robe, her golden hair silvered by the moonlight, came flying out of the room just beyond, and, flinging her arms about him, cried: 'Oh! dear brother Robert, you have come back at last. Byt—but—looking about her in a bewildered manner—'what has happened?'

'I'm not brother Robert,' said Dick; but he didn't loosen the clinging arms, as it behooved him to do when he made the declaration. 'I'm—the—the shavings man, and your widow has been on fire. Fortunately, I was passing—' But he got no further, for the white-robed figure uttered a little shriek, and fled with precipitancy as old Mrs. Paulding entered the room from the other door, her best bonnet perched on her head and her night-cap dangling by its strings around her neck a silver teapot in one hand and her favorite cat, grasped by the throat, in the other, on a queer little run, totally unlike her usual dignified tread.

To her did Dick explain the cause of the wet carpet and the smoke-begrimed wall, and, amid her profuse thanks for his timely help, was taking his leave, when Mrs. Deming, lamp in one hand, again made her appearance—this time in suitable evening dress.

'Oh, aunt, what an escape!' she began, setting the lamp on the table; and to think I never awoke until the very last, I was so tired; and Eva has slept through it all. We might have

been burned in our beds.' And then, turning to Dick, she said, her sweet voice trembling in spite of her great effort to maintain her composure. 'I beg your pardon for the absurd mistake I made; but I was so bewildered, and only half awake, and I'd been dreaming of my brother, whom you—'—looking him full in the face—'resemble very much.' And breaking off suddenly, her voice trembling still more 'how can we ever thank you, Mr.—'

'Dick Foster, the carpenter,' said he, with as much dignity as though he had said 'doctor' or 'artist.'

'Mr. Foster,' her lips quivering and her fair cheeks flushing red, and she held out to him her dainty hand.

Dick flushed as rosy red as she, but made no movement toward her. His right hand hanging listlessly at his side, his hat held in his left, he stood in his silence as though uncertain what to do.

'Do you refuse to shake hands with me?' she asked, a look of pained surprise flitting across her lovely face.

'Why, God bless us! he can't,' screamed the old lady; 'his poor hand is dreadfully burned.' And she hastened away in search of old linen and sweet oil.

And it was—his working hand terribly burned; but when Dick went home that night he scarcely felt the pain for the memory of two violet eyes shining through tears, and a sweet voice saying, 'Oh, I'm so very, very sorry—so very, very sorry!'

The next morning Mrs. Foster had just cleared away the breakfast things, and gone into the setting room where Dick sat, installed in the only easy chair the house possessed, his right hand enveloped in bandages, a book in his left, and the vase of wax flowers on the table before him, when there came a gentle knock at the street door. The good mother, opening it, beheld a pretty blue-eyed woman, holding a pretty blue-eyed little girl, standing upon the threshold.

'Oh, it's you, Mrs. Deming,' said the old lady, bridling and fluttering her cap ribbons. 'Good morning, ma'am.'

'Your son,' said the young widow, with a hesitation strangely foreign to her, 'is he better?' Has he suffered much through the night?'

'His sufferings can be of no consequence to you, ma'am,' returned the old lady, sharply, in spite of a warning 'Mother!' from the room she had just left. 'He's only a mechanic, ma'am.'

'He's a noble fellow!' exclaimed Mrs. Deming, seizing the wrinkled, toil-torn hand that was raised as though to wave her away; and, oh! please don't be cross to me. I haven't slept all night thinking about him.'

Mrs. Foster's face began to relax, and the stern look completely faded away when little Eva, looking up with pure, beautiful, beseeching eyes, entreated, 'Don't be cross to poor mamma.'

'Well, I suppose the fire warn't your fault,' she said; 'though how them fireworks exploded passes my comprehension. There must have been some powerful carelessness somewhere; and it's my opinion that folks that doesn't understand things should let 'em alone; and his hand's very bad indeed; and he won't be able to work for a month, just as he had the most industrious fit I ever know'd him to have—though a lazy boy he never was—and was earning lots of money. And his hand'll have to be dressed night and morning, and take about an hour each time.'

'Oh, then I can be of use,' cried the pretty widow, a bright smile breaking over her face. 'I am a capital nurse. Let me come every day and dress the wounded hand. Your time, I know, is precious; and it is the least I can do, for it was in my service—I mean my aunt's—that it was wounded.'

'Well, that's clever, and I'm obliged to you; but me and Lib—'

'Mother! from the parlor.

'Well, Richard?'

'I shall be only too glad to accept Mrs. Deming's kind offer,' and Mrs. Deming went in.

Three weeks had gone by, and the hand was nearly well. 'I never saw anything heal so quickly,' soliloquized Dick, one pleasant, fragrant morning, in a tone that implied that he wished it wouldn't. 'She can't come here but a day or two longer, bless her!—I don't really need her now, though I pretend I do—and then I'll be nothing to her but Dick the carpenter again.'

'Dick,' chirped a bird-like voice, 'mamma's got a letter from Uncle Robert. I run in to tell you,' and little Eva danced into the room.

'Gaud heavens!' thought Dick, turning pale, 'he's coming to take her away; and a moment after Mrs. Deming came in with the letter in her hand.

'Are you worse this morning?' she asked, anxiously, look at the 'young

fellow's pale face.

'Yes, much worse,' he answered dryly. 'Eva tells me you have a letter from your brother.'

'I have—at last. And he's in Paris, and does not expect to return to this country for many years. He has married a beautiful French girl, and, I fear, has almost 'forgotten me.'

'Your brother married and forgotten you?' burst in Lib, poking her head in at the door. 'Well, that's nothing strange. Brothers will marry and forget sisters till the end of time; and calling to Eva to come and see the newly hatched chickens, away she went again.

'And personally I resembled him that is, I suppose, as much as a mechanic could resemble an artist,' said Dick, with a feeble attempt at sarcasm; 'but there the resemblance must end. I never could have forgotten you.'

And then they are both silent for a few moments, Dick breaking the silence at last. 'I am very sorry for your disappointment. You had hoped to leave this hunderum place, where there is no one you could care for.'

'No one I could care for,' she repeated, slowly. 'I am not so sure of that; but I am sure of one thing, Richard, and that is that I do not need your sympathy. I have learned to love this pretty, quiet place—'

'You have?' shouted Dick. 'Oh, if I were not a poor carpenter—if I were an artist, a physician, a lawyer, anything professional—I'd ask you to try and learn to love me, and stay here forever.'

'Try to love you! Why Dick, you dear, splendid, darling old goose don't you know I've loved you ever since the night of the impromptu fireworks?'

'My blessed darling!' cried Dick, catching her in his arms and kissing her sweet lips.

'Goodness gracious sakes alive!' said Lib, appearing at the door again. 'My brother's going to be married too.'—Harper's Weekly.

NOT ENTIRELY CONVINCED.—There was a fight on Gratiot avenue, Saturday, between a man who had been called a liar and one who had called him thus, and the man who had objected to the epithet was only about a minute getting all the advantage to be asked for on such occasions.

'I've had all the pounding I care for,' said the under man, after he realized his fix.

'Well, are you still of the opinion that I'm a liar?'

'To be honest about it,' slowly replied the other, as he wiped the blood off his nose, 'I am not entirely convinced. If I was on the roof of a horse barn, and there wasn't any ladder handy, I think I'd call you a liar again, and run my chances of dodging clubs.'—Detroit Free Press.

Change of Time.

Just before sundown the other evening a young farmer came in on the Grand River road with horse and buggy, and meeting a policeman near Twentieth street, asked him to drink. The officer explained that it could not be done and the former continued.

'All right—no harm done. The harvest is over, the crops are safe, and I've come to town to get drunk and lick a man!'

About two hours later a horse and buggy obstructed the car track near Twelfth street, and when the conductor got down he found the young farmer lying around loose in the bottom of the buggy, feet and hands sprawled every which way. His face was so badly pounded up that it was at first thought he was dead, but after being lifted out and straightened around he opened his eyes and called out:

'The harvest is over, the crops are safe, and I've licked a man all I want to!'—Detroit Free Press.

He Felt Flattered.

A young attorney who lately passed the bar of Detroit was bragging of the brilliant prospects before him, when an old denizen of Justice alley remarked:

'Yes, you will get along, Judge—was speaking in your praise the other day.'

'He was eh?' replied the young limb. 'Well, I always thought I stood in pretty solid with the old man. Words of praise from him mean something and are worth something. What did he say?'

'He said you had already made your mark in the world.'

'Did he? Well, I'll show my gratitude if I live long enough. Then he had his eye on me, eh? Please tell me how he said I'd made my mark.'

'Let's see! mused the jurymen as he scratched his head. 'Well, now, I can't recollect whether he said it was in the mud or on the ice, but next time I see him I'll have a pencil handy!'—Detroit Free Press.