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NO. 37.

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

1879

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Board furnished to parties from the coun-
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FIRST-CLASS LUMBER
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Also keep on hand the celebrated
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We are prepared to grind corn and wheat at
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We respectfully solicit the patronage of the
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charge of the mill.

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Fall Term 1879 Begins Monday Sept. 1st.

TUITION FEES, &c., (half in advance.)

Primary English Course	\$10.00
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Those pursuing the Classical Course are en-
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cluded) \$10.00.

For catalogue containing full particulars ap-
ply to JOSEPH B. HARVEY till 15th of August,
afterwards to

Richard H. Lewis,
PRESIDENT.
Jan 26-3m

FOR SALE.

A Shapley & Wells Steam En-
gine.
A Horse Power. Second hand. In good run-
ning order.
Terms—\$225.00 Cash.

Wm. E. Sutton.
N. Kinston, C. Aug. 14, 1879. 4-*

THE BOATMAN.

A maiden sits in a tiny bark,
Singing so sweetly,
The boatman he is grim and dark,
Rowed so fleetly.

The stream is narrow, the banks are fair;
"Rest thee, good master,"
Idle her longing, vain her pray'r,
He rows the faster.

Anon, they float on a river wide,
A mighty river,
Instead of flowers by the water-side,
Pale aspens quiver.

And lo, a woman where sat the maid
Who sang so sweetly;
The boatman, grim and undismayed,
Still rows fleetly.

On and on, till they reach the sea
That flows for ever;
And drift away on the ocean free,
Returning never.

And vain it is for earthly eye
To follow thither;
And vainly mortal tongue may cry,
"Gone—whither, whither?"

Selected.

LINDORIS'S WIFE.

SHE stood at the far end of the
long drawing-room—like a lily rising
from its sheath, this superb white
woman, in her superb clothes, stood
leaning one perfect arm, on the tall
malachite pedestal, whose green bronze
Mercury sprung god-like, slender,
shooting up far above her tall head—
for Sidney Godwin was

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall
And most divinely fair."

And in those sea-green draperies
clinging about her, with her tawny
Guercino hair drooping low without
a flower; with her exquisite neck, gem-
less, and her two arms bare, she is a
woman whom most men would esteem,
at the least, well worth looking at.

Miss Godwin is reading a letter,
apparently with some slight amused
interest, for a half-smile shows the
dimple in her round chin and the
whiteness of her small, square teeth.

Presently, through the heavy cur-
tains, which serve as doorways in the
Palmer mansion, the pretty *dame*
chataleine, Sidney's hostess makes her
appearance.

"Who is it from?—oh, Sidney!" the
little matron says, a sigh chasing her
ready smiles. "One could read that
handwriting a mile off. Why will
you persist in receiving that man's at-
tentions? I can't endure him!"

"Oh, Floy, dear, it amuses me; and
can't you endure him? Why? I am
sure Lindoris is what you usually de-
mand my admirers shall be—hand-
some, highbred, money, a Bayard
in devotion, and a Chesterfield in cour-
tesy—the favorite of women, the envy
of men—*que voulez vous de plus, ma
belle?*"

"Nothing more, Sidney, but some-
thing less. My dear girl, Geoffrey
Lindoris is a married man, and I can't
bear to know that your name is band-
ied about the clubs as his latest flame;
that is why I honestly object to this
constant intercourse—these daily and
nightly attentions."

"I go about with Carter just as much
as with Lindoris."

"I know you do; but, Sidney, Carter
has not a wife; and Geoffrey Lindoris
has."

"Where is his wife?" Miss Godwin
asks, with his last note almost against
her lips; she has a lovely voice, full
of such tremulous, exquisite possi-
bilities—a voice that, just for mere
curious pleasure's sake, one would like
to hear uttering the love-words of our
rich English.

"That's the worst of it!" Mrs. Pal-
mer exclaims, warmly, pacing up and
down the room in all her Paris glory
of silk and silver. "Nobody knows—
there's some mystery, or—or—some-
thing. Oh, Sidney, dear, you have
enough men at your feet! In mercy
to this wife, wherever or whoever she
may be—in respect to yourself—teach
this man that there is one woman in
the world who holds the attentions of
a married man too cheap for her ac-
ceptance." The little flushed matron
stops, with lurking tears in her eyes,
in front of Sidney, who is sitting on a
low ottoman, leaning forward, with
her chin resting in her hands. Presently
she looks up into her friend's eager
face with two fearless eyes, a little
paler may be than she was five
minutes since, but she speaks very
quietly, very firmly.

"Millie, I cannot."

"You cannot! Oh, Sidney, is it pos-
sible that you I—No, no, I will not
even say it, Sidney, darling!"—little,
tender Millie, with a sudden sweep
of recollection of her own love for her
Harry, drops on her knees beside her
friend and puts her arms around her.

"It's hard, dear but don't you know,
for your own sake, for his sake, then,
you ought to send him away from you?"

Useless, Millie, dear." Miss Godwin
puts away the caressing arms with a

short, hard laugh. "I have thrown
the plank; let me walk over it. Sure-
ly you can trust me—you may, Millie,
for I can trust myself." Her voice
softens as she finishes.

"But what is to be the end of all
this?" cries Millie, sore distressed. "I
wish you had staid in England and
never come back to America!"

"Do you, cousin mine? I do not.
My chiefest ambition, ever since father
died and left me so utterly alone,
has been to get back to the country I
called 'home,' although I had no re-
collection of it!"

"What a curious life you've had
Sidney? Well, your father, from all
Harry says, was a very curious man,
he left his property in the hands of
some total stranger, did not he?"

"Yes, that is to say, a total stranger
to me, not to him. And not three
months after his death, my guardian
and administrator threw up his situa-
tion in disgust and left England."

"Have you never heard from him?"

"No, why should I? I became a
ward of Chancery, *pro tem*, and now I
am my own mistress—twenty-four, and
a very bad girl—eh! Millie mine?"

She smooths back the little matron's
curly hair and smiles down into her
troubled face.

"No, no; not bad, Sidney—but I
wish Geoffrey Lindoris had no wife."

"I dare say he would echo that sen-
timent."

"What sentiment? Madame, mad-
emoiselle, your most obedient." Geoff-
rey Lindoris stands before them, hat
in hand. "Am I on time?"

"Five minutes early," Miss Godwin
answers, glancing at the clock.

"Ah, you know over-punctuality is
my failing where you are concerned."

"Where can Harry be?"

Mrs. Palmer sweeps away to hurry
her liege lord from his dressing room.

"You are looking charmingly to-
night, Miss Godwin."

She has not even risen at his en-
trance, but looks up now with a slow,
scornful smile. He draws another
hassock near to her and seats himself.

"I must play Turk, I suppose, to
my Sultana. That green is just your
color—perfect. No ornaments? What
a woman! Last night a blaze of
diamonds, to-night not so much as a
rosebud. To-morrow you may wear
homespun, and I shall think you still
fairer than ever before." Have you
finished?" she asks, with uplifted, su-
percilious brows.

"Finished? I have not yet begun."

There is latent fire in his gray eyes,
drowning passion in his voice.

"Oblige me by changing the subject
of conversation, then; you surely know
that I abhor personal remarks. They
are so excessively commonplace; do
try a little originality, Mr. Lindoris,
just by way of variety."

"You are a remarkable woman."

"Do you think so?"

"I do."

"What a singularly mediocre set of
woman you must have known in your
day!"

He laughs.

"I think not. Yes, you are remark-
able. Most people would not credit
you with much heart, Miss Godwin,
and yet I—although I appreciate
your head to the full—think you one
of the few women capable of a great
love."

"Indeed! And no doubt you are a
most experienced judge of the mat-
ter."

"Experience has taught me to value
a pure and lovely, a lovable and per-
fect, woman—now that I have met
her—if it has taught me nothing
else."

He is not looking at Sidney Godwin
—he is staring hard, with strained
eyes, at vacancy. And she?—surely
there is a little flush of pleasure on
the exquisite pallor of her face.

"We're off, Sidney!" Mrs. Palmer's
cozy face peeps in a moment, *en route*
for her carriage and Mrs. Howland's
German. "I suppose you and Mr.
Lindoris will follow soon."

"Coming, Millie."

And in a moment, after he has
folded her wrap around her, they are
off also.

"Where is Geoffrey Lindoris wife?"

"Who is or was, she? 'Why is she
not here with him?'"

Such and such are the questions
Society is almost tired of asking itself;
but to them all there comes no answer.
No one knows anything about her,
and presently Society is quite content
to bask in his smiles, drink his wines,
accept his attentions, ride behind his
horses, and have its heart broken by
his constant devotions.

According to Society, Sidney God-
win is doing the thing with rather
more recklessness than any previous
woman, and also Lindoris is perhaps
more absorbed than by any of the in-
numerable hitherto.

Be that as it may, it is absolutely
certain that, for eight long months,
Geoffrey Lindoris has been constant

to this new divinity through a New
York half-season, following her to
Washington for two months back to
New York, thence to Saratoga, the
White Mountains, and to-day they
are at Newport, both guests of Mrs.
Palmer; for poor little Millie, since
Sidney sees fit to tread the broad path,
is determined that her husband's
cousin shall tread it beneath her own
grieving and watchful eyes.

If Miss Godwin was reckless last
Winter, Mrs. Grundy must needs coin
some 'new word for her misdoings this
Summer. Lindoris is never absent
from her side one moment; long *tele-
a-tele* drives in the phaeton, without a
footman, in the morning conventional
drives up and down the avenue in the
afternoons, or devious rides on horse-
back to the Glen, or off into the coun-
try, of which neither is able to give
the most lucid accounts on their re-
turn. They always dance together—
Geoffrey Lindoris has not danced, in
fact, with any other woman in months
—and then they are in the house to-
gether! How many nameless small
opportunities for meeting, for exchang-
ing thoughts or merely words. Poor
Millie is almost distracted, but she
keeps up a brave appearance, takes
the initiative herself, and invariably
speaks of them in the same breath.

"Tis a lazy sort of day. There is a
soft haze over the land and sea. The
waves lap over each other lovingly,
and all the sails are furled, for there
is not air enough to sail a toy-boat."

Morning, too—perhaps eleven o'clock
—and not any one, except two or
three children and a nursery-maid, on
the beach, beside Geoffrey Lindoris
and Sidney Godwin. The reins hang
loosely over the dashboard, Poppet
and Peacock may have their way and
'gang their ain gait,' slow enough, up
and down—up and down the long
stretch of smooth sand, while the
breath of the sea, so salt and fine,
fans softly over the drivers' faces.

There has been long silence be-
tween Sidney and Lindoris, and the
latter breaks it. He takes, quietly
but very firmly, in his her two
hands.

"Sidney; my love, look at me—so!
I love you—love you as a man loves
but once. I never said it to a woman
before, although, God help me! I
suppose I made them think it. But
listen to me just a little while, and
condemn me after it, if you will. Ten
years ago I was in England, and late
one evening a dispatch was sent me
at my club, asking me to go at once
to the bedside of a dying friend, Col-
onel Langham. I, of course, went.
Langham saved my life once, Sidney,
at the imminent risk of his own. My
friend was indeed dying, surrounded
by lawyers, physicians, nurses, a priest,
and a weeping little girl—a tiny
thing, whose face I scarcely saw. He
told me she was fourteen, and his only
child, the heiress of his immense
fortune. He asked me to be his sole
executor, and to marry then and
there the little girl who knelt crying
at the other end of the room. He
would listen to no reason either from
lawyers, physicians, the clergyman or
myself—represented the utterly lone-
ly position of his daughter, and finally
brought up the debt of life that I
most certainly owed him. Sidney, I
was married to Bertha Langham that
evening, and a couple of hours after
her father died. From that hour to
this I have never seen the girl's face,
have never held the slightest commu-
nication with her. Two months later
her mother's brother came to England;
she became his ward, for I had legal-
ly relinquished my guardian and ex-
ecutorship." He stops short and fetch-
es a deep sigh—such sighs as are so
much more sorrowful than woman's,
for they are so much seldomer—and
adds: "I only know that she lives,
and is the bar sinister in my life.
Sidney have you no pity for me?"

Oh, despairing strong voice, make
not your appeal so pleadingly, lest her
two arms fold in for ever to bless your
sorrow and regretting.

For a moment she is still, and then,
with a look far out to sea, Sidney
answers:

"And how about the woman?"

"The woman! What woman?"

"Your wife."

"Oh, yes! I never think of her
as a woman—only as a weeping
child."

"She cannot have staid a weeping
child for ten years, although she may
be a wretched woman. Did you never
er think of that? She may love and
may curse the hour that made her
your wife as bitterly as you can do.
Did you never think of how forlorn,
how desperate she may have been all
these ten years gone?"

His hands have loosened from hers;
his face is buried in his hands; Poppet
and Peacock have come to a dead
stand-still before Purgatory.

"God Almighty, no!" he says, at
last, drawing a hard breath. "But,

recovering himself and turning to her,
'see here—in a way, after a fashion,
we are both free, she to marry whom
she pleases, I—to offer a tarnished
name to one who deserves a spotless
one. Oh, Sidney, my darling, in the
eyes of the world, ten years of separa-
tion have freed me and her both—
will you stoop to take me?'"

"I love you!" she says, simply, and
unresisting. His arms are around her,
while the waves creep closer up the
sands to listen to their broken words,
and while the solitary nursery-maid,
for the nonce, neglectful of her three
young charges, is lost in amazement
at the remarkable social customs of the
sojourner at Newport-on-the-Sea.

The engagement is not 'announced'
—that is, to any one save Millie and
Harry. Poor Millie, after a few show-
ers of tears, finally utters fervent
thanksgivings to Providence that it is
no worse, and is only grieved—kind,
womanly little soul—that there are to
be no wild wedding preparations, no
guests, no breakfast, no reception—
nothing. She ventures to express the
wish to her husband that Sidney might
have 'taken it into her head to fall in
love with an unmarried man, so that
there might have been a regular wed-
ding and a swell affair all through!'"
But outwardly the pretty matron is all
smiles and silence, for the affair is as
yet a profound secret—such is Miss
Godwin's desire.

"Sidney, when will you marry me?"
Geoffrey Lindoris asks, three weeks
after that memorable day when he and
Miss Godwin have so shocked the nur-
sery-maid's ideas of propriety.

"Never!" she says, with a laugh
throwing her white arms up over her
head, as she half-lies, half sits on the
cliff-rocks by Bailey's Beach.

"Don't jest with me about that," he
says, a little sternly, putting his arm
around her and drawing her to him.

"Tell me when, my sweetheart?"

"In a year or two," she laughs again,
and turns her willing face to his kisses.

Zulus in London.

Six Zulus, on exhibition by Frank
Buckland, the naturalist. He thus
writes, in *Land and Water*, of their
appearance and their method of fight-
ing with spears:

There are six young men, all in the
very prime of life, sound in wind and
limb, and as active as cats. They
vary somewhat in color; all of them
are black, but not jet-black. The
hair is wool, in little tufts.

Being a disciple of Lavater, I read
in their faces good-nature and a kind-
ly disposition, mixed with a peculiar
feature not present in European faces.
If improperly handled or offended, the
features indicate instant revenge and
merciless retaliation.

These two characteristics came out
well in their performances. Their
dances were emblematic of fighting,
and victory to the death over enemies;
whereas the representations of the
marriage feast and their dinner-time
outside their kraal, showed that they
were socially good-natured, merry,
happy people.

I was amazed to see the natural,
polite manner in which these Zulus
bowed, and with a natural politesse
acknowledge the flowers that were
presented to them by the ladies.

They were most at home when
throwing the assegai. These really
are most fearful weapons; they are
from four to five feet long, made of
hard wood, and carry a blade or nar-
row spear of soft, pliable iron about
five inches long, cutting with both
edges.

When using the assegai they cause
it to quiver in the hand in a peculiar
manner before they throw it. This
gives it an impetus; it flies through the
air as quick and as silent as an arrow
from a bow, and it strikes the object
with a peculiar sullen thud.

Two ordinary targets as used at
archery meetings were placed one be-
hind the other, against a platform of
boards.

The Zulus have been taken round
the Zoological Gardens. A good-
looking young lady, related to Mr.
Trotman, of the refreshment depart-
ment, brought the chief some iced wa-
ter. The chief, Dingandaw, immedi-
ately wanted to buy her, and with ser-
iousness asked how many cows her
father would take for her.

Outwitting A Highwayman.

A good story is told how a bright
fellow outwitted a highwayman, who
demanded his money or his life:

Tom Hills, sometime huntsman of
the Old Surrey Hounds, was once
sent to buy a fox in Lendehall Mark-
et for service the next day.

The commission was not at all to
Tom's liking; but obeying orders, he
rode to town, got his fox, and putting
him, securely strapped, legs upward,
in a capacious pocket in his overcoat,
turned his horse's head homeward.

Somewhere about midnight he
reached Streatham Common, to be
suddenly stopped with the familiar
challenge "Your money or your life!"

"My money!" exclaimed Hills. "I
haven't got any; I am only a servant;
you wouldn't take my life, surely?"

The highwayman told him to look
sharp, emphasizing the injunction by
pointing a pistol at the huntsman's
head.

"Well, my man," said the latter,
'we won't fall out. I want my life; so
as I've no money, I suppose you must
have money's worth; you'll find some-
thing quite as good in my pocket
here; so pray help yourself."

The robber's disengaged hand dived
into Tom's pocket instantly, and Mas-
ter Keynard's teeth closed as quickly
upon it, causing the fellow to yell in
dismay, and drop pistol and reins;
while Tom galloped off at his best
pace; leaving his unwelcome acquain-
tance to bandage his hand and digest
his disappointment at leisure.—*Youths
Companion.*

Didn't Envy Him.

On High Street, a boy of ten, richly
dressed, sat on the steps eating an
orange, and a boy with a cart-load of
picked-up wood stood across the street
looking at him. The contrast was
very great, and a pedestrian who saw
the situation said to the poor boy:

"That chap over there is pretty well
fixed, isn't he?"

"Yes," was the brief reply.

There was a minute of silence and
then the boy with the cart started up
his load, saying—

"But I don't care a cent about it,—
he has to eat with a fork and say 'yes
ma'am' to everybody."

A big dog at a Philadelphia brewery
drinks from two to four quarts of lager
beer every day and likes it so well
that, on emptying the dish, he lick his
chops, and makes a noise that sounds
like an 'Ah-h!' of great satisfaction.