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J. W. HARPER, Editor and Proprietor.

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KINSTON, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1879.

NO. 40.

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The Dangers of the Polar Seas. A Ballad.

In seventeen hundred and seventy five,
There sail'd from England's coast,
A stout and gallant whaling ship,
Of Bristol's town the boast.

For many a weary, weary day,
They sail'd in northern seas,
Until they reach'd the latitude,
Of seventy-eight degrees.

The noble ship is sore beset,
By icebergs all around;
And dreary wastes of ice and snow,
The bleak horizon bound.

The crew, in dread suspense, despair,
Again to reach the sea;
But God's great mercy, open'd them,
A channel on their lee.

On the icebow, among the ice,
Far off they spy a sail,
The sheets are gone; her sails hang loose;
She drifts before the gale.

The gallant crew the vessel view'd,
In wonder and surprise;
When all at once, she ran aground
Upon a mass of ice.

The Captain cries, down with the boat,
By all that's good I vow,
That I will risk my life to board
Your vessel on our bow.

In a short space he hails the ship,
But answer he gets n'er,
Although below a sailor saw
Reclining in a chair.

On deck they find no living soul,
The decks are filled with snow,
Go to the hold to find the man,
Whom they had seen below.

What horror fill'd their manly breast,
When dreadful to be told,
They found the man, a frozen mass,
A victim of the cold.

His cheeks and eyes, with mould'ring green
Were ghastly overpread;
A pen he grasped, and from the log
These lines, our captain read:

Included amongst dreary icebergs, we
For several days have been;
The master tried since yesterday,
To light the fire again.

This morning died the captain's wife,
Help us Great God in need,
Next to the master's cabin, they
With trembling steps proceed.

There on a bed a female form,
Perish'd by cold, they see;
Her pallid features still express
Heartrending agony.

The stiffen'd corpse of a young man
Next kneeling, meets their sight,
Who in his hands the fireworks held,
As if to strike a light.

They search the forecastle, and find,
With still increasing dread,
The frozen bodies of the men,
Each lying in his bed.

On board no fuel or provision
Of any kind was found;
The captain took the ship's log book,
And wish'd to look around.

The sailors struck with dread and fear,
Unwillingly remain,
Insisting that he should return
Unto his ship again.

Upon the captain's safe return,
From his research appears,
That frozen up the ship had been
For seventeen long years.

In seventeen hundred and sixty-three
She sail'd from England's shore,
And since that time from ship or crew
Tidings were heard no more.

The dangers, mark ye land men all,
We sailors dare to meet;
And when you see one in distress,
Do him with kindness treat.

J. M. McMASTERS,
Lenoir, January 22, 1879.

Selected. A Woman's Story.

I had just entered my seventh year when my father, M. Viele, gave me a new mother in the person of the handsome and imperious widow of one Colonel Lalor, and a brother in Mrs. Lalor's only child, a boy of twelve.

Albert Lalor, with his handsome face, strong will and pleasant ways, soon became my master, ruling my impetuous spirit with a success that no one else could. Madame Viele looked on with a proud, self-satisfied smile, and more than once I heard her murmur in her sweet, imperious tones:

"They must marry, Philippe. Your Vi must be my Albert's wife. And my father would laugh and nod his head approvingly, evidently well pleased with the idea. But these happy days slipped by all too rapidly. My father died. Albert was finishing his collegiate course. I, in accordance with my father's will, was sent to Paris to be finished under the care of his old and valued friend, Madame Dupont. Four years later I returned to my step-mother. It was near the close of a bleak winter day that I reached Gray Fell. But bleak as it was, my handsome, stately step-mother met me on the steps of the great pillared portico. "Ah!" she exclaimed, half under her breath, as she held me off a moment and keenly scrutinized me with her great, lustrous black eyes. Then a warm smile parted her lips, and kissing me tenderly, she added: "You are beautiful, my child—far more beautiful than I imagined. Al-

bert will be charmed. Ah, a blush, dearest? You have not forgotten my old hope, then! But come, come, dear; the air is bitterly keen."

And gathering up the shining length of her black satin she swept queen-like before me, pausing only long enough in the hall to allow a kindly word or two to the assembled servants.

Then, with a rare condescension, she led me up stairs to my chamber. As we entered the dressing-room she glanced at the timepiece and turned to my maid:

"Take mademoiselle's wraps, Mantou," she said quickly and imperiously, "and then lay out some of her handsomest dresses; adding smilingly, as her eyes returned to me, 'I shall superintend your toilet this evening, my dear. Dinner will be served in less than an hour, and I want you to appear at your best when you descend to the drawing-room. Albert shall be dazzled at first sight.'"

When we entered the brilliantly lighted drawing-room it was tenanted by two persons—a handsome, kindly-looking man, whom I recognized at once as my step brother, and a tall, slender girl with heavenly blue eyes, pearly skin and a shimmering crown of pale, golden hair.

A faint damask tinted the girl's cheek as we entered, and I noticed that the gentleman rose with suspicious haste from the chair very close to her own. I fancied, too, that he had even more hastily dropped one of the dainty white hands toying with a bunch of blue forget-me-nots that matched a tiny cluster half hidden in the flossy gold of her lovely hair.

I had heard of this fair girl, and that her home would henceforth be at Gray Fell. But for the first time it occurred to me that she might be destined to step between me and the man I had slowly learned to think of only too tenderly.

With a sharp, jealous pang I extended my hand to Albert Lalor, who had hastened to me, his fine eyes glowing with admiration and pleasure.

His greeting was cordial, and evidently pleased his mother. "But why don't you kiss her, my son, as in the old days?" she smiled gayly.

And with an answering smile, Albert bent his grand head and pressed his bearded lips lightly to mine.

"Ah, what a charming blush!" laughed my stepmother, "touching my glowing cheek caressingly with her soft, white fingers.

I smiled, but my heart throbb'd painfully under the ruby velvet bodice that became me so well. Beneath the pressure of those bearded lips my wayward woman's heart had leaped from tenderness to a full, fierce, passionate love.

I lifted my eyes, lustrous with the new-born feeling, to the handsome, smiling face of my brother, and again my heart swelled with jealous pain at sight of its unruddled calm.

But the next moment Madame Viele claimed my attention. "Vi, dearest, my great-niece, Peri Holbrook," she smiled.

I turned my eyes from Albert's face to meet the eager half-afrighted gaze of the golden-haired girl I could not but admire.

I bowed, and somewhat coldly accepted the proffered hand, and answered the few musical words of gentle welcome. Then I involuntarily flashed a swift glance at Albert.

Ah, how the blood leaped through my veins! And how I hated the charming creature standing before me, so regally graceful and sweet. Yes, I hated her, for there could be no mistaking the brooding tenderness and passion with which my stepbrother was regarding her.

But only for an instant did his eyes betray him; and as the pleasant hours of the evening flew by, I grew half disposed to laugh at my jealous pain. Nevertheless, when my stepmother followed me to my room I smiled lightly.

"Peri is very lovely, mamma and Albert seems to admire her."

Madame Viele turned a glance upon me that covered my face with a flood of color.

"Nay, nay," she laughed softly the next instant, winding her arm caressingly about me. "You have no cause for jealousy, my love. Albert is heart whole, and knows well that it is my wish to see him your husband. Knowing this," she added with haughty sternness, "he would not dare brave me by loving another." Then with a swift return to her former tenderness, she continued: "My dear child, I trust you can make me happy by loving my handsome and noble son."

"Don't rush into jealousy, Vi. Peri is a good and beautiful girl, but Albert gives her only a cousinly affection. Though she is in no way dependent upon me pecuniarily, I prom-

ised her dying mother to give her a home at Gray Fell, as you know; and you can see, my love, how very unpleasant it would make it for you to brood over a foolish jealousy. So, dear, put all that nonsense out of your charming head and rest assured that I am right. My eyes are keen, and in the eighteen months she has been at Gray Fell must inevitably have penetrated a secret of that kind."

"Of course, mamma is right," I murmured as the door closed on her imperial form, and I summoned Mantou.

But, my maid dismissed, I sat down in my dressing gown and stared at the glowing coals, my thoughts and feelings in an anxious whirl. After a time I rose, sighing impatiently.

"I can't sleep; I will go down and get a book."

With the words I crept out into the hall. I had traversed half its length when the sound of stealthy steps on the stairs sent me with bated breath behind the heavy damask curtains of a window near me.

Burglars were in my mind, but I made no outcry. The next minute the steps passed a few feet from me, and I was quickly undeceived.

A voice I well knew murmured in hushed tones, "Don't grieve, my darling, it will all come right. Only be patient, my own."

And I felt more than heard the soft kiss that finished the sentence.

It was Peri's voice that answered. "Oh, Albert! Albert!" she breathed, falteringly. "Where is it all to end? We have done very, very wrong, dearest. And oh, Albert, she loves you! I saw it in those great, passionate, dusky eyes of her's to-night, and in a vague terror of the future I stared almost wildly at her as Aunt Ray presented me."

"Nonsense! Do you want to make me vain?" laughed my stepbrother softly. And then he murmured in graver accents: "You say we have done wrong, darling. Remember that we had to choose between two evils. Remember that my mother possesses an iron will. She would have ground us both to powder rather than consent to what we—"

"Yes, yes, I know," sighed Peri, before he could finish the sentence I was panting to hear.

"Then cease to grieve, darling," he whispered, "And now, once more, good night."

And I knew he folded her close to his heart for a brief moment.

As their doors closed noiselessly upon their retiring forms I crept weakly back to my chamber, pride, anger and despair clutching at my heart-strings.

With a stifled cry I flung myself passionately on the rug before the fire and buried my face in the tiger skin covering—a pile of soft, yielding hassocks.

"Lost! lost to me!" I moaned in my fierce agony. And then, starting upright, I panted with vengeful breath. "But what meant that unfinished sentence? Can they—"

And then I paused and stared breathlessly at the glowing coals.

"Ah! I will watch! I will watch!" I muttered later.

And I shivered at the sound of my own low, relentless voice.

I did watch.

Night after night they stole an hour of blissful peace in the ante-room of the dim, old library, and night after night I was ruthlessly on their track. But in vain I listened to their fond speech. The unfinished sentence I had caught in the hall above remained unfinished.

But one wild, bleak night, a month later, my task was ended. With stifled breath I noiselessly crept from the library to my stepmother's chamber.

She sat in her dressing gown before the fire, lost in an enchanting book. At my stealthy and unceremonious entrance she glanced up.

"Great Heaven!" she cried, dropping her book and starting at me in alarm. "Are you ill, Vi?"

I laughed a harsh, short laugh, "Only transformed into a Nemesis, mamma."

"A Nemesis!" echoed my stepmother in slow tones of profound amazement, the instant adding impetuously, "You look like a beautiful spirit from Hades!"

I shrugged my shoulders with another harsh laugh. "Come! I will show you my Hades!" She stared at me wonderingly, and half shrunk as my icy little hand clasped hers.

"Softly, madame!" whispered, as we left her room. Directly she was standing at the slightly-open door, at which I had so often stood. I felt her nails sink deep in the palm of my hand as her blazing eyes rested on the scene beyond. I heard her breath come in swift, angry gusts. For a full minute she stood thus

Then, dropping my hand, she flung back the door and swept into the dimly lighted room.

The pair sitting so lovingly before the fire started to their feet, Peri with a sharp cry of anguish. Albert's first words were given to her:

"Be brave, my love!" he smiled down upon her in accents of melting tenderness.

But his lips were white and his eyes glowing.

"What means all this?" demanded Madame Viele, in awfully hushed tones, gazing from one to the other with an anger before which even my fierce spirit quailed.

"It means this, my mother," replied Albert, unflatteringly, as he paced forward and circled more closely the slender form of the pallid girl beside him. "It means that for three months Peri has been my wife—"

"Wife!" gasped my stepmother, staggering back as if she had received a blow. And then she screamed, pleadingly: "Not your wife, Albert?"

"Yes, mother, my wife," he returned, sadly and firmly, while great tears rolled over Peri's white face. "We grieved to do it secretly, mother, but—"

My stepmother lifted her hand. She had quite recovered herself now.

"Silence!" she commanded in those awfully hushed tones. "Ask no forgiveness? Ask no blessing! Peri, go! Leave this house, now and forever. Go or stay, as you will; but know that from this hour I never speak to you again. From this hour know your blessing my bitterest curse!"

"Mother!"

"Silence!" again commanded my stepmother in fearfully concentrated tones. "Go! Not a word! Put that creature forth at once!" pointing her white fingers at Peri's bowed head.

"Say you forgive, mother," pleaded Albert. "Say—"

"Silence!" almost thundered Madame Viele, her face ghastly as the dead.

He turned away then.

"Come, my darling, we will go," he murmured with infinite tenderness to Peri.

And catching up a cloak and hood she had cast there only a few hours before, he wrapped her tenderly in them and led her to the door.

There they paused and looked back at Madame Viele.

"Farewell, mother," they said, softly, "and heaven forgive us and you!"

Madame gazed stonily at them without word or gesture, and they sighed and turned away.

Directly the hall door clanged heavily after them. As it did so my stepmother turned calmly to me:

"I am sorry for you, Vi," she said briefly, in stern, even tones. "Let us go to bed."

And with firm step and erect form she led me up to my room. There she kissed me good night, saying calmly as she closed the door:

"From this moment they are dead to us. Never mention their names again! It was all over now. I had sated my vengeance.

"It is well!" I said, as my head touched my pillow.

The days came and went. My stepmother was erect, cold and imperious as ever. Not by word, look or tone did she betray her secret suffering.

But at the end of a year she had lost every vestige of youth and health. A pale, gaunt old woman, she sat in her chair now.

One morning she called me to her. It was on my nineteenth birthday.

came Lord Chancellor with a salary of \$50,000, and a pension of \$25,000 on retiring. Yet, though he lived to 86, he left but \$250,000. He was a domestic man, and devoid of vices, but he had a wife who was resolved to vie in the fashionable world of London with persons having hereditary incomes of \$250,000 and upward.

Of three daughters, two married men with a few hundred a year, and the third is single. The sons have not married women of fortune. A position about the court yielding, perhaps \$4,000 a year, is all that Lord Chelmsford can probably now look forward to. Probably the next poorest peer to Lord Chelmsford may also be found in Zululand in the person of Lord Gifford, grandson of another law lord, a gallant young fellow who won the Victoria Cross in Ashantee. The British army contains very few wealthy men past 50. Numbers of rich youths enter the guards or crack cavalry regiments, but retire at their father's death. Wellington and Marlborough were younger sons.

The Origin of "Dixie"

A writer in the Baltimore Gazette inquires about the origin of the word "Dixie"; and the editor replies as follows:

Some years ago, long before the war, a very musical family by the name of Dixie lived in Worcester, Mass. One of the brothers—Walston Dixie, we believe—decided to apply his talents in the negro minstrelsy line, and soon the famous Dixie Minstrels were known from one end of the country to the other. This same founder of the troupe wrote the celebrated song, "Dixie's Land," which attained such popularity. It was verily the land for him, as he found in the Southern States the germs of the quaint negro songs, which he brushed up and placed in his programme. The South adopted the song, and hence allowed this gifted minstrel of Massachusetts to give that section of the country a new name, which will always stick. Many songs were adopted and sectioned in this way. Our own "Yankee Doodle" was written by an Englishman as a satire, but our ancestors picked it right up and gave it a home.

"I CAN LIFT ANYTHING."

Years ago, into a wholesale grocery store in this city walked a tall, muscular looking man, evidently a fresh comer from some backwoods town in Maine or New Hampshire. Accosting the first person he met, who happened to be the merchant himself, he asked:

"You don't want to hire a man in your store, do you?"

"Well," said the merchant, "I don't know; what can you do?"

"Do?" said the man; "I rather guess I can turn my hand to almost anything. What do you want done?"

"Well, if I was to hire a man it would be one that could lift well, a strong, wiry fellow; one, for instance, that could shoulder a sack of coffee like that yonder, and carry it across the store and never lay it down."

"There, now cap'n," said the countryman, "that's just me. I can lift anything I hitch to; you can't suit me better. What will you give a man that can suit you?"

"I'll tell you," said the merchant; "if you shoulder that sack of coffee and carry it across the store twice and never lay it down, I will hire you for a year at \$100 per month."

"Done," said the stranger and by this time every clerk in the store had gathered around and was waiting to join in the laugh against the man, who walking up to the sack threw it across his shoulder with perfect ease, as if it was not extremely heavy, and walking with it twice across the store, went quietly to a large hook which was fastened to the wall, and hanging it up turned to the merchant and said:

"There, now, it may hang there till doomsday; I shall never lay it down. What shall I go about, mister? Just give me plenty to do and \$100 per month and it's all right."

The clerks broke into a laugh, and the merchant discomfited yet satisfied, kept his agreement; and to-day the green countryman is the senior partner in the firm, and worth a million dollars.

Poor English Noblemen.

Lord Chelmsford is probably the poorest peer of the realm. His private means certainly do not exceed \$10,000 a year, and he has no expectations. His second brother is a cavalry officer, married, and with children. The next is a Judge, with a salary of \$25,000, and childless; the only affluent member of his family.

The fourth son is one of the Lord Chancellor's secretaries. The late Lord Chelmsford had for over twenty years an income of \$50,000 to \$75,000 from his practice at the bar; then be-

came Lord Chancellor with a salary of \$50,000, and a pension of \$25,000 on retiring. Yet, though he lived to 86, he left but \$250,000. He was a domestic man, and devoid of vices, but he had a wife who was resolved to vie in the fashionable world of London with persons having hereditary incomes of \$250,000 and upward.

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What is your name?

What is your name? asks a teacher of a boy. "My name is Jule," was the reply, whereupon the teacher impressively said, "You should have said 'Julius, sir.' And now, my lad, turning to another boy 'what is your name?' Bilius, sir."