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VOL. 1.

KINSTON, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1879.

reached out his hand, and asked:

and he was all alone, too!'

tion in two in the middle.

tence was au out rage.'

·Well?

Star City?"

'Ever on the Humboldt River?'

Ever hear of Limber Jim around

'Why, he was the chap who made

'He was the chap!' chuckled Mul-

grave' and Limber Jim and myself

the prisoner when asked what brought

him there on a three year sentence. -

bad company and perhaps they might

have sent me here long ago if they

had been sharp enough to catch me,

but my sentence on this occasion was

a fraud and a farce. Mind, now, I

don't say that I am any too good to

be here or that I haven't done enough

'Well, I had got hold of a ranche

and some stock and I thought I could

make a little money by trading with

my wagons which was contraband,-

The interpreter at Fort Smith was a

friend of mine, and he took some of

my goods and exchanged them for

ranche I had eight or nine Indian pon-

ies. I could lay my hand on the Ind-

memory, and presently continued:

let cut across his stomach and simply

gave him a wound that laid him up

'No! My plan was to give 'em the

and that they were citizens and had

no warrant for my arrest. I showed

that I came honestly by the ponies. but it was no go. The Judge wanted

to get me out o' that, and he sent me

'And I've got to stay my time out.

m going back there as soon as I get

out, and if you hear anything drop

just rememeber yours truly! Good-

bye, and don't be too hard on me in

your sketch!"

Well, then you went on?'

for about three months.'

fort arrest a person?"

Lalage.

Come to me, Lalage Girl of the flying feet, Girl of the tossing hair And the red mouth, small and sweet; Less of the earth than air, So witchingly fond and fair,

Lalage! Touch me, Lalage! Girl of the soft, white hand, Girl of the low, white brow. And the roseate bosom band; Bloom from an orchard bough, Less downy-roft than thou,

Lalage Kiss me, Lalage! Girl of the fragrant breath, Girl of the sun of May; As a bird that flutters in death, My fluttering pulses say; "If thou be Death, yet stay, Lalage"

A Serenade.

I sing beneath your lattice, love, A song of great regard for you; The moon is getting rather high, My voice is, too.

The lakelet in deep shadow lies, Where frogs make much hullabaloo I think they sing a trifle hoarse, And love, me, too.

The blossoms on the pumpkin-vine Are weeping diamond tears of dew; Tis warm, the flowers are wilting fast, My linen, too.

All motionless the cedars stand, With silent moonbeams slanting through The very air is drowsy, love, And I am, too.

Oh, could I soar on loving wings, And at your window gently woo! But then your lattice you would boltso I'll bolt, too

SCANDAL.

Dr. A. R. MILLER, A woman to the holy father went, DENTIST. | Confession of sin was her intent; Helds himself in And so her misdemeaners, great and small, Artificial Teeth, Ex- And, chieftest in her catalogue of sin, She owned that she a tale-bearer had been Granted the absolution asked of him: But while for all the rest he pardon gave, And that to do fit penance, she must go Out by the way-side where the thistles grow And gathering the largest, ripest one, She must come back again another day To tell him his command she did obey, The woman, thinking this a penance light, Hastened to do his will that very night, Feeling right glad she had escaped so well, Next day but one she went to the priest to tell; The priest sat still and heard her story, Tken said, "There's something still for you to do Those little thistle seeds which you have sown I bid you go regather every one. The woman said, "But, Father, 'twould be vair To try to gather up those seeds again; The winds hath scattered them both far and wide Over the meadow, vale and mountain-side. The father answered; "New I hope that from this, The lesson I have taught you will not miss; You cannot gather back the scattered seeds. Which far and wide will grew to noxious weeds Nor can the mischief once by scandal sown, By any penance be again undone.

Somebody's Darling

We republish the following lines by request. Their tender sentiment can never grow old:

Into a ward of the white-washed walls Where the dead and the dying lay, Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls, Somebody's dirling was borne one day Somebody's darling, so young, so brave. Wearing still on his pale, sweet face, Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,

The lingering light of his boyhood grace. Matted and damp are the curls of gold Kissing the snow of that fair young brow. Pale are the lips of delicate mould-Somebody's darling is dying now. Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow

Brush his wandering waves of gold 'ross his hands on his bosome now. Some body's darling is still and cold. Kiss him once for somebody's sake,

Murmur a short prayer soft and low, One bright curl from the cluster take-They were somebody's pride, you know Somebody's hand hath rested there; Was it a mother's, soft and white? or have the lips of a sister fair Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best. He was somebody's love, Somebody's heart enshrined him there; Somebody wafted his name above Night and morn on the wings of prayer. Somebody wept when he marched away, Looking so handsome, brave and grand; omebody's kiss on his forehead lay-

Somebody clung to his parting hand. Yearning to hold him again to her heart; There he lies with his blue eyes dim And the smiling, childlike lips apart.

Carve on the wooden slab at his head 'Somebody's darling lies buried here.'

Selecte d.

BLOWN AWAY.

three children lived in the little de- What had happened? She staggered he said: feb13-1y pot quite happily, but there was not back into the station and startled her 'After the runaway car?'

another family within ten miles, in husband with a cry of despair. any direction.

lieve they were having a ride.

telegraph wes upon the roofs as up- grief and terror in her eyes. on a huge harp. As the wires were fastened to the roof, the house be- tion. The wires are blown down.' came a great music box, with the morning trains arrived, but the wind was so high that the passengers were glad to hurry from one train to another as quickly as possible. Then the trains went away, and the great wind-harp on the roof sang louder than ever.

The station-master said that it blew stay in the house, lest they be blown into the prairie and be lost. The car on the side track; perhaps they coat, and they all went out to the and sent after the children. nd snug, and, once in-

Mary thought the rear end would be a good place to keep house, but Tommy preferred the other end, so they agreed to keep house at both ends of the empty car. This was a nice plan, for it gave them a chance to visit each other, and the open part

Safe and snug in the car, they wenten of the weather outside.

Suddenly the car seemed to shake, and they stopped in their housekeeping and ran to the door to see what had happened. 'Why, it's moving! Somebody's

pushing it,' said Mary.

'I didn't hear the whistle,' said Tommy. 'I guess something is pushing

The girls leaned out of the door to race. see what had happened. Why, where was the platform? What was the matter with the station? It was moving away. No, it was the car. It

faster and faster along the road. 'Oh, we must get out! They are taking us away.' 'No, no' said Kitty. 'We must as this.'

stay here till the brakeman comes

they took us on the train.' 'There isn't any train,' said Tommy, | line.' looking up and down the line.

brakes and stop it..'

before the gale.

sure the children were safe in the pace we shall soon overtake them.' freight-car, sat in his office nearly all made, the dinner put on the fire, and the engine. the mother wondered how the girls alone on the open prairie, miles and gan to call the children. How loud- already! Black River flowed through the graph wires! Perhaps, they could not as she saw the engineer put his hand got." mountains, a hundred miles away to hear in all this din. Maybe, they on the throttle-valve. snowy mountains could be seen glim- She walked on toward the siding, out of water, and perhaps we can mering on the grassy horizon. The Not a thing to be seen! She wonder- learn something of the runaway."

'The car! The children!'

At times the children thought it The station-master ran out upon very lonely. There was nothing in the platform and looked up and down went past here, going twenty miles an particular done, except to watch the the line. Not a car in sight! It had hour. It came down grade all the trains that stopped at the junction been blown away before the terrible way, but the up grade begins about several times a day. Once in a while | wind, and was perhaps at this instant | two miles out. I was inside when it a freight-car would be left on the rolling swiftly ownward with a prec- passed, and didn't see it till it had side track, and the children soon lous load to destruction. What would gone pass the door.' found that an empty freight car makes happen to it? Would it meet a train How long it took to fill the tender! a capital play house. They could or run into a station? Would the The engine stood hot and smoking by keep house in the corners and visit, children try to get out, or would they the water-tank, and the water came wear the same coat? Let's shake!

or sit by the open door and make be- stay in the car till it was wrecked? One morning, they were wakened to telegraph the terrible news down and impatient, by a curious humming sound out of the line, but just as he opened the 'Good bye! I'll put up the pipe .doors, and they all scrambled up and | door he saw a faint white cloud on Heaven help yel-the up grade-

children inside. After breakfast, the there was now no means of sending steam on the horizon, far ahead. The word in advance of the runaway car, engineer took out his time-book and It must go on to its fate without help studied it carefully.

'Help is coming, mother. Here's a ping on the two mile siding.'

train bound east.' and the father and mother stood the way! Listen! A whistle. The station-master's wife said it was a pity up the Black River road and not in- if to speak to them. the children must stay in the house tended to go in the direction in which 'It's ten minutes back. Running manner and I didn't have a thing in all day. There was an empty freight the car had been blown away. The slow on main line, -road-clearinstant it stopped, the station-master 'Thank Heaven!' said the woman. might play in that. The station-mas- ran to the engineer and told his ter- The engineer said nothing; but at thought this a good idea, and he took | rible story. The mother, with quick- that instant the engine gave a great Kitty by the hand and Tommy in his er wit, found the conductor and de- leap and shot ahead, at the rate of hides and pelts. When I had sold arms, while Mary took hold of his manded that the engine be taken off fifty miles an hour, up the easy grade. out and was read; to return to my

empty car. Whew! How it did blow! The conductor was a man of regu- yet each meant almost a mile? They certainly thought they would lar habits, and such a bold request 'Ah! A speck-a black dot on be lifted up by the wind and blown struck him as something extraordina- horizon! The car? Yes. It was the drove these ponies on the open highthe sky. The empty car ry. Take the engine off and leave car. It grew bigger and bigger. Now way and right through the fort. When the train and passengers waiting at they could see it plainly. But the I reached Smith the Indian trader re quite out of the way this lonely station? The idea was children! Where were they? The there took me to do for trading with preposterous! Some of the passengers fireman sprang out through the for- the redskins, and he was backed by gathered near and asked what was the ward window and ran along the en- the post commender. It was none of

an empty car. Some one said, 'Yes, rible pace, and in a moment it struck go a nee. We can wait here till the the car with a gentle jar and stopengine returns.' The conductor said ped. by the door made a grand promenade but some one said, 'The wires are ly man, but the woman was before down,' and the people only cried out him and sprang up into the car. Louder and louder roared the gale, the more, 'Let the engine go!' so the There they lay, safe and sound, in with their play and thought nothing to pull out the pin, that the engine my fast asleep, and Kitty watching

'Hold on, marm,' said a brakeman. 'Oh! mother! I knew you would 'I'll cast her off. You jump aboard if come, Mary and Tommy cried themyou want to go too. Fire up, Jack selves to sleep, and I-I.' and make her hum.'

It was all done in a moment, and fireman tried to rub his eyes, and on- render, but they began shooting as away flew the engine, leaving the con- ly marked his face with black streaks. soon as near enough to drop me. It They are taking us away on the ductor and the station-master staring The mother laughed and cried all at surprised me, of course, but I took in Gen. Hooker and the Deserter. freight train. Come, we must get in surprise at this singular proceed- once. The engineer picked up the the racket pretty fast. Pulling my

> 'Fire steady, Jack,' said the engi- the cab of the engine. neer to the fireman. 'It's no use to There, now, my hearties, you have I could have killed six of em dead get excited, for we're in for a long had a risky ride; but it's all right. as claims, but I fired wild on purpose.

ted to see that woman, said the fire- to dinner. Fire up, Jack. The engineer turned around, and Nicholas.

had left the siding and had rolled out | there by his side stood the mother, her upon the main line and was moving eves straining ahead down the line in search of the missing ones, 'Oh, sir! Open the throttle wide.

Don't try to save coal at such a time

the empty car as it rolled on and on away in a gigantic waltz. The wind in those of a tiger or panther.

were getting on in their play house on an, without taking her eyes from the flatly refuse to answer a question.' the track. She threw a shawl over horizon, where the rails met the sky. There were three of them-Kitty, her head and went out on the plat- 'It may have been two hours or more, opposite Mulgrave, whose eyes snap-Mary and Tommy-the children of form. At once, the wind blew the They were playing in the empty car.' ped maliciously at the word interview, the station-master at Black River shawl over her face, and she could Ah! something ahead. Was it the the reporter said:

The station-master and his wife and ery direction. What did it mean? He seemed to guess at the truth, for said the reporter.

'Yes, yes. There were three chil-

dren inside. 'Oh marm, I'm sorry for ye. It

out in a slender stream, while the He sprang to the door of the depot poor mother stood looking on, tearful

looked out of the window. How the the western horizon. It was a train. The rest was lost, for the engine wind did blow! It whistled and roar- Help was coming. At the same in- snot ahead on and on out over the ed round the house and played on the stant, his wife appeared with new open prairie. The water-tank seem 'I own that I've been mixed up in a ed to sink down into the earth, and 'I cannot get a call in either direct the shining rails stretched longer and longer out behind.

This only added to the danger, for Ah! What was that? A cloud of

'Freight No. 6, bound west, stop- to justify a sentence, but they had no How swiftly Freight No. 6 rose Nearer and nearer came the train, above the grass and grew big along watching it as it crept along the rails, engineer whistled in reply and shut a gale, and that the children must It seemed as if it would never come, off steam. Their engine quickly At last, it reached the platform and slowed down, and they could see men the Indians. I was down in the Indproved to be a passenger train bound leaning out how the other engine, as | ian Territory then and living a square

How long the minutes seemed, and

gine and down upon the cow-catcher. their business how many ponies I Three children lost, blown away in The monster began to slacken its ter- bought and I guess I told 'em so.'

he must telegraph for instructions; The fireman thought himself a live-

mother ran to the tender and began the corner of the car-Mary and Tomover them.

Nobody could say a word. The

little ones and quietly took them into revolver, I rode right through the

Come! We're more than thirty miles | The chap I did mean to kill was the 'It's enough to make a fellow exci- from home, and it won't do to be late fellow who led the crowd but the bul 'Aye, aye, sir,' said Jack .- St.

BEHIND THE BARS.

A Prisoner Who Has Dropped His Man.

Some day when you are going 'We must keep cool, marm, and go through the Detroit House of Correcround. I didn't hear them when steady, or we shall run out of coal and tion ask your guide to point out the water and come to a stand still on the wickedest prisoner in the institution. If he complies he will show you a man The woman said not a word, but 35 years old, weighing not over 135 blocked. Over a hundred men were 'Oh, it's the wind! It's blowing the nodded mournfully and leaned against pounds, and having nothing peculiar then after me, and every one of them car away. We must put on the the side of the cab for support, and in his look unless you stand close beready to shoot me down on sight. 1 then the fireman gave her his seat, side him. Then you will see that he swam the horse across the river and This was a good plan, but how where she could look out over the has a pair of the blackest, wickedest left him. In ten minutes I had to were they to carry it out? The line. How the engine shook and eyes ever placed in a man's head, swim back. They were all popping mendation of mercy?' brake-wheel was on top of the car, roared! The little finger of the steam They seem to burn your face as he away, but they couldn't hit me-the and they were inside. Faster and gauge trembled and rose higher and looks at you. Ask him what sent durned slap sided galoots! faster rolled the car. It began to higher as the steam pressure increased him there and those eyes flash such Didn't you shoot back?' rattle and roar as if dragged along over the raging fire. The engine revenge as tongue cannot tell. Talk by a swift engine. In a moment seemed to be eating up the track in to him of the dark mysteries enacted slip. If I had shot one of the gang Tommy began to cry. Mary tried to front, and, behind, the rails spun out in the lonely canons-along the per- they'd have pulled hemp on me, and ard. look brave, and Kitty stared hard at like shining ribbons in the sun. The ilous highways - in the foot hills and no mistake. I had to swim the river the level prairie flying past. It was station and train had already sunk around the scattered ranches in the once more, and being about played said the General positively. The man of no use. They all broke down to- down out of sight, and the grassy ho far West, and his eyes have that out I lay down in some bushes about is constitutionally a coward, and you gether and had a hearty cry alone in rizon on either side seemed to fly crafty, hungry look ever to be seen a foot high. While lying there about recommend him to mercy on that

died away to a dead calm, and in a 'He won't speak a word to you,' and I should have escaped but for a ter. Bond, his mother's at my quar-The station-master's wife rolled up few moments a little breeze sprung up replied the deputy when our reporter young boy. He was riding behind ters begging for her son's life, and I her sleeves to put the house in order while the children were safely out of the way. The station-master, feeling the wind, said the way. The station-master, feeling the wind, said the has been here a year and a half and the way. The station-master, feeling the wind, said the has never told one man a single and gobbled me up. I was taken to the recommendation for leniency was line of his history. All we know is the post, charged with intent to kill, written, and a few minutes thereafter 'How long have they been gone?' that he was sent here for shooting a the morning. At last, the beds were shouted the fireman above the roar of negro, and that he has trained with 'road agents,' gamblers, trappers, Ind- When the trial came on they could the General's door by the brave old 'I don't know,' screamed the wom- ian fighters and bandits. He will

The deputy was mistaken. Seated

Junction, on the Great South-Wes- not see exactly where she stood. runaway car? No, the next station. When Buck-Skin Joe and his tern Railroad, The station stood Turning her back to the wind she be- What a terrible pace! Twenty miles gaug were working the Smoky Hill here. route in '66, one of the fellows had miles from anywhere in particular. Iv the wind roared through the tele- 'Oh, don't stop!' cried the woman, just such a pair of eyes as you've

The black eves lighted up as if they the north; and on clear days, the were inside the car out of hearing. I must, marm. We are getting had been candles, and the prisoner

leaned forward in his chair. 'In '67, when Col. Gill and his dozline leading to the Black River met ed if there had not been a mistake? The sudden arrival of a solitary en- en bandits robbed three stages between Boot & Shoe Maker, the South-Western here, and thus it Perhaps, the car was on the other gine, containing two men and a wo- Carson and Virginia City, Nev., one was the place was called Black Riv- side track? No, the rails were unoc- man, startled the station-master, and of the bandits was a right-and-leftcupied as far as she could see in ev- he came out to see what it meant. handed man, the same as you are,

delight, and Mulgrave leaned forword | the pumps are made the other way, and how great my maker is."

NO. 50.

BATES OF ADVERTISING : three months Quarter column, one week 3.50 Half column, one week 6.00 One column, one week

29. Contracts for advertising for any space or ime may be made at the office of the Kinston JOURNAL, over the Post Office, Kinston, Lenoir County, North Carolina.

A Very Natural Mistake.

A young man from one of the back towns came in to buy a present for his girl one day last week. His wondering gaze being transfixed by fourteen well armed men come out of a stage-coach, and hold up their arms, goods windows, he entered the store and bashfully stepped up to a pretty

young lady behind the counter. 'How much are those?' pointing to a pair of hand-omely-wrought nickle plated garters in the window.

No reporter ever got hold of a man more willing to talk, and an hour, and seventy-five cents, replied the a half slipped away and cut conversa- young lady, sweetly, handing out the articles in question, and blushing 'I don't claim to be a saint,' said slightly.

'I thing they are kinder pretty, don't you?' inquired the young man, anxious for somebody else's opinion. 'Very,' replied the young miss; 'they are the latest style."

'Everybody wears them, don't they?' continued the young man, 'Almost everybody,' said the young

lady, affecting an unconcerned air. 'I was going to get them for a girl that I know, said the young man, somewhat nervously. 'Do you think

case against me this time and my sen she would like them?" 'I should think she might-I-I-I don't know,' returned the young lady, blushing again.

Well, I don't hardly know, myself,' said the young man taking up one of the dainty articles and examining it life. I bought my goods in a square closely. 'You don't suppose they are too

large, now do you?" Why, I-1-I, stammered the young lady, the blush growing deep-They seem sorter big like, continued the young man, not observing her confusion: but of course I wouldn't be

certain. She's middlin' size; but not fat, and maybe these would be a little too loose. I should think she was just about your bigness, and of course if these would fit you they would fit her. Now just suppose you try them on, an' if'--'Sir!' exclaimed the young lady behind the counter, in a voice that lifted the young man's hat on the end of

his hair, 'you are insulting!' And she He rubbed his hands and chuckled swept away to the end of the store, as the incidents grew fresh in his leaving the bewildered young man standing in dumb amazement, hold-How should the commander of a ing in his hands what he supposed was a beautiful pair of bracelets. And By sending a detail of soidiers afwhen one of the men clerks came and explained his mistake, the young man Precisely, and now hear how they from the back town struck a bee line arrested me. When I got about ten for his team, and in a very brief space or twelve miles down the road about of time was tearing toward home at a a dozen citizen niggers, acting under rate that threatened to irretrievably orders from the fort, came riding down ruin the old family horse. He won't upon me, yelling and shooting as they buy any bracelets now until he's marcame. I was not called upon to surried. - Boston Traveler.

I served on Gen. Hooker's staff for gang and scattered 'em in no time .- a year, and on one occasion was assigned to duty as Judge Advocate of a general court martial before which a soldier of a Michigan regiment was brought charged with desertion. The evidence showed that the prisoner had deserted three times, on the last occasion 'in the face of the enemy.' The court martial sentenced him to be shot. 'No; the niggers rallied, got out and the record of his trial and convicabout twenty white men to back them, 'tion was forwarded to Gen. Hooker for and the small army bore down on me his approval. A short time subsefrom all directions. I had only one quently Gen. Hooker came to my revolver, the roads were closed, and I quarters, which adjoined his own, and

took to the bushes. They run me out Bond, in this case against Private o' that, and I swam the river, picked -, what do you think had better be up a horse on the other side, and after done? Are there no extenuating cira gallop of forty rods found my road 'None that I know of, General. He

has deserted three times.

'Isn't there something in the case pon which you could base a recom-'Not a thing. The proof against him was positive and not denied, and

the witness say further that when he

was with his regiment he was a worth-

less fellow and a constitutional cow-That is just the thing, thirty men on horseback rode past me, ground. I'll tell you what's the mat-

and was sent here and there and kept a feeble old lady with silver gray hair in chains for four or five months .- and a tearful face was bowed out of prove that I shot the nigger, but I hero and turning away she exclaimed could prove that they fired on me first with uplifted hand.' God bless you, Gen. Hooker.' - Cincinnati Enquirer.

> A certain Scotch country minister removed from one parish to another, and on Sunday 'exchanged' with his successor in his former charge. At the close of the service an elderly woman inquired what had become of her 'sin minister.' 'O, we're exchanging,' he replied; 'he's with my people to day.' Indeed, indeed,' said the matron, 'they'll be gettin' a treat the

'I don't have enough religion to brag The old-fashioned well-sweep still of, says an old Nevada miner, but I finds favor in New Hampshire, where never get into the cage to go up or The black eyes now danced with all the women are left-handed and all down without feeling how puny I am