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Woman's Mind. (Written by John H. Reed about the year 1817, from the memory of his widow, Mrs. Rachel Brown of Pitt county, now in her 80th year.)

In former times when all the unsexed, The naive genius could not walk, but creep; Then tyrant man prescribed a woman's station, Nor could she speak without his approbation.

THE LAST RIDE. Across the Campagna the shadows had fallen; From Ostia they rode, 'twixt the hedges of thorn.

He checked his horse quickly: 'Stay! Eleanor, stay! What need of such haste? We must part on the morn.'

'We've had our romance, the illusion is gone. The lights we see yonder are ours, we are home. What use is in grieving? And lightly she laugh ed.

'And so we must part? This bright day is our last! 'We've had our romance; we must here make an end. Like a withered hoptoe, a dress you have worn: One day I'm your lover—the next but your friend.'

Selected. A LEGACY OF LOVE. BY ANNA SHELDON. In Dr. Hartley's private office, one dull November day, two men—the doctor himself and the son of his dearest friend—sat facing each other.

'I thank you, Doctor. You have been very kind.' 'The Doctor's face, a kind one always, was very grave as he answered.

'You have forced me to be unprofessionally candid, Frank, and this interview has been as painful to me as to you. For, and his voice grew husky, 'since your father's death you have filled the first place in my heart.'

'I know that. I am rich, and have many so-called friends, but to one else to love me! was the sad reply. 'You forget Alma!'

'Alma has promised to be my wife, but she does not love me! 'Frank! You are surely mistaken, I spoke too strongly; Alma gives me a sister's love. We have been as brother and sister ever since we were children.'

'But she has promised to marry you. 'Because she thought it her duty to obey my father? You were not present at our betrothal? 'I did not know there was any formal betrothal.'

'Since this interview has been so painfully candid already,' said Frank Chapman, with a sad smile, 'let me tell you what lies very near my heart to day. I love Alma! It may have been because my father so often spoke of his wish that I should marry my cousin that I never thought of any other woman as possible sweetheart or wife, but it was so. When I was summoned home from Paris on account of my father's illness, I found Alma filling a daughter's place at his bedside, tender, loving and dutiful as she had always been. The day before he died my father called us both to him and asked us to promise to remain true to each other—to marry as soon as a suitable time of mourning had expired. I saw that Alma grew pale, and her hand was cold as ice in mine, but I thought it was grief for the loss of the only father she had ever known that agitated her.'

'Are you sure it was not? 'I am sure now that she does not love me. She shrinks from my caress, and is glad to avoid me. Dr. Hartley, you were my father's confidential friend, were constantly near him while I was in Europe. Can you tell me who has won Alma's heart? 'You think, then, you have a rival? 'I think she would love me as I love her if it were not so. There was a moment of silence before the doctor replied: 'You remember Leonard Walton? Frank Chapman started as if he had been stung.

'My father's office boy—a beggar he reared out of charity—a pauper! 'But not the less a man of talent and worth. Under your father's care he studied law, and promised to become a leading man in his profession. But two years ago he left Wentworth abruptly, and I never suspected the cause of his absence until now.'

'You think Alma refused him? 'I think your father told him his love was a vain one. I remember now some words of his to which I wanted the clew. From time Leonard left he became anxious for your return, although he never spoke of it as likely to be hastened, until he was ill.'

'Leonard Walton! Where is he now? 'In Boston, teaching in a public school. 'Not following his profession? 'He has not one dollar upon which to live until clients come. 'Ah! Well, with a heavy sigh. 'I must go. God grant I may do what is right! 'There is no fear about that,' said the doctor, with a sudden mist over his eyes. 'You will send for me if you need me?'

'I will see you often,' was the reply; and then, with a tenderness like a woman's, the young man added: 'I will ask you to help me as much as you can, knowing it will be a labor of love to you.'

'It will, boy, it will. There, go; you are making a woman of me,' for two great tears rolled down his cheeks as he spoke. He was a lonely man, having years before buried his wife and three lovely children, and Frank Chapman filled a son's place in his heart. Too well he knew that before the summer roses bloomed there would be another grave over which to mourn—a nother void in his desolate life. He watched the slender, erect figure as it passed slowly down the street, sighing heavily as he muttered:

'It may be best so! Life would be sweeter if Alma loved him! Very steadily Frank Chapman walked to his home, where Alma still lived, with a widowed cousin to keep house and propitiate Mrs. Grundy. She was in the small sitting-room, that was cosier than the great drawing-room, when Frank came in. Something in his pale face, his sad eyes roused all her womanly tenderness, for Frank was right when he said she loved him as a sister.

'You are ill!' she cried, her eyes full of anxious fear. 'Yes! he answered, sinking into a cushioned chair, 'I am ill. Dr. Hartley has been giving me some advice.' Alma put a cushion behind his head, and a footstool under his feet, wondering a little at his passive acceptance of an invalid's place. It was not like Frank to be willing to be 'tussled over,' and a vague terror came into her heart as she said, gently:

'What did Dr. Hartley say? 'He says I must give up even my easy work, the care of the estate, and take perfect rest. I shall not be obliged to give up entirely, Alma, but I shall want help. I shall ask Leonard Walton to return and act as my lawyer and friend.'

A quick rush of color came into Alma's sweet face. Her eyes drooped a moment, then were raised bravely to meet those of her betrothed. 'Uncle thought him a good lawyer, Frank.'

'So Dr. Hartley told me. Do you know why he left Wentworth? I always thought he would be my father's partner, since I would not study law.'

'He left because he—he was not quite happy here,' was the hesitating answer, and Frank did not urge his question. Every throb of his heart was a torture to him, as he watched the lovely face, downcast and confused, and knew that it would be lighted with happiness when he could not see it smile.

'Oh, Frank, Alma said, presently, 'you are very ill. Let me do something for you! 'If you will push up that little table within my reach, and give me writing materials, you will help me,' he said, smiling; and then he kissed her gravely, as a brother might, and saw her eyes brighten to be of use to him.

It was a brief letter he wrote, asking Leonard Walton to return to Wentworth and take control of his affairs, urging his need of him strongly, but making only careless mention of the liberal salary he offered. 'We were friends before I went abroad,' he wrote, and I turn to you as a friend now. My father had confidence in your ability, and I dare to ask your aid now, when my failing health forces me to confide my affairs to other hands.'

It cost Leonard Walton a fierce struggle to accept this offer, to answer this appeal. Had it not been that he owed a life long debt of gratitude to Frank Chapman's father, he would have refused to return to Wentworth, to Alma. He knew that the fact of being trusted with the management of the large es-

tate was Frank's inheritance; would give him at once an honorable place in his profession; but, had there been no other plea, that would not have decided him.

No word of love had ever passed his lips in Alma's presence, but his whole heart was in her keeping, and when it was no longer possible to hide this, he had left Wentworth. He knew that the dearest wish of his benefactor's heart was to see his son and niece united, and he would not try to win Alma's love, though his heart told him there would be some hope.

He found on his return to Wentworth, that Frank's care had already found him a pleasant boarding place, and that a private office was fitted up for him in the house that had once been his home. He was shocked at the change in the face he had last seen in health, at the hollow eyes and sunken cheeks, but before he could speak Frank was gravely welcoming him.

'I feared you would feel too much tied down in your old room,' he said, gently, 'so I only fitted up an office for you here. It is open to other clients, but has a door leading into my private study. But, Leonard, remember you are always welcome in our home whenever you will come there.'

There was a painful agitation upon the young lawyer's face as he replied: 'You are very kind. I shall study hard when you do not need me, and have little time for pleasure. But he found his self denied was not to be accepted. Frank found a thousand excuses for detaining him to dinner, to tea, to spend long evenings in the cosy sitting-room; and when Alma would have left them, he asked trifling services that kept her by his side, anxious to serve her in any way.

It was no small part of the painful task Frank Chapman had imposed upon himself to accept the position of invalid. In the light of his own generous heart, he read those around him, and knew the comfort it would be in the future, to both Alma and Leonard, to have been of use to him. So he was exacting of all little invalid attentions, and submitted patiently to Leonard's care and Alma's petting.

It was pain to him to see how Alma avoided Leonard, how hard she struggled to be faithful to her promise to him; but he felt sure even this pain would be added comfort to her afterwards. Afterwards! The word was in his heart always, but never on his lips, except in the confidential chats with Mr. Hartley, that were of almost daily occurrence. Little guessed Leonard how keenly the doctor watched him, as untiringly as a detective, grimly satisfied that Frank's confidence was not misplaced.

Christmas passed; a day of quiet interchange of gifts and good wishes, and the new year was three months old, when one morning very early a hurried summons brought Leonard to Frank's room. He found him in the great arm-chair in which he passed his nights; for it had been long since the distressing heart disease had permitted him to lie down. Alma was there, gently trying to help the labored respiration by fanning Frank, and Dr. Hartly stood near the window measuring drops in a wine-glass.

The invalid's eyes lighted as Leonard came in, and he motioned him to come near to him. 'Leonard!' he said, in a low tone, kept steady by a great effort, 'the time has come when I want you and Alma to answer frankly what I shall ask you. Two papers are under my hands, one of which I wish to destroy after you answer me. I am dying, and Alma is free. Do you love her? 'Yes! I love her,' was the grave tender reply. 'And you, Alma? Forget that you were told to me by a mistaken doctor, and tell me if you love Leonard?'

The whispering answer reached him only, but he smiled as he said: 'Dr. Hartley, will you burn this paper? As the last ashes fell from the grate, he gave another folded paper to the doctor.

'It is my will,' he said, quietly, 'there are no hard conditions in it; it simply divides my property between my cousin, and he tenderly caressed Alma's trembling hand, and my friend, and he smiled in Leonard's agitated face. 'I have known this must be for several months, and you must not mourn for me too deeply.'

Only Alma's smothered sobs and Leonard's broken words answered him, and presently he said: 'Doctor! I would be alone with you! For in his usefulness love he spared Alma even the pain of the death struggle he felt approaching. Only his old friend stood by him as the gasping breath came more and more faintly. Only the same friend heard the broken words of prayer with which his pure spirit took leave of life.

It was a calm face, graceful with the great peace earth cannot give, that Alma and Leonard gazed upon, when tearfully and solemnly they clasped hands in betrothal, accepting the inheritance of love and wealth so nobly given them.

MY NEW FRIEND.

'I'm sorry I can't go up to London with you,' said Mr. Bridgnorth, who had just crossed the Channel with me, as we stood chatting at the Dover railway station, whither he had come to see me off.

Our brief acquaintance, struck up the night before on the Calais packet, had been rendered so agreeable by Mr. Bridgnorth's affability, that I was more than prepared, if not to dispute the dogma that gruffness is the predominant feature of English manners, at least to admit that it is a rule not without exception.

'It would afford me pleasure,' he added, 'to act the part of guide, philosopher and friend, on your first visit to the great metropolis; but since that cannot be—business before pleasure, you know—I've written a letter to a chum of mine in town, which you would do well to present to him as soon as possible, for he's a connoisseur in city life and will see you suitably bestowed.'

I thanked my new friend for his kindness, put his letter in my pocket and bidding him many warm adieux, hurried at the call of the guard to take my place aboard the train. 'I was followed up the steps by a thick set and rather coarse featured man, who, beside myself was the sole occupant of the compartment. The door was locked, and bell rung, and the train set in motion.

The stout gentleman busied himself, for a time with his newspaper, and then threw it down with a grunt. The next half hour he looked out of the window, his face betokening anything but pleasure at the prospect, the charms of which were not heightened by the effect of a dull autumn drizzle.

Turning around with another grunt his deep-set, gray eyes glanced me over keenly. 'Do you know the—the gentleman you were talking with just before the train started?' he asked in a quick, sharp voice. 'I do,' I answered—mentally adding, 'Inquisitiveness, I see, isn't exclusively a Yankee fault.'

'Seems to me I've seen him before what might his name be?' 'Bridgnorth. 'And your own?' 'Hanley. 'I was more amused than annoyed at this cross examination. 'How long have you known Mr. Bridgnorth?' continued my inquisitor: 'Since we've got on the Calais boat together last evening,' I replied. 'Humph! 'I thought it was now my turn. 'Do you reside in London?' I began. 'Yes. 'May I inquire your name?' 'MacGrumlie. 'Scotch extraction, I presume?' 'Can't say—never saw the family tree.'

'Nor need you wish to, if it's known by it's fruit,' was the retort I had on the tip of my tongue, but I left it there. 'By the way,' I said, after a pause, Mr. Bridgnorth was kind enough to give me a letter of introduction to a friend of his; perhaps, on our arrival, you can direct me to the place mentioned in the address. 'What is it?' 'I showed him the superscription. With another of his 'humphs' he handed the letter back. 'Do you want to go there at once?' he inquired. 'I might as well,' said I: 'I have no acquaintances in London, said Mr. Bridgnorth has assured me of his friend's kindly offices.'

'I'll show you the way,' Mr. MacGrumlie was kind enough to say: 'It's on my road home. You can leave the luggage at the station, and we will take the cab together. 'This agreed to, the conversation flagged, in spite of all efforts on my part to revive it. I couldn't help contrasting the hours so lately enjoyed by Mr. Bridgnorth's wit and gaiety with those whose tedium had nothing to relieve it but MacGrumlie's ever recurring soliloquies of 'humphs' and grunts.

It was dark when we reached the city. My companion hailed a cab, gave the driver the direction, and, jumping in by my side, we were soon rattling down a shabby, ill-lighted street. 'Here you are!' said MacGrumlie, as we checked up in front of a somber looking dwelling. Few words were spent in leave-taking. I got out, paid my share of the fare, and having with difficulty distinguished the number on the door, I rang the bell, while the cab turned the next corner.

Several minutes elapsed, and I was on the point giving the bell another pull, when I heard steps inside. The door opened, and a not very prepossessing male servant growled— 'What do you want?' 'I have a letter for Mr. FitzQuagg. I said: 'Is he in?' 'Gimme it, and I'll see,' said the lanky, snatching, rather than receiving, the letter from my hand. Without inviting me to enter, he

alamed the door in my face, and I heard his heavy tramp retreating. After another delay, and a sound of lighter footsteps, the door was again opened, and a youngish-looking man in a garb, as revealed by the imperfect light, which appeared more flashy than genteel, stood before me. 'Sorry to've kept you waiting, Mr. Hanley,' he said, seizing my hand cordially. 'Have read Bridg's letter. Capital fellow, Bridg. And friend of his always welcome. Just going to dine with a few friends. Must join us Good way to introduce you. Come, come, Dick—turning to his surly servant—'run ahead, and tell them to put another name in the pot.'

Cutting short my acknowledgments, Mr. FitzQuagg took my arm and we sauntered leisurely along. As we turned a corner to go down a street less inviting, if anything, than the one we had left, I caught a glimpse, I fancied, of a form on the other side of the way, much resembling the burly figure of MacGrumlie.

We stopped, at length, before a door, at which my companion knocked peculiarly. We were at once admitted, and Mr. FitzQuagg led the way to a room lighted by a dim lamp, where, half invisible in an atmosphere of smoke, sat three of his familiar spirits, each with a pipe in his mouth. 'I say, Dick,' said FitzQuagg, the ceremony of introduction over, 'fill up the glasses while we're waiting for the solids.' Soon each man had a tumbler of punch before him.

'Here's to our better acquaintance no heel taps, mind,' called out the hilarious FitzQuagg, rising; and draining his jorum in honor of the sentiment. Out of sheer politeness I swallowed the abominable stuff, though the taste sickened me. In a few seconds my head began to whirl. FitzQuagg and his friends seem to be spinning round the room. The clouds of smoke thickened. My temples throbbled. A dull heaviness settled on my brain, and then came unconsciousness.

How long it was before my faculties returned I do not know; but when they did my companions had disappeared. I felt for my watch to note the time. It was gone, and my pocket book and money with it. The truth flashed upon me. 'Drugged and robbed!' I exclaimed. 'You've hit it exactly,' answered a voice which I had heard before; and turning round, my eyes fell on the impressive face of gruff MacGrumlie.

'Never mind he continued, 'your property and the robbers are both safe in the station-house. The fellow you parted with this morning is a noted thief, whose face having grown too familiar in London; he has been plying his trade on the Continent of late. Ascertaining, probably, that you had a large sum about you, he came across the Channel in your company, but finding no safe chance to pick your pocket by the way, and not daring to follow you farther, he commended you to the kind offices of his city friends, trusting to their honor to remit him his share of the spoil.

'As an old detective, I had little difficulty in fathoming his scheme, as soon as I learned he had given you a letter. So I kept close watch on your movements the moment you left the cab, which I dismissed immediately after. Then, waiting until things had gone far enough to insure the rogues a good term of penal servitude, I summoned assistance and pounced upon them before they could make off with their plunder.'

ICE-YACHTS.—Ice-yachts cost from \$15 to \$1,000 each. When I mention the \$15 boats, I refer to those of our school-boy days, built of refuse boards, with 3-shillings skate runners, using bent nails thrown away by carpenters. What a contrast to the ice-yacht of the present day, exquisitely shaped and lined, with hull constructed of alternate strips of hard wood, wire rigging, a No. 1 duck for sail, brass cleets and blocks, full sets of colors, splendid spars, booms, bowsprit, polished steel runners, nickel-plated ornaments, buffalo robes, &c. The time made by ice yachts is simply wonderful. A mile a minute is an everyday occurrence when the ice is in good condition, and the wind blows. In the winter of 1866 the ice yachts Snowflake ran nine miles north, from Newburg dock, in 8 minutes. When the ice is in good condition, and the wind blows heavily, railway trains cannot compete with ice yachts in point of the speed. Time and again have they run up alongside trains on the Hudson River Railroad, and beaten them easily. On Jan. 19, 1871, the Zephyr and Icicle, both Poughkeepsie ice yachts, raced for two miles with the Chicago express, the fastest train on the Hudson River Railroad, and at the end of two miles, had to wait for the train to come up. Many would suppose that great danger existed in consequence of the vessels going with such lightning velocity. Such is not the case, as nothing but extreme carelessness on the part of the helmsman results in injuries. With a light breeze the craft will not carry over two persons to advantage. In

a heavy blow, however, they will hold six or eight. In fact, during the prevalence of a heavy wind, it is necessary to carry as many in order to keep the vessel down on the ice. What is meant by keeping them down is, that unless sufficient weight rests forward, the windward runner will leave the ice, and rise of ten times to an angle of 45 deg. This only occurs when a sudden flaw of wind strikes the craft. In such a case, although the helmsman does not lose control of the vessel, he is compelled to bring her up in the wind's eye, or nearly so, to get her down again.—Brentano's Monthly.

Three for Twenty-Five. After a Griswold street barber had finished shaving a stranger yesterday the man asked what the charge was, and when told that it was ten cents, asked: 'Don't you have any wholesale rates? Wouldn't you give me three shaves for twenty-five cents? 'Yes, I reckon I could do that. 'Then go ahead and shave me twice more!' said the stranger as he climbed back into the chair. The barber lathered, shaved, recombed his hair and cried, 'brush!' and the man recombed himself and took a third shave without a word. His face had a lobster color when he got through, but he handed out a quarter and said: 'I don't know but that it would have been better to take seven shaves for half a dollar, but this will do just now.'—Detroit Free Press.

A Tough Chicken Story. (Palmetto (Pa.) Herald.) The following remarkable chicken story is from good authority: On the orange grove of Col. St. George B. Evans near Ocala, a short time ago, there was an aged hen sitting on a half dozen eggs. As was her usual habit, she came off for dinner one day, and on returning found that a large chicken snake had invaded her sacred domain and swallowed three eggs, and, unfortunately for him, had not retired. She immediately fell upon him with unbounded fury, pecking, clawing and fluster-ing around the surprised 'sarpant' until he started to the woods. The hen followed, keeping up the contest, while the snake coiled and struck at her repeatedly. After having vanquished her foe she went back to her nest, and in due time hatched out the three remaining eggs. About this time a hand employed on the grove had occasion to go over the ground on which the fight had occurred, and while passing a scrub he heard the chirp of young chickens, and, on looking around closely he discovered three young chickens, and lying near by he discovered a large chicken snake with a hole pecked through him. The young chickens had hatched out in the snake and pecked away until they were free from their dead prison.

The Men Who Were Not Hanged. 'I got fatuously taken in on that occasion,' said the Duke. 'The troops had taken to plundering a good deal. It was necessary to stop it; and I issued an order announcing that the first man taken in the act should be hanged upon the spot. One day, just as we were sitting down to dinner, three men were brought to the door of the tent by the provost. The case against them was clear, and I had nothing for it but to desire that they should be taken away and hanged in some place where they might be seen by the whole column in its march next day. I had a good many guests with me on that occasion, and among the rest, I think Lord Nugent. They seemed dreadfully shocked, and could not eat their dinner. I didn't like it much, myself, but, as I told them, I had no time to indulge my feelings; I must do my duty. Well, the dinner went off rather gravely; and next morning, sure enough, three men in uniform were seen hanging from the branches of a tree close to the high road. It was a terrible, and produced the desired effect; there was no more plundering; when, some months afterward, I learned that one of my staff took counsel with Dr. Hume, and as three men had just died in hospital they hung them up, and let the three culprits return to their regiments. 'Wasn't you very sorry, Duk? 'Well, I suppose I was at first, but as I had no wish to take the poor fellows' lives, and only wanted the example, and as the example had the desired effect, my anger soon died out, and I confessed to you that I am very glad now that the three lives were spared.'—Life of Wellington.

God made us all in his own wise way. Man, His creature, is a delicately attuned instrument, with all the strings in order when he comes from the hands of the Maker, and circumstances play either dirges or gavottes on us as occasion offers.