

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY—
KINSTON, LENOIR COUNTY, N. C.
J. W. HARPER, Editor.
RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:
One Year, \$2.00
Six Months, 1.00
Magistrates blanks always on hand.

J. W. HARPER, Proprietors.
H. S. NUNN,

Independent In All Things.

TERMS—\$2.00 Per Year.

VOL. II.

KINSTON, N. C. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1880.

NO. 9.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
One Inch one Week \$1.00
" " one month 3.00
" " three months 8.00
Quarter column, one week 5.00
Half column, one week 7.00
One column, one week 10.00

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CONFESSION. With his little soft hand in mine, And the light of his golden hair, My baby after his day of play, Kneels down for his evening prayer. His eyes gaze into the unknown land, As he whispers each solemn word, And he speaks of 'dying before he wakes,' With the look of a startled bird. Then he tells with a quivering lip, Of the deed he has done today— How a butterfly stopped at a rose to sip, And he killed it in his play, Ne'er to a dangerous soul Comes anguish and grief and fear, His stronger life than sweeps to-night O'er the soul of my baby dear. But I soothe the little trembler, And hold him in my arms, And give him the comfort no other knows His grief to soothe and charm. Till he whispers, rising his soft, blue eyes, Where the tears still shining lie— 'I deem the butterfly has a good time, In the roses in the sky'— Sunday Magazine.

A Housekeeper's Tragedy. One day as I wandered I heard a complaining, And saw a poor woman a picture of gloom; She glanced at the mud on the doorsteps ('twas raining), And this was the wall as she wielded the broom: 'Oh! life is a toil and love is a trouble, And beauty will fade and riches will flee; And pleasures they dwindle, and prices they double, And nothing is what I could wish it to be. There's too much ironing going to a bonnet; There's too much of ironing that goes to a shirt; There's nothing that pays for the time you waste on it; There's nothing that lasts but trouble and dirt. In March it is mud, it's slush in December; The midsummer breezes are loaded with dust; In the fall the leaves litter in masses September. The wall-paper rots and the candlesticks rust. There are worms in the cherries and slugs in the peas; And ants in the sugar and mice in the pie; The rubbish of spiders no mortal supposes, And ravishing roaches and damaging flies. It's sweeping at six, and dusting at seven; It's victuals at eight, and dishes at nine; It's plotting and planning from ten to eleven; We scarce break our fast ere we plan how to dine. With grease and with grime, from corner to centre, Forever at war, and forever alert; No rest for a day lest the evening end— I spend my whole life in a struggle with dirt. Last night in my dreams, I was stationed forever On a bare little isle in the midst of the sea; My one chance of life was a ceaseless endeavor To sweep off the waves ere they swept over me. 'Alas, 'twas no dream! Again I behold it! I yield! I am helpless my fate to avert!' She rolled down her sleeves, her apron she folded; And laid down and died—and was buried in dirt.

Selected. How it Was Cleared Up. It was nearly 3 o'clock when Mr. Gwinnett, who was hardly ever known to be in a hurry, bustled into the front office with a check in his hand. 'Here, Kendall,' calling me from my desk, 'I must have the money on this before the bank closes, and there isn't a moment to lose.' I clapped on my hat, took the check, and was off. The paying teller, as I entered the bank, already had his thumb on the spring which held up the small sash with its pane of ground glass which was accustomed to drop every day so exactly at the instant the hand of the bank clock pointed to 3, that one might have supposed the same machinery governed both. 'You're in time,' said the punctual official. 'And that only after a sharp rap on you,' I answered. The bad joke was either unnoticed or treated with contempt. The money was counted out in silence, the spring touched, and the sash fell. Within half a block I encountered Elanathan Ganche, a fellow clerk, hastening to meet me. 'Mr. Gwinnett was obliged to take the first train to B—,' said Elanathan, 'and couldn't wait your return. Another leavin' an hour later, and he wishes you to follow on that with the money.' 'Where will he stop in B—?' 'Oh! I had nearly forgotten to tell you that. At—the—House.' A glance at my watch proved that I had no time to spare. A smart walk brought me to the depot, whence I started after I had taken my seat. It was night when I stepped from the train at— A touch on the shoulder made me turn about quickly. 'Your name is Kendall?' said a sharp-visaged, keen eyed man, in a mixed tone of question and assertion. 'It is,' I answered. 'George Kendall?' I bowed stiffly, thinking the stranger a little inquisitive. He held up his finger, and a couple of policemen approached. 'You must accompany these gentlemen and myself,' said the sharp-visaged man. 'May I ask why?' I returned. 'You shall learn in good time,' replied the other. 'You might find it embarrassing to receive the explanation here.'

utes we alighted before a building with a bright light over the door. The sharp featured man immediately entered, followed by the two policemen and myself. A man in uniform took down my name, age and such other particulars as I suppose, it is usual to note on such occasions. Next I was put through a rigid search. Among other effects found upon me was, of course, the roll of bills I had drawn from the bank. 'Perhaps you can explain how you came by these,' remark the sharp-featured man, dryly. 'Certainly,' I answered. 'I drew them at the—Bank to day, on my employer, Mr. Gwinnett's check, with which he sent me to the bank for that purpose.'

'Isn't it a little singular,' continued my questioner, 'that after getting the money, instead of carrying it to Mr. Gwinnett you took the next train for B—?' 'Not at all,' I replied quickly. 'I came with the money here at Mr. Gwinnett's request.'

'How do you account, then, for his telegraphing a description of you far and wide, and offering a reward for your arrest?' I was thunderstruck in this announcement, and my manifest confusion was interpreted as an additional evidence of guilt. I was locked up over night at the station house, and next day was taken back as a prisoner to confront my employer, and answer to a charge of embezzlement. I had as yet entertained no suspicion of Elanathan Ganche. I felt sure that he had fallen into some mistake, not yet cleared up, in communicating to me Mr. Gwinnett's message, and was confident that Ganche's testimony would put everything to rights. Judge my surprise and indignation when, on the witness stand, the villain denied having given me any instructions from Mr. Gwinnett, or even having seen me after I left the counting house with the check. I told my story, but it was heard with incredulity. The evidence of the pay-teller, Mr. Gwinnett, and Elanathan Ganche—every word of it true, except the infamous suppression of a single fact by the latter—left the examining magistrate no room for doubt, and I was fully committed for trial. I was not long in divining Elanathan Ganche's motive. We had been rival suitors of Martha Hale, and my love had been preferred to his. Elanathan yielded with good grace, seemingly, and even professed to be a friend—a profession accepted the more readily because I felt a secret pity for his disappointment. His perfidy was now apparent; his purpose was to fix upon me the brand of a felon, thus rendering my union with Martha impossible, and opening a way to the renewal of his own hopes. The nefarious plot was contrived with such infernal skill that its success seemed well nigh certain. One evening, not long before the day fixed for the trial, when the garulous old jailer brought in my supper and he seemed more talkative than usual. Instead of thrusting the dishes through the cell door, as formerly, he entered in and sat down for a chat. The conversation soon turned upon the approaching trial, of the result of which I spoke despondingly. 'I wonder at your staying here so patiently,' said the jailer. 'It's hardly a matter of choice,' I answered. 'Well, a strong, active young fellow like you might find his way out, one would think.'

can she do otherwise in the face of the evidence and my own fight. 'One day I was met and recognized by an old friend traveling abroad. Instead of shunning, he met me cordially. 'Why have you never returned to visit your old home?' he asked, 'or at least communicated with your old friends?' 'A strange question,' I replied. 'You have not forgotten the cruel suspicion—'

'Surely you have heard how all that was cleared up—'

REJECTED MANUSCRIPT.—There may be a dozen reasons for the rejection of your manuscript. The article may be too long. The subject, however interesting it may be to you, may not be of sufficient interest to the public at the moment to make it worth the editor's while to publish the article. Or it may be upon a subject which is outside the range of topics the editor wishes to deal with. Or— for there are many constructions put upon the words—the style in which you have written may not suit the tone of the magazine. You may be a writer of brilliant and profound genius, a Thackeray or a Carlyle; but even Thackeray and Carlyle were as familiar with these words, 'Returned with thanks,' as the rest of us. Thackeray's 'Yellowplush Papers' were in their day among the most sparkling contributions to Fraser's Magazine. But Thackeray, writing an article in the Edinburgh Review in the style of the 'Yellowplush Papers' had to submit to a revision at the hands of the editor which made his recollection of the Edinburgh Review, even with the solatium of a handsome check, anything but pleasant. Francis Jeffrey used to cut and slash at Carlyle's manuscripts—dash out and write in—till Carlyle must have been more than mortal if he did not use stronger language than he put upon paper, and even after all this Jeffrey apparently came to the conclusion that 'Carlyle would not do' for the Edinburgh Review. I have had manuscripts returned again and again, but they have always found a publisher in the end, and I have an impression which is, I believe, shared by many public writers, that the best articles are those that are returned the oftener. I know they are sometimes the most successful, and—to compare small things with great—that it is notorious, has been the case with two or three historical works and works of fiction which, before they were published, were metaphorically scored all over by the publishers' readers with these words, 'Returned with thanks.'—Belgravia.

The Lime Kiln Club. There was a buzz of excitement as the members of the club gathered together for the opening of the meeting. A dastardly attempt had been made on the life of Pickles Smith, one of the most energetic and respected members of the club, and now acting as janitor ad interim. It is a well known fact that Mr. Smith loves peanuts. Also, that he shucks them with his teeth to save time. Some unfeeling wretch having a knowledge of this fact, sent a pint of large peanuts to Paradise Hall, marking the box for the janitor. He was going about, broom in hand, and his teeth shucking fodder for his gullet, when an explosion occurred among his molars. He was lifted up, flung into a heap, and was in a semi-unconscious state when Elder Toots, Liniment Johnson and other early comers entered the hall. An examination showed his mouth had been 'sprung' over two inches out of true, his tongue driven back over an inch, and a new pair of shilling suspenders broken square in two by the shock of his fall. It was fully fifteen minutes before he stopped spitting pea nut shucks, gun powder, gum boils and other articles belonging to the trade, and for nearly half an hour after the catastrophe smoke could be seen ascending through the roots of his hair.

MORAL.— 'De moral of all dis,' said Brother Gardner after he had opened the meeting, 'am plain 'nuff to us all. Be keeful, in the first place what you bite off. Be keeful, in de nex place, what you chaw on. People who go 'round dis wale ob tears bitin' off and chawin away am just as apt to hit a railroad spike as a stick of taffy. De beavered dez de full sympathy of dis club on his occasion, but de advice of de club to him jest de same am to de effect dat he shell either swallow his peanuts whole arter dis or else git de shuckin done outside his mouf. We will now condense ter de reg'lar proceedings.'

After the usual preliminaries the Secretary read the following COMMUNICATION. Galloway, O. Jan. 24. Bro. Gardner, President of the Lime Kiln Club. Honorable Sir—Benjamin Williams begs me to inform you that he has not left for Cincinnati owing to his not having enough money to pay his fare. He wishes to ask the Club for the loan of \$20. He says he never was in jail in his life. As to his standing in society he can refer you to the following gentlemen who reside here: Hon. Peter Metzger, Texas Orin and Dennis Hurley. Yours truly, HON. L. CONNORS, Mayor of the City.

'And you won't do it?' 'Judge!' replied Smith, after a struggle with his mental agitation, 'do you suppose I'm going at it and change myself over to a gentleman just for the sake of marrying a 40 year-old widow with a mole on her chin? Never! You can go home! There won't be any splicing to do, and from this time out I'll drink and chaw and swear around four times worse than ever! It's too much—it's the last straw upon the camel's back!'

LYING IN THE SHADE.—A: Ulwar the political agent wished to plant an avenue of trees on either side of the road in front of the shops, for the purpose of giving shade, and had decided to put in peepul trees, which are considered sacred by the Hindoos; but the bunniahs, (or native shop keepers,) one and all, declared that if this were done they would not take the shops; and when pressed for a reason, replied, 'It was because they could not tell untruths or swear falsely under their shade,' adding 'and how can we carry on business otherwise?' The force of this argument seems to have been acknowledged, as the point was yielded, and other trees have been planted instead. * * * A few days later, when we were at Delhi, I had an opportunity of assuring myself of the correctness of this anecdote. A Hindoo merchant brought some goods for sale to the bungalow where we were staying. His wares being very dear I said to him, 'Would you ask so much if you were standing under a peepul tree?' He replied 'No.' I rejoined, 'Suppose yourself in that position, and tell me what, under those circumstances, would be the price of the article I require?' The merchant at once named a lower, and, I believe, a correct sum.—Visit to Hindoostan.

NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH.—The stage from Santa Fe, rolling gently along through the clouds of dust which belong to that region, pulled up suddenly to allow a traveler in a long mustard-colored duster to ascend. He was, of course, an English tourist, and observed to his neighbor: 'Rum place I stopped at for refreshment just now. Woman they call Ax-handle Fan. She's got a big ax-handle, and if the unwary traveler objects to the hash she lays him out with it. I didn't grumble much myself, for I noticed that her husband's head looked like a prize pumpkin.'

He is not only idle who does nothing, but he is idle who might be better employed. No principle is more noble, as there is none more holy, than that of true obedience. It often happens that these of whom we speak least on earth are best known in heaven. Imprisonment For Debt. The Wrongs and Sufferings Poor Debtors Still Endure in England. The procedure in ordinary county courts, in actions for the recovery of small debts, is somewhat as follows: The creditor sues the debtor for the sum claimed, and, provided, the defendant appears to the summons, the judge inquires as to his means of payment. If he is not in a position to pay the amount claimed the court makes an order for a settlement by periodical instalments; and, with the exception that the facts of the case are seldom, by reason of the hurried manner of conducting business, suffered to come out in their true light, there is not much to find fault with in this initial stage of the proceedings. In the event of any one instalment not being paid on the date fixed execution on the goods of the defendant follows at the instance of the plaintiff; and when execution cannot be levied for lack of assets the defendant may be served with a judgment summons to show cause why he has not complied with the order of the court. Occasionally further time is allowed, but often, as figures show, the defendant is committed to prison for a term varying from three to forty days. I should tell

you, sir, that I am not a lawyer, but am speaking from my own bitter experience; and, if in any minor detail I should prove to be incorrect, no doubt some of your legal readers will set me right. There is a superstition extant that no man is sent to prison for this peculiar form of contempt of court who really cannot pay, but I hope to convince you that the superstition in question bears the stamp of improbability on the face of it. A debtor belonging to the county of Middlesex who from reasons of the direst poverty is committed for the sum, it may be, of 18 pence is sent to Holloway Jail as a prisoner on the civil side. Having been apprehended on a warrant of the court, he is marched through the streets in custody until he arrives at the frowning portals of Holloway Jail. There he is admitted by the janitor in charge with the usual obsequy in such cases made and provided. He is next led across the prison yard and up a flight of steps to a series of galleries lined round with separate cells, in every material respect resembling the convict establishment at Pentonville, where hardened criminals sentenced to penal servitude suffer the most irksome portion of their punishment. One of the cells is appointed to him as a sleeping room. He must rise at 6 A. M., attend to his cell and to the ministrations of the chaplain, and go to bed at 8.30 P. M. He is, however, permitted the daily use of the blank and bare corridor, and to exercise in the prison yard or garden. If sufficiently well off he may purchase his food, otherwise he is fed on prison fare. I have reason to believe that the Governor of Holloway Jail is a kind and Christian man, and that he is in no way responsible for the terrible hardships and degradations inflicted upon the poor debtor, whose miseries he alleviates to the best of his ability. Prisoners are permitted to see visitors at certain stated periods; but I need scarcely add that, as a rule, the inmates are poor, ragged and forlorn wretches, not likely to be visited many times or by many persons. Now, sir, I do not for one moment venture to suggest that offenders, such as defaulting trustees, should not be subjected to the treatment I have endeavored to describe, but I wish to point out some at least of the causes which bring hundreds of honest workmen to the position of docketed prisoners, besides inflicting gross wrong on the ratepayers.

There are a species of traders called 'tallymen' who supply the wives of the laboring classes with dress and finery on credit, to be paid by small weekly instalments, and these transactions are generally in the first instance kept secret from the bread-winner. There can be no sort of doubt that these 'tally men' trade on the basis of the small-debts courts, trusting to the incidence of the law of imprisonment for 'contempt of court' to obtain payment in the long run. And that this is no fiction of the brain a visit to any outlying country court will abundantly prove. One such plaintiff often has as many as a dozen summonses to present at a single sitting of the court. I will, however, allow some of the judges the credit that they occasionally refuse to commit in tally cases. But what applies to the 'tallymen' does so with equal force to the chandlers of petty neighborhoods. They lead the poor gradually into debt and more often than not encourage wives to acts of unjustifiable extravagance. This sort of gentry deal in the worst goods at almost fabulous prices, knowing that while there is a chair in the poor man's lodging they seize upon it or, failing that, can obtain his commitment to prison, thus stopping his means of support and dragging him among his mates. Sir, the wrongs which the poorer sort of artisans suffer in this respect have never been exposed, and it is far above the capacities of my pen to do justice to the theme. This much, however, I am entitled to say, that if the power of committal for contempt of court in all cases under £5 was taken away from the judges the scandalous transactions of the tallyman would be put a stop to, and though the poor might suffer a little at first in having to pay ready money for their estates, in the long run the gross sum of human happiness would be increased and a blow be struck at the prevalent vice of drunkenness among the lower classes. If you please still to be patient with me I will explain at greater length.

The man who gets any 25 shillings per week and can obtain credit for his groceries and other supplies, often spends 10 shillings in drink on the Saturday night, Sunday and Monday, whereas if the small trader were not possessed of the lever of the county court and the ultimate appeal for committal, which, as statistics prove, is about nine cases out of ten indolence payment, he would not give credit, and the head of the family would consequently buy food instead of drink with his ready money.—London Telegraph.