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N. B. STANLY, GENERAL FURNISHING UNDERTAKER.

WHITE CASETS FOR CHILDREN, ALWAYS ON HAND.

Sheet Music! Any piece of Music sent post paid on receipt of marked price.

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Contracts for advertising for any space or time may be made at the office of the KINSTON JOURNAL, over the Post Office, KINSTON, LENOIR COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA.

The Maiden's Prayer.

She rose from her delicious sleep, And put away her soft brown hair, And in a tone as low and deep...

SWEET MEMORIES.

These happy days are vanished forever, Youth's first passion has fled— Or down, alas, on the winged winds...

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

It was the hour for closing in the work-room of the jewelry establishment of Whitney & Co. The tired girls were finishing their day's work...

hat and sat down upon the lounge. 'Milton Kent will think I went out the side entrance to avoid him, and I am glad of it, for I want to discourage his attentions. I know he is as good as can be, but he isn't my fancy; perhaps I might have cared for him if—'

And then the handsome face of Gilbert Knight came before her mental vision, and the remembrance of his dark, passionate eyes, his words of love, thronged her pulses with the fullness of the spring.

The twilight shadows deepened, the buildings shut out the last rays of the departing sun, and the objects in the room became more and more indistinct.

them working with the lock of the door which had closed upon her so untimely. For a few moments there was a dull, rasping sound, and she knew that they had succeeded in opening it, and were passing down stairs.

Something drew her down stairs. She felt as if she must follow them. She did not care whether or not she was discovered. The dreadful fact that confronted her erased self from her mind.

'Oh, Gilbert, Gilbert! Can this be possible?' Jessie said, with a pitiful wail in her voice that would have moved a heart of adamant.

forgiveness. As it is, I have the grace to stay away. Some time when I have redeemed myself may I come back? He had not intended to marry her. If he ever bowed his neck to the yoke of matrimony, he had meant to aim higher socially.

At the end of two years he came back and found her patient and somewhat sad, but with the old love-light kindling in her eyes at sight of him.

'There are not wanting people to say there is no honor in the world. Indeed, one must admit that the greater part of mankind seems to have a profound belief in the old adage which runs: Every man has his price.'

'It shall be share and share alike.' 'I cannot say,' Mr. X. repeated as before. 'You need not speak, then,' the broker said, excitedly.

'I cannot!' Mr. X. replied, as calmly as was possible. 'Do you not understand your own interests?' the broker burst forth hotly.

'The temptation with which you assailed me was great, indeed, but I had a trust to fulfill, and my honor is beyond price.'

BEAUTIFUL AGE.

CHARLOTTE PIERRE BATES. If thou art old, then let a winter day, Made just of snow and heaven's intensest blue, With its most luminous sunlight shining through...

\$150,000 For a Wink of the Eye.

A FACT BY JAMES W. KING. There are not wanting people to say there is no honor in the world. Indeed, one must admit that the greater part of mankind seems to have a profound belief in the old adage which runs: Every man has his price.

The Lime Kiln Club.

'Dar am a member present,' began Brother Gardner, as he rose up and crossed his arms behind his back in a stately way.

accout child an' de hardened villiun. We tackled men on de street an' we talked to women frow de telephone. Arter due an' pashient investigashun dis committee am pleased to report dat it am a unit on de follerin' points:

'I cannot do it,' and left the room instantly. The broker went away crestfallen. In the absence of all definite information, he feared to take the great risks which always attend speculating in the dark.

'A rich man, a friend of an English lady who tells the story, had a Gheg for a servant. As the man was tax-collector for a large district, he was obliged to travel with large sums of money.'

A Philosopher.

A philosopher, like all philosophers, was poor. As times he was hungry, at all times he was ragged. He offered to a pasha to teach his donkey to read in five years.

APROPOS.

The Committee on Political Economy announced that they were ready to make their monthly report, and being told to take the pole the Chairman wiped off his mouth and said:

Bad thoughts are worse enemies.

even than are tigers; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more; keep your hearts so full of good thoughts that bad thoughts may not find room.