GINSTON JOURNAL.
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J. W. HARPER,

## LOFTIN \& ROUNTREE,

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## C. H. KOONCE,

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Goldshoro, N. C.


## Merchants and Farmers

N. D. MIYERE, Choice Family Groceries,

## Milk, Sugar, Conene Moln

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Kinston Journal.

| J. W. Harper, Propritors. \} <br> H. S. NTXX, |
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| Independent In Ali Things. |

KINSTON, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9,1880
NO. 30. The Land Beyond The Sea.

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| Oer the dari ktrait, who e billows roarWhon thall we come to thee |  |


|  | A Cradle In The House. <br> We irave got a cradle in the honwe, And we have srmethingo foit <br> And we have somsething in it, <br> A freakiah wayward, winsome bairn, <br> Althongh no diadom he wears <br> But bis ringlets soft and brown, His every smile and frown we heoul <br> His every smile and frown we heved, As if he wore a crown. <br> Asif he woren crown. <br> No scepter in his hands be holda, But then <br> But then lis pinky flet, no small, He, like aroyal manarch, wields, <br> And weare bnmblc sibbjects all. <br> And when life tinv foet lie otamps <br> If anght, caprice or whim lieplease, * <br> The- brigheot gift in babydota We bring him to apmon-e. <br> And when lue wills to close hik eye <br> We go on liptor throtigh the house ; <br> Evez Dapa'* heasy-bootal Falls softly as a motam. <br> We have get is desterit on a throne, <br> Fnclining like a kinglet, <br> For wes have a erovile in our house, $\qquad$ <br> A Bridal Tour of Sixteen Han- <br> dred Miles on Foot <br> Reading about bridal tours permit me to relate a strange experience Some months after the close of the war a gentlemar, residing in Texas, overtook on the road one day a well dressed ex-soldier. The soldier was accompanied by a pretty, neat looking girl of appareatly about 18 years of hand. The solier stopped to ask directions about the road. The gentheman found the stranger was a Confederate soldier returning to his home in Texas with his wife. He invited the strangers home with him to dinner. The sollier-a fine looking Texan-told his story. His home, he said, was on the Neueces. He belonged to Johnson's army aad had gone through all the varied fortunes of a soldier-been once wounded, and twice a prisoner. In one of his variin love with the daughter of a widow residing in the northern part of South. Carolina. The widow's husband had fallen at the battle of Manassas. The widow, from competence found herself reduced almost to want. When the war closel our soldier went | purchased a watermelon. Uncle Gabe was invited to partake of the feast. He assented and was made master of ceremonies. His month watered as he drew out a jack-knife and balanced the watermelon in his brawny hand. 'How many is dere brawny hand. 'How many is dere bere, chillun. to partake 0 ' dis yer watermilion? he acked, and then be counted heads. There were five. 'By de gond Lo'd honey, dis yer is Whoopin milion, an no mistake he said, as he caught Scnuyler Coifax Washington's wistful gaze. 'It am de boss fo' a fact,' Then he plunged the knife into the luscious fruit, and with a dexterous twist cut out a fifth of the whole. 'Don't you mokes be in a hur- ry! De ole man wants to kind o' tes terfy on dis 'fore he puts your lives in de deep peril. You ain't none o' yo' prepar'd fo' death, and I don't want yo' to git pisoned.' He finished the piece in two bites and cut a second piece. 'I's mighty 'ticular in my ole age. I saw a whole family pisoned by a atermilion in Bayou Teche don't want to git pisoned does yo" I's old, I is, an' it don't make any difference if I die.' And the second piece disappeared. <br> Look a heah, Uncle Gabe, whar does we eome in on de 'milion?' asked a roustabout who had been oue of the contributors to the feast. 'Chile, you's triflin' with <br> you triffe wid de ole man! I'se Don' enough to be yo. gran'foder. Didn't watermilion with you, and aint I doin' it? I dida't hear nuffin 'bout you goin, to cat. You said. 'Uncle Gibe, come down and eat a watermillion on with us.' Aint I with you? Shoo! Seems to me dese yer roung bueks de elements o' logic. Chillan go an' o' langwid up almost broken hearted. He said ine felt dey done iose all confidence he bowal his head-and finished the paralyzed.-St. Paul Pioneer. | cate of membership. <br> poor elder toots. <br> Will somebody frow a little water on de sleepin' Elder Touts?" kindly inquired the President, as he mose inquired the President, as he rose up <br> Wayer Dens hand. <br> Waydown Bebee, who is ever for half a pint of water down behiud the old mans coat-collar, and as he shook off the toils of slumber the following communication was read in a firm voice: <br> Quisey, Ille., Ang., 24, 1880. <br> Bro. Gardser-A colored man <br> claiming to be Elder Toots, of the Lime Kiln Club, rearhed this city Lime Kiln Club, reached this city ment and enthusiasza among onr colored resilents. He announces that a secret movement is on foot, backeil by the Greenlackers, the Prohibi- tionists and the malcontents of the other great political parties to run you as an independent candidate for the Presidener. He claime that with Presidencr. He claims that wi:h this and the solid colored vote of the country your election is certain. He has up to date collected 84.85 for campaign purposes, and is a very fla ent taiker and is working up quite a boom for'De Colored Patriots' Tickblack, about 50 years of age, bald, squints a little with the left eye, stomp- shouldered and chews shorts from a yellow paper bag. Is he the genuine Toots, or an itppostor? Willis A ndersox. <br> Chairman Jim Winfield Club. <br> Duping the reading of the letter Etor Toots asstimed various posi- tions expressive of astonishment $\begin{aligned} & \text { and }\end{aligned}$ indignation, and at the close he stood on his feet and waved his arms about, utterly unable to get a starter for the led to the anie-room and laid ont or a bench, and he bad again buried his troubles in the mantle of sleep when the meeting adjuurned. Tho human public in the disguise of the good old man deserves to be kicked to death by a cross eyed mustang. instructions. <br> The Committee on Agriculture |
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