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NO. 38.

The Land Beyond The Sea.

BY FABER. The land beyond the sen! When will life's task be o'er! When shall we reach that soft blue shore O'er the dark strait, whose billows roar ? When shall we come to thee;

Calm land beyond the sea? The land beyond the sea! How close it often seems, When finshed with evening's peaceful gleams; And the wistful heart looks out and dreams! It longs to fly to Calm land beyond the sea!

The land beyond the sea! Sometimes distinct and near. It grows upon the eye and ear And the gulf narrows to a thread-like mere, We'seem half way to thee, Calm land beyond the sea!

The land beyond the sea! Sometimes acress the strait Like a drawbridge to a castle gate. The slanting sunbeams he and seem to wait For us to pass to thee. Calm and beyond the sea!

The land beyond the sea! O how the lapsing years. Mid our not unsubmissive tears, Have borne, singly, and in fleets, the biers Of those we love to thre, Calm land beyond the sea!

. The land beyond the sen, How dark our present home. By the dull beach and sullen foam, How wearily, how drearily we roam, With arms outstretched to thee, Calm fand beyond the sea.

The land beyond the sea. When will our toil be done? Slow-footed years, more swiftly run Into the gold of that unsetting sun, Home-sick we are for thee, Calm land beyond the sea.

The land beyond the sea Why fadest thou in light? Why art thou better seen toward night? Dear land, look always plain, always bright, That we may gaze on thee,

Calm land beyond the sea. The land beyond the sea. Sweet in thy endless rest : But sweeter far than Father's breast, Upon thy shores eternally possessed, For Jesus reigns o'er thee, Calm land beyond the sea,

IN A MUD PUDDLE.

one bright June morning, as he sat at the breakfast table. 'Ride Milo!' said he.

'Throw me!' and I laughed merrily circus.'

ly been ridden three times-twice by eral years older than myself. myself, and once by Joe.

neck and kissed him.

the sured. The Gonorrhena cured in two days.

For Sale by I. J. Tayrou, Kinston, and all My uncle tried to look stern, but I 'My uncle, sir; won't you walk in?' saw he was relenting. He made a and then rushed up stairs. last effort to deny me,

'Why not take Dobbin?' said he.

'Well, well,' said he, 'if I must, I 'Ah! ready at last he said. 'I bemust. You'll tease the life out of me gan to despair of you, you were so if I don't let you have your own way. long, and came to hasten you. He's wish you'd get a husband, you minx! waiting in the parlor still,' he said, in You're growing beyond my control.' a malacious whisper. 'You have my 'Humph!-a husband! well, since consent, for I like him very well; on-

said my uncle; but his smile belied ferring to face even my uncle's wit, his words. 'You're as short as pie and was soon stammering my thanks crust if you can't have your own way. to Mr. Templeton-for as such my There,' seeing I was about to speak, uncle, who followed me down, intro-'go and get ready, while I tell Joe to duced him. saddle Milo. You'll set the house To make short of what else would

Boots and Shoes, Flour, Grocer- vicious look that I did not quite like. hardly know, but I certainly did find

not too late yet to give it up.' I was piqued.

yon'll be forced to hire Polly Wilkes knows how to compliment as well as

led mischievously; for uncle was an had expected, completed the business.

John Gilpin, we are told, went fast, health. My uncle was one of those queen. but I went faster. It was not long who will not be put off, and so Harry To The Stockholders of The At- before the colt had it all his own way. remained-the luckiest thing,' he lantic & North Carolina Rail At first I tried to check his speed, but says, 'he ever did.' he got the bit in his mouth, and all I Milo is now my favorite steed, for could do was to hold on, and trust to Harry broke him for me, and we are Morchead City, July 14, 1880.

North Carolina Rail Road Company, hereby call a meeting of the Stockholders of said Company to be beld in Morchead City on Thursday the 16th day of of September next, at 12 o'clock, M.

Said meeting is called to consider propositions to be the Atlantic and North Carolina Rail Road.

Said meeting is called to consider propositions to be the Atlantic and North Carolina Rail Road.

Said meeting is called to consider propositions to be did well enough, but suddenly to keep Polly Wilkes from cooking to be dead on our living with him, and I told be did well enough, but suddenly to keep Polly Wilkes from cooking to be dead on our living with him at last I would consent, 'If only we did well enough, but suddenly to keep Polly Wilkes from cooking to be dead on our living with him at last I would consent, 'If only we did well enough, but suddenly to keep Polly Wilkes from cooking the state of the Atlantic and North Carolina Rail Road. Said meeting is called to consider propositions to lease the Atlantic and North Carolina Rail Road, and for the transaction of such other business as the acquaintance of such other business as the request that all clubs and societies pigs?"

We did well enough, but suddenly to keep Polly Wilkes from Cooking from Mississippi a few days ago and imposters' in his reply, and to make niture proceeded to make the acquaintance the request that all clubs and societies pigs?" out spectre-like from the edge of a looking at Harry, 'You see what a of his colored fellow-citizens who bounce the chaps wherever they dare 'Ah, Johnny! but the cupboard, tion acquire more accomplishments the ground. I did not know I was went out to find a husband."

falling till I felt myself in a mud-hole, which lay at one side of the road. · Here was a fine end to my boasted

horsemanship! But as the mud was soft I was not burt, and the ludicrous spectacle I presented soon got the upper hand of my vexation.

"A fine chance I have of finding a husband in this condition,' I said to myself, recalling my jest with my uncle. 'If I could find some mud dry now, and pass myself off for a mud nymph, I might have a chance,' and I began to pick myself up.

'Shall I help you, miss?' suddenly said a rich, manly voice.

I looked up, and saw a young man, the suppressed merriment of whose bright eyes brought the blood to my cheeks and made me for an instant ashamed and angry. But on glancing again at my dress I could not help laughing in spite of myself. I stood in the mud at least six inches above the tops of my shoes. My riding skirt was plastered all over, so that it was almost impossible to tell of what it A Bridal Tour of Sixteen Hunwas made. My hands and arms were mud to the elbows, for I had instinctively extended them as I fell in order to break the fall.

ed to the neighboring fence, and tak- war a gentleman, residing in Texas, ing the top rail, he placed it across overtook on the road one day a well the puddle; then, putting his arm dressed ex-soldier. The soldier was a roustabout who had been one of the around my waist, he lifted me out, accompanied by a pretty, neat looking contributors to the feast. thought not without leaving my shoes girl of apparently about 18 years of 'Chile, you's triffin' with me. Don' behind. While he was fishing these age. She carried a bundle in her you trifle wid de ole man! I'se old out, which he began immediately to hand. The solier stopped to ask di- enough to be yo' gran'foder. Didn't do, I stole behind the enormous oak to rections about the road. The gen- you ax me to come down an' eat a hide my blushing face and scrape the tleman found the stranger was a watermilion with you, and aint I doin'

'If you will mount again I'll lead the vited the strangers home with him to come down and eat a watermillion colt, and there will be no chance of dinner. The soldier-a fine looking on with us. Aint I with you? Shoo! repeating his trick.'

I could not answer for shame, but thing about 'not troubling him.'

replied, standing hat in hand like a knight cavalier, and still retaining his hold on the bridle; 'and I can't really let you go alone, for the colt is as vicoming down the road, and expected you to be thrown every minute till I saw how well you rode. Nor would 'Yes,' said I. 'It's such a fine day.' it have happened if he had not wheel-'But he'll thow you!' said my uncle. and stopped, like a trick horse in a

and incredulous. 'Say yes, dear un- I cannot tell how soothing was this butting the farm in the best order he ele.' I continued, coaxingly; 'There's graceful way of excusing my mishap. no fear, and I am dying for a canter.' I stole a glance under my eyelids at You'll die on a canter, then,' he re- the speaker, and saw that he was very torted, with his grim wit, 'for he'll handsome and gentlemanly, and apbreak your neck. The horse has on- parently about six-and-twenty, or sev-

'But you've often said I was a bet- out in the fields overlooking the men; ter rider than Joe.' Joe was the sta- but as we entered the gate I saw him ble boy. 'That's a good uncle, now sitting, provokingly, at the open windo.' And I threw my arms about his dow; and by the time I had sprung to the ground he came out, his eyes brim-I knew by experience that when I ful of mischief. I did not dare to did this I generally carried the day. stop, but turning to my escort, said

In about half an hour, just I had dressed, there was a knock at my door 'Dobbin!' I cried; 'old snail-paced | -my uncle's knock; I could not but Dobbin, on such a morning as this? open. He was laughing a low, silent One might as well ride a rocking horse | laugh, his portly body shaking all over with suppressed meriment.

husband in a mud puddle?"

'He'll soon repent of his bargain,' I slipped past my tormentor, pre-

be a long story, what was said in jest Mile was soon at the door-a gay turned out to be in earnest; for in less mettlesome colt, that laid his ears than six months I became Mrs. Temback as I mounted, and gave me a pleton. How it all came about I 'Take care,' said my uncle. 'It's a husband on that day. Harry, for that is the name by which I call Mr. Templeton, says that I entered the 'I never gave up anything,' I said. the parlor so transformed, by my light 'Not even the finding of a husband, blue muslin floating about me so like a cloud-wreath, my curls playing such 'No,' said I. 'I'll ride down to the hide and seek about my face, that, not ever-that my gay, intelligent talk, And as I said this my eyes twinkl- so different from the demure miss he

old backelor, who detested all strange | Harry was the son of an old neighwomen, and had a especial aversion to bor, whe had been at college, so that Polly Wilkes, a sour old maid of for- I had never seen him; but uncle rety-seven, because years ago she had membered him at once, and insisted plotted to entrap him into matrimony. on his staying until I came down, Before he could reply I gave Milo his | though Harry, from delicacy, would have left after he inquired about my

A Cradle In The House.

We have got a cradle in the house, And we have something in it, A freakish wayward, winsome bairn, Not bigger than a minute.

Although no diadem he wears But his ringlets soft and brown, His every smile and frown we heed, As if he wore a crown. No scepter in his hands he holds,

But then his pinky fist, so small, He, like a royal manarch, wields, And we are humble subjects all. and when his tiny feet he stamps

The brighest gift in babydom We bring him to appease. And when he wills to close his eye We go on tiptoe through the house ; Even papa's heavy-booted foot

If aught, caprice or whim displease, .

Falls softly as a mouse. We have got a despot on a throne, Reclining like a kinglet, For we have a credie in our house, And we have a something in it.

From the Detroit Free Press. dred Miles on Foot

me to relate a strange experience The young man as he spoke, turn. Some months after the close of the Confederate soldier returning to his it? I didn't hear nuffin 'bout you 'Pray let me see you home,' he said. home in Texas with his wife. He in- goin, to eat. You said, 'Uncle Gabe, said, was on the Neueces. He be- nowdays don't understan' nuffin 'bout when in the saddle murmured some. longed to Johnson's army and had de elements o' logic. Chillun go an' gone through all the varied fortunes study de phrasumology o' de meanin' 'It's no trouble not the least,' he of a soldier-been once wounded, and 'o' langwidge.' Then the old man got twice a prisoner. In one of his vari- up almost broken-hearted. He said residing in the northern part of South | he bowed his head-and finished the cious as he can be to day. Look at Carolina. The widow's husband had watermelon. The roustabouts were 'Uncle, may I ride Milo?' I said, his ears, and his red eyes! I was you fallen at the battle of Manassas. The paralyzed. -St. Paul Pioneer. widow, from competence found herself reduced almost to want. When the war closed oursoldier went to the house of his intended motherin-law and for a month worked with all his might, I mending fences and could; then, thinking it time to see about matters at home, and his old mother in Southern Texas, of whom he had not heard one word for over two years, he prepared to return home, but it was hard to leave his I had hoped that uncle would be sweetheart, especially when he was unable to perceive when he could make money enough to return for her. She settled the matter by saying she was going with him. So one morning they were married, and started for Texas on foot, with knapsacks on their backs, and without a

single cent of money. 'But,' said the bride, 'we found people very kind. We made friends all along the road; we were never turned off at night; we always got plenty to eat; and the people would often make as little presents of money. We would frequently overtake a

liked one of them.' After dinner the gentleman had his carriage brought around, and carried them a day's journey homeward.

As we shook hands with the bride, all wished her a pleasant journey. 'O, never fear that,' she answered. 'I am almost home-a hundred miles or two isn't much. I am happy as a

They drove off-the happiest couple ever seen. Now, wasu't she a heroine? I do not think that many women would have undertaken such

Uncle Gabe's Logie.

Uncle 'Gabe' Jackson came up

purchased a watermelon. Uncle cate of membership. 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 here, chillun, to partake o' dis yer watermilion?" he asked, and then he counted heads. There were five. 'By de good Lo'd honey, dis yer is whoopin' 'milion, an' no mistake,' he said, as he caught Schuyler Colfax 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 hurry! 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 ple age. I saw a whole family pisoned by a watermilion in Bayou Teche 'bout fo'ty years ago, an' yo' niggers don't want to git pisoned does yo'? Reading about bridal tours permit I's old, I is, an' it don't make any difference if I die.' And the second

piece disappeared. 'Look a heah, Uncle Gabe, whar does we come in on de 'milion?' asked

Texan-told his story. His home, he | Seems to me dese yer young bucks ous wanderings he had met and fallen he felt dey done lose all confidence in love with the daughter of a widow in him-that's what hurt him.' And

DIED.

Another little form asleep, And a little spirit gone; . Another little voice is husbed And a tittle angel born.

Two little feet are on the way To the home beyond the skies, And our hearts are like the void that comes When a strain of music dies.

A pair of little baby shoes, And a lock of golden lair, The rev our little during loved, And the dress he used to wear, The little grave in the shady nook Where the flowers love to grow,

And these are all of the little hope That came to us a year ago. The birds will sit in the branch above And sing a requiem To the beautiful little sleeping form That used to sing to them.

But never again will the little lips To their souge of love reply, For that silvery voice is blended with The min-troley on high.

The Lime Kiln Club.

wagoner, who would give us a ride as as he stood op and pulled down his buy a mellyon plug it. Befo' you should the wearers pervert the beauty far as he was going our way. When vest, I received a letter from de young put faith in a man watch if he am of these things until they are demoralwe came through New Orleans we men's Progressive Cull'd Club of willin' to crowd 'long in a street kyar ized? had to get passes to cross the river. Georgia, suggestin' dat de time war -if he'll sheer his umbrella in a rainy The Northern General noticed that ripe fur de cull'd element to assert its day-if he can wait two minits at de my shoes were nearly worn out, whise | independence in polyticks, an' offerin' | pos'offis winder wid'out sw'arin-if he you say so, I'll begin to look out for ly who'd have thought of finding a pered something to one of his aids, me de posishun of Presidenshul canwants all de clo's in de fam'ly on his who went out and came back with a dydate on sich a ticket. [Cheers.] I own back-if he can h'ar de cry of a pair of shoes, and the General asked 'spect de time am not for away when lone chile as quick as de voice of a if I would oblige him by accepting de black men of dis kentry will riz up man axin' him to drink; Dat's all, an' demand a sheer in de guv'ment an' we will now softly recede home-'When we left he shook hands with | an' in de spiles (cheers), but it am | wards."-Free Press. us both, and said we were a 'plucky too airly now. If de sign was right I young couple.' When I get to my might be pursuaded to head a nashhusband's home I shalf have traveled unal ticket, an' if I got dar once I'd over sixteen hundred miles-and do my level best to make all de odder most of it on foot. I would not take candydates feel pale, but de sign anything in the world for my trip, hasn't come. De call'd race am I have found everybody so kind and creepin' long 'like small chill'en an' it will be y'ars an' y'ars befo' dey kin The young husband looked into his walk alone. We mus' go slow. We wife's bright race and smiled, as mus' feel our way. We am growin' though he thought he saw there the in knowledge day by day, an' each reason why every one was so kind. y'ar dat rolls ober our heads boosts But were you not afraid to come us up anoder peg. We am not 5t to so far with a wild Texan? Some one hold office, an' we doan' want office. Dat is to say,, if we do we won't get poorhouse and ask old Tony, the oc- expecting such an apparition, he lost always liked the Texans—they make Club will please accept my thanks fur de honor I feel it has conferred 'You have indeed proved that you but I feel I mus' disincline de posi shun so kindly offered. Our time am comin', but it am fur, fur away. We mus' progress, an' we mus' wait.'

BOUNCE EM!

Lime-Kiln Club on a vacation, had could, for mamma?"

and planted his forefeet stubbornly in stars if you don't rue the day she nently successful. Yesterday a num- leaves Detroit for more than a day at not eat the home we live in." ber of them pooled their wealth and a time, and each one carries a certifi- 'Well, -aint our cupboard chock ness.

POOR ELDER TOOTS. Will somebody frow a little water

with a letter in his hand. Waydown Bebee, who is ever for ward in little acts of charity, poured half a pint of water down behind the old mans coat-collar, and as he shook off the toils of slumber the following communication was read in a firm

QUINCY, ILL., Aug., 24, 1880. BRO. GARDNER-A colored man claiming to be Elder Toots, of the Lime Kiln Club, reached this city colored residents. He announces that her mouth is very small there is not a secret movement is on foot, backed much mind, but overmuch shallow as an independent candidate for the mouths put a man to an artistic test; this and the solid colored vote of the whether to begin at one corner and country your election is certain. He conclude on the other, or to make a has up to date collected \$4.85 for heroic dash at the middle and endeavcampaign purposes, and is a very flu or to reach both corners. But if you ent talker and is working up quite a are a kissing artist it can be covered boom for 'De Colored Patriots' Tick- nicely enough. If your sweetheart et,' as he calls it. This man is very has a coarsely formed mouth she will black, about 50 years of age, bald, be sensual and full of strong coarse shouldered and chews shorts from a row in the family. If she has a deliyellow paper bag. Is he the genuine cately formed mouth, with rounded

Toots, or an impostor? WILLIS ANDERSON. Chairman Jim Winfield Club. a bench, and he had again buried his tongues. troubles in the mantle of sleep when the meeting adjourned. The human hyena who has dared to impose on the public in the disguise of the good old man deserves to be kicked to death by a cross eyed mustang.

INSTRUCTIONS. were instructed to investigate and re-

the inquiry: 'What would be the effect of 365 continuous dark nights?" The Committee on Philosophy received a hint that it would be well

for them to slide around and gather drawing the attention of men to the in a few reasons why wasps and hornets are not susceptible to the influthe triangle sounded the old man

arose and said: to you, dat some of de biggest an' bes' lookin watermelyons in market am a fraud when you come to sot down to injoy 'em; It's de same way wid men. Dey look purty, an' dey talk squar', but git 'em down to de pinch 'De odder day,' began the old man, an' dey go back on you. Befor you

Not Fond of Work. A pretty good story was told in our hearing not long since by a lady whose little Johnny-a five year-old hero-is fast growing beyond the in- darn fool nigger wouldn't gim it back fantile innocency that constitutes the to me. mamma's darling. She was reading 'I didn't say nuffin or give him any to her boy one evening from a Sunday back talk, but de odder day Hanner, school paper the story of a little boy my ole woman, went to his house an' who, when his papa had been taken borrowed his buck saw, an" when he away by the cold hand of death, went came for it I tole him just like be at work like a brave little hero, and answered me, an stood on my digniworked as hard and as diligently as ty." he could to support himself and his good mother. When she had read the story she laid down the paper and 17' turned to her boy, intending to impress the grand lesson therein upon his

'Now, Johnny,-suppose anything should happen. O! I hope it may be The Secretary announced a commu- long-very long!-but if such a thing dat nigger saw dem nine pints, shut nication from New York stating that should happen that your good papa up dis lef' eye fur me, pitched de ole a party of seven colored men claim- should die, wouldn't you be willing to woman over a bar'l an' walked off ing to be the glee club part of the go at work, and work as hard as you wid his buck-saw an' my whitewash

tion by the Locust Club. The writer idea of work. He could not take chen den he didn't haf let himsef out. observed that they sat cross legged at kindly to it. And yet be could not -[Marysville Appeal.] table, and ate with their knives, and tell a lie. He had imbibed that other he was a little suspicious that they lesson of George Washington and hie were not what they pretended to little hatchet, and he would be firm and true.

RATES OF ADVERTISING : One Inch one Week. Quarter column, one week Half column, one week One column, one week ...

un. Contracts for advertising for any space or ine may be made at the office of the Kinston JOSENAL, over the Post Office, Kinston, Leneir County, North Carolina,

full? and aint we got lots of stuff in the pantry?"

Yes, my son, - but those things capon de sleepin' Elder Toots?' kindly not last always. They would soon be inquired the President, as he rose up caten up; and then what would you

> ·Well said the incorrigible youngster, with a decisive snap, 'you'd better do as Tom Bottomly's mamma did. She didn't ask Tom to work for her. She just went and got another hus-

Thereupon the curtain fell. c.

Lauguage of the Mouth.

Some wiseacre proposes to read a last week and is creating great excite- woman's character by her mouth, ment and enthusiasm among our Here are the rules to be observed; If by the Greenbackers, the Prohibi- sentiment. If she has a very large tionists and the malcontents of the mouth she will possess a good brain, other great political parties to run you but the trouble is in kissing it. Large Presidency. He claims that with he will be driven to his wits' end squints a little with the left eye, stoop- points of character and will raise a lips and of a velvety color, she will have much sensibility and perfection of character but will not astonish by During the reading of the letter her brilliancy, co. ception or execu-Elder Toots assumed various position. It is a good wouth because it tions expressive of astonishment and is kissable and submissive. Shun indignation, and at the close he stood blue-lipped or thin-lipped women; on his feet and waved his arms about, they will bore you to death with litutterly unable to get a starter for the erature or woman's rights theories speech aching to come forth. He was while you want your dinner, or spoil led to the ante-room and laid out on your temper by their red-hot scolding

Are Embroidered Stockings Immoral?

When a departure was first made from fine, white stockings to those of fancy colors and embroidery on the The Committee on Agriculture instep there was not the slightest suspicion that h would lead to immoraliport on the inquiry: 'Was there ever ty. It is true that there has always a race horse in this country which existed a strange prejudice against the fact that a woman's hody rested upon The janitor was warned against a pair of legs, and that she has feet further use of the club's stove polish for locomotion. While it is proper for women to rebel against the ab-The Committee on Astronomy were surdity of having men suppose that requested to investigate and report on they were divested of a most important part of the human structure without even the substitute of angel's wings, yet there is no no need of dressing feet and legs for the purpose of protest. I will affirm, too, that this dressing is not intended especially for eace of human sympathy, and as ladies' admiration any more than the immodestly low dresses are intented for them. Crossing the legs while sit-'In scatterin dis meetin' let me say ting is a masculine attitude; it is ungraceful, and the women who practice it in public may be set down as lacking in feminine delicacy. Lovely stockings are charming, and slippers which are designed expressly to wear with embroidered stockings make even

Too Many Points for Him.

Boss, said an old darkey whitewasher to Marshall Hogan yesterday. 'dare's a nigger up my way wat needs takin care uv.

'What has he done?' said the officer. 'Oh, well, you sees, last summer he borrow my ax for to split some kindlin' truck, an' he never fotch it back, an' when I went ter get it he said, 'I rekon I got dis ax, an' possesshun am nine pints of the law; derefore dis ax am mine till I take it back; an' de

'I had nine piots of de law didn't

'Au' how many pints am de law composed of? I don't know exactly,"

arrived there and been given a recep. Master Johany did not relish the he mus have had ober twenty, an'

How to Select A WIFE -- Dr Franklin recommends a young man The Secretary was instructed to 'What's the use?' he demanded, in the choice of a wife, to select her characterize them as 'base and severe "Haint we got a house all full of fur- from a bunch, giving as a reason that imposters' in his reply, and to make niture; and a cow, and a horse, and when there are many daughters, they wood, Milo shied, twisted half round, spitfire it is; and you may bless your haunt the levee. He has been emisingle child spoiled by paternal fond-