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GLOAMING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

Twilight downward softly floateth; All, once near, seems dim and far; High aloft now faintly gleameth, Pale and clear, the evening star.

ON THE CLIFF.

AN ADVENTURE AT BARMOUTH.

Fifteen years ago Barmouth was a quiet little village. The whistle of the iron horse was not to be heard within many miles, and the passage of the coach between Dolgelly and Carnarvon was the sole event of the day.

A tall, well built young fellow, with legs rather long for his body, and a face rather heavy in repose, but bright and winning when he smiled. The tide was out, a few fishermen were mending their nets and tarring their boats, and a lady and child were down upon the rocks near the sea.

A bright bit of color on those dark rocks, he said, 'with the island on the left and the sea beyond, and that abrupt headland coming in—just the thing to begin with.'

He had his sketching block under his arm and his color box in his pocket, and sitting down on the sand-hills, he set rapidly to work. For an hour and a half he worked steadily, and then the bright bit of color and child move off toward the shore. Still he worked on at his sketch, and was almost startled when a shadow passed across his paper. He glanced up and saw a girl of some twenty years old, with a younger one of seven or eight. The child dropped the hand she was holding, and came fearlessly up.

'Please may I look at your picture?' He nodded silently, and went on with his painting. 'O cousin Amy, such a pretty picture! and there you and me out on the rocks. Do look!'

The girl glanced at the artist, but neither by look nor motion did she second the child's request; and with a little shrug of her shoulder she turned away, and walked on slowly until overtaken by her cousin.

'What a bear I am!' the young man said to himself. 'I ought to have got up and grinned and taken off my hat, I suppose, and asked her to look at it; but it's no use I can't get on with women. I never can think what to say to them. I have no doubt she thought me a perfect bear.'

The following morning he was late in starting for a stroll across the sands. The tide had already turned, and there are few places on the coast where it comes in more rapidly than on the Barmouth sands. For a long time its approach is so gradual that it can hardly be noticed; but when it reaches a certain point it comes in with startling speed.

'There are those girls on the rocks again,' he said, and he shaped his course so as to carry him to the right of them. He had not gone fifty yards along the edge of the sand when he heard a loud cry behind him. He looked round, and saw that the elder girl, who was reading, had risen from a camp-stool on which she was sitting, and that the child was on the rocks, already cut off by a rapidly increasing stream of water. The cry of the child on discovering her situation was echoed by her companion, who was about to rush into the water when Hugh ran up.

I am sure he could be very nice if he liked. Amy Herbert had no experience whatever of shy men. She was the only daughter of a very wealthy Manchester cotton-spinner, and Manchester does not class shy young men among its productions.

She was accustomed to admiration, for she was pretty and an heiress, and in both capacities made much of; but, though a little wayward and willful, from always having her own way, she was really unspoiled, and was as bright and lovable a girl as was to be found in the metropolis of cotton.

For the next two days Hugh Carson missed the young lady and child from the shore, but several times saw the flutter of a light-colored dress high up on the hills behind Barmouth. Upon the third evening he was returning from his work, walking along the edge of the hill, looking down upon the sea, when he came upon the little girl lying on the ground, crying bitterly.

'Why, little one, what is the matter?' The child, who had not heard him approaching, leaped to her feet, and upon seeing who it was, a look of pleasure flashed across her tear-stained face. 'O, please, Sir, do help me! Cousin Amy has tumbled down the hill!'

'Good gracious, child, where has she fallen?' Hugh said in horror; for the spot where they stood was above one of the steepest slopes between Barmouth and Harlech. 'Down there, Sir; she was picking a flower when she slipped; and I can't get at her, but I can see her.'

And the child led the young artist to a point further on, where the plateau projected, and the face of the hill where Amy had fallen was visible. The slope where she had slipped was very steep, but became even steeper lower down. Then a rocky ledge projected and below it an abrupt precipice some fifty feet high. Amy Herbert lay on the ledge. She had rolled down on to it, and had evidently struck her head, for she was insensible. This ledge was some three feet wide; and, from the position in which the girl lay, it was probable that, at the first movement made as she came to, she would roll over the edge.

All right, little one; don't cry; I will get to cousin Amy. She has hurt herself; but I dare say she will be all right when I get to her. Hugh spoke cheerfully, but he was by no means sure that the girl was not killed. He looked closely at the grassy slope. It was easy enough to slide down; but once down, there was no getting up again. He was fully a mile and a half from the town; but he dared not run for aid, for if the girl partially recovered she might be dashed to pieces before his return. It was evident that she must slide down to her but the child puzzled him. He was afraid to send her to the village by herself, afraid to leave her alone on the top; besides, if they were to stop on that ledge till help came, it would be much more pleasant with the child there, both for Amy and himself.

'Look here, Pussy,' he said, after a minute's thought, 'will you be a good quiet little girl if I take you with me down to cousin Amy?'

The child nodded seriously. 'Here goes, then,' he said; 'now you take hold of my hand very tight, and we'll lie down as far as we can; then we'll lie down on the grass, you put your arms round my neck, and we will slide down.'

So it was done, not without danger; but Hugh was strong and steady; and lying on his face, with one arm round the child, he held on to the tufts of grass, and let himself slide as gently as he could. Still his heart beat fast for an instant when, on reaching the steepest point of the slope, they slipped down with a rush the last fifteen feet to the ledge where Amy lay, half over the brink of the sheer fall below.

'Now, Pussy, you sit down quite quiet while I see to cousin Amy.' Very anxiously the young artist lifted the girl's head from the grass. There was a little pool of blood below it, which had flowed from a wound just above the ear. He put his fingers to her wrist, and, after a minute of anxious suspense, he felt a very faint flickering pulse. 'Thank God!' he murmured devoutly.

Then he took out a whisky-flask, and poured a few drops between the clenched teeth. Again and again he did this, the child all the time sitting perfectly quiet, and watching with quiet, and frightened eyes. Presently the girl sighed faintly. 'Take hold of cousin Amy's hand,' Hugh said, 'and when you see her open her eyes speak to her gently. Tell her to lie still; put your face close to hers, so that she may see you when she opens her eyes.'

A faint wonder, and then closed again. Hugh waited a little, and then poured a few more drops of whisky between her lips. This time the effect was more decided. She moved, shook her head, and tried to avoid the mouth of the flask. Then she looked up again.

'What is it?' she said faintly. 'What are you doing? Where am I?' 'You must be quiet and good,' the child said positively. 'You must not move, the gentleman says so.'

This time the speech was vaguely understood, for she looked beyond the child's face to that of Hugh; closed her eyes again, as if she doubted them; looked again, and then made an effort to raise her head. Then Hugh spoke, gently but decidedly: 'My dear young lady, you must lie quite quiet. You have fallen down and hurt yourself, and you are faint and weak. You are quite safe where you are, but you cannot move, for we are on the side of the hill, and must wait till help comes. Your cousin is here with you. Kiss her, Pussy.'

Amy Herbert listened in a sort of confused wonder. She did not understand in the least, except that she was told to be quiet in firm authoritative tones, such as had not been addressed to her since she was a child. The warm kiss of her little cousin seemed to assure her that all was safe and right, and, with a little sigh she closed her eyes again, and was soon breathing quietly. She then turned to Hugh.

'Amy's gone to sleep. My name isn't Pussy, but Ida—Ida Herbert.' 'All right, Ida. I'll call you so in future. Now, Ida, when you stand up can you see the road down below there?'

'Just see it,' the child said; 'but it is getting dark. When are we going home?'

'I am afraid we are not going home to-night, Ida. Certainly not unless some one comes along that road, and there is not much chance of that.'

'Where are we to sleep?' Ida asked, in surprise. 'We must sleep just where we are. Cousin Amy will sleep here, and you shall curl up close to me and lay your head against me on the other side, and I don't think you'll be cold.'

'But I want supper before I go to bed.' 'Ah, you can't have supper to-night, Ida; but it will be great fun, you know, sleeping out here for a bit, and I expect that presently your mamma will send people out to look for you, and then we shall hear them shout, and we shall shout back again, and then they'll come with some ropes, and up we shall go to the top. Now shall I tell you a story?'

'O, yes, please,' Ida said, delighted. 'Will you sit quiet by me, then? and when you feel sleepy you just lay your head down and go off to sleep. I will go on with my story till you're asleep; but we must talk very low, else we shall wake cousin Amy.'

For an hour he told stories of fairies and enchanters, and then the little head leaned gradually against his waistcoat, and in five minutes he stopped in the middle of his narrative. Then Amy Herbert spoke: 'I am not asleep; I have been awake for some time, and have been thinking. You are the gentleman who rescued Ida off the rocks, are you not?'

'Yes,' Hugh said. 'I thought so. Now, please, how came you and Ida here, and where are we, and why don't we go home?'

like this sort of thing, but I don't see any point in it whatever.'

In another quarter of an hour Hugh saw several lights coming along the road below, and could hear faint shouts, which seemed to be echoed by a party proceeding along the hill. They were moving but slowly, for there were lights half-way up the face, and they were evidently searching very carefully. The wind was from them, and it was useless for Hugh to try and return their shouts. Gradually they got nearer, and he determined to make an effort, but to do so it was necessary to stand up. He moved slightly, and the elder girl moved also.

'Wake up, please,' he said; 'help is at hand.' She raised herself at once. 'I do think I have been asleep. I feel ever so much better.'

'I will stand up to shout,' Hugh said. 'Will you lean back against the hill? I will lay your cousin down with her head in your lap. She is as sound as a top. Now for it!' and standing up, Hugh gave a shout with all the power of his lungs.

'Hullo-a-a!' Hugh shouted again; 'this way!' Rapidly the lanterns came flitting along the road until they were down in front of them.

'Here we are! here are the ladies!' Hugh shouted. 'Any one hurt?'

'Not much; but we can't get either up or down. You must let a rope down to us from above. Here we are,' and Hugh struck a match and lighted a large piece of paper. 'Have the party above got ropes?'

'There was shouting backward and forward, but the party above had got no ropes. 'Send back for them at once,' Hugh shouted, 'and be sure and tell the lady that no damage is done here.'

'How do you feel now?—I was going to say cousin Amy,' he laughed; 'but I really haven't the pleasure of knowing your name.'

'Amy Herbert.' 'How do you feel now, Miss Herbert?'

'I feel weak, and rather headachy,' she said; 'but there is nothing really the matter with me. What an escape I have had!'

'Yes, you had a narrow squeak of it,' Hugh said frankly; 'just another pound or two of impetus and you would have gone over the ledge.'

est voice. Then, as he rose again, she went on, in a changed voice:

'Now mind, it is a bargain. We have shaken hands on it. I am not to be grateful, and you are not to be afraid of me, but are just to be as natural with me as with Ida.'

'That is a bargain,' Hugh said, with a laugh. 'I don't think I shall feel shy with you in the future. I never talked so much with a woman in my life. I suppose it's because I can't see your face.'

'I don't know whether to take that for a compliment or the reverse,' Amy laughed. 'The reverse, of course,' Hugh said, laughing, too; 'compliments are not in my line. Ah, here they are with the rope. They have been precious quick about it.' And Amy Herbert felt there was a real compliment in the tones in which he spoke.

'Now you must wake Ida. How soundly she sleeps! Now let me help you on to your feet.'

Even with the aid of the rope it was a work of considerable difficulty to get Amy Herbert up to the top of the slope; for she was weak and shaken, and unable to do much to help herself. At last it was managed; and then she was helped down a steep path close by to the road below, where a carriage from the hotel was waiting for them.

'Will you come up and see my aunt?' Amy asked, as they stopped at the door. 'Not to-night, thank you. I will come in the morning to see how you are after the shake; and, please,' he said, 'tell your aunt of our bargain. It would be awful to come up to be thanked.'

'Good-night,' the girl said. 'I won't forget. Come early. Now, Ida, come along; you will soon be in bed.'

Two months later Mr. Herbert was walking up and down his breakfast-room in a towering passion. Amy was sitting in a great arm-chair. 'It is monstrous, it is incredible,' Mr. Herbert exclaimed. 'Here you, for whom I have looked for a capital match, who refused three of the very best men in the district last year, are away for two months and a half at this beggarly Welsh village, and you come back and deliberately tell me that you have engaged yourself to an artist, a fellow I never heard of.'

'Dear old daddy,' Amy said quietly, 'don't get angry about it. Come and sit down and talk it over reasonably, as you always do things with me.'

'No, no, Amy. I know what your reasonable talking means. I am not to be coaxed or wheedled or made a fool of. It's all very well when you want a pair of new ponies or anything of that kind you have set your mind on, but there is a limit to everything.'

'Well, but we must talk the question over, daddy.'

of business I should have been contented. But an artist!

'Well, daddy, we won't talk any more about it to-day. Now I'll just smooth those naughty cross wrinkles, and I'll kiss you on each cheek and the middle of your nose. There, now it looks like itself. There! ten o'clock striking, and you not off! Mind, I shall expect you up to luncheon.'

So Mr. Herbert went off shaking his head, and although still determined, yet, at heart, very doubtful as to his power of resistance. Amy went to her special sanctum, and wrote her first letter to Hugh. The following sentences show that she had no doubt whatever on the subject:

'Daddy does not take quite kindly to the notion as yet. He doesn't know you, you see, and it has of course come upon him a little suddenly; but he is the very best and kindest of all the daddies in the world, and in a very few days he will see it in quite the right light. It is of no use your writing or coming to me here till he is quite reasonable; but I expect by this day week to have everything arranged. I will let you know what train to come by, and will meet you at the station.'

It is to be presumed that Amy thoroughly understood her father; but at any rate, it was exactly that day week that Hugh Carson, having obeyed instructions, and got out at the station directed, five miles from Manchester, was a little surprised and disappointed at not seeing her upon the platform.

'Your luggage, Sir! Are you the gentleman for the Hawthorne? Very well, Sir, I will send up the portmanteau. Miss Herbert is in the pony carriage.'

'Bless me, Amy,' Hugh said, after the first greeting, as they drove off, 'you used to talk about your pony trap but this turnout is pretty enough to attract attention in the park, Amy, and he looked at her with a puzzled glance, 'you're not a swell, are you?—because that would be dreadful.'

'Well, Hugh, if being a swell means having lots of money, I suppose I am one, for daddy has lots upon lots. He has cotton mills, you know. But there is nothing dreadful in that.'

'You ought to have told me, Amy,' he said, a little gravely. 'Puss ni beta,' the girl said. 'In the first place, it was nice to know that you fell in love with me without knowing whether I had a half-penny; in the second place you would very likely have run away if you had thought I was rich; and to tell you the truth, Master Hugh, I had no idea of letting you run away. There, Hugh, there's the house; isn't it pretty?'

'It's almost a palace,' Hugh said in dismay. 'Yes; and there's papa at the door waiting to greet you. Now, look quite pleasant and bright, Hugh, for, of course, I want him to like you almost as much as I do.'—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

The Chinese Queue.

A woman's necklace and bracelets illustrate the familiar saying, 'Time changes, and we change with it.' They are the survival of the era when man, treated as a slave, was handcuffed and wore an iron collar.

The Chinese queue, or plait of hair, coiled on the head, was once a badge of servitude imposed by the Manchese when they took the country. The origin of the appendage has long since been forgotten, and a Chinaman now values his life. To be without one is a social disgrace.

A Chinese gentleman was once riding through Shanghai in a jinrickshaw, the two wheeled carriage drawn by a coolie, which China has imported from Japan. A jolt or two caused his plait to fall from his head and over the side of the carriage. The coolie, who was being dragged out of the carriage, an English sailor saw the plight he was in.

Drawing his knife, he cut the queue from the Chinaman's head. He had saved the man's life, but disgraced him in the eyes of his fellows.

TO SIFT SAND.

An amusing incident happened recently, during progress of an assault case in the Bangor police court. The complainant, a boy about thirteen years old, while stating his version of the case, said that he went into the brick-yard to help some one sift a lot of sand, when the respondent assaulted him. Shortly after this statement was made, Recorder Perkins, before whom the case was tried, remarked to the witness, 'So you had made a previous agreement to help this person sift the sand, and were on your way to fulfill your contract when it was made the assault upon you?'