

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION: One Year, \$2.00; Six Months, \$1.00; Magistrates Blanks always on hand.

JACKSON & LOFTIN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, KINSTON, N. C. Practice in Lenoir, Greene, Wayne, Jones and adjoining counties.

Wm. W. N. HUNTER, SUPERIOR COURT CLERK, PROBATE JUDGE, AND NOTARY PUBLIC for Lenoir County.

T. J. WHITAKER, SUPERIOR COURT CLERK, PROBATE JUDGE, AND NOTARY PUBLIC for Lenoir County.

D. G. K. BAGBY, SURGEON DENTIST. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas.

Dr. A. R. MILLER, DENTIST. Holds himself in readiness to insert Artificial Teeth, Extract, fill and clean, or do anything necessary to be done by a Dentist.

PATENTS.

PAINE, GRAFTON & LADD, Attorneys-at-Law and Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents.

N. B. STANLY, GENERAL FURNISHING IMITATOR—Goldsboro, N. C. Metallic and Wood Burial Cases in Stock.

Merchants and Farmers Will Find a Large Stock of Boots and Shoes, Flour, Groceries, Provisions, Cotton Bagging, Ties, & Dry Goods.

T. A. GREEN, MIDDLE STREET, Opposite Market, New Bern, N. C.

JOB PRINTING Done Neatly and with Dispatch. Desks, Mortgages, Lien Bogies, and Magistrates Blanks always on hand.

Albertson & Taylor, Carriage Builders, LAGRANGE, N. C.

SEED WHEAT. 100 Bushels of Seed Wheat For Sale. Apply to J. & D. WOOD, La Grange, N. C.

Wm. A. JONES, KINSTON, N. C. Civil Engineer and Surveyor. With an experience of ten years in Surveying he respectfully offers his services to the public in every department of local Civil Engineering.

KINSTON JOURNAL.

Independent In All Things.

TERMS—\$2.00 Per Year.

VOL. II. KINSTON, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1880. NO. 48.

In Perilous Waters.

"Bout ship! O brother mariners! This treacherous sea should flee, For pleasure spreads her luring net Beneath this hungry sea."

DETECTIVE SKETCHES.

BY JOHNSON B. TURNER.

Varnoe was standing at the corner of Eighth and Chestnut streets one beautiful morning in May, 1883. It was about 9 o'clock, and that fashionable thoroughfare was not yet thronged with fair pedestrians, as it usually is at a later hour.

An acquaintance stopped to have a chat with him, and just at this moment a beautiful young lady passed them. She was alone and walked along quite leisurely.

Both gentlemen gazed at her, and their admiring glances followed her as she passed out Chestnut street. "Heaven! what a splendid creature, Varnoe! remarked the gentleman.

"Beautiful, indeed!" replied the detective, as he gazed after the retiring figure, for the lady's form was no less beautiful than her face, and her carriage was grace personified.

While they were making these remarks, a gentleman, who was walking in the same direction the lady was going, stopped when he came up to Varnoe and his companion, and taking a card from his case, he wrote a few words on it, then, handing it to the detective, said hurriedly:

amount of the insurance into her brother's hands, and gave the matter no further thought until it was reported that resurrectionists had robbed the grave of the dead body of the girl. After that certain circumstances that caused grave suspicious about the insurance money had been paid were investigated. The result was, we came to the conclusion that we had been most egregiously swindled; that the girl had never died—had not been buried; that the coffin was designedly removed to prevent a detection of the fraud.

"Was her brother not arrested?" asked Varnoe. "He has disappeared, and left no trace behind him," was the reply. "But you get on track of the lady?"

"No; I met her yesterday by pure accident. I came here on quite a different business, but seeing her face at Sixth and Chestnut, I resolved to follow her and discover her place of abode, then to secure the services of a shrewd detective to watch her movements. The mention of your name decided me. I wish to place the case in your hands, if you have no objection?"

"None whatever," replied the detective. "How do you wish me to proceed?" "I will tell you after I have seen her 'husband,' whom I suspect to be her former 'brother,' and firmly believe that he is neither, but simply a confederate in their vile scheme of raising funds by easy methods."

"If you ask me to trace their transaction in Louisville to them in this city, I think it would be a difficult matter," observed Varnoe, musingly. "I do not wish you to attempt such a thing," returned the gentleman.

"There is no necessity for that. I simply want you to detect them in a similar trick." "Then you think they will repeat the fraud?" "I am sure they will—not only once, but as often as they can do it with impunity," replied Mr. Vincent.

take a look at the lady's residence. He passed down Seventeenth street on the opposite side, and when he came to the block in which Mrs. Marvin resided, he saw a single-horse carriage at the door. On inquiry, he was informed that Mrs. Marvin was taken ill the day before; Dr. Melville was attending her.

"Varnoe knew the doctor well, and called on him during the day. 'You attend Mrs. Marvin, No.—South Seventeenth street?' asked he. 'I do.'

"What appears to be the ailment she is suffering from?" "I am at a loss to discover what it is," replied he. "There is a general lassitude of her entire system at times that puzzles me. I asked her if she ever had a trance? The question appeared to surprise her, and she flashed her glorious eyes at me with a eyness that almost startled me."

"Nonsense, doctor," said she; "I scarcely know what a trance is. I have never been seriously ill in all my life." "I left a prescription with her and came away, not perfectly satisfied that she had been frank with me."

"Then you think she has trance symptoms?" asked the detective, deeply interested. "I am sure she has," was the emphatic reply.

A peculiar smile came to the detective's lips for a brief moment. Damning evidence against the lady was accumulating very rapidly, he thought, and he would not be surprised to hear of her death almost any day.

Varnoe and his companion, and asked them if they would like some refreshments. They said they would. He brought in some cake, fruit, and a bottle of wine, then bade them good-night.

The undertaker's assistant partook of the fruit and cake, then poured out two glasses of wine. Varnoe declined to partake of either saying he would be more wakeful on an empty stomach.

This pleased the other vastly, and he drank about two thirds of the bottle before he desisted. Presently he began to nod, and in an hour he was fast asleep in his seat.

Varnoe now arranged the debris on the table in such a manner that it would appear as if he had also feasted, then he laid his head on the table and feigned sleep.

A considerable time elapsed before he was disturbed from his pretended slumber. His sharp ears heard a stealthy footstep outside the door, which suddenly ceased. The only sounds then were the real snoring of the man at the table and the wakeful detective's accompaniment.

Then the door was softly opened, and Mr. Marvin peeped into the room. A smile of satisfaction lit up his features when he saw the nearly emptied bottle; then, after listening awhile longer to the duet of snores which was evidently pleasing to his ears, he boldly but softly stepped into the room, without closing the door after him.

"That is so," responded the man, averting his face as he went out the door. Varnoe said nothing; he was thinking to some purpose, however as he walked away and when out of sight of the house, he separated from his companion, and bent his steps toward the St. Elmo hotel.

Mr. Vincent laughed when he was told how Marvin had managed the thing. He now saw his way clear. He obtained a warrant for the arrest of Marvin and his female confederates, for Mr. Vincent believed the woman who aided in the transfer of the body and 'dummy' to be also a confederate.

The agent of the Philadelphia company was made acquainted with the facts as discovered by the detective, and the latter gentleman instructed him how to proceed when they reached the house.

Mr. Vincent wore a disguise, and thus accompanied Mr. Forbes and Varnoe to the residence of Marvin. They were ushered into the parlor, where Marvin soon afterward joined them.

"Mr. Marvin," said Mr. Forbes, "I have just learned of your sad bereavement, and offer you my heartfelt sympathy." "Thank you," responded Marvin, looking very sad and grief-stricken.

"Can I view the face of the dead lady?" asked Mr. Forbes. "Mrs. Emery," said Marvin, turning to the woman who had been his aid the night before, "conduct these gentlemen into the ante-room. They wish to view the body of your mistress."

Wit can be put to no better use than turning threatened tragedy into comedy. Judge Thatche, a member of the United States Congress in its early days, was once challenged to a duel by an angry opponent in debate, and refused to accept.

Laughed out of a Duel.

Mr. Vincent believed the woman who aided in the transfer of the body and 'dummy' to be also a confederate. The agent of the Philadelphia company was made acquainted with the facts as discovered by the detective, and the latter gentleman instructed him how to proceed when they reached the house.

His opponent was standing at his post, his whole frame jerking nervously from his malady. Dooly, in the soberest manner, left his post, and cutting a forked stick, stuck it in the ground in front of his opponent. "What does this mean?" asked his opponent.

Wanted to see the Editor

A man on the cars was offered a newspaper. He took it, looked at the heading, and then threw it aside with disgust and remark: "I don't want news from that paper."

"Yes, that's all right for you to say, but just let me meet that man! I'll show him how to run a newspaper."

"What did he do?" "He did a deal. Here's how it is: I often go to Springfield in the evening and come home on the first train in the morning. Well one night I met an old crowsy, and we went to the music hall and the theatre."

The Slip, the Cup and the Lip.

The Boston Transcript tells the origin of the rhyming old saw: "There's many a slip 'Tween the cup and the lip." Some of our subscribers who have studied Greek may have seen the account in the Greek Headers: "The King of Thrace had planted a vineyard, when one of his slaves, whom he had much oppressed in that very work prophesied that he should never taste of the wine produced in it."