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A CHRISTMAS GATHERING.

The Christmas time has come again, the glad-some Christmas time; The evergreens are berried bright, the boughs are white with time; From every steeple, far and near, the joy-bells peal ring— The voice of man's goodwill to man speaks forth in everything.

Warm glow the lights by cottage-hearth, in lordly mansion high, And many a tale of love is told 'neath frosty starry sky. As merrily the sleighbells ring and silvery laughter sweet Blends with the crunching of the snow beneath the ponies' feet.

Hark! strains of joyous music come from yonder crowded hall, And sounds of mirth and twirling feet proclaim the Christmas ball; And glowing cheeks and gleaming gems and brighter eyes are there— The tones of manhood, childhood's grace, and maiden's blushes fair.

The mistletoe hangs coy aloft, it's polish'd beads of white. Mixed with the laurel and the bay and scarlet berries bright Of glistening holly, whilst the yew peeps graceful from beneath The glowing mass, and over all is twined the ivy-wreath.

The little ten-year cavalier assumes a manly air. The six-year flirt throws, conscious, back her wealth of golden hair; A ripper beauty sheds her smile a white-haired knight upon, Whilst younger manhood envying turns, and looks half jealous on.

So winter, once again made young, bethinks him of his Spring; And spring looks up in winter's face whilst youth is on the wing. Forgetting, even as she smiles, Old Time another page Hath traced forward and hath touch'd, another her winsome face.

A "YALLER DOG."

"Say, father, I wish'd you'd get us a dog." Mr. Tucker looked up from the rake-tail he was wedging in, quite astonished. "For the land's sake Hepsy! I thought you despised dogs above all things."

"Well, so I do; but ye know Scripser says there's a time for all things, and I expect now's our time for a dog. We shall be clean out with Blisset's chickens of there, ant somebody to skae'er 'em off; they're a-raisin' of 'em for the hotel folks, and I can't spend my days a flappin' my apers at chickens."

"Where's Sary?" "O Sary! my sakes! her head's too full of algebery and jography and sech things to mind chickens; she could figger 'em off on a slate, I expect, but they'd eat up the lettuce right under her nose."

"Well! well! What sort of a dog do ye want?" "I want a yaller dog; they do look so awful spry. I mistrust black cre-tures of all sorts and kinds, and a white dog's just like a sheep. I could put up with a two colored one, but I sort of hanker after a yaller dog."

"Can't tell, I'll see; mabbe Strong's folks can tell, where they got their'n. I'll see the squire." "So do, pa; jacking breath aint no loss." With which astute remark, Mrs. Tucker went in to her chorin, and pa got up from the log he sat on with the creak and jerk of rheumatic people when they

"Change the place, but keep the pain," as good Dr. Watts says. Ephraim Tucker was a man of his word; if he was slow he was sure too, and Hepsy was delighted, but not surprised, when he came in just before supper, leading by a string a half-grown dog of a dirty yellow color, a little pucked out with black about the muzzle and paws.

The dog's head was long and as sharp nosed as a tox; his ears were clipped to alert brevity, and his mouth opened back to the roots of those ears, suggesting that the shears had also been used to enlarge the opening by nature. It was like a pair of shears opening and shutting when Rover snapped at a fly, with no further result than to display the red gums, strong young teeth, and lolling tongue, that had ample room and shelter between the blackened edges of that astonishing slit in his head.

"Of course his name was Rover. He come from Pet Steel's folks, over to Katlam; they bed more'n they wanted, Pete said. I come across him down street a sellin' pea-brush, and this here pup a-yaupin' along be-hind him, so thinks me, that's jest the dog for Hepsy. He's real young, and you can kind of eddicate him up, ye know, train him up on chickens, so to

parlay, I'm afeared, Hepsy. I've hed to pay out that five dollars I'd promised yer for a new bunnet to make up for them chickens." "My land! I guess I sha'n't never let Aim go the way he's inclined to! not unless it's my way," answered Hepsy, who was accustomed, indeed, to have her way to an extent she hardly understood herself. However, she was kind-hearted under all her snarl and sparkle, and Rover being a little touched with the wisdom his foxy aspect betokened, soon found her weak side. Like many another woman—and most men, for that matter—she could be coaxed into anything.

A few whines and wags and affectionate rubs of that sharp yellow head against her gown beguiled her out of many a dainty morsel his dogish soul longed for, chickens, he soon sent terror into all their timid spirits; not only did he keep them well off the Tucker premises, but alack! he hunted them into the enemy's country, and laid about him so sharply there that more than one squawking and kicking fowl strowed his path. These outeries, of course, brought out the Blissets in force, and Rover had to run for dear life into the swamp, where amid tangles of cleftira, bilberry and alder-bushes, woven in and out with cat brier and clematis, he was safe from human enemies, till darkness shut down, when he sneaked home the back way, and ate his supper with the eagerness of a dog, and heard many questions as to his absence, which fortunately for him he could not answer.

Meanwhile, the Blissets grew furious. Rover had not been a month in his new home before a crested Poland hen had her leg broken by those sharp white teeth, a black Spanish rooster's back was permanently twisted, and a big Brahma lost the use of one wing, while at least a dozen of the short and yellow-legged barn door breed—best of all for eating, unmailed though they be—were choked or plucked or trampled on till their usefulness was quite extinct. Then came one luckless day when Rover, in a fit of terror at the gun old Blisset, lying in wait for him, exploded so near his ears that one of them was signed, made his way straight for the Tucker kitchen instead of the swamp, his tail curled tight in between his legs, his ears limp, and yowls of the most pitiful and piercing description proceeded from the great mouth that was adorned with chicken feathers like a moustache.

Neighbor Blisset pursued him home, saw the welcome he received, and burst in with certain pungent remarks. "That's your dog, is it? Well, you'd better keep him to hum, Mis' Tucker, or I'll let drive through that 'ere yaller snout of his'n pretty quick next time. I aint a goin' to hev all my hens killed by that beast, now I tell ye!" "Why didn't you keep your old hens hum, then? They begun it. Haint we hed to buy a dog to keep 'em off our garding? We shouldn't a had no sass at all of they'd kep' at it!" Of course this provoked retort, and a sturdy neighborly quarrel set in then and there the first work of the yellow dog, and destined to outlast his little term of life. Pa Tucker came home to find Hepsy crying with rage, and Rover, full of his supper, dozing before the stove, not even rousing himself at the repeated mention of his name as the story was told in full.

Magistrate Blanks always on hand.

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For Sale.

13 GOOD DEER BOUNDS.

Lemuel J. Mewborn, Kinston, N. C.

Table with 2 columns: Rate type and Price. Includes 'One inch one week', 'Three months', 'Six months', 'One year', 'Half column, one week', 'One column, one week'.

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.

An Appeal to Honor. Several weeks since a prisoner was received at the Detroit House of Correction who seemed determined to have his own way at every cost. In twenty-four hours he was in disgrace for obstreperous conduct, and he was no sooner out of one scrape than he got himself into another. He was locked up, tied up and punished in various ways, and the other day when he committed some new breach of discipline the deputy called him into the office in despair and began: 'John how long have you been here?'

'Two months.' 'How many times have you been punished?' 'About a dozen times, I guess.' 'And still you are lazy, impudent and quarrelsome.' 'It isn't for me to dispute you, sir.'

'I've been thinking over your case,' continued the deputy, 'and I have concluded to put you in charge of the small pox hospital. You are too lazy to catch the disease, and too mean to let anybody else have what you can't. Get your traps together.' 'Say, deputy,' replied the man as his eyes began to bulge, 'this is the first time since I've been here that you have appealed directly to my honor. When I was ordered and compelled I felt aggravated and obstinate. Now that you appeal directly to my sense of honor and duty I shall cheerfully obey. I think I can paint more chairs than any three men in the shop.'

The Parson and his Xanthippe.

It happened just as I tell it; for I had it from the lips of the man who chanced to be the unfortunate guest of the occasion.

The Rev. Didymus Coolbath was settled over the only religious society maintained in the quiet country town of Ashdale. He was a meek, christian man, striving to live the doctrines he preached; and wherever he was thoroughly known he was appreciated and beloved. Not many men could have borne up so bravely, and so pleasantly, under the burden of a woeful domestic cross as did he. What that cross was will appear from the finale of the following incident.

On a certain day, which had opened very pleasantly, a brother clergyman, from a distant parish, called upon Brother Coolbath, partly for clerical business, and partly for enjoyment; for the two had been class mates at college in other years. Brother Winman's horse was put up, and he took dinner with his friend. He was introduced to sister Coolbath wife of his host, who, he thought was struggling hard to appear even hospitable. To smile she did not try. But the meal was quickly disposed of and in the study the old friends enjoyed themselves. Late in the afternoon, just as Brother Winman was thinking of ordering his horse, the gathering clouds burst, and the rain fell; and the host insisted that his friend should remain over night. He had said that his wife would not expect him that night, so he could remain as well as not.

Outside in the kitchen the hostess, having imagined that her husband had invited his guest to remain over night, prepared a tray, with bread and milk thereon, and sent it into the study for the supper of the two clerical gentlemen; and she could have seen how they enjoyed it, and how thankful they were to her for having so served them, she would have gone mad. It became dark early. After the simple supper had been eaten the host arose, and put on his hat, and said he would go out to the stable, and see that his groom understood that the visiting horse was to be kept for the night. And out he went.

Very shortly after Mr. Coolbath had gone out, the visiting brother thought he would follow, and take a bit of fresh air, notwithstanding the rain. He had taken his hat in his hand, and had reached the hall, when he was aware that he was confronted by a female. 'Ay—It was the hostess herself; and in the gloom she thought it was her husband who approached. She had a heavy tin dust-pan in her hand, and with it she dealt the man a blow upon the head that almost stunned him. 'There!—Beast!—Take that! I'll teach you to turn my house into a tavern! What did you invite that smirkin' everlastin' good-for-nothing tostop over night here for?'—New York Ledger.

WINTER.

Winter is coming! who cares? who cares? Not the wealthy and proud, I trow; 'Let it come,' they cry, 'what matters to us How chilly the blast may blow?'

The Lime Kiln Club.

'Will Nullification Jones and Telegraph Smith please rise to step duty?' asked Brother Gardner as the meeting opened. The parties named shuffled forward, their countenances betraying great surprise, and as they stood before him the old man said: 'Las' nite you two members war in a grocery on Antoine street. You went in Jar de bes' of friends, an' you felt all right till a white man in dar fappell to menshon about de children of Israel marchin' frew de Red Sea. Dat started a discussion, an' in ten minits de grocer had to frow you both out. Am I k'rect about all dis?'

The way they Settled It.

The trick was played upon old Moses Pierson—the original Moses, of Union Street—whose eating house and lunch-room, with the quiet sample-room in the corner, were known to about everybody that ever had occasion to visit that part of the city. On a chill autumnal day, in mid afternoon, when the tables were well nigh bare of customers, four men entered and ordered the best dinner Moses could provide; and, finally, after consulting the printed list of dishes to be served, they settled down upon soup, mutton-chop, fish, roast turkey, and pudding and pie; and also sundry bottles of wine were called for and emptied while the dinner was in progress.

It was a sumptuous repast; and it ended in an unusually large bill, as was made apparent when the good host presented it in black and white. All four of the men at once plucked their right hands into their pockets as though eager to pay the bill—each man eager to get his money out first. 'Hold on!' cried one, putting his hand upon the arm of the man on his left. 'Let me settle this.'

'No; I shall settle this bill.' 'Not if I know myself!' exclaimed the fourth. 'I shall settle this hash myself.' And they arose from the table, discussing the matter hotly, each man of the party forbidding the host to take a penny from any other than himself. Finally, when it would appear that none of them would yield a particle, it was proposed by one of the number that the landlord should suffer him self to be hoodwinked; that the four men should then arrange themselves against the wall, when the blinded host should move forward and lay his hand upon one of the party, and the man so caught should be allowed to pay the bill.

Old Moses entered into the spirit of the thing with keen relish. He allowed them to bind a thick, broad bandage over his eyes; and when all was ready the word was given: 'Now, old fellow! Here we are. Be very sure and get the right one of us.' And then Moses advanced—advanced till he touched his hand upon the wall. He thought he heard the men move. 'Look here,' he shouted, 'stand fast! I aint goin' to chase you all round the room.' And he moved along to the left until a table struck him up; and just then the front door was opened, and some one entered. 'Hallo! What's up now, old chap? What in the name of wonder are you ding Mo-e?' The old fellow snatched away the bandage from his eyes; and O! he thought to have known that some such