

Table with subscription rates: One Year \$2.00, Six Months 1.00, Magistrate Blanks always on hand.

Table with advertising rates: 1 inch 1.00, 2 inch 2.00, 3 inch 3.00, 4 inch 4.00, 5 inch 5.00, 6 inch 6.00, 7 inch 7.00, 8 inch 8.00, 9 inch 9.00, 10 inch 10.00.

Contracts for advertising for any space or time may be made at the office of the KINSTON JOURNAL, over the Postoffice, Kinston, Lenoir county, North Carolina.

Winter. There's glory in the screaming blast, A beauty in the frosted tree; A mystery in the lake that's gazed; With ice and awe upon the sea; Enchantment on the far-off hills, A music in the snowflake gale, Beneath the ice, the ringing rills, Sing many a song, tell many a tale.

A GREAT, TALL FELLOW.

I had known my sister-in-law Adeline Eliza in a desultory way ever since my fourteenth birthday—June 15, 1872—when I was brought home from boarding-school to be present at her marriage to my eldest brother; but never until that dreadful Fourth of July, 1877, had I had the slightest idea of her extraordinary capability and endurance as a story-teller. Nor do I suppose I should ever have known of them—our ways in life lying far apart—had not Adeline Eliza's annual visit to New York happened at the very time I had my first serious quarrel with Gabriel Haviland. That occurred the evening before the above-mentioned anniversary of the declaration of American independence, and was about—dear me!—the silliest thing. Looking back, it seems almost impossible to believe that we could have been so extremely foolish as to quarrel as we actually did—But I'll tell you all about it, and you can judge for yourself. Gabriel had been reading aloud from some English paper or other—the Saturday Review, I remember aright—and as he laid down the paper he said: "I fully agree with the writer that the jokes—many of them very stupid ones—at the expense of mothers-in-law have been carried quite far enough, and I also agree with her—" "Or him," I suggested. "Or him, that there are lots of pleaded women among them, but at the same time I must confess that I prefer a home without a mother-in-law."

ing of the third, when, unfortunately, having a little time to spare, he regaled me with the article on "Mothers-in-law." That reading, as I have already narrated, resulted in my staying at home. "I suppose," I said, bitterly, to myself, "that Gabriel has gone, and that that Price girl, with eyebrows like interrogation points, will be hovering about him all day, as she always does;" and I gave my wrapper such a pull that two of the buttons came off, when Adeline Eliza came in. "Why, Caroline," said she—everybody else called me Carrie—"ain't you gone?" "No," replied I, shortly, resisting an inclination to make some sarcastic remark on that most obvious fact. "Why not?" "Because I didn't want to"—pettishly and ungrammatically. "Had a tiff with Gabe?" (Everybody else called him Gabriel.) And then seeing I would not answer, she continued, good-naturedly—to do her justice, she was the soul of good nature—"Well, don't stay mope here. Take a cup of coffee, put on your things, and come with Gus and me. My folks are all-a-join' to meet at Hillie and have a good old-fashioned picnic. You know grandfather and mother and heaps of my relations live there. Hurry up and come along."

was heard from the ghost of Hamlet's father. Never saw I so bountiful a repast before, and, truth to tell, it was a welcome sight, for, notwithstanding my grief at being separated from my Gabriel, youth and country air asserted themselves, and I was decidedly hungry. "Set right down here, Caroline," called my sister-in-law, the moment I came in sight, pointing to a vacant seat on her right. I obeyed, unfolded my napkin, took a cup of coffee somebody handed me, said, "Yes, thank you," to an offer of roast chicken, when Adeline Eliza, with her mouth full of succotash, turning to her neighbor on the left, resumed the story which my arrival apparently had interrupted for a moment: "A great, tall fellow with big whiskers jumped up hastily. There was an unoccupied chair at the children's table. 'I'll help take care of the little ones,' said I, and fled once more. Dinner lasted about two hours, and shortly after a stalwart, brown-faced young farmer bashfully proposed a swing, or a 'scup,' as he called it. I eagerly accepted his invitation. Anything, anything, I thought, to get away from those 'big black whiskers,' and keep Gabriel and that forward Price girl out of my mind. Besides which, I was very fond of swinging. So in a few moments I was merrily flying up among the tree-tops, and in another few moments a shrill, too well known voice followed me. I glanced down. Adeline Eliza stood beneath an adjacent tree, talking to her dear old grandfather. "No, no, I didn't say black sisters," she screamed; "black whiskers—big black whiskers." And thereafter, no matter how high I soared, that wretched story soared with me. "I gave him a choke," yelled Adeline Eliza. "No, no, not 'joke.' It wasn't no 'joke,' but a real burglar." "Let the cat die," murmured I to my farmer friend, and before it was fairly dead I sprang from the swing, and precipitately joined a noisy party who were playing "Follow my leader" with shouts of laughter that could have certainly been heard a mile away. Supper. Another heavily-loaded table, and people eating as though they had had no dinner. Adeline Eliza sat opposite to me. An elder sister, who had just arrived on the scene of action—her carriage having broken down and tumbled herself and children into the dust five miles up the road, from whence they had all trudged, while "pa" went to look for a blacksmith—took her place at my side. "I declare, when that wagon went to pieces," said she, "I was almost scared to death."

"Scared to death!" repeated my sister-in-law, with an accent of scorn. "Guess if you'd a waked up and seen a burglar in your room, as I did 't'other night—" "No!" exclaimed her sister. "No 'no' about it," replied Adeline Eliza, gulping down her ice-cream in such a hurry that her nose turned blue, and I shivered. "A great, tall fellow—" I started to my feet, plumped an open-eyed, open-mouthed urchin into my place, handed him my cake and ice-cream, and rushed out into the old-fashioned garden. Even there my evil spirit seemed to pursue me, and I fancied the crickets chirped over and over again. "A great, tall fellow," and the treetops and katydids joined in with "Big black whiskers, big black whiskers." "Oh, Gabriel! Gabriel!" said I, "if you but knew what I have suffered, you wouldn't even speak to that Price girl, let alone play croquet with her, as I suppose you have been doing all afternoon!" And I wandered about among the sleeping flowers until the crickets and tree-toads and katydids had resumed their usual song, and then I returned to the house, hoping to find the old armchair that stood at one end of the porch without an occupant. It was. All the party, as I saw when I peeped through the white muslin window-curtains, were assembled in the long, low-ceilinged parlor. Adeline Eliza sat in the center of the room, one of her children asleep in her lap. "And I woke up," she was saying, "and there stood—" "Where, oh, where shall I fly?" exclaimed I, in nervous agony; and in my agitation and the darkness, missing the porch steps, I stumbled, and fell into the arms of—Gabriel, my Gabriel. "Who are you flying from, dear?" he asked, as he gave me a kiss. "A great, tall fellow—" began I. He put me away from him sternly. "While I have been at home alone all day," he said, "thinking of you, and at last, unable to endure your absence any longer, have followed you here, you, it seems, have been flirting—" "No, no, Gabriel," I almost shouted; "you are mistaken—ever so much mistaken. You can't imagine—you never could imagine—what this day has been made to me by—what's its name?—'iteration,' as somebody says in Henry the Fourth. Poor raven, with its funeral 'Never more,' must have been bliss in comparison. Only listen." And he listened, laughing heartily one moment, and sympathizing with me the next. "You poor little martyr," he said, when I had finished. "But it's all over now, and we'll never quarrel again. Had you fifty mothers, they should all be welcome to the shelter of my humble roof." "Oh no, you are too good, dearest," cried I, not to be outdone in generosity.

CHILDREN'S QUAIN SAYINGS.

The London Truth advertised to give a prize of £29.2s. for the quaintest saying of a child. Several hundred contributions were sent in and we give a few of the most pointed: "As we were talking one day about churches and their curious ceremonies, a little boy remarked that he had seen a christening, a funeral, and a wedding, but he had never seen a divorce." Jack (aged four, taking a walk)—"What becomes of people when they die? Mamma—They turn into dust, dear. Jack—What a lot of people there must be on this road, then." Tottie—I wonder why dolls are always girls, Tom? Tom—Because boys hate to be made babies of. A child seeing a bill on a telegraph post: "Oh, mamma, look! A message has fallen down." A precocious boy of six years, listening wearily to a long-winded tale related by a prosy relative, took advantage of a short pause to say, slyly: "I wish the story had been brought out in numbers." "Little baby is very ill, Charley; I am afraid he will die." "Well, if he does die, mamma, he won't go to the bad place." "Why, Charley, how do you know that?" "Oh, I know he can't, mamma; he's got no teeth to gnash." Little boy, learning his catechism from his mother: Q. What is a man's chief end? A. His head! Girl (yawning over her lessons)—I'm so tired; I should like to go to sleep. Boy—I'll tell you what to do, then; get up early to-morrow and have a good sleep before breakfast. A little girl, seeing two love birds billing and cooing, was told that they were making love. "Why don't they marry?" she asked; "then they would not make love any more." A fond mother said to her little son: "Tommy, my dear, I am going to give you a little companion soon; which would you prefer, a little boy or a little girl?" "Well, mother," replied Tommy, "if it is all the same to you, I would rather have a little donkey."

A NOTED HUNTER'S TRAGIC END.

Eaten by Wild Beasts After Killing Four Bears—Record of an Interesting Life. Jerry Greening, a noted hunter of Pike county, Pa., started on a hunting trip, a short time ago, and after he had been gone an unusual length of time several of his neighbors grew alarmed and started on a search. They set out in the direction taken by Jerry, but the cold and darkness soon drove them back, and they spent the night in arousing all the men within ten miles and in organizing a searching party. At daylight the next morning the party started for the bear swamp, and, after three or four hours of rapid marching, came out on the vast ledge that guards the great nameless swamps of Pike county. The dogs were put on the scent, and in a short time a yelp from one of the hounds announced a trail. The hunters followed the dog as he plunged into the swamp. The intense cold had frozen the marshes so that a safe footing was afforded. At last, in the center of the swamp, on a little knoll of land covered with spruce trees, the search came to an end. Under the spruce trees lay four large bears, dead and frozen, with bloody gashes in their hides, and on the moss scattered around them lay the bloody skull, backbone and disjointed skeleton of a man. After the first shock, was over the hunters set to work to examine the bones. They were soon satisfied that the bones of Jerry Greening were before them. A part of the long gray beard he had worn still clung to the head, from which the ears or wildcats had gnawed the ears, the nose, and most of the flesh. A survey of the ground showed that Jerry had met the bears, and that in fighting them he had received wounds that caused his death. One of the dead bears had bitten away a part of Jerry's right foot, and the ghastly fragments were still between his teeth. A wound in his neck showed that his grasp of the hunter's foot was followed by a fatal blow from the hunter's knife. Jerry's knife lay on the ground, and into its blade one of the furious brutes had set his teeth and bitten nearly through the steel. Shreds of cloth, buttons, and Jerry's gun and powder-flask lay near by. His silver tobacco box was found in the moss. Sadly the friends collected the bones of their dead friend. The skin was stripped from one of the dead bears, and in an improvised sack were put the remains, and with this burden they started for home. On Sunday afternoon, at the little cabin occupied so many years by this singular old man, a strange funeral took place. A rude box placed on a rough table contained the remains. Over it was thrown the bear skin. The single room of the cabin was filled with the trophies of Jerry's victories. There were skins, fangs, rattles, and skeletons of monster rattlesnakes, skins and skulls of oxes, wildcats, fawns, panthers, bears, muskrats, and an endless variety of snakes, bugs and birds. Every corner was piled high with bear-skins, and every bit of space on the log walls was covered with some trophy. The men who crowded the hut were true Pike Countians in every respect; stalwart and warm-hearted, and the tears they shed as the preacher spoke of the blameless purity of the dead man's life were tears of true friendship. The preacher was a man named Merrill. Over six feet in stature, with a large head crowned by snow-white hair, and drooping a silvery beard almost to his knees, he seemed a patriarch. He had been Jerry's friend for many years, and always visited his cabin when on his lonely tours through his mountain parish. The services ended, the rude coffin was deposited in a grave on the summit of a hill overlooking a beautiful mountain landscape, and a rude slab of slate is the only thing that marks the resting-place of the famous Jerry Greening. On this slate slab is scrawled in rude letters: "Here lies the bones of Jerry Greening; he was eaten by Bears on the 21 day of November, 1880. His soul is in Heaven."

Ingenuous Expedients.

Instances of a more complex character frequently occur where a knowledge of natural laws or forces may be brought into operation to assist in surmounting difficulties. Thus, a few years ago, an iron bridge of considerable length, the weight being about two hundred tons, was constructed in England, and erected in a remote part of Germany. By some mishap the bridge, when finished, was found to be some distance "out" to one side, an error which the proprietors insisted should be rectified. To take down and re-erect the bridge would be simply ruin to the contractor. But necessarily is the mother of invention, and so it proved in this case. It was summer time, and the contractor proceeded to find the amount of expansion which was caused by the heat of the sun over the whole length of the bridge. He next ascertained what contraction took place in the night by cooling. Armed with these data, he thought it might be possible to bring the bridge to its proper position in a few days. The bridge, of course, in its ordinary condition, expanded from the center, pushing its two ends outward, or farther apart, and again contracting toward the center. Taking advantage of these conditions, one end was made fast in the morning, and the bridge was forced to expand from that immovable point, instead of from the middle, as formerly. When the iron contracted the bridge had expanded to its full extent in the direction intended, that end was released, and the opposite end made fast. The bridge then contracted toward its true position. Thus, whatever was gained by the day's expansion, was secured by the subsequent contraction when the metal cooled at night; and the process being repeated day by day, the work was successfully accomplished. A knowledge of the laws and extent of the expansion and contraction of metals opens up a wide field of usefulness in this connection, and is capable of very extensive application. We see large guns built up in this manner, which could not possibly be made any other way by the appliances that we possess at present. The tires of wheels, as every one knows, are also fixed on their places by being first heated and then left to shrink. An ingenious application of this quality in metals was made use of in France, and has frequently been taking advantage of since. The walls of a large building in Paris were observed to be giving way by bulging outward; and the problem was to bring them back to their vertical position. For this purpose, a number of bars of iron having screws and nuts on each end were let through the opposite walls and across the intervening space between them. The nuts and screw portions of the bars were outside. The bars were now heated by a number of lamps suspended as much as possible, and he nuts screwed up against the outside of the two opposite walls. The lamps were next removed, when the heated bars in cooling gradually contracted in their length, bringing the walls very gently, but with irresistible force, into their normal position.—Chamber's Jour nal.

The Tallest Man in the World.

Chang, a Chinese giant, arrived in New York on an ocean steamer recently and was immediately pounced upon by the newspaper men. A reporter called at the hotel where the giant lodged and saw, sitting on an improvised seat of two chairs with heavy boards laid across, a presence which seemed to fill the whole room. Chang is unquestionably the largest man in the world. He is gigantic. As he sat there smiling and nodding, his thoroughly Chinese face looked fully as broad as an ordinary man's shoulders, and as long, if no longer than a four-barrel. His cheek bones bulge out, and are as large as a full-sized orange. He is thirty-three years old, is the son of a wealthy silk and tea merchant in Pekin, where he was born, is well educated, speaks, reads and writes English, German, French, Italian and Spanish, and is thoroughly courteous and gentlemanly. With Chang is his "secretary," a bustling, busy, earnest little Frenchman named Neaud, who looks upon the giant with admiration and delight. "What is your exact height, Chang?" asked the reporter. "I have never been measured, monsieur. With our people it is a superstition which takes the form of a religious creed, that no man must be measured until dead. I would rather die than to allow myself to be measured. In fact, if I were measured I would die at once. I fear, I am, however, some where in the neighborhood of nine feet. I will stand up and you can stand beside me and judge for yourself." Chang rose, and, rising, it seemed as though he would never stop. The reporter stands six feet three inches in height. He at Chang's suggestion, put on a high silk hat and walked under the giant's outstretched arm, near the shoulder, without coming within two inches of his sleeve. Then fixing the height of his head about half way between the giant's waist and neck, the reporter checked off three feet at a guess and found that the crown of the Chinaman's head was surely nine feet from the floor. His hands and feet are comparatively small and very well formed. He has exhibited before all the crowned heads of Europe and Australia, and has been the pet of several sovereigns. He wears a solitaire diamond ring, given him by the emperor of Russia, which is valued at \$1,400. Attached to his chain is a gold medal given him by the Berlin exhibition, which asserts that he is the largest man of recent times. He also has half a dozen immense diamond rings given him by rajahs in India, mayors in Australia and potentates from all quarters of the globe. While talking to the reporter he suddenly dived into his vest pocket, which was large enough to hold an ordinary man's head, and brought forth a ring with the official seal and monogram of Francis Joseph, inscribed to "Chang." He also has a watch, given him by Queen Victoria, which weighs two pounds and a half, and has a chain nine feet long, which barely reaches around his neck and down to his vest pocket.

Altered Times.

In the year 1671, on the second reading of a bill in the house of commons for building a bridge over the Thames, at Putney, after a number of members had delivered speeches in ridicule of the idea, Sir Henry Herbert, just before the house divided, rose and said: "I honestly confess myself an enemy to monopolies. I am equally opposed to mad, visionary projects; and I may be permitted to say, that in the late king's reign several of these thoughtless inventions were thrust upon the house, but were most properly rejected. If a man, sir, were to come to the bar of the house and tell us that he proposed to convey us regularly to Edinburgh, in coaches, in seven days, and bring us back in seven more, should we not vote him to Bedlam? Surely we should, if we did him justice; or, if another, that he would sail to the East Indies in six months, should we not punish him for practicing upon our credulity? Assuredly, if we served him rightly." The journey from London to Edinburgh is now accomplished in something like eleven hours. What would Sir Henry think now could arise from his grave? So great was European ignorance of this country a few years ago that a Dutch journal informed its readers that New York is a place destitute of law and order, where clergymen carry muskets into the pulpit, and where the collection is taken up by men armed with revolvers.