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4 inch	2.50	5.00	7.50	15.00	30.00	55.00	100.00
5 inch	3.00	6.00	9.00	18.00	36.00	65.00	120.00
6 inch	3.50	7.00	10.50	21.00	42.00	75.00	140.00
7 inch	4.00	8.00	12.00	24.00	48.00	85.00	160.00
8 inch	4.50	9.00	13.50	27.00	54.00	95.00	180.00
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Kinston, N. C., September 29, 1881.

My Jewels.
A score of smiling faces, with dimpled cheeks so fair;
Three little golden heads, two wavy brown, the rest
Of darker hair—
These in our school home, and you have my jewels.
My little learners there.
I watch the shining "copper-toes" as they carefully
Form in line;
I watch the linnet, roguish eyes look wonderingly
In mine.
And I question if in future years their faces as bright
Will shine.
Then I pray the dear Father up in heaven
My precious jewels keep;
And help me over the rugged heights to guide
Their tender feet—
And each day leave upon their youthful hearts,
Some impress sweet.
I welcome the brown hands and rosy lips that come
Each morn'
To meet my own;
And the bird-like voices as they sing a sweet
"Good-night,"
Ere "Home, sweet home,"
And I know when the echo dies away among
Sungsters
All have flown.
And when life's tasks are ended, and its lessons
All complete,
May I meet my little learners gathered
At the Master's feet,
To sing the new song of redeeming love,
With angel voices sweet.
—Alice M. May.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

"Uncle Ephraim, can you let me have a little money this morning?"
Ephraim Badger put on the disagreeable expression with which he always received applications for money, for though well-to-do, he was far from being a liberal man.
"Maybe I might squeeze out a little," he said, ungraciously; "but times are dull, and money's tight. Here's fifty cents. Will that do you?"
Fanny Danforth made no motion to take the tattered bit of currency extended by her uncle. Her lip curled just a little, and a flush came to her face.
"Fifty cents would do me no good," she said. "I need as much as five dollars."
"Five dollars! Are you crazy?" ejaculated her uncle.
"For the land's sake!" chimed in her aunt, who, as it possible, a little more tight and grasping than her husband, "what do you want with five dollars? You must think your uncle is made of money."
"There's going to be a Christmas tree at the chapel on Christmas eve," said Fanny, "and all the teachers are going to give presents to the members of their class. My scholars will be expecting them as well as the rest."
"Let 'em expect," said Aunt Phoebe, bluntly. "For my part, I don't believe in Christmas presents. It's a new-fangled notion entirely. They didn't have 'em in my day. It's a clear waste of money, to my thinking."
"I agree with you," said her husband. "If children have good clothes and enough to eat, it's all they need."
"If you must give 'em anything," continued her aunt, "make them some rag babies. They won't cost anything."
"My scholars are boys. Rag babies would not be very acceptable to them."
"Well, make 'em some pen-wipers," suggested the economical aunt.
"I'd rather not give them anything at all," said Fanny, the indignant tears nearly forcing their way into her eyes, "unless I can give them something decent."
"Seems to me you're rather lofty in your notions. So pen-wipers ain't decent. What do you call decent?"
"I want to buy them each a nice book. That's what most of the teachers are going to give."
"That's what I call downright foolish, spendin' so much money for books. They'll read 'em, and that's all the good they'll get out of 'em. However, if 'twas your own money, 'twouldn't make so much difference; but you want to throw away your uncle's money on such nonsense, that your scholars may think you're generous."
"I only ask for money I have fairly earned, Aunt Phoebe," said Fanny, indignantly. "I've worked hard for you for the last six months, and all the money I've had in that time was four dollars and sixty-seven cents."
"Haven't we given you a home?"
"You have given me board and lodging, but I have earned a good deal more than that. I've earned fifty dollars beside, at the least calculation, yet you grudge me, what in addition to what I have had, would only make one-fifth of that sum."
"That's what you call gratitude, Fanny Danforth," said her aunt. "We took you in when you hadn't no home, and gave you a share of ours, and that's all the thanks we get for it. Well, well, there ain't much gratitude in the world."
"Why should I be grateful? You

dismissed your hired girl when you were paying two dollars a week, and I've done her work. It's you, and not I, that have been benefited by my coming here."
Mrs. Badger could not very well gainsay this, so she took refuge in fresh charges of ingratitude, and betought herself also of underrating Fanny's services.
"You've worked pretty well," she said, "but you ain't begun to do as much as Cinthy did."
"Then," said Fanny, "you had better get her back again."
"We can't support the both of you."
"You needn't in the course of a month I will get something to do, and go away."
"Father," said Aunt Phoebe, who had no desire to lose her cheap and efficient assistant, "I guess you might as well give Fanny the money she wants. She won't call for any more for a good while."
"Won't three dollars do?" asked Uncle Ephraim, reluctantly drawing out his wallet.
"No, it won't!" said Fanny, firmly. Uncle Ephraim sighed as he passed over the five-dollar bill into his niece's keeping. He looked at it regretfully, knowing that it was passing from him forever.
"Be keeful how you spend it," he said. "Five-dollar bills don't grow on every bush."
"That's very true!" thought Fanny, as she took the money so grudgingly given, with a strange sense of humiliation and mortification at the hard struggle she had to get it. Immediately afterward she had to go about her household employments.
In the course of the afternoon a neighbor came in.
"Have you heard about Caroline Peyton's sickness?" she said.
"No. When was she took?" asked Mrs. Badger, who was not very correct in her grammar.
"Yesterday. She had bleeding at the lungs. The doctor says she must give up keepin' school."
"Who's goin' to take her school?"
"I heard Deacon Penniman say they hadn't got anybody yet."
Fanny Danforth heard this, and the thought struck her. "Why should she not apply for the vacant school?" Her education was sufficient, and her work would not be as hard as at her uncle's, while she would be independent and not be regarded as living on charity. So when she went out in the afternoon to make purchases, she took the deacons on her way, he being chairman of the school committee.
"Good-afternoon," said the deacon pleasantly.
"Good-afternoon, Deacon Penniman. I heard that Miss Peyton is sick."
"Yes, she was taken down suddenly. I'm sorry for her, and sorry for the school. It isn't easy to find a teacher now—that is, a good one. Most of 'em are already engaged."
"Suppose you take me," said Fanny, quickly.
"Are you in earnest?"
"Yes, I should like to try it. I never taught before, but I think I should succeed."
"I've no doubt you would. I wonder I didn't think of you before. You know enough, and I guess you can manage the children."
"I like children, and I don't think I should find much trouble."
"The pay is seven dollars a week, said the deacon. "It isn't very large, but you can get boarded at three dollars."
"That'll be four dollars a week besides board," thought Fanny, with satisfaction, "while at Uncle Ephraim's I have got only ten dollars in six months and that I had to fight for."
"You can be examined at once if you like," said the deacon. "You'll be wanted to begin on Monday. Maybe you'd like to review your studies a little."
"No, I'm ready now," said Fanny, promptly.
The examination was very satisfactory, and Fanny Danforth left the house the regularly engaged teacher of the school in District No. 3.
"That will be better than working as a drudge in my aunt's family," she thought with satisfaction.
The next day was Christmas—a day ushered in that year by snow, which fell thick on hill and plain, loading the trees with feathery flakes, and giving a wintry aspect to the country about.
Fanny sighed as she recalled the past Christmas. Then her parents were both living, and she was the inmate of a happy home. More than this, she was betrothed to a young man whom she loved, who, led by his tastes, had adopted the adventurous life of a sailor.
But in May her parents both died of a contagious fever, and a month later Fanny Danforth, then absent on a long voyage, had fallen from the side of the vessel, and been drowned. Thus she was cut off, almost at once, from the ties that bound her to the world. Then it was that her Aunt Phoebe invited her to become an inmate of her house-

hold. Little time, however, did she give to the stricken orphan for mourning those of whom she had been bereaved. She intimated pretty plainly that she expected her niece to earn her living by assisting in the domestic work of the house, and after a brief period she dismissed her only servant, Cinthy, as she called her, and Fanny found that she was expected to take her place.
Fanny was not indolent. She was ready to do her part, but it did seem to her at times that the services she rendered were worth more than the meager pittance she received in return. As to board, her aunt was noted for her meanness, and the food might-easily have been of better quality and in greater abundance.
It was how Christmas morning and the snow was falling. Fanny looked out of the window and thought sadly of the gallant sailor whom she loved and who months ago had perished by the relentless sea.
"How different would be this Christmas day if he were here!" she thought. She had not yet told her aunt of her engagement to teach. She felt she must do so.
"Aunt Phoebe," she said, "you were speaking of Cinthy yesterday."
"Well?"
"I hear that she is out of a place, and that you can get her back again."
"I don't want her!" said the aunt. "I ain't the woman to send my niece away from the house."
Fanny smiled to herself. She understood very well why her aunt preferred her to Cinthy.
"But, aunt, I think it will be better. Cinthy, you say, can do more work than I."
"What are you goin' to do?" asked Mrs. Badger, abruptly.
"I have engaged to teach Miss Peyton's school at seven dollars a week."
"Well, I never!" ejaculated Aunt Phoebe, in surprise and dismay. "Are they actin' up to give you seven dollars a week for teachin' school?"
"Yes, and as that is rather more than you can afford to give me, I have accepted the offer."
Mrs. Badger compressed her lips in disappointment. She had imposed upon her niece because she thought she had no other resource; and now she found that she had suddenly emancipated herself.
"Keepin' school don't last all the year," she said; "there's vacations."
"In vacation I can do as I have been doing," said Fanny.
Her aunt said no more, but regretted that she had made any fuss about the five dollars, as that had evidently put into Fanny's head the idea of teaching. So avaricious people are likely to over-reach themselves.
She was suddenly startled by a loud scream from Fanny, who rushed to the door, threw it open, and dashed bare-headed into the snow.
"What possesses the critter?" she ejaculated to Uncle Ephraim, who had just entered.
They both went to the door and saw Fanny, with both hands clasped in those of a young man in the dress of a sailor, who was advancing toward the house.
"If it isn't John Hilton!" said Aunt Phoebe. "I thought he was dead."
But John was explaining to Fanny how it happened that he wasn't dead, that the report was wholly false, but had come home with plenty of money and promotion to the position of mate.
"And now, dear Fanny," he said, "I've come home to be married."
"But," said Fanny, demurely, "I'm otherwise engaged."
"Who to?" said John, hoarsely.
"To Deacon Penniman."
"To that old man? Oh, Fanny!"
"Not to be married, John. Only to keep the school in District No. 3."
They went into the house together and as Fanny's fortunes were now looking up, were graciously received. The Christmas dinner was a merry one though the turkey which Uncle Ephraim had bought at a bargain was somewhat tough.
In a fortnight Fanny Danforth became Mrs. John Hilton, but continued to teach the school. She is now established as mistress of a pretty house, and her husband is Captain John Hilton, who has prospered so well that he soon means to establish himself permanently on shore.
So joy came with the snow, and Christmas was made merry by the sailor's return.—Glasgow's Companion.

A Dinner in a Boiler.

A colossal steam boiler recently built at Wiesenthal, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, is believed to be the largest in the world. It weighs forty tons, and the builder celebrated the completion of it in a manner at once odd and becoming. He gave his workmen a lunch in its very bowels. Covers were spread upon a table for thirty persons, and racks for crockery and things to eat were put up along the sides. It was not with the utmost care that the men got into the dining hall, since they were obliged to slip through an opening in the top about three feet high.

FOR THE FARM AND HOME.

Training Heifers to Milk.

A heifer should be trained as soon as weaned. She should then be haltered and made used to being tied up and handled, and led by the halter. She should be carded and brushed, and her udder and teats handled frequently until she becomes used to it. A month or two before she calves she should be tied up and brushed, and the udder rubbed and the teats pulled; taught to lift the leg and keep it out of the way of the milk, and generally disciplined. All this should be done gradually and gently, and the young animal made to understand that there is nothing to fear always exercising kindness to her. When she drops her calf no stranger should attend her, but one she knows well, and she will come to her duties as easily as an old cow. A newly calved heifer should always be tied when she is milked, as she may be very nervous and not to be depended upon until her disposition is shown.

Advantages of Small Flocks.

The reason why large flocks of sheep and the principle applies to all farm stock—are less thrifty than a small number together is answered very truly by an address before the Indian Sheep Growers' association, in speaking of pasturing. There is one thing about pasturing sheep that has been overlooked, viz., the damage done to the grass by being run over by the flock. While I believe one acre of good grass would keep five or maybe eight sheep well, I do not believe 100 acres would keep 500 sheep. Five sheep would probably do but little damage to one acre, even though they were confined to it; they would put a few tracks over it each day, and would easily find fresh grass each day. But suppose we put 500 hundred sheep in a hundred acres, if each sheep would find them selves to their own pasture for acre they would probably do well in summer. But they will not do this, and right here is where theory and practice parts company. Our five sheep start out to graze, and the 495 go along with them. Now, a sheep is a dainty creature, and likes clean food. So the hind-most part of the flock keep pushing ahead, paying little or no attention to what has been already run over, and being in each other's way each would go over ten times as much ground before it is filled as it ought. And having so much more work to get its food, it does not do so well as one that can satisfy itself with little or no exertion. Going over the trail too frequently and picking about dung and urine for grass is doubtless what makes large flocks so liable to disease.

Hot Water for Plants.

It has long been known that the seeds of plants encased in earth would stand water so hot as to be quite uncomfortable to the hand. M. Willermoz, in the "Journal of the Society of Practical Horticulture," of the Rhone, France, relates that plants may be treated with hot water when out of health, the usual remedy for which has been retarding.
He says when ill-health ensues from acid substances contained or generated in the soil, and this is absorbed by the roots, it acts as a poison. The small roots are withered and cease their action, consequently the older and younger shoots of the plant turn yellow, and the spots with which the leaves are covered indicate their morbid state. In such cases the usual remedy is to transplant into fresh soil, clean the pots carefully, secure good drainage, and often with the best results. But the experience of several years has proved, with him, the unfailing efficacy of the simpler treatment, which consists in watering abundantly with hot water at a temperature of about 145 degrees F., having previously stirred the soil of the pots so far as might be done without injury to the roots. Water is then given until it runs freely from the pots.
In his experiments the water first came out clear; afterward it was sensibly tinged with brown, and gave an appreciable acid reaction. After this thorough washing the pots were kept warm. Next day the leaves of Ficus elastica so treated ceased to droop, the spread of black spots on their leaves was arrested, and three days afterward, instead of dying, the plants had recovered their normal look of health. Very soon they made new roots, immediately followed by vigorous growth.—America's Cultivator.

Recipes.

BARLEY SOUP.—Two or three pounds of beef from the skin, two pounds of cracked bones, an onion, four stalks of celery, four potatoes, a gallon of water, pepper and salt. Put all into the soup-pot and boil very gently three hours. Wash a cup of barley and boil in a very little clear water twenty minutes. Strain the soup, pressing hard, boil up, skim, add the barley and simmer thirty minutes.

CORN CAKES.—One cup of Indian

meal, two cups of flour, three eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, a small teaspoon of sugar, half a cup of butter, two cups of rich sour milk, one teaspoonful each of soda and salt. Stir the butter until creamy, beat the yolks to a froth and the whites until stiff, and put together lightly. The salt and soda should be mixed thoroughly with the flour and meal. Next stir the butter into the middle, turn in the eggs and sugar, and beat to a batter. Now, as this mass, add the sour milk, stirring rapidly. Beat hard until smooth and light. Bake in hot gem pans or small cake tins.

FRIDAY CHICKEN.—But a knuckle of veal, when perfectly cooked strain the liquor, remove the fat, take out the bones, chop the meat fine; add one grated nutmeg, one-half ounce each of cloves, allspice and pepper. Put the entire mixture on the fire to simmer gently, and when the liquor becomes jelly, pour into a mold, and let it remain till the next day. You may line the mold with hard-boiled egg cut in slices. This is very nice for tea.

DRESSING FOR COLD MEAT. Yolks of two eggs, three table-spoonfuls black pepper, one-half teaspoonful cayenne pepper, one teaspoonful salt, one tea-spoonful white sugar, one-half teaspoonful cider vinegar, and stir over the fire till about the thickness of cream. Add the other ingredients, stirring all the time till smooth and thick. Let it cool, and serve cold with slices of cold meat. It is also a nice dressing for raw cabbage or salad.

The Hen Convention. A Fable.

A Fox who found her flock picking in a certain neighborhood yesterday visited a farmer's Dog and said:
"I have lately undergone a change of heart, and I wish you to make known the fact to your master's Fowls. They treat me as if I was a murderer, and it really hurts my feelings to see them hurry into the coop at sunset. The Farmer, too, seems to distrust me, for he has made the coop so tight that I cannot find a single knob-hole. What sort of a way is that to treat a Fox who is doing his best to earn an honest living?"
"I presume you would like to state your case to the Fowls in person?" observed the Dog.

"That's it—that the very idea," replied the Fox. "Say to them that I should like to meet them in convention under this tree to-morrow at noon. I will then explain my feelings toward them, and trust that the Fox and the Fowls will hereafter live in the greatest harmony. Indeed, the only difference between us is the fact that I have no wings, and they shouldn't hold me in suspicion on that account."
The Dog agreed to act as mediator, and at noon next day the Fox crept carefully through the weeds to the rendezvous, and crouched down to await the coming of the Fowls. They were presently heard a great whir and clatter, and two-score hens alighted in the branches of the tree over the Fox.

"The convention will now proceed its business," said an old Hen, as she perched down upon the Fox.
"Just so," grinned the Fox. "Please come down, and we will proceed."
"Thanks; but, if it's all the same to you, we'd rather you'd come up here," replied the Hen.
"But I can't fly."
"And we are poor runners."
The Fox not being able to fly up, and the Hens refusing to fly down, the former was skulking off, when he met the Dog, who said:
"My friend, the difference between undergoing a change of heart and desiring to undergo a change of diet and position is so obscure that many people never stop to fix for it. As a Fox, you were respected for your cunning; as a hypocrite, even the old Hens despise you."—Free Press.

Seized by Sharks.

The captain of the Spanish bark Selim reports a singular mishap that befel one of his crew four days out from Liverpool. It appears that an unusual number of sharks had been following the vessel during the preceding eight hours and the sailor decided to catch one of the monsters. He baited a large hook fastened to a chain and began to troll in the bark's wake. The first bait was snatched from the hook and another piece of meat was substituted. Several minutes passed, and, probably believing that the sharks were far astern where they had found the first morsel of food, he carelessly threw a leg over the rail and scanned the horizon. While he was sitting in that perilous position the bait was seized ravenously and the chain jerked taut in an instant. The sailor was pulled off the rail before he had time to think what had happened. As he went down he uttered a loud cry. The Selim was brought to a boat was lowered, but the man never reappeared. It is supposed by the captain that the sharks seized his body the moment that he struck the water.

"You're stuffing me," as the turkey said to the cook.

The Heart Song.

A silver tongue and sparkling eye
Are lower, to be sure,
And sunny smiles are still in vogue,
Unless they're all in gear.
A fairy story, 'tis true,
Handle made of the white
Are well enough for all eyes,
Unless the heart is right.

Good's Companion.

PURGENT PARAGRAPH.
Switch tenders—hair-pins.
Corn is the worst food of all the cereals. No matter how plentiful it is, it is only good to have it eaten, pulled.
A criminal old bachelor says that "lovers are like snakes; they get along well enough till the engagement breaks."
A little boy remarked: "I like grandpas because he is such a gentlemanly man; he always tells me to help myself to sugar."
A Kentucky girl is charged with having said: "If a wart wheel has nine fellows, it is a pity that a pretty girl like myself can't have one."
One of the paragraphs has discovered that, as a three-wheeled vehicle is a tricycle, and a two-wheeled vehicle a bicycle, a four-wheeled one must be a tricycle.
This is a picture of Freddy's Rabbits. But it is the picture of a Fox. The Fox is very fat. Where are Freddy's Rabbits? Freddy's Rabbits are in the Fox.

A wonderful new great notion will make milk sour. They will also make the average citizen pretty sour, especially if they come at night when he wants to sleep.
No better evidence of human progress can be found than in the fact that each new number of a monthly magazine is announced by its publishers to be infinitely superior to its predecessors.
They know how to have fun in Kentucky. At a recent fair a grab-bag was a feature. It was twenty-five cents a grab, and the prizes were numerous, but nobody got any, though every fellow who was satisfied! The bag contained a young alligator!

A Little Oversight of Abraham Lincoln's.

The following is from an article in the "New York Times" by Leonard W. Volk, the sculptor. The last sitting was given Thursday morning, and I noticed that Mr. Lincoln was in some-thing of a hurry. I had finished the head, but desired to represent his breast and hands, shoulderless as nature presented them, so he stripped off his coat, waistcoat, shirt, cravat and collar, three times on a chair, pulled his undershirt down a short distance, tying the sleeves behind him, and stood up without a moment for a hour or so. I then said that I was done, and was a thousand times obliged to him for his promptness and patience, and offered to assist him to be dressed, but he said: "No, I can do it better alone." I kept at my work without looking toward him, wishing to catch the form as accurately as possible while it was fresh in my memory. Mr. Lincoln left hurriedly, saying he had an engagement, and with a cordial "Good-bye! I will see you again soon," passed out. A few moments after I recognized his steps rapidly returning. The door opened, and in he came, exclaiming: "Hello, Mr. Volk! I got down on the sidewalk and found I had forgotten to put on my undershirt, and thought it wouldn't do to go through the streets this way." Sure enough, there were the sleeves of that garment dangling below the skirts of his broadcloth frockcoat! I met at once to his assistance, and helped to undress and redress him all right, and out he went, with a hearty laugh at the absurdity of the thing.

A Gypsy Marriage.

Eliza and Stanley and Edward Brewer members of a gypsy band—composed near Lafayette, Ind. were recently married by a justice of the peace. When everything was in readiness the bride said there was one thing yet to be done before she would consent to the marriage, and that was that the groom should kiss the Bible and make oath before God and in the presence of men that he would never touch a drop of liquor unless it was given to him by herself or without first obtaining her permission. This the groom cheerfully complied with, and the ceremony went on. At night the gypsies had a jolly time at their camp over the wedding.

Peacock feathers are emblems of vanity. They serve to point a moral and adorn a tale.