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KINSTON Collegiate Institute.

SESSION OF 1881-82. Fall Term Ends January 27, 1882. Spring Term Begins January 30, 1882.

INSTRUCTORS.

- Richard H. Lewis, A. M., M. D., Principal, Instructor in Classics, Science and English Literature. Elder C. W. Howard, Mathematics and Eloquence. Mrs. R. H. Lewis, Superintendent of Primary Department and Instructor in Junior English. Mrs. Israel Harding, French and Junior English. Miss Sarah Latham, Assistant in Primary Department. Mrs. Anna L. Dearing, Music. Professor John Webb teaches Penmanship in a special class. Catalogues on application. RICHARD H. LEWIS, Kinston, N. C., September 29, 1881.

OCEAN HOUSE, BEAUFORT, N. C.

The above well-known house will be kept open during this winter and next summer by Mr. W. C. KING, assisted by THOS. S. MARTIN. The house is situated in the central part of the town. Commercial travelers will find it to their advantage to stop with us, as we will furnish a large room for the display of samples free of charge. Terms reasonable. MRS. W. C. KING, THOS. S. MARTIN.

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For new inventions, or for improvements on old ones, I have taken Trade-Marks and all patent business promptly attended to. INVENTIONS THAT HAVE BEEN DECEASED may still, in most cases, be patented by us. Being opposite the U. S. Patent Office, and engaged in PATENT BUSINESS EXCLUSIVELY, we can secure patents in less time than those who are removed from Washington. When inventors send model or sketch, we make search in the Patent Office, and act as to its patentability, free of charge. Correspondence confidential, fees reasonable, and no charge unless patent is obtained. We refer by permission to the City Postmaster, and to the Superintendent of the Post Office, Post Office Division in Washington, for special references, circular, advice, terms, etc. Address—J. P. SNOW & CO., OPPOSITE PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Blacksmith's Daughter.

BY W. K. MURKIN

The blacksmith lays his hammer down, And rests his muscles, stiff and weary, While from the chancery in the town The noontide chimes ring loud and merry. He sits the open door beside, And smiles of sweet content a winner. When on his vision bursts his bride, His daughter Flora, with his dainty.

"POOR WADDY"

BY MRS. E. H. HOUGH.

That was what every one called him—his family, or rather his step-mother's family, included—until Waddy, to whose extreme unguessings of form and feature had been added a keen, almost painful sensitiveness, used often to wonder if there was a human being worse looking or more apparently de trop than himself.

His mother died soon after his birth, and his father married again—dying, however, when Waddy was in his ninth year, and leaving him an annuity of three hundred dollars—a very small proportion of the amount his step-mother and managing step-mother secured to his half-brothers and sisters, all of whom would have been glad, however, to forget or ignore even that degree of relationship. He was permitted, notwithstanding, to remain in the family, a sort of tolerated nuisance, his clothes and meals being charged as an offset against the annuity his father had left him.

But the time was approaching when Waddy would have been considered a young man if he had not been snubbed, cuffed and kept back. He had, moreover, been doing some thinking of his own in a quiet and sensible way, and had at last decided to turn his attention to book-keeping. He had already, in some way, learned to move his pen with the ease and grace of a master of that art; and as for numbers, his mind glided into them with a readiness which in a few years enabled him to gain a thorough knowledge of the almost incomprehensible science, and he prepared to leave the old family home and repair to the nearest city in search of employment.

"Waddy," said one of his half sisters, inspired by a bright idea, when about to bid a cold farewell to the bete noir, with whose society they were so willing to dispense, "suppose you get your life insured for about five thousand dollars, and assign the policy over to us. Your annuity will keep it paid up, you know." Waddy said he would think about it, so he fastened the last strap of his traveling valise and moved out and away.

ready given me his name and address—down in the business part of the city, more than two miles away.

"Better let me have charge of him, Miss, and take him to the station-house," persisted the policeman. "The doctor will examine him, and we will send him to the hospital, if necessary, or to his lodgings, if he is well enough to go."

"Call a carriage and let me go to my lodgings," said the injured man, in a feeble but distinct voice. "I am not very badly hurt, and feel strong er now."

"Have your own way, then, old fellow. Less trouble to us," said the roundsmen, adding to the young lady: "There's nothing more you can do, Miss."

But to this remark Florence Langdon responded only by a shake of her head, still keeping her place at the side of the stranger until they reached the drug store, where she was well known, being a frequent customer. Some slight restoratives were administered, and poor Waddy, gratified that his bad looks had not frightened those people, remarked that he was greatly obliged for their kindness, and would now be able to be taken to his lodgings without further treatment.

A carriage was soon there, and the injured man was placed in it, when a clerk in the drug store, observing a look of anxious solicitude on Miss Langdon's face, remarked that he would take a seat in the carriage with her, and accompany the stranger to his lodgings, and then see her safely home.

"Well, Mr. Brown," said Waddy, "I suppose it is best for me to tell you the whole story. I have seen the lady but once in my life, and then only for a short time." He then proceeded to relate the adventure with which the reader is already familiar, adding: "That, sir, was the first time, so far as I could remember, when any one had done anything for which I could not conceive of as having been prompted by a selfish interest in some form. The only evidence I had that she thought of me afterwards, was the receipt of a note from the clerk who had accompanied her, saying that he and the young lady would like to know if I had sustained any serious injury from my fall. This kind inquiry I immediately answered, with many thanks to him and Miss Langdon, whose full name and address I had obtained from him."

"From that time," continued Waddy, "I have followed her history and fortunes continually. Her father failed in business a year after that incidental meeting, and died within the next year, his family being left to do the best they could for themselves. Under those circumstances, I adopted Florence as the special object of my interest and care, and have done what I could for her. Her husband, an enterprising young man, to whom she was married a few years ago, has been getting along very well, in the Western city where they now reside, with their three little children. The satisfaction of knowing that I was rendering an acceptable service to one who was worthy of it, and who might one day, after I was gone, know from whom it came, has furnished the motive that has kept me like a guiding star in my life."

Six years had passed since the conversation here referred to; and as the last of them drew to an end, the bookkeeper closed his ledger for the last time, and passed on to render his account before a tribunal that permits no changes or erasures in the record of any one.

A sincere and tender respect was manifested by the few persons who accompanied the remains of poor Waddy to the grave; but none of his kindred were there, nor did they even know of his death until they had learned from his attorney and executor that the annuity would be no longer required, except a small balance due at the time of his client's decease. The money was promptly received, also a request for a copy of poor Waddy's will, which was immediately forwarded, and from which they learned that he had left a life insurance of five thousand dollars, also about four thousand in the savings bank. His library, with other articles, had been left to certain persons who had administered to his comfort during the latter years of his life. He had directed that his funeral should be conducted in a plain and becoming style, and a simple marble slab should be placed at his grave, with the words—"Poor Waddy, and nothing more." These matters being provided for, there would remain the sum of eight thousand dollars, which, by his will he had directed to be paid to Mrs. Florence Anderson.

Another letter soon came from Waddy's former home, written by a lawyer this time, intimating a disposition to test the validity of the will, unless certain questions—a dozen or more—were satisfactorily answered. The answers were not given, nor was the will ever disturbed.

A few weeks after the bookkeeper's funeral, an elderly gentleman rang the bell at a quiet and pleasant residence in a Western city, and placing his card in the hand of the servant who answered it, requested her to take it to her mistress, Mrs. Anderson. "I am much pleased to see you, Mr. Brown," said the lady, entering the parlor. "I received your letter a few days ago, announcing the death of one whose generous and constant remembrance of me has been a great mystery, as well as an occasion of sincere gratitude. The trials and disappointments that have fallen upon me, especially at and soon after the death of my dear husband, followed also, in a few weeks, by the death of my youngest child, were lightened and rendered endurable, so far as they could be, by the consciousness that I had an unknown friend, somewhere, who was watching me continually and caring for me as with a father's or a brother's affection. And now, sir, please let me know to whom I have been indebted for this kind and watchful solicitude."

"Let me first ask you to sign this receipt," said Mr. Brown, as he placed on the table before her a certified check. "Eight thousand dollars!" exclaimed Mrs. Anderson. "Can it be possible that I am the recipient of this munificent gift, in addition to the former acts of kindness? Enough, with the little my husband left me, to make me and my two remaining children comfortable to the end of our lives. I cannot remember that I have ever done anything for any human being that could deserve the hundredth part of what I have received from this generous friend."

"Do you remember," began Mr. Brown, "the poor bookkeeper, who fell on the ice—"

"What?" interrupted the listener. "Waddy Rullman?" Can it be possible that that little act of kindness furnishes the key to this mystery? Has the man whom I simply helped to rise from the ice fallen on the side walk, and assisted to his home, been doing all this for me?"

"Yes, madam, was the lawyer's reply. "He has watched you from that until the end of his life, and you have been the recipient of most of the generosity he has saved. His painful sensitiveness in regard to his personal appearance made him almost a monomaniac on that subject, and he felt that for him love or marriage was forever out of the question. At the same time he needed some end or purpose higher and more unselfish than the supplying of his own personal wants, and the belief that he was contributing to the comfort of one who deserved and thankfully received the assistance he was rendering, has supplied the great want of his life and constituted the one sweet and innocent romance of his otherwise lonely and lovely existence."

"Much more was told during that visit, and Mrs. Anderson's eyes were wet with tears when she at last bade her visitor good-bye. Every year, at the anniversary of his death, a wreath of immortelles was placed, by her order, upon poor Waddy's grave, as a token of her grateful remembrance of the hitherto unknown benefactor who had so liberally provided an act of simple kindness.—N. Y. Ledger.

Brought to Time.

A young man on a street in Steubenville with a fox cap, a fragile cane, and smoking a vile cigarette, which awakened a suspicion in the minds of the neighbors that a dead mule was in the immediate vicinity, stepped off the sidewalk to allow a lady to pass. "Thank you," she said. "Not at all, madame. I assure you I always give way to the weaker sex."

The lady slowed up, when she heard this, and came back to the young man. "What did you observe, sir?" "I said (smile forced) that I always gave way to the weaker sex."

"Ah, did you," pursued the woman, grabbing him with a firm hand by the throat-latch. "Do you know who you are (shake) calling the (shake, shake) weaker sex?"

"I—ugh—that is, I—meant to say—you hurt my neck—politeness is constitutional in our—our—family."

"The, hey? Well (shake, shake, shake) if you think I'm (shake, shake, shake) one of the weaker sex, you are off your reckoning."

Here she gave the young man a dextrous flip which spun him three times around, after which he fell under a fence, while his cane and fox cap flew over into a bed of last year's holly-leaves.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

"What I was gwine to remark," said Brother Gardner, as the back end of Paradise Hall grew quiet, "was to say to you dat de pusson who expects to enjoy dis life mus' make up his mind to strike de world on de general average. He who neglects to do so will meet wid daily sorrows and disappointments. Doan' expect dat de man who happens to agree wid you on de weather an' sartin to agree wid you on de politics—It don't foller dat de man who agrees wid you on de weather will feel bound to accept your kind of religion. De fact dat you lend a naybour your shovel doan' bind him to lend you his wheel-barrel. He who looks for honesty whar he finds gray hairs will be as sadly disappointed as he who argues dat an old cat an' de sign of a thief or a beggar. Put faith in human nature, an' yet be chery ready to doubt."

bank vault and had to subsist over Sunday on government bonds and coupons. "Let's of men doing that now," said old Botts, gruffly. "I escaped from the rebels, during the war, at New Orleans," said the narrator, growing paler and more determined as he went on, "and for six weeks hid in a swamp and lived exclusively on the cast-off skin of an alligator."

"You should have boiled it," said Guffey, calmly. "That's the way I used to do in Africa." There was a silence that could be cut with a knife after that for some time, when, just as the crowd was chuckling over the supposed extinguishment of the story teller, Diffenderfer took the bit in his teeth and made one more desperate dash for the lead.

"But, gentlemen," he continued, solemnly, "those were hardships, indeed; but nothing, absolutely nothing, compared to an experience I once endured in this city about three years ago. Through an unfortunate combination of circumstances I was compelled to eat three hotel steaks in one week." And with a struck face the sympathizing crowd arose and awarded the survivor the official cake.—San Francisco Post.

A New York firm sent a lot of bills for collection. One of them came back with a memorandum on it, that the debtor was dead. Sometime afterwards the same bill got into another lot that was forwarded to the same place, and upon the list that came back again, the name was marked "still dead."

A young lady having made the original mark that the good die young, a conceited and bald-headed old bean asked: "If that is so, how do you account for me?" She looked at his bald pate critically, and answered: "Oh, I suppose that you dyed young, too!"

"My love," said one lady to another, you heard, I suppose, that Amanda is about to marry Arthur? "I know it," was the reply, "and what I can't understand is that a woman as intelligent as she is can consent to marry a man who is stupid enough to marry her."

"I call that very rare," said Jones to a workman who had done some work for him. "Ah!" answered the workman, highly tickled. "Yes," went on Jones, "rare—very rare—not half done." That tickled the workman, and he retired.

It being remarked that a noted man, lately deceased, started with a bad and quit with a million, a youngster in the company exclaimed: "I'd rather start with a bad a dozen times than die worth a million once."

A little reading lesson for little children: "This is a picture of Freddy's rabbits, but it is also the picture of a fox. The fox is very fat. Where are Freddy's rabbits? Freddy's rabbits are in the fox's."

A Scotch professor once said to his class: "It may be expedient at some time to take a bull by the horns, young gentlemen, but it is always well to keep in mind the fact that the horns belong to the bull."

Proud mamma: "Don't you think that baby is the image of his papa?" Well-meaning but dull friend: "Well, yes, perhaps he is, but I dare say he'll outgrow it in time."

"Then, on another occasion," said Diffenderfer, bracing up again, after a while, "I was locked by mistake in a