

THE EVENING FREE PRESS.

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Even Mark Hanna, the hog, is satisfied with the majority for McKinley.

Now that Mark Hanna has got in his work he will in due time proceed to push his \$180,000,000 ship subsidy steal.

THE FREE PRESS believes the main cause of Bryan's defeat was the great (but temporary) prosperity, under McKinley's rule, caused by the war with Spain. Hard times are bound to come during the next four years. THE FREE PRESS would gladly support Bryan again in 1904.

Gen. Carr by his nice telegram to Mr. Simmons displayed true Democracy and the true gentleman. The reply of Mr. Simmons was exactly right and proper. Both are good men and Democrats. Both want peace and harmony in the ranks of North Carolina Democracy. Neither is responsible for the unkind and untrue things said of the other by their over-zealous friends. Let all Democrats forget that there has been a hard and bitter fight inside the party—a family fight. We all be brethren.

It is alleged that with its superior facilities the Carnegie Co. can turn out steel rails at \$13 per ton and make a fair profit. If this be true the contracts so far made by the railway companies at \$26 per ton involve an extravagant concession to the producers. This is a matter of general public importance for the reason that whatever greatly adds to the cost of railroad construction and maintenance must increase the cost of transportation, and transportation must be esteemed a part of the cost of nearly everything which humanity needs, says the Philadelphia Record.

The Raleigh Times well says: "No man in the State has more friends or stronger ones than Gen. Julian S. Carr, and if he had been a candidate at any other time he would doubtless have been elected without a contest. But the vast majority felt that Mr. Simmons deserved the best in the shop for the victories won under his leadership in 1898 and August 1900, and were glad to give him the only reward in their power, which happened in this case to be the senatorship. Many of Gen. Carr's warm personal friends voted for Mr. Simmons because they thought it their duty to support the man who rescued the State from fusion rule. This feeling was almost universal, and resulted in an overwhelming vote. Gen. Carr retains the warm friendship and admiration of thousands of friends throughout the State, who feel that the party and the people are deeply indebted to him for his generosity and his services."

Lincoln's Offhand Way.
In 1861, when Mr. Lincoln was on his way to Washington to be inaugurated as president, his train stopped at Rochester, Pa., a station on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad. Mr. Lincoln alighted from the car to stretch his long limbs by walking on the station platform. His identity became known to the townspeople assembled there, and a friendly conversation with him ensued.

In reply to a reference to the threatening political outlook he said, "Oh, no one has been hurt yet."
Seeing a tall man in the crowd, Mr. Lincoln remarked that he and the man were of about the same height and proposed that they measure. They took off their hats and stood together, back to back, while some one placed a hand above their heads and found Mr. Lincoln to be slightly the taller.

An Apt Amendment.
Years ago a bill entitled "An act for the preservation of the heath hen and other game" was introduced into the New York house of assembly.
The speaker of the house, who was not especially interested in matters of this kind, gravely read it, "An act for the preservation of the heathen and other game."
He was blissfully unconscious of his blunder until an honest member from the northern part of the state who had suffered from the depredations of the frontier Indians rose to his feet.
"I should like to move an amendment to the bill," he said mildly, "by adding the words, 'except Indians.'"—Youth's Companion.

The Account.
"I have called," said the reporter, "to see if you wish to add anything to our account of your wife's reception this evening. We have most of the details and a long list of names, including those who will assist her in receiving."
"No," replied the business man. "There's only one account that I'm expected to take any interest in, and there'll be no one to assist me with that."—Exchange.

A FAST BALL PLAYER

HE MAY OR MAY NOT HAVE PLAYED WITH THE ROARERS.

Steve Speed, Who Could Beat His Own Throw to First and Who Could Get Behind the Plate in Time to Catch His Own Pitching.

"The fastest base runner I ever saw," said the fat ex-mascot of the Lightfoot Lilies in comparing baseball of the present with that of the old days, "was little Sammie Salmon of the Lilies. But the fastest base runner I ever heard of was, or wasn't, as the case may have been, Steve Speed, who played, or who didn't play, I don't know which, with the Ringtail Roarers. At any rate, whether he ever played with the Roarers or not, he was certainly the fastest that ever came over the crossways. You don't understand? Well, I'll tell you all about him.

"One afternoon about a month before the last game we ever played with the Ringtail Roarers the boys were all sitting round in the postoffice discussing our chances for the big contest. Captain Slugger Burrows, who was tending postoffice that day, was over in the corner reading the ball news in a Jones County Courier that had accidentally slipped its wrapper before delivery. Suddenly he clutched the paper tightly and sprang to his feet. For heaven's sake, boys, listen to this: 'We have it from a high source,' he began to read breathlessly, 'that the Roarers have unearthed a phenomenal base runner, with whose services they feel confident of wresting the Jones county laurels from the erstwhile invincible Lightfoot Lilies. The newcomer's name is Steve Speed. His extraordinary ability was first discovered while he was in the box one day last week. He stopped an easy grounder and tossed it over to first to catch the runner. The ball had no sooner left his hand than, to his horror, he discovered that first was uncovered. Without a moment's hesitation he made a dive for the bag and succeeded in reaching it just in time to catch the ball that he had thrown but an instant before, thereby scoring a put out and an assist unassisted.'"

"Boys," said the Slugger, crumpling the paper savagely in his fists, "to Lily park with you. Practice begins at once. Hustle!"
"Well, sir, that week we practiced. In the morning the boys would all go down to the station and race the trains as they steamed out of town. Afternoons they'd ease up a bit and just indulge in short sprints paced by the town trolley car. At night the daily practice would conclude with a brisk cross country run around the township. The work began to show. At the end of the week we began to have some hopes of beating the Roarers after all. And then came a second copy of The Courier knocking our hopes higher than taxes.

"The wonderful baseball feat performed by Steve Speed," the article said, "which was published exclusively by The Jones County Courier, has been eclipsed by an even more astonishing performance by the same player. We have it from the same high source from which we obtained our former news that Speed has now become so proficient in running that he is able to pitch the ball from the box and by an incredibly quick start reach the plate in time to catch the ball behind the bat. The Roarers have released their catcher. Wouldn't that hasten your pulse? It did ours.

"And the next week's accounts were even worse. The Courier got straight from their own private high source that this guy Speed was even better than the week before. He was now so super at the game that he not only ran down behind the plate and caught the balls that he pitched, but in case the batter knocked a fly he darted out in the field and caught it himself. The Roarers had, according to The Courier, released their whole outfield. When we read that, Bull Thompson wanted to cancel the game, but the Slugger wouldn't hear of it. 'The Lightfoot Lilies,' he said, 'may be made to look like tarheel thistles, but we won't wither before we're picked.'

"When the big game finally did come off, the Roarers certainly had us on the run. For three innings they piled up runs almost at will. But then we began to get wise. Where was this fast running phenom? Cy Priest was still in the pitcher's box, and the whole outfield seemed to be in their usual places. Perhaps he was sick. The thought gave us courage, and we began to pick up a bit. You all know how we finally pulled the game out of the fire in the last half of the tenth. That's a matter of history now. Well, after it was over the Slugger went up to Cy Priest. 'Say,' he asked, 'where's that hot base runner of yours, Cy?'

"You mean Steve Speed?" replied Cy, with a funny look in his eye. "Oh, we couldn't pay the salary he demanded and had to let him go. The last I heard of him he was touring the north-west, playing exhibition games to enormous crowds."
"Yes, sir; he was the best that ever was—if he was. As I said, I don't really know. Of course The Courier said that they had it from a high source, but then—Well, you know Cy Priest was over six feet."—New York Sun.

How He Knew It.
We had outspanned the wagons on the veldt between Prieska and Kenhard. The donkeys had been driven to the veldt, and we, my friend and myself, were talking in the "mag" to a Dutchman named Gert Maans about the wonders of the universe.
We mentioned that the world was round. Maans said that he knew it.
This answer was unusual for a Boer, so we asked him how he knew. He replied:
"I started to ride to Poortje one dark night through the veldt, and I rode hard all the night, and next morning I found myself at the place I started from, so I know the world is round because I rode round it."—London Standard.

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