

THE EVENING FREE PRESS.

S. HERBERT, Editor and Prop'r.

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The meteoric showers, as well as the Democratic majorities, have failed to show up this November.

Tammany wants to get rid of the vice in New York. Is it suggestive that Croker has left for Europe?

Old Kruger is enjoying the laudation of France, while the poor Boers are suffering the devastation of the British.

A trust only lowers the price to the consumer when it desires to crush out a rival.—Durham Herald.

Right.

Chinese peace negotiations at Peking—or rather negotiations for a piece of China—have been stopped for awhile. Earl Li Hung Chang is what might be designated an early bird with a peacock feather.

McKinley received 292 electoral votes and Bryan 155. McKinley had 68 votes above what is necessary. There have been worse defeats than that. For instance, in 1888, Harrison received 233, and Cleveland, 168—65 majority for Harrison. This is not quite so bad by 3 votes. But in 1892, four years later, it was reversed—Cleveland 277, Harrison 145—132 majority for Cleveland.

What's the matter with the South nominating the next president? All sectional lines were obliterated by the Spanish war, so McKinley said. Since the south put up three-fourths of the votes Bryan received, and has proven her Democracy by voting solidly, without recognition, every year, we think it is about time for her to do some nominating. A southern man can get the votes if he'll promise not to cut down the pensions.—Wilson Times.

Let's have no more primaries, whether voluntary or legalized. They engender needless strife, and do no one good. They will be the delight of the Republican. He is keeping quiet in State affairs, hoping, with ghoulish glee, that perhaps by the primary the Democratic party will be broken by internal discord.

Let's keep together, brethren, and give the people of North Carolina good, honest and economical government.

Let's turn our attention toward the education of the young, the building of better roads, help to push North Carolina's resources to the front, and strive to make our degree of progress in the next decade greater than in the past ten years.

We clip from the Wilmington Messenger the following expression regarding primaries:

"As to more senatorial primaries there is a division of opinion. We apprehend that a very large majority of the observant, sober-sided Democratic voters are not enamored of the experiment. It is to be hoped that never again will this dreadful experiment be repeated in North Carolina."

The Raleigh Post published a letter from Mr. J. C. L. Bird, of McDowell county, from which we take this:

"No greater misfortune could befall the Democratic party in North Carolina than the adoption of the primary system, legalized or otherwise. The party in this county (McDowell) tried it twice with fatal results; the third, and it is to be hoped the last, landed the county into the Republican column for the first time since 1868. It is a prolific source of discord and dissension within the ranks."

LIST

Many golden opportunities have been lost by those who suffer from rheumatism. By taking Rheumacide now they will be permanently and positively cured. Sold by J. E. Hood.

A Tobacco Center.

What is the greatest tobacco receiving point in the world? No, it isn't Havana nor Manila nor Key West. This distinction belongs to Edgerton, Wis., a little town about 100 miles northwest of Chicago, less celebrated than Three Oaks, Mich., but of far more importance to the world, if the serenity of man is to figure in the calculation. A cigar is composed of three general parts—the filler, the binder and the wrapper. The fillers of good cigars come from Cuba, the binders from Wisconsin, by way of Edgerton, and the wrappers generally from Sumatra.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Feared Gladstone's Ax.

Of the father of Viscount Hampden it is related that he was once asked if Mr. Gladstone had ever visited his seat. "No," he replied; "the truth is we have only three trees, and we are afraid to ask him there."—London Telegraph.

"I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and find it to be a great medicine," says Mr. E. S. Phillips, of Potosi, Ark. "It cured me of bloody flux, I cannot speak too highly of it." This remedy always wins the good opinion, if not praise, of those who use it. The quick cures which it effects even in the most severe cases make it a favor, its everywhere. For sale by J. E. Hood.

A BOY AND A FORTUNE.

"That dreadful boy!" sighed his wife. Mr. Carhart looked apprehensively round.

"Oh, he won't hurt," said Mrs. Carhart. "He's up stairs taking his after dinner nap."

"And the boy?"

"I don't like him!" cried Mrs. Carhart, with very decided emphasis. "He's chasing the cat through the parlors. My boy!"

"My dear," said Mr. Carhart soothingly, "try to be patient. Mr. Clymer's visit will last a year."

"If I thought it would, I should commit suicide," said the lady hysterically. "How that beautiful cash! I know it's one of my axes."

"Never mind, Lucia, never mind! The money Mr. Clymer will leave us, if he is properly managed, will buy enough to refund a dozen horses. Just think of it—\$200,000, and not a relative in the world!"

"Except this boy whom he has adopted."

"Except this boy, of course. But an adopted child isn't like a blood relative. Mr. Clymer has himself assured me that he will leave merely a nominal sum to Gustavus Adolphus. Hush! Here he comes now!"

"Well, Gustavus, my boy," said Mr. Carhart, meeting a playful air of welcome, "what are you up to now?"

"I want some jam," was his imperious demand.

Mrs. Carhart, impelled thereto by a glance from her husband, turned to the preserve closet, while the lawyer looked more keenly at the boy.

"Why, what's the matter with your hand, Gustavus?" he asked.

"Cut it," was the terse reply. "Cut jumped through that there glass thing in the garden, and I was a-haulin' of her out when I cut my hand."

"My grumpy!" ejaculated the lawyer, with a slight gasp for breath as he remembered the wager he had laid with his next neighbor as to the earliest grapes of the season.

"What have you in your pocket, my boy?" he asked, striving to speak jovially.

"Peaches," grinned Gustavus Adolphus, with his mouth full of strawberry jam. "I picked every one."

"You little wretch!" began the lawyer, but the entrance of old Mr. Clymer checked the ebullition of well deserved wrath.

"Don't be troublesome, Gustavus," said old Mr. Clymer, with a tap of his cane upon the floor.

"Troublesome, my good sir!" said Mr. Carhart. "If you only knew how the light of innocent infancy brightens up this dull old house!"

"Gustavus, love, don't swing by those lace curtains," said Mrs. Carhart apprehensively. "I'm afraid you'll hurt yourself if they come down!"

"—with its musical echoes," went on Mr. Carhart. "You wouldn't check the dear boy. How often my wife says to me, 'Oh, if we had such a lovely child!'"

"Ah," said old Mr. Clymer sagely, "indeed!"

Crash went the curtains and cornices, and down came the namesake of Sweden's illustrious king, breaking a gilded chair and overturning a stand of flowers in his fall.

Great was the family regret, and most ostentatiously displayed, when Mr. Clymer announced his intention to depart.

"We shall be quite lost without you," said Mrs. Carhart.

"We shall miss the boy dreadfully," chimed in Mr. Carhart.

"Shall you really?" demanded Mr. Clymer, pausing in the act of strapping his valise.

"Can you doubt it, my dear friend?"

"Suppose, then, that I leave Gustavus Adolphus with you for a month or so?" said the old gentleman. "I shall be traveling around from place to place, and a boy like that would be in the way. If you would just as soon!"

"My dear sir," cried Mr. Carhart, with a spasmodic gurgle in his throat, "it will be the greatest favor you can possibly do us!"

And, to Mrs. Carhart's despair, Master Gustavus was left on her hands once more.

The month, a memorable and dreadful 30 days with poor Mrs. Carhart, was drawing to a close when her husband came in, carrying a black edged letter and with a certain melancholy exultation in his face.

"My dear," he said, "we have here sad news. Our estimable friend Mr. Clymer is—"

"Not dead!" shrieked Mrs. Carhart.

"Yes, my dear, he has paid the tribute to nature which we must all sooner or later yield up, and we are to attend the funeral in New York at once, when his will will be opened and read."

The funeral over, they all gathered in the back parlor of the luxurious house occupied by the late Carolus Clymer to hear in what manner the deceased had disposed of his large property.

"Conscious," went on the officiating lawyer, reading from the will in a high nasal tone, "of my approaching dissolution, I give and bequeath all the property

A Village Blacksmith Saved His Little Son's Life.

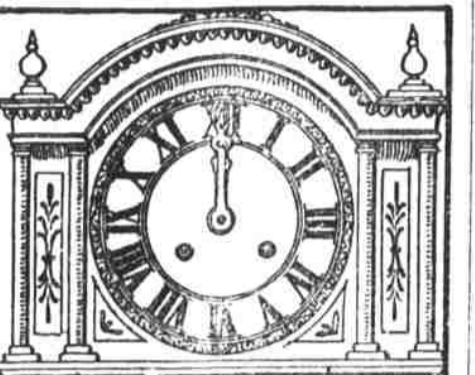
Mr. H. H. Black, the well-known village blacksmith at Grahamsville, Sullivan Co., N. Y., says: "Our little son, five years old, has always been subject to croup, and so bad have the attacks been that we have feared many times that he would die. We have had the doctor and used many medicines, but Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is now our sole reliance. It seems to dissolve the tough mucus and by giving frequent doses when the croupy symptoms appear we have found that the dreaded croup is cured before it gets settled." There is no danger in giving this remedy for it contains no opium or other injurious drug and may be given as confidently to a babe as to an adult. For sale by J. E. Hood.

of which I die possessed, without reservation"—Mr. Carhart unfolded his handkerchief—"to the Pickingham Orphan asylum, in the town of Pickingham, state of Wisconsin. And to my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Elan Carhart, I give what they will prize more than any moneysed remembrance, the care, charge and sole disposition over my adopted son, Gustavus Adolphus Goggins."

Mrs. Carhart gave a shriek and lapsed into wild hysterics. Her husband was staring at her, apparently stunned and bewildered.

Master Gustavus Adolphus went back to the Pickingham Orphan asylum.—Exchange.

What We Owe the Past. "Do you enjoy history, Miss Pauline?" "Oh, so much, professor; it makes such lovely plays."—Indianapolis Journal.



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