

THE EVENING FREE PRESS.

W. S. HERBERT, Editor and Proprietor.

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According to the millionaire census, there are 5,000 of them, scattered over this country. But some of them are poor fellows, who haven't more than a million or two.

There is a new national political party, one of whose demands is that the Sabbath be abolished. That party is foredoomed to defeat. The average man in this country doesn't think there are Sabbaths enough.—Wilmington Star.

Now that Admiral Schley has run the gauntlet of Savannah "chicken salad," the Chicago stock yards and Kentucky sour mash, it ought to be conceded that he is a real hero, no matter what happened at Santiago.—Atlanta Journal.

During the year ending July 1st, 1901, American smokers burned up 5,770,954,369 cigars, not to talk of the cigarettes and smoking tobacco they got away with. Dedicating the men, women and children who don't smoke, the other fellows must have been kept busy puffing.

The career of the late James W. Tufts, who died at Pinehurst Sunday night, is full of inspiration to the ambitious youth of the country. Starting out as a clerk in a drug store he became one of the successful business men of America, and the secret of his success was he kept "everlastingly at it."

Oil has been struck in several states recently, and the craze is on. In one or two portions of North Carolina oil is said to have been found. And to get closer home still a Lenoir county man says he believes he has oil on his place and expects to soon commence an examination and test.

With Senator Morgan and a majority of the inter-oceanic canal committee in favor of "Niagara or nothing," the canal commission unanimously in favor of Panama, and President Roosevelt determined to have some definite canal legislation at this session of congress, the isthmian fight promises to be one of the liveliest in our history, says the Charlotte Observer.

The Charlotte Observer well says: Mr. Babcock, Republican, of Wisconsin, sprang a surprise Monday when he introduced an amendment to the tea schedule in the ways and means committee, reducing certain duties on steel and placing other articles of steel on the free list. Mr. Babcock has been preaching the doctrine—and it is a time-honored Democratic doctrine—that when an American industry gets to the point where it can undersell the world on its products, it no longer needs protection. The steel trust is selling its manufactures much cheaper abroad than at home, the Dingley tariff enabling it to do this. Mr. Babcock's amendment was defeated by only one majority, two Republicans voting with the Democrats in favor of it. It is a significant incident.

His Reward.
"You remember Bingley, who bought a house on each side of his own dwelling so he could choose his own neighbors?"
"Yes. What of him?"
"Well, he fitted up those houses elegantly and rented them to first class tenants, and they won't associate with him at all because he's merely a landlord."—Chicago Tribune.

Why?
Tommy—Pop, was Job a doctor?
Tommy's Pop—Not that I have ever heard, my son.
Tommy—Then why does the Bible have so much to say about the patients of Job?—Philadelphia Record.

The Vulnerable Point.
Percy—I've made Pauline sorry that she threw me over.
Guy—In what way?
Percy—Why, I'm attentive now to a girl five years younger than she is.—Detroit Free Press.

Bamboo pens have been used in India for over 100 years. They are made like the ordinary quill pen and for a few hours' writing are said to be very serviceable.

Six Million Boxes a Year.
In 1895, none; in 1900, 6,000,000 boxes; that's Cascarets' jump in popularity. The people have cast their verdict. Best medicine for the bowels in the world. All druggists, etc.

JUST ONE BOY'S WAY

THE DRAMA THAT WAS ENACTED ON A STREET CAR.

A Pocket Exploration That Held the Passengers Breathless and Proved Eminently Satisfactory to the Persistent Youngster.

When this small boy on the Ninth street car went into his clothing after his car fare, the other passengers betrayed little or no interest in him. He was an ordinary, snub nosed, freckle faced boy of nine or ten, and it seemed pretty safe to assume that he had the nickel necessary for a ride or he would not have swung aboard, and so the passengers paid little or no attention to him. The men, as usual, occupied themselves in pretending that they weren't looking at all at the good looking women in the opposite seats, and the women, also as usual, endeavored to convey the impression that they didn't know there was such a creature as a man within a hundred miles of them.

But when this small boy began to have his troubles all hands got to looking him over. Everybody, it would appear, likes to see a small boy in trouble anyhow.

The boy ploved around in the lining of the right hand pocket of his shabby little overcoat, screwing himself into many possible attitudes as he stood and wriggled in the aisle, and finally, after terrific exertion, he brought forth a penny, half buried in a lot of woolly stuff from the coat. Then he turned his attention to the lining of the left hand pocket of his overcoat. After almost superhuman difficulties, in the process of which it looked as if the boy might get himself wrapped around an invisible axis several times in such a manner that he could never get right again, he produced another penny, also plentifully wadded in woolen lint belonging to the overcoat.

A couple of elderly men who were reading papers side by side at the end of the car began to get nervous. They pushed back their spectacles and studied the boy's movements anxiously.

"Fare, there, son!" said the conductor.

The boy gazed reproachfully at the conductor, stuck the two found pennies in his mouth and continued his weird exertions to assemble his fare.

He unbuttoned his overcoat by the simple process of giving it a yank from bottom to top, and then he dug into the right hand pocket of his jacket. That pocket, too, seemed to be liningsless, and the boy had to grope through it like a cat clawing for the exit of a bag. At length he got to the end of it, and an expression of acute relief crossed his freckled features. The hand was wedged in so tightly that he had about as much trouble in getting it out as he had had in getting it in, but it clutched another cent when it finally made its appearance. This went into his mouth to join the other two. At this point the two elderly men coughed violently and scowled at the boy as if to say that they wished the infernal business were done with, but the others who were

watching the boy's moves looked sympathetic.

The boy next began a laborious exploration of his right hand knickerbocker pocket, from which he produced and bestowed in his overcoat pocket many articles peculiar to boys—marbles, a piece of wax, a rusty looking knife, two or three printed celluloid buttons, and so on—and at the very bottom of this salvage was yet another penny. All the other passengers except the two elderly men breathed sighs of relief, but they wanted to read their papers, and yet they couldn't while this boy was engaged in his eventful search, with the chances about even whether he'd win out or not.

"Fare now there, kid!" said the conductor, once more tackling the boy. The boy handed him the four pennies from his mouth after very politely rubbing them off on his overcoat sleeve, and he said, with a very boyish grin: "I got the other one somewhere. Wait a minute, mister."

Then the boy gazed up at the ceiling of the car and studied for a moment, while the other passengers except the two elderly men, who looked ferocious, rooted for him with all their might.

The boy felt tentatively at his left hand knickerbocker pocket, but it was plain to see that he knew that was no go. For about half a minute he looked worried, and the sympathetic passengers worried along with him, as could be seen by the tense expression on their faces as they regarded every movement of the boy with strained, almost feverish attention. Then the boy reached into a back pocket of his knickerbockers, brought forth one of those celluloid traveling soap boxes, somewhat battered, took off the lid, and there, buried in a lot of junk, was the other cent.

The sigh of relief that ran around that car was distinctly audible. The sympathetic passengers, men and women, settled themselves back in their seats and smiled at the boy, and two or three of them looked as if they wanted to jump up and suggest cheers. The two elderly men coughed violently again, readjusted their spectacles and began again on their newspapers.

Then the small boy sat down, took a neat looking change purse from the inside pocket of his overcoat, dumped the contents—about \$2 in quarters, nickels and dimes—into his hands and began counting it, whereupon the passengers who had been rooting for him but a moment before instantly froze and looked at him as if they considered him a bad lot and a boy bound straight for state's prison or worse.—Washington Star.

Plaster of Paris.

The setting of plaster of paris may be retarded by the addition of 2 to 4 per cent of powdered althea root. This addition not only retards the hardening of the plaster, but also enables it to be cut, filed, saved and used. An addition of 8 per cent retards the complete setting of the plaster for a full hour, so that the mass may be used for any purpose where it is to remain plastic during at least a portion of that time.

One Minute Late.

It makes no difference whether you were one minute or one hour late, if you missed the train. Better get there on time. Colds lead to coughs, coughs to pneumonia and consumption; therefore, it is all important to check a cold before it reaches the lungs. Perry Davis' Painkiller will positively break a cold inside of twenty-four hours. There is but one Painkiller, Perry Davis'.

Bell's Shops

AT RESIDENCE—two blocks East of A. & N. C. Depot, Kinston, N. C., is the place to get your REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS done, both in wood and in iron. If you owe me please pay up as I need the money.

Respectfully

JAS. H. BELL.

PHONE NO. 115.

From the Lenoir County Cotton Patch to the Lenoir County Foot.

It is possible that by purchasing the excellent hosiery, for man, woman and child, made by the ORION MILLS, of Kinston, N. C., that you may wear socks or stockings made from cotton spun in the Kinston Cotton mills and knit in the Orion Knitting Mills, thus encouraging the cotton grower of Lenoir county and two splendid manufacturing giving employment to labor in the county. Thus you will be assisting the cotton grower, the cotton picker, the cotton ginner, the cotton spinner and knitter—all people of your own neighborhood.

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It is a wonderful cure for any Malarial Trouble. It enters the blood quickly and drives out every trace of Malarial Poison.

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Use it, and use nothing else for Fevers. It will cure every phase of Malarial Poisoning.

It costs but 50 cents a bottle if it cures, NOTHING if it does not cure. Buy it from responsible dealers and thus be sure of getting the genuine.

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NOTICE

Delinquent Tax payers, will come forward and settle at once, or they will be called on for same, by myself or deputy, as I can't indulge any one longer. All property will be seized and cost added.

D. F. WOOTEN,

Sheriff Lenoir County.

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These are sweet words, but how much pain and suffering they used to mean. It's different now. Since Mother's Friend has become known expectant mothers have been spared much of the anguish of childbirth. Mother's Friend is a liniment to be applied externally. It is rubbed thoroughly into the muscles of the abdomen. It gives elasticity and strength, and when the final great strain comes they respond quickly and easily without pain. Mother's Friend is never taken internally. Internal remedies at this time do more harm than good. If a



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