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GENERAL NEWS.

Matters of Interest Condensed into Brief Paragraphs.

The plant of the Tupelo, Miss. Cotton Compress company, together with 700 bales of cotton, was burned Monday. Loss \$50,000.

Harry S. New, of Indianapolis, has been offered the office of first assistant postmaster general to succeed William Johnson, of New Jersey, who has resigned.

Joe Higginbotham, the negro who on January 11th criminally assaulted and attempted to murder Mrs. Ralph Weber, at Lynchburg, Va., was hanged Monday.

Dr. Thomas Estrada Palma and Senor Esteves were Tuesday formally elected by the electoral college, respectively first president and first vice president of the Cuban republic. Senators were also elected.

The conductor of a wrecked passenger train at Cayuga, N. Y., on the Auburn branch of the New York Central, wired Monday night that no passengers were killed in the wreck, but four trainmen were seriously hurt.

At the Pennsylvania Athletic club in Philadelphia Young Peter Jackson and Tom West, of New York, were to have fought six rounds Monday night, but West quit during the second round after receiving some severe punishment.

Owen Zeigler and Tommy Corcoran, welter weights, met before the Savannah Athletic club Monday night for a 25 round contest for the southeastern championship. Corcoran was knocked out in the twelfth round, after a fast and game contest.

Sixty-four men are reported to have been killed or wounded during fighting which occurred on the Montenegrin frontier, between Albanians and Turkish regular troops. The trouble was due to the recent assassination of an Albanian chief, Mulazaka.

The situation at Barcelona is somewhat relieved. The factories are working and all the street cars are running. Tranquillity rules, but the precautions taken for the maintenance of order have not been relaxed. Fifty-six people were killed during the riots.

Prince Henry was warmly received in Washington. He was welcomed by the president and his cabinet and thousands of others. President Roosevelt and party and Prince Henry and party, in special trains, left Washington at midnight Monday for New York.

William Emerson Richmond, or as he was familiarly known, "Billy Emerson," the famous minstrel, died Monday night in Boston, where he had lived several months past. Death was due to a complication of diseases, resulting in consumption. He was 56 years of age and a native of Belfast, Ireland.

Senator Frye, president pro tem. of the senate, gave directions to the clerks of the senate Monday that the names of Senators Tillman and McJannet of South Carolina must not be called on roll calls of the senate until further notice. This fixes the status of the senators, who are practically suspended from all senatorial functions.

A run was started Monday on the Dime Savings Bank of Detroit, Mich. A report became circulated in the vicinity of the bank's Jefferson avenue branch that the institution held considerable of F. E. Andrews' paper and a run started on the strength of this. The bank stood the run, however, and depositors were paid their money as fast as they went for it.

William Jennings Bryan was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Colonel Kilbourne, at his residence in Columbus, O. Prominent Democratic leaders were also present and a conference was held. Mr. Bryan denied that he is going east to confer with Democratic leaders, and also denied the report that he would call on ex-Senator Hill and pledge his support for the presidential nomination in 1904.

Limit of Microscopic Power. Professor McKendrick in his presidential address to the physiology section of the British association remarked that the smallest particle of matter that can be seen with our present microscopes is between one four-hundredth-thousandth and one five-hundredth-thousandth of an inch in diameter. The diffraction of light in the microscope forbids the possibility of seeing still smaller objects. Yet the living spores studied by physiologists are sometimes probably even smaller in size than the most minute particle that the most perfect microscope can show.

Grounds For Divorce. A north side woman sat up till 1 o'clock the other morning waiting for her husband to come home. At last, weary and worn out with her lonely vigil, she went up stairs to retire only to discover the missing husband there fast asleep. Instead of going down stairs he had stolen up stairs and crawled into bed, and it made his wife so mad she didn't speak to him for a week.—Chicago News.

A Philosopher. "Pa, what is a philosopher?" "A philosopher, Jimmy, is a man who thinks he has got through being a fool."—Motherhood.

Warm hearted persons are not the ones who complain that this is a cold world.—National Magazine.

FISH AS FOOD.

The Best Kinds to Eat and the Way to Cook Them.

Fish constitutes one of the most valuable articles of diet for mankind, although the popular notion that it is a good brain food because of the phosphorus it contains is incorrect. As a matter of fact fish meat in general contains less phosphorus than most kinds of flesh meat. But it is good for the brain indirectly, for it is less stimulating than flesh meat, is usually digested more easily and causes the production in the system of fewer of the waste products which, if not at once eliminated, act injuriously upon the delicate nervous system.

The last mentioned property is one which renders fish of especial value in the diet of persons suffering from Bright's disease and other affections of the kidneys, from rheumatism, gout, and all those diseases which many physicians regard as the result of excessive formation or retention of uric acid. For convalescents also it is most useful, as it supplies a fair amount of nutritive material in palatable form, with a minimum of tax on the digestive organs.

Among the most nourishing and at the same time digestible fish are bluefish, shad, red snapper, fresh codfish, whitefish, striped bass, halibut and flounders. And equally nutritious, although perhaps less digestible, are brook trout, lake trout, salmon, mackerel and eels. Roe is not particularly nutritious, but it is agreeable to the taste and fairly digestible.

The mode of preparation has much to do with the digestibility of fish, as it has with that of all other foods. Boiling and broiling are better modes of cooking than frying.

The chief objection to fish is its proneness to decomposition, even when kept on ice. It may be free from any taste or odor, and yet it may have undergone changes which make it poisonous. Some fish are poisonous in themselves, containing in the natural state some substance which will cause alarming symptoms, or even death, if eaten. With some persons fish in any form does not agree, causing digestive disorders or skin eruptions. This is notably true of lobsters and crabs.—Youth's Companion.

Origin of Absinth.

Absinth, the green fiend that saturates fashionable France, was originally an extremely harmless medical remedy.

It was a French physician who first used it. His name was Ordinaire, and he was living as a refugee at Couvet, in Switzerland, at the close of the eighteenth century. Like many other country doctors at that time, he was also a druggist, and his favorite remedy was a certain elixir of absinth of which he alone had the secret.

At his death he bequeathed the formula to his housekeeper, Mlle. Grandpierre, and she sold it to the daughters of Lieutenant Henjrod. They cultivated in their little garden the herbs necessary for concocting it, and after they had distilled a certain quantity of the liquid they sold it on commission to itinerant peddlers, who quickly disposed of it in the adjacent towns and villages.

Finally, during the first decade of the nineteenth century, a wealthy distiller purchased the formula, and very soon afterward he placed on the market the modern absinth, which differs greatly from the old medical remedy, since the latter contained no alcohol and very little absinth.

His Idea of Heaven.

The lad was about five years of age and naturally inquisitive. He asked his father questions he had never heard before, and the fond parent was a perplexed man.

The youngster got on the subject of the next world one day and wanted to know a lot of things. "Will you wear a mustache in heaven, papa?" he asked.

"I suppose I will, my son," replied the father.

"You'll make a funny angel."

There was a long pause, and finally the boy asked what kind of a place heaven was. The father in order to satisfy his son went into lengthy details in describing its beauty.

The lad listened with open mouth and finally said, "Why, papa, heaven must look like the ten cent store!"—Pittsburg Press.

The Caddie's Eyesight.

"Good eyesight is necessary for a caddie, isn't it?" asked the boy of no experience.

"Oh, I don't know," answered the experienced lad. "There's some couples in this club that'll pay you more for looking the other way an' not seeing anything than they will for finding the balls. You've got to learn when to have the eyesight an' when not to have it."—Chicago Post.

Persons who really wish to become angels should make a start in that direction while they are yet mortals.—National Magazine.

The man who wants to prove everything he says advertise the fact that his word isn't to be credited.—Chicago News.

BEN FRANKLIN'S PURCHASE

An Old Electrical Machine Dating Back to the Revolution.

Nearly every schoolboy of a generation ago was familiar with the frictional electricity machine, never of very much practical value, but of great interest to youthful minds on account of the spark that could be made to pass from condenser to youthful finger. Nowadays the size of the spark has increased as the size of the machine has diminished, but an example of the earlier type is still preserved at the Jefferson physical laboratory at Harvard, where an interesting collection of antiquated pieces of apparatus gives the visitor to Cambridge an opportunity to compare the earliest with the latest methods of studying physics and astronomy.

This special piece, moreover, is particularly interesting in that it was originally purchased for the college by Benjamin Franklin when acting as American commissioner to France during the Revolutionary war. It is a cumbersome affair that would require a horse and a small wagon or a whole automobile to move, but the principle on which it is based is the same as in its modern successors. Aside from size the most noticeable difference is in the use of a glass globe about a foot in diameter to produce the electricity by friction instead of the big circular glass plate seen in later machines.

Despite its size and the big globe, however—which is supported on posts resembling those of a colonial four poster bed—the old machine never exceeded a spark two inches long and was even proud of that modest performance. How modest it really was may be seen by comparison with a modern machine in the next case, so much smaller than Franklin's that it can be held in one hand, that produces a spark of electricity of nearly seven inches.

PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

If silence is golden, a discreet silence is away above rubies.—"Life on the Stage."

Most men are inventive enough in the matter of personal justification.—"Papa Bouchard."

The man in a man can only be recognized by the woman in a woman.—"By the Higher Law."

It is human nature to shrink from confessing oneself wrong in one's anticipations.—"Lassie."

A girl is never too young to form opinions of her own sex—or to express them.—"The Destiny of Doris."

The world may doom you to plain living, but only you can deny yourself plain thinking.—"Deafness and Cheerfulness."

Women love good men, but are interested in men whose goodness is more or less impaired.—"The Man From Glengarry."

The power that prepared the highways of life seems to have arranged that the fingertips along the primrose paths shall rarely point to the promised land.—"Captain Blunt."

Think not, as many say, there is but one springtime of life, that it is but a green and sappy youth which rushes to a brief summer and all else of life is but a winter, long and drear and gray and lonely. Through all our life our springtime is renewed.—"Mistress Brent."

Why He Hesitated.

The Brooklyn Citizen prints an experience of a man who traveled all over Europe and declares that he did not meet but one person who hesitated over the acceptance of a fee:

I was wandering through an old graveyard in an English town and had stopped before a stone which had not been long in place. A man who must have been following me stepped up and said:

"Ah, sir, but she who lies here will be missed for years to come! She was for half a lifetime the president of the charity board."

In an absentminded way I handed him a sixpence, said the traveler. He received it, turned it over in his hand in a hesitating way and finally stammered:

"As she was my own wife, sir, and as I was here to plant flowers on her grave, perhaps it would not be exactly proper to accept a fee."

I replied that but for him I might never have known about her being president of the board, and he swallowed his scruples and pocketed the sixpence with one motion and with evident satisfaction.

Office and Man.

Once upon a time a postmaster who lived in a Kansas town was seated in his office reading postal cards when a native cyclone suddenly came his way. The wind carried him through an east window and in the direction of a chestnut grove three miles distant.

In a few seconds he was safely seated in the top of a high tree busy picking chestnut burrs out of his hair and clothing when he saw the building that he had so suddenly left coming directly toward him.

"I declare," he exclaimed, "there comes the old shanty looking for me!" Moral.—Sometimes the office seeks the man.—New York Herald.

AN INCIDENT OF WAR

[Original.]

An incident happened to me during the civil war which for nearly forty years I have kept to myself. Perhaps it will do no harm to me or mine to make it known now. It was the eve of Gettysburg, and we were skurrying from Maryland into Pennsylvania. Our general threw out a thin picket line, and I had charge of a corporal and eight men stationed on the turnpike leading eastward. We had been marching all day, were ravenously hungry and would not get anything to eat until after being relieved. One of the men I had taken from his haversack. I noticed that if the meat were divided among the picket post there would be a thin slice for each man. If he ate it all, it would be merely enough to stay his stomach.

"May I go home?" asked a soft voice behind me. I turned, and there stood a little country girl of fifteen, looking up at me from under her sunbonnet with the timidest pair of eyes, fringed with dark lashes and soft as a fawn's.

"Go home?" I said, thinking more of the girl than her question. "Certainly. Where do you live?"

"Down the road there," pointing. I looked mechanically where she pointed, then at the girl. Then my eyes dropped to a basket she carried on her arm, full of eggs. I forgot her and her gentle face in the eggs. I saw them boiled, scrambled, in omelet, poached—every variety of egg that the most skillful cook could devise.

"Will you sell your eggs?" I asked.

"No, sir, but I will give you some of them. I'm taking these home for the children."

"Oh, well, if you are taking them to the children," I said regretfully, "you may keep them. I wouldn't rob the cradle."

"You may have a dozen," she said in her soft voice. "That will leave me seven to take home."

Just think of those eggs broken over that bacon sizzling in the tomato can and emitting its delicious odor! I fingered the beautiful white oval, holding one after another in the hollow of my hands, growing hungrier every moment.

"Take a dozen off the top," said the girl.

"Why off the top?" I wondered. I looked into her face. Her eyes were cast down upon the basket, and if ever there was innocence depicted in the human countenance it was in hers. A few years older she would be a perfect model for a Madonna.

Taking a fifty cent postal currency, the only change we had in those days, from my pocket, I dropped it into the basket and picked out twelve eggs. Something, I know not what, perhaps a greed for more, induced me to take up one of the eggs remaining and handle it.

Happening to glance at the girl, I saw that she had her eye intently on those I had not yet touched, and she was holding her heart. I took up each remaining egg till I came to one which as soon as I held it I knew to be much lighter than the rest. That there was something wrong with that egg was evident. I have always had the faculty of keeping equivocal matters to myself till it is time to make them known, and I did so in this case.

"Here, corporal," I said, "are some eggs. Try what you can do to cook them." Then I spoke to the girl. "Now show me where you live."

I walked with her down the road till I came to a turn where we would be concealed from the men. Then, taking up the light egg, I broke the shell. Instead of the contents of an egg, I took out a roll of paper and enough sand to make the whole weight about that of an egg. Had not my sense of touch been very delicate I would not have discovered the difference. Unrolling the paper, I was astonished to read that different parts of the Union army were concentrating at Gettysburg. The several corps were given under the name of their commanders, and I have since learned that the information was tolerably correct, though at the time, being a mere lieutenant in one of these corps, I knew nothing except what I read.

It had evidently been compiled by some person or persons well fitted for the work, possibly secret service scouts in the employ of General Lee, and they had endeavored to get it through the lines by using this girl. Instead of being crushed at the discovery of her ruse, she was pouting with angry disappointment.

"Do you know the penalty attached to this sort of business?" I asked.

She made no reply, only flashing a defiant look at me.

"If I were to report you and you were to be treated as other people who do these things, you would be hanged." The information did not seem to strike her with the terror one would have supposed. She turned away from me.

She made no reply, only flashing a defiant look at me.

"I declare," he exclaimed, "there comes the old shanty looking for me!" Moral.—Sometimes the office seeks the man.—New York Herald.

Waste Your Bowels with Cassava. Chilly Catarrhs, cure constipation forever. No. 250. H. C. C. Co., drugists and refiners, Toronto.

me and, seeing a wild flower in a nook near by, plucked it covetously, the pleasure she derived from it taking the place of her discomfiture.

The most sensible thing I ever did—so it strikes me now—was to put the message in my pocket and take the girl to her home, which was a short distance down the road, as she had said. I doubtless saved our general a serious embarrassment by keeping the matter secret, for what could be done with a little mild eyed vixen of fifteen? Several years later, while visiting the battlefield, I hunted her up. She was just as fawnlike and waspish as ever. She stung me in the heart, and I made her my wife.

EVERARD MARSH.

Artist and Plowman.

Artists have many amusing and some unpleasant experiences when trespassing in pursuit of subjects for their art. When Mr. Boughton once saw a man plowing in a field, he climbed the dividing wall and began to sketch him. This was too much for the involuntary model, who strode up to the artist and said, "Do you know what I could do with you?" "I haven't the slightest idea," Mr. Boughton answered, with a smile.

"Well," the burly plowman said, "I could chuck you into the road." "You'd better not do that," Mr. Boughton retorted. "Why not go back to your plow, and I'll whistle for you in half an hour?"

To Mr. Boughton's surprise the man obeyed and half an hour later was duly summoned to inspect the finished picture. "How much will they give you for that?" he asked after critically surveying the sketch. "Oh, about \$10!" the artist answered. "Well, I'm hanged!" the astonished plowman said, scratching his head in perplexity. "I have to plow two months before I can earn as much as that."—Tit-Bits.

When Curates Were Wanted.

When one learns that curates are increasing so much more rapidly than benefices, wonder is excited as to the condition of affairs in the eighteenth century, when enterprising ladies offered livings to clergymen willing to marry them. An advertisement to this effect appeared in the London Chronicle in March, 1758. The lady was rather particular too. The curate was to be young, have a small fortune, be well recommended as to morals and good temper "and be firmly attached to the present happy establishment." The living was not rich—below £100 per annum—but the fair one was young and agreeable. There seems a touch of humility in the direction that answers "may be left at the bar of the Union Coffee House, Strand, directed to Z. Z." Confidence was created by the assurance that "the utmost secrecy and honor may be depended upon."—London Chronicle.

Where the Color Line Ends.

There may be mulattoes, quadroons and octoroons, but the eighth blooded negro is the last possibility in that progression. No one has ever seen, as far as we can learn, a human being of one-sixteenth negro blood. No pure blooded Caucasian and octoroon have been known to have issue. Many years ago, just after the close of the civil war, when Blahop Newman was advocating the amalgamation idea in New Orleans, one of the most famous physicians and ethnologists of that city offered a reward of \$1,000 to any person who would bring to his knowledge a human being of one-sixteenth negro blood. No one ever claimed the reward. That particular product no man has ever yet found on earth. From the octoroon the reversion to type is the only available direction.—Atlanta Constitution.

Excessive Politeness.

There is a man who is always apologizing, and some say: "How courteous he is! How thoughtful! A born gentleman!" Know that he is a thorough and aggressive egotist. He runs against you, he steps on your foot, he tries to pass you on the left, he knocks your hat as he hangs by a strap in the car, he sits on your coat-tail—what does he not do to call attention to his own breeding? Sometimes he throws the accent on "beg," sometimes on "pardon." The speech is merely a rhetorical flourish, and he has practiced all the variations.—Boston Journal.

Consumption and Sulphur.

A German physician recommends to consumptives the sulphur treatment. This consists in the patient living in rooms where one or two drams of sulphur are melted daily on a hot stove. The first ten days there will be felt increased irritation and cough. These soon decrease, and improvement is rapidly felt, and complete cures are often effected if the disease is not too far advanced.

Should Keep Something.

New Woman—Simply because a woman marries a man is no reason why she should take his name. Old Bachelor—Just so. The poor fellow ought to be allowed to keep something he can call his own.—St. Louis Republic.

A man seldom realizes how few of his remarks are worth repeating until he has conversed with a deaf person.—Chicago News.

STATE NEWS.

Interesting North Carolina Items in Condensed Form.

Peg Leg Williams shipped 80 negro families from Rockingham county last week.

Rockingham Headlight: Some of our most knowing farmers are predicting a good year for fruits and crops.

A Rockingham special says: Mr. C. M. Hobbs, who has just returned from the Charleston exposition, tells us that the "North Carolina exhibit" is the grandest, most admired and most complete exhibit on the grounds and is in charge of the finest looking man he saw while there.

John Parker, a negro man, was tried before Justice D. C. Gunter at Durham Monday on a most serious charge, that of rape, upon Lillie Lyon, a colored child under ten years of age. Parker was arrested Saturday night. He was sent to jail to await the action of the grand jury.

The people of Hope Mills held an indignation meeting on the night of the 21st and adopted resolutions denouncing an editorial in the Vigil, a weekly paper, reflecting upon the town administration. The character of the officials is declared to be of the best, and the reflection upon their sobriety and integrity was without warrant.

The Newkirk plantation, containing about 1,250 acres, situated near "Summer Rest" on Wrightsville Sound, has been sold to Mr. J. E. Waller, of Rockford, Iowa, whom it is said is representing a Chicago syndicate with immense capital behind it. It is learned that Mr. Waller's purpose in buying the place is to develop an ideal winter resort there for persons in the north who desire a more congenial climate during the winter months.

A very reckless and very dangerous shooting affair occurred at Williamston Monday. Clifton Bland and Bill Cherry had a quarrel Saturday night and Bland threatened to shoot Cherry on sight. True to his intentions Bland awaited Cherry on Main street and when he saw him on the opposite side opened fire. Cherry dodged behind a post and ran into a store, unburnt. Bland was sent to jail under a \$300 bond.

Andrew Jackson, under death sentence at Lincolnton, will not hang until March 20th. Gov. Aycock Monday granted him a respite until that time. This was done at the request of Judge Hoke, who tried the case. The judge stated that the prisoner claims he has further evidence to submit to the governor and the respite is granted in order that he may have the opportunity of submitting that evidence. Jackson is the man who broke into a house in Lincoln county and fearfully cut two women.

Winston Sentinel: The negroes, Dick Flemming, Rich Blanton and Ed Woods, charged with a criminal assault upon Mrs. Belle Livingston, of Rowan county, were tried in Rowan court Monday, and the jury returned a verdict of guilty as to Flemming and Blanton, and not guilty as to Woods. After the verdict was announced Judge Shaw placed Woods under a \$250 bond to keep the peace, he having resisted the officer who arrested him. Flemming and Blanton were sentenced to be hanged on April 11.

Charlotte News: J. Milton Reid, who was indicted at the February term of Mecklenburg court for bigamy, and has since reposed in jail, was released Monday on bond. A compromise has been effected in Reid's case, his first wife having agreed to withdraw prosecution with the proviso that her erring husband deed to her and her assigns fifteen acres of land in his possession. The necessary papers were signed today and Mrs. Reid No. 1 comes into possession of a neat farm, Reid gave bond, which is voidable when a decree of absolute divorce, for which he is now suing Mrs. Reid No. 1 is granted by the court.

Newbern Journal: The continued bad weather which prevails is especially felt by the lumbermen and truckers. Each day adds to the great expense under which they are kept, as the lumbermen have teams and men in the woods which must be fed and yet not make a dollar in return. Men and teams cannot come in for each day the weather is expected to clear up and enable them to go to work. The truckers have to keep up the food and wood supplies of their laborers, for the season of trucking is at hand, and this labor unless supplied would leave, and with farm help needed any day, the situation would be a serious one. With lumbermen and truckers the continued bad weather is a most serious financial matter.

Slightly Mixed.

"Who was Ananias?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

After a thoughtful pause a hand went up toward the foot of the class.

"Very well, Tommy," said the teacher, "you may tell us who Ananias was."

"Please, ma'am," said Tommy, "he was th' feller wot sed he swollered a whale."—Ohio State Journal.

New lot of fine white Bond Note and Letter Heads just received, just what was needed to round-out and complete the very large stock of papers and materials for fine printing at The Free Press print shop. It would indeed be an "exceedingly hard customer to suit" who can't now and what he wants at The Free Press office, which is now prepared to supply promptly the man who wants either cheap, medium or fine stationery, and at very moderate prices. If the stationery you are using isn't what you want, come around and let's see if we can't get up something to suit you.