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GENERAL NEWS.

Matters of Interest Condensed Into Brief Paragraphs.

Two men were killed and one dangerously wounded in a freight train wreck near York, Pa., Tuesday.

One of the heaviest storms that had been experienced in many years struck San Francisco Wednesday, doing much damage.

The business portion of Thurber, Tex., was destroyed by fire yesterday morning. The loss is about \$100,000, partially covered by insurance.

The British war office denies rumors that Gen. Louie, the Boer commander-in-chief in South Africa, has made an offer to surrender on certain conditions.

A boiler explosion on a steamboat, plying between Kingston and London, Tenn., occurred Tuesday, causing the death of one man and injuring several others.

Ed Holland, aged 16 years, committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart at his home in Columbia, S. C., Tuesday night. A love affair caused the trouble.

The names of Senators Tillman and McLaurin have been restored to the roll of the senate. Their punishment for Saturday's altercation will probably be a temporary suspension.

Prince Henry has presented Miss Alice Roosevelt with a golden bracelet, with a picture of Kaiser Wilhelm in diamonds. It was the emperor's gift to the young lady as sponsor for the new yacht Meteor.

"Young Corbett" (William R. Rothwell) and Terry McGovern have been matched for a 25-round boxing contest to take place before the club offering the best inducements, on or before October 15th, 1902.

Four men lost their lives and a dozen others were injured, three probably fatally, in a fire of unknown origin which destroyed the boarding and bunk houses of the Standard mine at Mace, Idaho, Tuesday.

The comptroller of the currency Tuesday appointed National Bank Examiner J. W. Delay, receiver of the First National Bank, of Belmont, O., upon telegraphic advice that the bank had closed its doors. The bank has a capital of \$20,000 and deposits amounting to \$251,000.

Governor Smith, of Maryland, has signed the death warrant and fixed Friday, April 26th for the execution of Mary E. Jackson, colored, convicted of poisoning her husband by putting arsenic in his corn bread at their home in Baltimore. Efforts had been made by colored men to have the governor commute the sentence to imprisonment.

Five men were killed and two fatally injured in a wreck Tuesday on the Auburn branch of the New York Central, two and one-half miles west of Aurling, N. Y. A passenger train and a wrecking train collided, head on, while rounding a curve at full speed. Both engines and the baggage car of the passenger train were demolished.

A Birmingham, Ala., special says: E. T. and George H. Schuler, directors and stockholders of the Alabama Steel and Wire company, Wednesday began serving their five days sentences for contempt in the county jail. They are occupying one of the rooms of the jail. The Schulers were adjudged guilty of contempt of court by Judge Wilkinson and sentenced to pay a fine of \$500 and ordered to be confined in the county jail for five days.

A man giving his name as A. E. Baston, was arrested at Spiepard, Mo., Tuesday, and committed to jail upon the charge of having murdered five members of a family named Earl, near Welch, La. The body of Earl's wife and four sons were discovered in their home Monday night horribly mutilated. None of the family had been seen since Thursday last, and it is thought they were murdered that night. Earl is missing and it is believed that he has also been murdered.

Mrs. Kate Soffel, wife of the Pittsburg, Pa., jail warden, who assisted in the escape of the Biddle brothers and was wounded during the battle when they were recaptured, was removed from the Butler hospital Tuesday morning and taken to Pittsburg by County Detective Robinson. She has fully recovered from her wounds. Three charges have been made against her—one alleging the crime of aiding in the escape of murderers and two alleging felonious assault and battery.

A special from New York says: The all important event in the itinerary of Prince Henry of Prussia Tuesday was the launching of the schooner yacht Meteor, built at Shopters Island for the prince's brother, the German Emperor. The christening ceremony was performed by Miss Alice Roosevelt, daughter of the President of the United States, in the presence of the Prince, German Ambassador von Holleben and a brilliant assemblage. The Meteor moved down the ways at 10:30 amid a scene of great enthusiasm. The launching was without mishap and presented a graceful and beautiful picture, though it was accompanied in a drizzling rain and other unpropitious atmospheric conditions. The prince immediately after the launching sent the following cablegram to Germany: "To the German Emperor, Berlin.—Yacht just launched under brilliant auspices. Christened by Miss Roosevelt's hand. Beautiful craft. Great enthusiasm. I congratulate you with all my heart. (Signed) Hermann."

You Know What you are Taking
When you take Green's Danish Chilli Tonic because the formula is plainly stated on every bottle showing that it is purely and genuine in a scientific sense. No copy, no pay, no.

PECULIARITIES OF SOUND.

The Kind of Note Best Suited For Long Range Signals.

Signals made by sounds of explosion are not the most reliable. Their penetration is obviously often uncertain, while, their duration being brief, they may be missed by momentary inattention. The reed horn was the more efficient instrument as compared with gun cotton cartridges over London. The siren would probably have been yet more efficient as also doubtless a horn capable of producing two notes differing, say, by the interval of a third or a fifth, a conclusion arrived at many years ago by experiments which have been unhappily too much lost sight of. Professor Piazz Smith found by trial that a high note was generally more penetrating as a signal, but advised that such a note should not be used alone, assigning as one reason that individuals possess note deafness similar to color blindness, so that no one note could be trusted. Experiments went to prove that a sound varying between a high and a low note best arrested attention at long range.

And the same result has been arrived at in another way. The peculiar cry of the Alpine guide, which is, in fact, of that nature which Professor Smith advocates, has doubtless been taught by the exigencies of his situation, where his voice is required to carry across broad and deep ravines. Nature has taught the same lesson in the Australian wilds, where the characteristic "Cowl, cowl!" appears essential to penetrate the deep woods.

Nor indeed need we look farther for an example of the same kind than our own village lanes. The high pitched voices of children are very far-reaching. Their shouting can be heard farther away in the sky than that of man, and in calling to their fellows they always employ a trick of the voice taught doubtless by experience. The child will summon her playmate from far away with a well practiced "Sally," the first syllable, high pitched and prolonged, giving place to the second syllable uttered abruptly in a yet higher note. And this mode of calling is universal.—Nineteenth Century.

THE TURQUOISE.

The turquoise, the birthstone for December, signifies prosperity.

The turquoise was a familiar and favorite gem among the ancient Mexicans and Indians of the west.

The turquoise fades when its owner is ill, and dies when the wearer is attacked by an incurable malady—so they say.

The Germans claim that by its varying shades the turquoise turns telltale on the caprices and moods of its wearer.

Shakespeare gives these words to Shylock: "He would not have lost his turquoise ring for a whole wilderness of monkeys."

The turquoise derives its name from a word meaning Turkish and is so called because the first turquoisees were found in Turkey.

If your birthday comes in December and you wear a turquoise, you need never be afraid of falling off a high place. One of the powers of the azure hue gem is to preserve its wearer from this catastrophe.

It is also said that it has the power of protecting its wearer against contagion. A turquoise would certainly be an ornamental substitute for vaccination. Its efficiency would probably depend upon the "faith" of the wearer.

Rabbits at Play.

Rabbits play in this way: Two of them—I have not seen it played with more—run quickly toward each other, and when on the point of contact each leaps into the air, but one higher than the other, clearing him completely.

They come down with their tails toward each other, but instantly, with an, as it were, "Excuse my tail!" both turn and run and leap again, and this they will do from two or three to half a dozen times, always leaping up at the exact moment when they would otherwise come into collision and one always taking the higher leap—sometimes an astonishingly high one—right over his companion. They never meet in the air, nor can I see how this can be avoided except by a plan or figure being mutually followed by them, as with ourselves in a game or dance. I believe that each clears the other alternately, but I have not yet convinced myself of this.—Saturday Review.

His Touch of Humor.

"Always," says the astute news editor to the new reporter, "always be on the lookout for any little touch of humor that may brighten up our columns."

That evening the new reporter handed in an account of a burglary in a butcher's shop which commenced, "Mr. Jeremiah Cleaver, the well known butcher, is losing flesh rapidly of late."—Exchange.

J. E. Hood, the druggist, will refund you your money if you are not satisfied after using Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They cure disorders of the stomach, biliousness, constipation and headache. Price 25 cents. Samples free.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

The Perils of Living Near the Mexican Boundary Line.

"Some peculiar conditions prevail at the twin cities of Nogales, Mexico, and Nogales, Ariz.," said the Detroit, who recently returned from a visit to Mexico. "The international boundary line is formed by a street that divides the two towns, and the boundary stakes are set out with a very nice regard for technicalities. There is a saloon there which has more than a local reputation, and the proprietor is certainly an enterprising individual. His saloon is located on the street dividing the two counties and at a point where the dividing line is not clearly defined. The patron of this saloon buys his drink in America, and, stepping across the hall, he buys his cigar in Mexico. In this way the proprietor avoids the duty on imported cigars and can provide his customers with the best make at lower prices than most of his competitors.

"They tell an amusing story about an American who imbibed too much fighting whisky at this saloon. When he arrived at a certain stage, he allowed his prejudices to get the better of him, and, standing near the boundary line of his own country, he heaped anathemas and hurled defiance at the people across the border. A couple of Mexican officers stood across the street almost within reach of the pugnacious American, hoping that he would stroll across into Mexico. He did get over there after awhile, although the trip was wholly unpremeditated. During a baraque against Mexican institutions in general and the police in particular he happened to lurch too far over to starboard and fell into Mexico. The alert cops promptly grabbed him, and, though he didn't get a chance to take in the sights, he paid quite an extended visit to the country he had so eloquently maligned."—Detroit Free Press.

LONG RANGE BAPTISM.

Christening in Scotland Was Conducted Under Difficulties.

In wide and sparsely populated highland districts of Scotland it not infrequently happens that a parent is obliged to walk a distance of five or six miles with an infant for baptism.

It is related of a minister of the north that he agreed to accommodate a parishioner thus situated by meeting him at a stream midway between the parents' house and the manse and then baptizing the child at the running water.

It so happened that by the time the parties came to opposite sides of the bourn heavy rains had swollen it into a rapid torrent, so that neither party could approach the other.

Unwilling to turn back with the "bairn" unbaptized, the farmer proposed that the minister should splash water across. Accordingly the minister stepped down to the stream and endeavored to throw handfuls of water on the farmer's baby.

"Ha'e ye got any o' that?" he cried at each successive splash.

"De'il a spairge," was the reply. At last a few of the splashes were communicated to the infant's face, and the ceremony was then concluded in the usual form.

Before retiring to their respective homes the farmer produced a bottle of whisky, crying across, "As I canna offer ye a glass owre the held o' this, here's the bottle—kepp!" And he threw it across the stream.

The bottle was caught, it is related, with a precision that betokened on the part of his reverence, if not considerable practice, at least considerable dexterity.—Stray Stories.

Caught a Tartar.

Like so many of his learned brethren in the Church of England, the late Canon Carter was the terror of composers. His was perhaps, after Dean Stanley's, the very worst handwriting of the last century.

About 1880 the then bishop of Lichfield, Dr. Maclagan, surprised one of his secretaries by saying: "I have hardly ever received an anonymous letter, but I got one this morning. It is very badly written, and I can hardly make it out, but from the signature it is sure to be abusive. The man has signed himself 'A Tartar.' See if you can make it out."

The secretary, who knew the handwriting, rather startled his lordship by replying: "It's nothing alarming. It's only a note from Canon Carter of Clewer!"—London Tit-Bits.

Lies of the White Kind.

The whole fabric of social intercourse is interwoven with what would be lies according to a strict code. Some are pleasant fictions that deceive nobody. Most of them have their genesis in a kindly, cheerful desire to avoid giving pain. These polite untruths are the lubricant of society. They wear away the rough edges, take away the sting out of uncomfortable facts. They are the flower of courtesy, "the pineapple perfume of politeness."

When you want a physic that is mild and gentle, one to take and pleasant in effect, use Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Price, 35 cents. Samples free. Every box guaranteed. For sale by J. E. Hood's drug store.

DISPOSSESSED

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Nynee Tak, the headman of the little village under the shadow of the Chittor hills of India, had been summoned, and there was a great excitement. He had been in peaceful possession of ten acres of fertile land for the last fifteen years, and for a decade he had ruled over the 200 villagers. Nynee Tak was a good man and a just man, and oftentimes men journeyed half a hundred miles to ask his advice. His word among his people was law, and the British civil commissioner held no court in the village. There had long been peace and good will when the summons suddenly came. A stranger and a white man had laid claim to Nynee Tak's acres, and the just man was notified to appear at Neemutch on a certain date and defend his title. When he had mastered the words of the paper, he was in despair, and when he had explained them to his people they cried out in indignation.

Nynee Tak had no papers to support his claim. He was a squatter. In wandering over the country he had come upon this fertile spot and built him a hut and staked out a modest claim. Others had followed him, and years had passed, and no one had been disturbed. Now, under some act of government, a white man had secured legal rights, and the old man realized that there could be but one result—he and all others would be dispossessed.

"I will go down to Neemutch and appear before the sahib judge," he said to his people, "but when I return it will be to tell you that we must go. Our rights cannot stand against the laws of the Feringsee."

On the date specified he appeared in court. It was made plain to him that he had no legal rights. No rood of land on earth was free to man. It must be bought and paid for, whether on the mountain, down in the valley, or in the wilds of the jungle. A white man had paid the government gold for this village site, and the villagers to the last man must go elsewhere.

Where they should go, where they should find other lands, it did not matter, but in two weeks they must be gone. Nynee Tak and his people had cleared away acres of jungle and dug two miles of ditches, but they could not expect pay for this. They had lived while they worked, and what more could they ask? The court looked at least for protestations on the part of the old man, but none came. When he saw that any words from him would be wasted, he simply lifted his head and whispered:

"Great is the sahib judge. I will go back to my people and tell them that we must move."

A week later a lieutenant and fifteen men from the garrison of Neemutch were sent over to the village to see that the order of dispossession was carried out. They were Feringsees and had no sympathy for the natives. If the villagers packed their belongings and stole quietly away, well and good; if they were inclined to hang on, then the huts would be burned over their heads and the butts of muskets used to club them into submission. The sixteen men went into camp on a grassfield to the north of the village, and the officer called the villagers together that evening and read them the legal notice and haughtily added:

"At noon tomorrow you will go. The law says so, and I say so, and who of you dares dispute?"

"We will go, sahib officer," humbly replied Nynee Tak as he bowed his head. "We must wander about to starve and become food for the jackals, but that is nothing to the law. At high noon we will go."

That night the women began making up bundles of clothing and the men to gather food for a journey, and there were curses, tears and wallings. Nynee Tak sat apart by himself and kept his eyes on the ground, and, though often spoken to, he made no reply. It was only when the officer sent down a messenger to say that if the noise in the village did not cease he would begin driving out the people that the old man raised his head and said to the cursing men and weeping women:

"Hush! Be quiet! It is the law. We will go, and we will not lay hand on these men who mock us in our misfortune, but nevertheless we shall be avenged. Seek your beds and leave me alone."

A quarter of an hour later the village was quiet and Nynee Tak picked up his flute of reed and wandered along the edge of the jungle above the soldiers' encampment. As he wandered he played soft and low music, and though it was heard by the drowsy soldiers, it soothed them. Back and forth for a full hour paced the old man, and he smiled as he heard the rustlings in the dry grass and the close thickets. By and by he returned to the village and his hut. Of all the people only his wife was awake. She looked at him for a long time and then asked:

"Have you been calling the cobras to avenge us?"

"Aye, I have called them," he answered, "and now let us sleep. At noon tomorrow we must go."

When the morning came, the soldiers in the grassfield did not stir. At 8 o'clock they were still in their tents; at 10 not one had appeared; at noon the people wondered.

"It is noon, and we must go," said Nynee Tak as he lifted up his bundle.

He led the way, and the villagers followed him. His steps led past the camp of the soldiers, and as the homeless people looked into the tents they saw only dead men. The cobras had come out of the jungle, twenty, fifty, a hundred, and bitten the Feringsees as they slept, struck their poisoned fangs into each and every one.

"It is the law, and we must go," whispered Nynee Tak, "but we have left something behind to prove that we once dwelt here." M. QUAD.

TAME FISH IN A RIVER.
A Traveler's Story of What He Saw in Upper Burma.

When in camp the other day, I was riding through a village when the village headman asked me if I would like to see "the fish." I, not knowing what the headman meant, at once went with him down to the banks of the stream, followed by several villagers with baskets of sennam and paddy mixed together. Then the thug called "Lay, lay, lay, lay," for a few moments, when, lo and behold, a large herd of ngatwe, or big, short, flattish fish, came up just under our feet and were promptly fed by the Burmans.

The fish were amazingly tame and tolerated being stroked and petted every by me. There were in all about thirty-three of them, varying in size from eighteen inches to three and a half feet long, the larger ones having a girth at the gills of about thirty inches. They would go away and come back whenever they were called.

STATE NEWS.

Interesting North Carolina Items In Condensed Form.

The next annual session of the North Carolina Bar association will be held in Asheville, beginning July 9th.

Stancy Sherried, who accidentally shot himself a few days ago at Statesville, died Tuesday from the effect of the wound.

The tri-State Medical association, composed of medical men from the Carolinas and Virginia is holding its fourth annual convention in Asheville.

Miss Helen Gould was pleased at her reception at the Greensboro Normal College and the college young ladies were pleased with Miss Gould. She and her party have returned to New York.

Newton Enterprise: Wheat farmers are of the opinion that the snow will be of much benefit to wheat. Where there is any left from the hard freeze, it will take root and start to grow while protected by the snow.

Mt. Holly has formed a new society. It is to rid the town of "vampires." By vampires is meant men who put children in factories and then loaf around the streets themselves and live off the earnings of their children. In Mt. Holly they march them out of town and give them notice not to return.

A special from Elizabeth City says: An epidemic of some deadly disease is raging among the horses. It is a disease that cannot be observed in its approach, but acts swiftly and surely. The epidemic first was heard of in Hyde county and in a remarkably short space of time it has made its way here.

Wilmington Star: Ebbie Eggleton, a colored youth, aged about 18 years, was shot and killed Wednesday morning about 1:30 o'clock at the house of Rosa Thompson, colored, in this city, where a party was in progress. Jesse Windom, another negro, confessed the shooting, but said it was an accident. He surrendered to the police.

Tarboro Southerner: Dick Powell, is at the hospital with a broken skull. Tuesday he was working the draw in Mabry's bridge over Fishing Creek when the lever sprung back and struck him back of the head. In the afternoon he was brought to the hospital where a piece of the bone as large as a half dollar was taken out of the brain, into which it had been driven by the blow.

Two boys, about 15 years old, well dressed and intelligent, hired two horses from a livery stable in Raleigh Sunday and took them to Fayetteville, offering them for sale Monday. The boys were arrested and taken to Raleigh for trial. They gave their names as Louis Thayer and Frank Pratt, of New Abington, Mass., and said that they were on their way to New Orleans to visit an uncle.

On their persons were found two pistols, a gold watch, \$25 in money and checks for baggage that they had forwarded. When asked if they wanted to notify their people of their trouble, they both said no, emphatically.

Under the black cap three men went down to death in the State Wednesday. Frank Johnson, alias Dudley Johnson, alias Frank Wilson, white, and Ben Foster, colored, were hanged in Asheville. Johnson showed remarkable coolness and nerve. He smiled on the scaffold, and in conversation shortly before his death said he preferred hanging to life imprisonment. To the last he refused to divulge his real name. Foster talked with religious fervor. The third man to pay the death penalty for crime was John Henry Rose, who was hanged at Wilson. Rose was pronounced dead in 10 minutes after the drop fell.

A special from Charlotte says: A sign reading "Quarantined; Keep Out" has been placed conspicuously in front of the residence of Mrs. Stonewall Jackson in this city. Mrs. Jackson and her granddaughter, Julia Jackson Christian, are under the quarantine. Mr. Edwin B. Gresham, who lives in the house owned and occupied by Mrs. Jackson, has smallpox. His physician informed Mrs. Jackson of the nature of the disease, but she stated that she and her granddaughter had been recently vaccinated and refused to leave her residence. Over a hundred postal clerks who came to Charlotte Tuesday found the hotels and boarding houses closed to them because two or more of their number had developed smallpox.

DANISH WEST INDIES.

U. S. Troops From Porto Rico to Formally Take Possession of New Territory.

Washington, Feb. 25.—It has been practically decided that the formal ceremonies incident to the taking over of the Danish West Indies by the United States shall be performed by the army, and it is probable that a detachment of troops from Porto Rico will be sent to the islands soon after the exchange of ratification of the treaty to raise the flag and take possession of the new territory.

While not definitely determined, it is stated here that the islands will be placed, with Porto Rico, under the control of Governor Hunt.

Mrs. James E. Reagan was found in a tavern in Louisville, Ky., Tuesday, with her throat cut from ear to ear. The woman, who will probably die, charges her husband with having committed the deed after a quarrel between them and he was arrested.

"I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for a number of years and have no hesitancy in saying that it is the best remedy for coughs, colds and croup I have ever used in my family. I have not words to express my confidence in this remedy.—Mrs. J. A. Moore, North Star, Meib. For sale by J. E. Hood, druggist.

"Who—what are you?" he gasped.

"I'm the trained nurse."

"The trained nurse! Oh, good Lord! And how much am I paying you?"

She told him, and he turned his head, gazing in the soreness of his affliction. A few moments later, though, his face lit up with a flash of hope. "But I'm back in my right mind now, ain't I?"

"Why, yes; I think you are."

"All right, then," with fierce exultation. "I give you notice for tonight!"

The Best Prescription for Malaria
Chills and Fever is a bottle of Green's Tarralene Chills Tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in stomachic form. No cure—No Pay. Price 60c.