

SPANISH GRANDEES.

FAMILY PEDIGREES THAT RUN BACK TEN CENTURIES.

The National Vanity Borders on the Absurdly Grotesque, and Playing the Gentleman Has Been Called "the Endemic Disease of Spain."

It is related that a young guard, having neglected to pay the usual salute to a Spanish duke at the court of Madrid, excused himself by saying that he did not know the offended nobleman's rank. "My friend," replied his grace, "the safe rule is to assume that everybody in the palace who looks like a monkey is a grande of the first class."

The truth is the Spanish are a thoroughly mongrel race, and their conceit of themselves amazes us. Their country has probably been oftener overrun and conquered than any other territory of equal extent in Europe. Phoenician, Carthaginian, Roman, Vandal, Visigoth and Moor have all successfully made it their stamping ground, and the effect of all this upon the pure Castilian blood, whatever that may be, is indelibly stamped on every really Spanish face.

But playing the gentleman has been called "the endemic disease of Spain," and the national vanity is something grotesque. One of their historians seriously advanced the theory that the first inhabitants of the country "arrived by air," so impressed was he by their superhuman qualities that nothing short of a descent from the sky could account for them. A subsequent historian, however, after a long and grave discussion of the question, finally announced his opinion that "they more probably came by land."

After this we need not be astonished that the Spanish claim to possess the oldest families in Europe. The surprising circumstance is that the claim is not wholly without foundation. Their family names can in some cases be traced back to an incredibly remote period, though it must not be assumed that the original blood persists in any purity.

Probably the most ancient family in Spain is the house of Pacheco, whose estates are not far from Cartea, now called Cartaya, in Andalusia. Plutarch tells us that when Crassus fled from Italy he concealed himself for eight months at Ximena, near Cartea, in caves belonging to a Spanish gentleman named Pacheco. Cicero also mentions this generous Spaniard, and there can be no doubt that he was one of the ancestors of the Pacheco family, whose name is obviously derived from his and who still own the caves. This carried them back about 2,000 years, to a period antedating the Christian era, but it is possible to trace the line much further. The name is clearly of Phoenician origin, being ultimately derived from "patacol," the word by which the Tyrians designated the carved figurehead of their galleys.

The identification is made more complete by the fact that the Phoenicians were the founders of Cartea, as of Cadiz in the same province. That adds another 1,000 years or so to the Pacheco pedigree. Think of it—a landed estate remaining in the possession of the same family for 3,000 years! This is doubtless the most wonderful family tree in the world and unusually well authenticated. The Pachecos may well be pardoned for taking pride in it, though it roots in rather unsavory soil at last, for the great original Pacheco was evidently a Tyrian freebooter.

Names that trace back to the Carthaginian occupation in the time of Hannibal are also found, and the title of Hannibal's own clan, Barca, is perpetuated by the Barcias and Garcias, well known families of Andalusia. There are also several names of Roman antecedents, as Ponce and Cane, in Latin Pontius and Canus. A Spanish gentleman bearing the latter name was a personal friend of the poet Martial, all of which seems to bring antiquity very near—in Spain. The fact of the matter is she has never emerged from antiquity.

The Spanish, however, are inclined to look back to the Goths as "the purest fountain of nobility." This certainly seems a strange perversion of sentiment, for of all the barbarians that came down from the north to lay waste Roman civilization with fire and sword the Goths, with their cousins, the Vandals, were the most irredeemably villainous.

And these Goths were no extraordinary heroes either, even in war. With supine and braggart incompetency they lost to the Moors in the eight months' campaign a supremacy which it cost eight centuries of conflict to regain. Yet "Gothic of Spain" is the pet phrase.

To a rank outsider it would seem that the Basque families have the most honorable lineage, and their pedigrees run back to time immemorial though

easily traceable. The Basques represent the original population of the Spanish peninsula. Their seat is the mountains of the northern district, and in many ways remind us of the Welsh. They have the same simplicity of life, and the same really justifiable pride of birth, for their blood is the purest in Spain, if that counts for anything. Like the Welsh also, they have to a considerable extent maintained their ancient language, one of the strangest which survive upon the earth, bearing no resemblance to any other in Europe.

These Basque families, for the most part, bear names which appear to be geographical in their origin, as Ugarte, meaning "between waters;" Zubia, "the bridge;" Ibarra, "the valley"—a style which reminds us of our American Indians, although it is found more or less all over the world. The termination "ez," so common in Spanish names, is Basque, and signifies "son," as Perez, son of Peter, exactly like our own Peterson.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

An Erratic Writer.

When Thomas Bailey Aldrich was a small salaried clerk in George W. Carleton's book store on Broadway, Fitz James O'Brien was in the habit of dropping in to see him, and one day came in rather more than half seas over. Aldrich decided to take him across the street to a hotel and put him to bed. Cautiously and carefully he led O'Brien, but before he had got half way across a friend stopped him and asked: "Why do you want to bother with the fellow. Let him go." "I will not," replied Aldrich. "He borrowed a dollar from me a few days ago, and I can't afford to let anything happen to him."

At another time, when he was not strictly sober, O'Brien found himself out of funds. He wandered into a publisher's office and asked for \$25. This was refused him. Angriily seizing a placard O'Brien reversed it and made in big letters on the blank side: "One of —'s authors. I am starving." Tying a string to the card, O'Brien placed it around his neck and paraded up and down the street, to the great amusement of a large crowd. He was of course requested to desist, but nothing stopped his mad course until a \$5 bill was presented to him as a compromise.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Devil Tree.

The devil, dragon or octopus tree, as it is variously called in the different stories told of it, is one of those travelers' myths which by dint of repetition have worked their way into public belief. The man eating or devil tree is, according to the story, a huge plant somewhat resembling a palm, save that the central fronds are provided with sharp teeth, which, when the leaves are folded over toward the center, grasp with a death grip the man or animal unfortunate enough to be inclosed within. In some of the stories this tree is also provided with long arms, which reach out and seize unwary travelers, raise their bodies in the air and drop them into the center of the circle of devouring leaves.

It is hardly necessary to say that there is no such tree and that the story has its origin in the dangers of traversing a tropical thicket, where travelers have received serious injuries from falling over vines and among thorny plants, where men are frequently attacked and killed by serpents. The devil tree is located by various story tellers in Borneo, in Sumatra and in the forest recesses of other tropical islands, and whenever inquiry is made for it it is to be found somewhere else.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Panama Hat.

"The life of a panama hat—that is, if it is a good one to start with," remarked an admirer of that style of headgear, "compares somewhat with the life of the owner of it. One can run through either in a hurry or hang on for a long time if it is desired. If carefully kept, a panama hat should last all the way from 10 to 40 years. I know a gentleman who resides in east Washington who has owned and steadily worn during the summer months a panama hat for nearly 40 years. It has been bleached every couple of years since and retinted and relined, and it is today to all intents and purposes as good as when I first saw it 30 years ago."

"I know of another panama hat, now worn by a physician in this city, which has had almost as long a life. Long before he got it his father wore it. I know dozens of them which have been in use from 10 to 30 years. The lining wears out, but the body of the hat keeps good. Of course care has to be used to keep them such a long time, but the panama itself is almost indestructible. The original cost of the hats that I refer to was not exorbitant, none of them costing over \$14."—Washington Star.

An Island of Flowers.

The Scilly islands may very justly be termed flower islands, for a large part of their surface is given up to the cultivation of flowers, and the great majority of their people spend their lives in attending to the plants, from which all the wealth of the islands is drawn.

The inhabitants have had other occupations before they settled down to flower growing. At one time they were wreckers, and at a later period they went into a more legitimate business and devoted themselves to the raising of early potatoes. There was money to be made out of them, and the islands prospered until prosperity bore its usual fruit in the shape of competition. The Channel islanders took to growing potatoes, and the potato trade of the Scilly islands was killed. Thereupon the islanders betook themselves to flower growing, giving the greater part of their attention to the narcissi. In St. Mary's alone nearly a quarter of the cultivated area of the island is devoted to flowers.—Youth's Companion.

Health Before Beauty.

Two Irishmen who had not met for years ran across each other in Derby, and after a period of handshaking adjourned for some moist congratulations. "Long time since we met, Pat, isn't it? Great lot of things have happened since then."

"Yes, indeed. Look at meself. Sure, it's married I am," replied Pat.

"You don't tell me."

"Faith, and Oi've got a fine, healthy bhoys, and the neighbors say he is the very picture of me."

O'Grady looked at Pat, who wasn't built on the lines of a prize beauty. "Och, well, what's the harrum so long as the child's healthy?"—New York World.

Atlantic & N. C. Railroad.

TIME TABLE No. 5.

Eastbound.			Westbound.		
Passenger.	Mixed Frt. & Passenger.	Passenger.	Passenger.	Mixed Frt. & Passenger.	Passenger.
P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
5:30	7:10	8:40	11:05	8:15	7:25
5:40	7:45	4:00	10:45	7:35	6:00
5:49	8:06	4:09	10:32	7:15	6:37
6:00	8:30	4:20	10:22	6:30	6:17
6:12	9:14	4:39	10:19	6:18	6:07
6:21	9:28	4:41	10:00	6:16	5:55
6:30	10:15	4:50	9:52	4:36	5:47
6:42	10:40	5:02	9:40	4:06	5:25
6:54	11:15	5:14	9:30	3:38	5:25
7:00	11:31	5:20	9:23	3:28	5:17
7:25	1:30	5:45	8:57	10:47	4:57
7:50	2:12	6:10	8:38	10:10	4:33
7:53	2:20	6:18	8:29	10:08	4:29
8:05	2:43	6:25	8:20	9:40	4:20
8:18	3:12	6:38	8:06	9:04	4:06
8:24	3:25	6:44	7:59	8:47	3:59
8:29	3:31	6:49	7:52	8:36	3:55
8:42	3:51	7:02	7:43	8:18	3:43
8:50	4:01	7:10	7:25	7:56	3:25
P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.

†Daily except Sunday.
*Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
‡Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.
S. L. DILL, Superintendent.

WILMINGTON AND WELDON RAILROAD

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

DATED	No. 28	No. 33	No. 103	No. 11	No. 48
May 15th, 1898.	Daily.	Daily.	Sunday.	Daily.	Daily.
Leave Weldon...	A. M. 11:50	P. M. 9:43
Ar. Rocky Mt. ...	12:55	10:30
Leave Tarboro...	12:21	6:00
Lv. Rocky Mt. ...	1:00	10:36	6:45	5:40	10:53
Leave Wilson ...	1:55	11:12	7:19	6:29	11:20
Leave Selma ...	2:55	11:58
Lv. Fayetteville.	4:25	1:07
Ar. Florence ...	7:25	3:15
Ar. Goldsboro	8:00
Lv. Goldsboro	7:01	6:05
Lv. Magnolia	8:05	6:12
Ar. Wilmington.	8:30	6:40
	P. M. A. M.	P. M. A. M.	P. M. A. M.	P. M. A. M.	P. M. A. M.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

No. 33	No. 103	No. 11	No. 48
Daily.	Daily ex. Sunday.	Daily.	Daily.
Lv. Florence ...	A. M. 8:45	P. M. 8:25
Lv. Fayetteville.	11:10	10:25
Leave Selma ...	12:35	11:44
Arrive Wilson ...	1:17	10:15
Lv. Wilmington.	A. M. 7:15	P. M. 6:35
Lv. Magnolia	8:25	11:01
Lv. Goldsboro ...	5:00	10:10
Leave Wilson ...	P. M. 5:36	A. M. 12:15	11:55
Ar. Rocky Mt. ...	6:15	12:57	11:37
Arrive Tarboro ...	8:45
Leave Tarboro ...	12:21
Lv. Rocky Mt. ...	2:12	12:57
Ar. Weldon ...	3:25	1:45
	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.

Train on the Kinston Branch Road leaves Weldon 4:15 p. m., Halifax 4:30 p. m., arrives Scotland Neck at 5:30 p. m., Greenville 6:37 p. m., Kinston 7:55 p. m. Returning leaves Kinston 7:50 a. m., Greenville 8:52 a. m., arriving Halifax at 10:15 a. m., Weldon 11:35 a. m., daily except Sunday.

J. B. KENLY, Gen'l Pass. Agent
T. M. EMMERSON, Traffic Manager

A. JONES, JR. ABBE WILLIS.
JONES & WILLIS,
Barbers and Hairdressers,
UNDER HOTEL TULL.
Shaving, Haircutting and Shampooing
Done in Best and Latest Styles.
Everything clean and neat.
Your patronage solicited.

Ready For Business
To Furnish Lumber
Promptly!

Have put in a new plaver and everything is in shape at my lumber mills to fill orders for Rough or Dressed Lumber of any dimensions promptly and satisfactorily.

We furnish Oak, Ash, Long or Short Leaf Pine.

A big lot of No. 1 Air-dried Pine is on hand ready for immediate delivery.

Z. EDWARDS,
KINSTON, N. C.

.....Electric Fans, Etc.
Everything New
and First-Class.....
.....Meals, 25 cents.

WILLENBRINK'S
Restaurant and Dining Room,
H. WILLENBRINK, Prop.
120 Middle street, 2nd door from M
Hahn & Co.'s Stables.
NEWBERN - - N. C.



Bargains in Corsets.
Warner's Coraline \$1, now 75c.
Madam Strong's \$1, now 75c.
The Celebrated C. B. \$1, now 75c.
The Famous Featherbone \$1, now 75c.

None Better in Fit or Elegance.

Nursing Corsets.
Warner's Coraline \$1, now 75c.
Featherbone \$1, now 75c.
These prices are for cash only.

July 28, 1898.
A. R. MILLER.

Bicycles

for hire, sale or exchange,
at

Bell & Sons.

Repairing a Specialty.

E. F. Cox, Pres. W. C. FIELDS, V.-Pres.
R. C. STRONG, Cashier.

THE BANK OF KINSTON.

Commenced Business March 1, 1897.

Established upon a rock foundation—the confidence of the people.
Depositors absolutely protected—the officers are bonded and full insurance against safe robbers.
Accounts with farmers, merchants, dealers in leaf tobacco and others solicited.
A nicely furnished private room, with stationery free, for the use and convenience of our friends. Come and see us.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS:—B. W. Canady, W. C. Fields, T. W. Mewborn, E. F. Cox, J. W. Grainger, J. E. Hood, W. B. Isler, L. Harvey, W. L. Kennedy, D. V. Dixon, S. H. Abbott.

The War is On!

And we are in the thickest of the fight;
Not amid the crash of shot and shell,
Nor where Spanish bullets fly like—well,
As would-be competitors are put to flight:

—WHEN CONFRONTED WITH OUR—

Low Prices and Fine Work

In the Job Printing Line.

With Power Presses, New and Latest Styles Type, plenty of paper stock of various kinds, and competent workmen, we are prepared to do

Better Printing At Lower Prices
Than Can Be Obtained Elsewhere.

Bring or send all your orders for Job Printing to

THE FREE PRESS,

Kinston, N. C.