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PUT THE RESPONSIBILITY WHERE IT BELONGS.

The Progressive Farmer—Otho Wilson's paper, and the organ of one faction of the Populist party; that faction which co-operates with the Republican party for the spoils of office—expresses the sentiment that the negroes of the State should see that the negro editor in Wilmington, who wrote the editorial slandering the wives and daughters of poor farmers, "is driven from the State;" and says further that "the white people should treat the low-down white men who are supporting and keeping life in the vile paper the same way, and there should be no delay about it. Any merchant continuing to advertise in the sheet is aiding and abetting and should be boycotted by all decent people, white or black."

Notwithstanding this expression, which finds echo in the heart of every white man whose sense of honor has not been purchased by his affiliations with the enemies of his race, the same "progressive farmer" publishes the opinion that "Democratic infamy" inspired the vile defamation, and charges its responsibility upon the Democratic party.

Why don't he look around the confines of his own office and see that the publication of such a slander is the natural sequence following the social equality which The Progressive Farmer and other leaders of his Republican ring have virtually advocated in their plans of political co-operation. They may not have boldly advocated in plain terms "social equality," but in the sense that "actions speak louder than words," we charge that such impudence is a natural product of the practice among Republicans and Republican-Populists of inviting negroes to their houses, to their tables, to their bed-chambers, introducing them to their wives and daughters, and in treating them as their social as well as political equals.

It has been but a few short months since the family of a prominent official in this State was brought to disgrace by the fall of a daughter and her subsequent death resulting from an effort on the part of some one to cover her shame. This sad occurrence was the direct sequence to the practice of her father in bringing to his house, dining at his own table and sleeping in one of the comfortable beds of his residence a big burly negro politician whose influence and friendly offices were necessary to his re-election to his office. Not only did this high official treat this burly politician as his social equal himself, but instructed his only daughter, a handsome young woman of about 18 summers, to "do all she could to please and entertain him when he came to the house."

No. It is useless for The Progressive Farmer, or any other Populist or Republican newspaper or individual to try to shift the responsibility of such evils off on to the shoulders of the Democratic party. Let them face and assume the responsibility themselves for such conduct on the part of their pets and pupils. That negro's slanderous article and the ruin and death of that high official's daughter are the direct results of the co-operation of white men and negroes in politics—social intercourse following as a natural consequence.

For their own protection and the protection of their daughters, the white wives and mothers of North Carolina should rise up and demand of their husbands and sons that they cease their nefarious co-operation with that party which, in elevating negroes to official posi-

tions of honor, are making possible a more frequent and universal practice of racial miscegenation and amalgamation, and to ally themselves with the white men of the country who know the tendencies of the corrupt practices of the Republican party and are striving to avert the damning results of negro domination in North Carolina. The ladies of Richmond county are organizing themselves into clubs, political clubs, and are exercising their influence with telling effect—and so the ladies all over North Carolina should do. This is one campaign in which the ladies of the country are vitally interested; and the women rule the world.—M. C. Pilot.

Our esteemed Republico-Populist contemporaries sloop over every week with something in regard to the Democrats refusing to help their party elect nine silver men to congress. And they are trying to get ahead of the wicked Democrats by helping the Republicans elect goldbugs in two or three districts with other districts yet to be heard from. This is revenge, we suppose. Well, revenge is sweet, you know, especially to a Populist. It would be a cold day when a Populist organ would not cut off its nose to spite its face.—Raleigh Post.

The third (the negro) regiment will move to Knoxville shortly. They will pass straight through North Carolina. It is thought the object of this is to stir up the coons and get out a big negro vote at the next election.

Hope Came to Him.

A number of persons were talking about coincidences, when a clergyman gave an instance in his own experience. "When I was a very young man, before I entered the ministry," said he, "I met with a series of misfortunes and was nearly discouraged. One day I was seated on a bench in the park of a foreign city. My head was sunk upon my hands and black despair covered me like a cloud. I had about concluded to struggle no longer when a slight noise attracted my attention, and I glanced up to see standing before me and contemplating me with big, solemn eyes the most beautiful little girl I have ever beheld. 'What is your name, my pretty child?' was my natural inquiry. 'Hope,' she answered in a clear, sweet voice. Then she turned and ran away, and the little earthly form whose lips had brought me a message of comfort disappeared forever, but the white spirit of her name she had left in my heart, and from that day I prospered. My eldest daughter is called Hope."—Exchange.

Corks.

At a London club there is the most unique pair of curtains in existence. This portiere is formed of hundreds of champagne corks, taken from every known brand of champagne, each of which bears the tin top which adorned it when the cork was in its parent bottle. The corks are made into strings, there being 60 of them to each string. Between every cork there are three big Chinese beads of turquoise blue. Altogether there are 24 strings, and at from 12s. to 16s. a cork, the portiere represents a total expenditure of about £1,000. The corks are tied to a white enameled pole, with fancy ends, and big sashes of blue ribbon adorn the brass knobs. The total effect is distinctly pretty. What makes this unique portiere doubly valuable is the fact that each cork bears the autograph of a famous actor or actress of the present day.—London Standard.

The Cunning Fox.

The sagacity of the fox is most wonderful. It is related that he is tormented by fleas, and when the infliction becomes unbearable he gathers a mouthful of moss and slowly walks backward into the nearest stream until only the mouth is left above the surface of the water. The fleas meantime take refuge on the moss, and when the fox is satisfied that they have all embarked he opens his mouth, and the moss drifts away, while the wily fox regains the bank, happy in freedom from his tormentors.—Exchange.

Between Two Fires.

Squib—The editor seems to have the usual run of enemies.
Scrib—Yes. If he publishes anything anonymously, they accuse him of cowardice, while, should he sign an article, they laugh at his vanity!—Up to Date.

STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE.

A Mountaineer Who Highly Appreciated Really Good Cooking.

As a rule the mountaineer of Kentucky is not a gastronomic connoisseur, and the visitor at his table is quite as likely to hear dried apples referred to as "fruit" as he is to find any other kind of fruit on the table. Occasionally, however, one of them is sufficiently fortunate to get away from his fastnesses, and living temporarily down in the blue grass has an opportunity to acquire some virtues not otherwise obtainable. It was such a one I caught up with one morning in June along the ridge of the Cumberlands.

"I'm looking for a place," I said after a few preliminaries, "where I can stop for a week or so while I look up some timber I have in this neighborhood. Do you know of any?"

"There ain't much uv that sort eround here," he replied, "exceptin you go to Mount Pleasant, an I reckon that's too far. But hol' on," he broke in with a sudden thought, "thar's the Widder Tackett. She axed me yistidy to see some uv you folks at the mill and tell 'em she had a place to sleep and eat two or three men ef they wuzn't too pertickler."

"Is it a pretty good place?" I inquired thoughtlessly.

The young man's face flushed. "Well, I reckon," he said with some emphasis. "She's goin to be my mother-in-law come next September."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," I hastened to explain. "I only asked to know if she had good eating. Some of that we get in private houses even in the cities, you know, is not the best in the world."

"Cities be derned," he said with a fine feeling. "Yer ain't never tried the Widder Tackett's pie yet, mister, an yer want to keep still till yer do. Ain't nothin like it nowhere, no matter what kind uv a pie she sets afore yer. It's all ne plusibus unum, an no mistake. Why, I'm tellin you that I sot down to one uv her pies last week, dern ef I recomember what kind it wuz, ef I ever knowed, an I wuz eatin right into it like a hot shovel goin into a snow pile, an Bill Rogers across the table frum me called me a liar, an I never said a dern word to him tell I had plum e't my pie and got my teeth picked. Dern my buttons ef I did, colonel."

I did not like to inquire further into the mystery of what happened to Mr. Rogers after the last taste of the pie was safely housed by my informant, but I made a fair guess and went on to see the Widow Tackett concerning board and lodging for one man for one week.—Washington Star.

The Poor Editor.

Bill—Did you read about that fellow writing a poem on a \$50 bill?

Jill—No. The editor kept it, of course.

"No. He returned it."

"What, an editor return a \$50 bill?"

"Yes. He didn't know what it was."

—Yonkers Statesman.

One of the tallest stacks in Great Britain is situated at Llanelly. From the base of the foundation to the extreme summit is 400 feet high. The cap of the top weighs 27 tons, and 720,000 bricks were used in its construction. It is circular in form, and in a gale bends extremely.

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