

Plenty to Do.

"I thought you told me, Witson, that you intended to do business just the same after you had moved into the suburbs. I know you have plenty, but I always thought you one of those men who insist upon dying in the harness."

"You were right about it, my old friend. I believe that it would be impossible for me to avoid spending at least two or three hours a day on 'change, but my time is completely taken up, and I haven't looked at a market report for a month."

"Wouldn't believe it if any one else told me. How do you exist?"

"I'm having young trees set out, getting a garden ready, superintending the building of a barn, watching them pave the street and having a continued kick with the assessors, who seem to think that my property is worth all I paid for it."

"You'll soon have all that off your hands. I was afraid you might have left us permanently."

"Oh, I've only commenced. I have a Jersey cow, a pointer pup, a tandem, two Berkshire pigs and a kodak, besides."

"Never mind. The cow, the pup and the kodak are enough. I'll just tell the boys that it's all off, so far as trade with you is concerned. You have three fads that will keep you busier than a coon in a bee tree."—Detroit Free Press.

The Undertaker's Chairs.

"I see in the windows of undertaking shops," said Mr. Staybolt, "a placard which says that campstools and folding chairs are to hire there, delivered by express wagon. I infer from this that chairs must be hired out for other than funeral purposes, for festive occasions, in fact, as indeed I know of no reason why they should not be."

"But they must lead a varied life, the chairs—funeral one day and wedding, it may be, the next. They know when they start where they're going—that is, they know the nature of the occasion. They can tell that by the wagon they go in. If when they are carried out they find themselves put into the black wagon of the undertaker, they know it's a funeral they're going to. If they are put into just a plain, ordinary delivery wagon, they know that they are going to a wedding or a party or some gathering of more or less gaiety, but they cannot tell what will happen next."

"Well, I don't know that there's anything so very remarkable about this after all. The experience of the chairs is like that of the people who sit on them. They have their days of smiles and their days of tears."—New York Sun.

Her Impressions of Angels.

The wife of a well known senator took her little daughter, a 4-year-old damsel, to a matinee once to see "Jack and the Beanstalk." A week or so afterward she was discovered pirouetting and lifting her petticoats before a cheval glass. Her father reproved her and told her it wasn't a pretty way to do.

"Why," said the child, "I saw the angels do it."

"The angels!" exclaimed her father.

"Why, where?"

"When mamma and I went to heaven 'last day,'" said the child.

The father explained that the fancied heaven was only the theater. The little girl's face fell.

"And wasn't they angels?" she asked.

"No," said the father; "they were just girls."

The child put on an air of intense disgust.

"Well," she said, "I think they ought to be taken home and spanked, 'cause they wasn't dressed any more than angels."—Lewiston Journal.

Queen Victoria's Marked Poem.

Here is a funny story told of a happening at the English court: Sir Theodore Martin had been requested by Victoria to read aloud from "The Ring and the Book." Sir Theodore was courtier enough to make a cautious study beforehand of the poem, and he placed marginal notes as danger signals against passages of doubtful propriety.

The marked copy chanced to come into the hands of a rather thoughtless court lady. "I have so enjoyed this wonderful work," she said to a friend, "and it has been such an advantage to read it after the queen, for she has placed marks against the most beautiful parts, and, oh, what exquisite taste the dear queen has!" she added, pointing to the danger signals of Sir Theodore Martin.—Quiver.

Of the eggs exported from Russia to other parts of Europe 25 per cent are broken or have to be thrown away before they get into the hands of consumers.

The Clever Burglar.

The burglar who does several "jobs" and eludes the officers of the law is a keen observer, a man of forethought, and one whose executive ability is unquestioned. Houses are not entered because they have brownstone fronts, nor are stores broken into by the professional thief without an investigation.

When the skillful burglar is to do a "job," he studies the habits of the resident or proprietor. In a case in Troy a few years ago a jewelry store was robbed. Apparently there was not a cleft. Detectives were placed on the case and named the thieves by the method employed in getting into the store, and subsequently the thieves were convicted.

Certain burglars always enter a cellar and come up through stairs, floor or trapdoors. Others have skeleton keys. Others go above and come down stairs. Some break in rear and others front doors. In the robbery above referred to the two thieves had been in Troy three successive Saturday nights. They had fastened a silk thread on all entrances in such a way that if any one entered or left the store the thread would be broken. Thus the burglars learned that the proprietor and clerks did not visit the store after closing Saturday night until Sunday. The fourth Saturday night they "cracked" the safe. Except for their methodical way of entering (by the cellar) no suspicion would have attached itself to them.—Troy Times.

A Disgusted Hero.

The story of Sergeant Walker, who was kept prisoner for six weeks by the Afriids and was court martialed for being "absent without leave," reminds me of an Indian tale of 1757, when a man-o'-war's man, Strahan by name, captured almost single handed one of the forts on the Hoogly. The fort, which was strongly situated, was invested by the admiral, and Strahan, during the time of midday repose, wandered off "on his own" in its direction. Gaining the walls without discovery, he took it into his head to scale a breach made by the cannon of the ships, and on reaching the platform he flourished his cutlass and fired his pistol at "the niggers," shouting, "The place is mine!"

The native soldiers attacked him, and he held his own with indomitable pluck till re-enforced by one or two other tars who had straggled out of camp and heard his huzzas. The enemy, unprepared from this ill timed attack and fearing further invaders, fled from the fort upon the opposite side, leaving 20 cannon and a large store of ammunition. Much to Strahan's surprise, he was lectured by the admiral for his breach of discipline, and he was dismissed with hints of future punishment. "Well," said Strahan, "if I'm flogged for this here action, I'm d—d if I ever takes another fort as long as I lives!"—London Sketch.

Horsepower.

Watt, the great improver of the steam engine, introduced into the vocabulary of machinists the term horsepower. When he first began the manufacture of steam engines, he experienced much difficulty in ascertaining from his distant customers what sized engine they required, and they were not less puzzled how to communicate to him the information. He was frequently guided, however, by their mentioning the number of horses which the engine ordered was designed to replace. Acting upon this hint, he ascertained by experiment that the very strongest of the London brewers' horses (animals of wonderful size and strength) could exert a force equivalent to raising 33,000 pounds one foot in a minute. This force he called one horsepower, and adopted it as the standard in regulating the size of steam engines. Now, not one horse in 100 is able to exert that degree of strength. A steam engine of ten horsepower can, in reality, do the work of about 20 horses.—New York Ledger.

Legend of the Tea Plant.

Dharma, the ascetic priest, was the son of a king of India. He went into China, and for the space of nine years he remained in contemplation in a temple. Later he went to Japan, and he died on Mount Katavka. He imposed upon himself, as the first rule of his life, privation from sleep. One day, indignant at falling asleep, he cut off his eyelids and threw them away as miserable sinners. From the spot where the eyelids had fallen sprang up a bush which is the tea plant, affording the perfumed beverage which obases away sleep.—Vick's Magazine.

Impossible.

Prun—Why, aren't your wife's gowns of the latest style? Erchson—Of course not! That woman was never punctual in her life!—Brooklyn Life.

He Could See Through Them.

Carl Hertz, the well known conjurer, once entertained a company at a friend's house by performing some of his cleverest tricks. One of the parlor maids, who had been passing cups, cakes, glasses and so on, was much interested, and when the hostess gave a sign that nothing more was needed the girl still lingered to see the completion of the trick just begun.

"Will some one oblige me with a heavy shawl or cloak?" Hertz said. "Now," he went on, selecting a big cashmere shawl, "you observe the thickness of the shawl?" They all did, including the maid at the door. "Now, will one of you be good enough to write a number of three figures on a piece of paper, being careful not to let me see what is written?" One of the ladies did so, while the maid at the door leaned forward and began to breathe hard.

"Now place the written paper, with the figures on the upper side, under the shawl as I hold it." It was done, the thickness of the shawl being between Hertz and the paper as he looked down toward it. There was breathless silence. Then he said, "Surely the number is 761." It was. He had apparently seen right through the thick shawl. Every one was amazed.

Then upon the silence broke the shriek of the maid at the door. With one final gaze at the shawl and one at the handsome conjurer she hid her rosy face in her hands, yelling at the top of her voice, "What's the good of me clothes?" and fled.—Argonaut.

Always Worn.

Sprocket—I've just joined the Beginners' Cycle club.

Handlebar—What are your colors?

Sprocket—Black and blue.—Chicago Record.

His New Leg.

In a city not many miles from Troy is an organization which believes in cures by faith. The president is a woman, zealous of good works. For some weeks she had observed a worthy appearing elderly man daily going by her home, and noticed that he walked considerably lame. She thought him a subject of prayerful consideration and began daily prayers in his behalf. One morning soon after she noticed him going by, apparently free from any lameness, and ventured to speak to him of this fact.

"Yes," he responded, "I do get along a good deal better today than for many days past. My old cork leg had got somewhat out of good motion, and yesterday I obtained a new one."—Troy Press.

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TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Table with columns: DATED, No. 28, No. 108, No. 41, No. 48. Rows: Leave Weldon, Ar. Rocky Mt., Leave Tarboro, Lv. Rocky Mt., Leave Wilson, Leave Selma, Lv. Fayetteville, Ar. Florence, Ar. Goldsboro, Lv. Goldsboro, Lv. Magnolia, Ar. Wilmington.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

Table with columns: No. 78, No. 102, No. 28, No. 41, No. 48. Rows: Lv. Florence, Lv. Fayetteville, Leave Selma, Arrive Wilson, Lv. Wilmington, Lv. Magnolia, Lv. Goldsboro, Leave Wilson, Ar. Rocky Mt., Arrive Tarboro, Leave Tarboro, Lv. Rocky Mt., Ar. Weldon.

Trains on the Kinston Branch Road leave Weldon 2:30 p. m., Halifax 4:15 p. m., arrive Scotland Neck at 5:45 p. m., Greenville 6:30 p. m., Kinston 7:30 p. m. Returning leaves Kinston 7:55 a. m., Greenville 8:55 a. m., arriving Halifax at 1:15 p. m., Weldon 11:30 a. m., daily except Sunday. H. M. EMERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent. J. S. KENLY, Gen'l Manager. T. M. EMERSON, Traffic Manager.

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