

# THE DAILY FREE PRESS.

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY.

Vol. II—No. 184.

KINSTON, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1899.

Price Two Cents.

## GENERAL NEWS.

### Matters of Interest Condensed Into Brief Paragraphs.

Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht Shamrock started for home Wednesday.

A freight steamer with a cargo of ore went ashore at Whitehead, Nova Scotia, in Wednesday night's gale. She will be a total loss.

The Cape Charles lightship at the entrance of Chesapeake Bay has broken from her moorings and is adrift. She will be replaced as soon as possible.

A log train struck a cow Thursday, near Georgetown, S. C., and six cars were overturned. The logs rolled over and ground three men into a pulp. Three others were perhaps fatally injured.

A marble memorial was dedicated in Puerto Principe, Cuba, Tuesday, inscribed "Tribute to the Cuban people to the memory of Charles A. Dana, illustrious statesman and tireless defender of Cuban liberty."

Mrs. Pilligree and two children were burned to death, near Tiff, McDonald county, Mo. The baby fell into a cauldron of hot apple butter, and the mother and another child were fatally burned trying to rescue it.

Gen. Funston is about to sue Archbishop Ireland and The Monitor, a Catholic paper published at San Francisco, for charging him with looting Catholic churches in the Philippines. The archbishop denies making such charges against Funston.

A dispatch from Cincinnati says: Active recruiting for a filibustering expedition of Americans to aid the Boers in South Africa is going on in Cincinnati. The Cincinnati recruiting agent is Harry Lowe. He is a giant in stature, and is noted as a local football player. On the list already secured by Lowe are about thirty names of young Cincinnatians and Kentuckians. Lowe is a regularly delegated agent of the Washington, D. C., recruiting agency which is arranging to ship 2,000 men to South Africa early in December.

### New Confidence Game.

Our readers are warned against a new confidence game which is being worked by an ingenious gentleman of New England.

He writes to the selected victim that he has been recommended to him as an honest man, and would it be possible for him (the victim) to go on a little journey to Cuba, to dig from a certain place and bring away a fabulous sum buried there during the Spanish-American war by a rich American now in jail.

The confidence man states that he is too busy himself, hence cannot go, and winds up modestly by asking the victim to send \$5 to pay the expense of some legal expenditures.

Perhaps some of our readers have already received such letters, as they are being circulated in North Carolina.

### Mule Story Doubted.

London, Nov. 1.—The Times finds it difficult to believe in the story of the mule stampede. It declares that trained battery mules have never been known to stampede. They have repeatedly made night marches in India without mishap. It assumes that Col. Carleton's mules were under native care. It recalls the recently reported mutiny of native muleteers, and suggests that Boers or their sympathizers tampered with the drivers, and the rolling of boulders was a signal for them to desert. It suggests alternatively that the natives became panic-stricken and bolted with the animals.

### What England is Fighting For.

London, Nov. 1.—Lord George Hamilton, secretary of state for India, speaking at Ealing this evening, regarding the situation in South Africa, said: "Our ultimate victory is certain, and when the terms which we, as victors, will propose to the vanquished are known, foreign nations will see that the main cause that has forced us to embark upon this conflict is not a desire of pecuniary profit or of territorial aggrandizement, but a determination to emancipate a vast territory, for the common benefit of mankind, from an ignoble and degrading tyranny."

### The Roger Moore Wrecked.

Wilmington, N. C., Nov. 2.—Advice to the owner here are that the three-masted schooner Roger Moore, light, from Boston to Brunswick, went ashore during Tuesday's storm near Kinnesakett Life Station, below Kitty Hawk on the North Carolina coast. Capt. Dix telegraphs total loss.

## CAPT. E. M. PACE.

### A Statement of Some Real Facts in Reply to a Mean Attack by Capt. Pace on the Kinston Tobacco Market.

Capt. E. M. Pace has been running a tobacco warehouse at Clinton, which the stockholders decided to close the first of this month for the season. We suppose the Captain has managed to lose some money for the stockholders, as he is reputed to have for other people at every other market he has operated on. He stays only a short time at a market, seeming not to be able to long "hold down" a position.

We thus describe this unique character so that our readers may better understand what sort of man has made what we consider a mean and malicious attack on the Kinston tobacco market.

Sometime ago Capt. Pace was "riled" because a farmer who had already sold some tobacco on the Kinston market, after selling some on Pace's floor, told Capt. Pace that he got a much better price in Kinston.

In the last issue of the Sampson Democrat Capt. Pace tells a great tale about some farmer taking a lot of tobacco to Kinston and "turning tags" on it, then taking it to Pace at Clinton, where, says Pace, it sold for much bigger prices. Pace parades this to try to make farmers believe that tobacco sells higher on Pace's floor than in Kinston. We have a strong suspicion that Capt. Pace induced the farmer to carry his tobacco to Kinston, take it up and carry it to Pace, who, we haven't the least doubt, paid an extra big price to this one farmer in order to have something to brag about and to fool the farmers with.

The fact is that tobacco brings better prices in Kinston than in Clinton. Publish a truthful statement of your average the season through, Capt. Pace—that will tell the tale!

Clinton may become a tobacco market when more farmers go to planting the weed around there, but as yet there is not enough tobacco sold on Capt. Pace's floor to keep regular buyers there any longer, the last buyer having left November 2nd.

There are many buyers on the Kinston market all the time; we have four big warehouses, four big stemmeries, an American Tobacco Co. steamer, five big prize houses, and every facility for handling tobacco in vast quantities. We had already sold over six million pounds of tobacco up to November 1st, and will sell eight or ten million pounds before the season closes. And tobacco sells as high on the Kinston market as any market in North Carolina with equal advantages and higher than it has sold in Clinton. We make the last assertion because we know that a little market with only one buyer besides the warehouseman, and with no superior facilities for handling the weed, cannot sell tobacco for as high prices as where there are a large number of competing buyers, competing warehousemen and superior facilities for handling tobacco.

Capt. Pace made a gratuitous and unnecessary attack on the Kinston market. We have stated what we believe to be facts, and hope that it will not be necessary again to refer to Capt. Pace, who we can see in imagination waiting around his deserted warehouse to see if some poor ignorant farmer will entrust his tobacco to the Captain to ship to some market where there are buyers.

A worried looking stranger stepped up to a crossing policeman yesterday morning and said:

"Will you kindly direct me to the Matthew, Mark, Luke and John railway depot?"

"What?"

The stranger repeated his request.

"There isn't any such depot in this town," replied the officer. "What are you giving me?"

"That isn't the name of it, of course," rejoined the other, "but it's something like it. My head's all tangled up this morning, and I can't get anything right."

A sudden thought struck the policeman.

"Do you mean the Big Four depot?" he asked.

"That's it!" exclaimed the stranger delightedly. "I was sure I'd know it if I heard it again. Where is it?"

The officer started him in the right direction and then went into a brown study. At the end of half an hour he emerged from it and said to himself in an audible voice:

"I wonder if that guy wasn't having fun with me."—Chicago Tribune.

## BAIT FOR A TIGER

By Henry Stone.

Burma was a most disturbed country from 1852 till 1856. I had my share of rough work, for I was detailed to survey and explore the country with a view to opening it out by roads.

One day some villagers came to ask me to shoot some elephants that were destroying their dhan (paddy fields). I asked them if the herd was a large one. They said yes, but that if the two ringleaders, which looked like twins, were killed the rest would go back quietly to the Yomahs.

I was not particularly busy that day, so I agreed to go out. I had a long trudge, and, sure enough, I came upon the two inseparables and accounted for them both.

But the day was overcast. We strayed erratically. Finally night came on, and our men acknowledged that they did not know their way out of the forest.

I ought to have mentioned that Mounng Goung Gee, an independent warrior, half soldier and wholly a dacoit, was in arms at this time and appeared here and there from time to time. Wherever he met our troops he was defeated, of course, but as a rule he only attacked outlying towns, torturing the people and levying blackmail wherever possible.

I suppose it was between 2 a. m. and 3 a. m. when we were savagely awakened, and before we knew for certain whether the whole thing was a fantastic dream or not we were securely bound and taken off to Goung Gee's headquarters, about six miles off.

We had an interview with him next morning. He said he had long wanted to catch a sahib of the detested English and would mete out to me a punishment so terrible that it would effectually prevent others from wandering into his country. As for those with me, he said they had been warned what their fate would be if they assisted the Kala-logue.

He ordered them off for instant torture and execution, but I cannot describe the horrors that followed. Their memory is a horrid nightmare to this day.

About 5 p. m. I was walked off a good six or eight miles through dense jungles, reviled and tortured more or less the whole way, and at length I found myself stripped and thrust into a trap prepared for a tiger, a bamboo arrangement of simple construction.

But previously, while a prisoner and tied to a tree, a Karen girl had, at the risk of her life, given me a little water, and I begged of her to send some one hurriedly to Captain D'Oyly, who was camped a few miles off, to hurry to my rescue.

The trap was one of those usually erected for tigers in Burma. It was a long, rectangular, boxlike structure, made of bamboos. The portion set aside for the bait was only just large enough for me. I crouched there dumbly, half dazed with horror and quite unable to realize my fearful position.

It was Christmas eve and the weather very chilly—for Burma. I offered large bribes to my custodians to let me escape, but they only scoffed at me.

The cold was bitter, but I must have dozed off all the same, for I remember being awakened by a clammy something crawling over me. My heart leaped into my mouth. It was only a rocksnake, however, creeping through the bars and seeking an exit somewhere.

But shortly afterward the crowning horror came. I heard soft footfalls first, and then something sniffing around the trap. There could be no doubt that it was the man eater. I was kept in agony for fully ten minutes, and then the beast evidently found the door, for he entered, and I heard the door fall.

There was a partition of bamboos between him and me, but I anticipated that he would soon demolish that and

tear me to pieces as I lay huddled up helplessly.

It appeared afterward, however, that the Karen girl's brother had been forced to erect the trap and had made the partition of male bamboos of great strength.

In the darkness I could see the great luminous, wistful eyes of the man eater. The fearful brute, finding he could not get in at me, began to insert his paws gently, but I crept up to the outer bars, and then he could barely reach me. He did succeed, however, in giving me a claw or two on my back and buttock.

As he smelled the blood he began to gnaw at the bars and would doubtless have made short work of them, but there was a sudden glare of torches, a confused murmur, and then I felt the worst had passed.

The Karen girl, with 10 of the Sikhs out of the 20 which formed my bodyguard, came up and bayoneted the tiger, which was caught literally like a rat in a trap. Fire they dared not, as they were only a couple of miles from Goung Gee's camp.

They released me, more dead than alive, from my living tomb and then improvised a hammock out of a native blanket and carried me to my camp.

En route I met D'Oyly, who, with a strong force of regulars and irregulars, was hastening to my rescue.

I lay between life and death for six weeks, for the shock to my system, as well as the exposure to the cold chills of a December night, had brought on a severe attack of fever. But I was truly thankful for my seemingly miraculous escape from that man eater, which I met under such appalling conditions.—Wide World Magazine.

## LAGRANGE ITEMS.

FREE PRESS BUREAU, LAGRANGE, NOV. 2, 1899.

Cotton is coming in freely now.

Mrs. Rhodes, of Jones county, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Warters.

Mr. Quincy Fields has accepted a position as clerk for Mr. R. B. Kinsey.

Mrs. Maud Hadley, of Falling Creek, went from here to Goldsboro today.

Mr. J. F. Huggins has resigned as section master of this section of the A. & N. C. railroad.

Mrs. J. E. Debnam, who has been spending some weeks in Wilson county, returned Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry Fields returned Wednesday from a visit to their farm in Greene county.

Mr. W. H. Hardee has exchanged his grocery business with Mr. Will Pearsal for his livery business.

Mr. Thomas Best has purchased the old Methodist parsonage, had it repaired and this week moved into it.

The Disciple church is receiving its last coat of paint, which is a deeper canary than was the color when last painted.

Revs. C. E. Forlines and R. M. Andrews have closed a series of meetings in Bucklesberry and gone to Harris' Chapel to begin a meeting there.

The freight train was derailed here on Tuesday by the spreading of the rails, due to defective cross ties. The train was detained only a short time, however.

Rev. C. J. F. Anderson, of Hertford, is assisting Rev. Mr. Davis with a series of services in the Baptist church here this week. Mr. Anderson is an eloquent and highly entertaining speaker.

Mr. King, who grades tobacco at the LaGrange tobacco warehouse, on entering the warehouse early Wednesday morning, found that some one had poured kerosene oil on some chips and set fire to it. The fire had gotten very little headway and was easily extinguished. Had the work been done early in the night, the building would doubtless have been destroyed. The perpetrator is unknown.

FALLING CREEK ITEMS.

October 31, 1899.

Mr. Bob Ivey and family spent Saturday and Sunday at Mr. W. I. Herring's.

Mr. John Vinson, of Wilson's Mills, who has been visiting Mr. Dempsey Wood, returned home Friday.

Mr. W. I. Herring and son, Mr. Henry, attended the Missionary Baptist association at LaGrange last week.

It is to your advantage to get your job work done at this office.

## STATE NEWS.

### Interesting North Carolina Items In Condensed Form.

Chairman Holton, of the Republican party, says that the Populists will vote for the constitutional amendment.

Four thousand people witnessed the presentation of a costly pavilion at Hermann park to the city of Goldsboro by Mess. Henry and Sol Weil, Thursday.

A dispatch from Greensboro says a dangerous fire occurred at the Proximity Manufacturing Co's. mill Wednesday night. The damage to stock and machinery will probably reach \$1,000 or \$1,500.

The dead body of a colored infant was found near Durham Thursday afternoon. It had been buried with a sack wrapped around it, and was scratched up by dogs. The hands and one foot were eaten off.

The steamer Neuse, after lying ashore in a marsh in Pamlico sound since the August hurricane, has been floated. The recent storm and high tide floated her, and a tug pulled her in deep water.

Fayetteville Observer: Mr. M. L. Maine, of New York, a brother of the junior partner of the great cotton firm of Geo. Copeland & Co., of New York, is in the city for the purpose of purchasing a 500 acre tract of land, suitable for the raising of Angora goats, the wool and meat of which are valuable articles of export.

Wilmington Messenger: That very amusing and humorous "first composition" of the late Senator Vance, that is going the rounds, certainly gave much promise and showed for the man that was to be. We doubt if he could have done better when thirty years of age with the same subject.

Statesville Landmark: Private, but reliable information has reached here of the killing in Mitchell county Friday of Mr. Milton Phillips. He was shot from ambush while plowing in his field and killed almost instantly. Phillips was with Deputy Marshal Grier when the latter attempted to arrest the desperado Honeycutt some two weeks ago, and where Grier received the wound from which he died Thursday. While it is not known definitely, it is supposed that Honeycutt or some of his friends shot Phillips.

Judge Simonton's decision in the case of Virginia B. Matthews, of New York, a stockholder of the Carolina Central railroad, against the corporation commission, was filed Wednesday. This case was argued at Asheville and involves the right of the commission to reduce the minimum in car-load shipments of fertilizers from 15 to 10 tons. Judge Simonton holds that the commission has a right to fix reasonable rates when the charter was granted since 1868—notwithstanding there is provision in the charter that that power shall rest solely in the board of directors. He further holds that the act creating the Carolina Central railroad is an amendment to the charter of the corporation commission. It is also held that the road was chartered in 1881. Judge Simonton states that the unreasonableness of the rate cannot be decided by affidavits with any degree of satisfaction. He, therefore, appoints E. S. Martin, of Wilmington, a special master to inquire into the rates prescribed and specially as to their reasonableness, with leave to report in this special matter.

Six Thousand Boer Surround Kimberley.

London, Nov. 2.—A dispatch from De Aar, Cape Colony, dated November 1st, says:

"According to Burghersdorp advices, 3,000 Boers have collected at Bethulle bridge. They are probably the forces under Commandant Dutoit."

A dispatch from Klipdam, near Kimberley, dated October 20th, says that a small force of Boers, under Commandant Schultz, demanded the surrender of the town. The magistrate complied, as he had only six rifles. The 150 Dutch residents aided the Boers. The magistrate escaped to Hopetown.

He reports that 6,000 Boers were surrounding Kimberley and that communication with the place was extremely difficult and dangerous. Troops and people in the city are hoping for relief. The discipline of the Boers is indifferent, but they are well mounted.

The Boers Invade Zululand.

Pietermaritzburg, Nov. 2.—It is reported that the Boers are occupying parts of Zululand and that they have taken Pomeroy, 50 miles from Greytown.

Subscribe to THE DAILY FREE PRESS.