

Chased by an Ostrich.

The open veldt lay before us bathed in the dew and the lingering shades of early morning as we mounted our horses for a ride across country. Before we had gone far, however, my companion was summoned back, and I continued my ride alone.

When the road divided, my Basuto pony turned off into a bridle path which led through a wild gorge and eventually lost itself among the rocks at the foot of a hill. The sure footed little creature started up the side of the mountain and eventually landed me at the top.

Here I dismounted and left him to graze. We had been out for some hours. Remounting, we followed a half beaten track on the opposite side from which we had come, and in a short time we were at the foot of the hill and on a level veldt once more.

For some time we went along at a good pace, when suddenly I was startled by the sight, not far ahead, of a cock ostrich rushing wildly backward and forward, with its black and white wings flapping and quivering with rage. I pulled up with a jerk, for at first I thought the bird was loose on the veldt, but on closer inspection I found that a wire fence was between us.

Just at this moment I saw on the other side of the camp a hen sitting on her nest, and, knowing only too well the danger I was in, I paused to consider what I would do.

A short distance in front the road ran close to the fence, and I knew it would be impossible to pass that way. There was nothing for it but to retrace my steps and follow the road back round the mountain till it joined the one by which I had come.

I was not afraid, for it was by no means an uncommon position in which to find oneself in the center of an ostrich farming country, and, besides, I felt sure of getting away. A few moments passed, and I began to think we were safe, when suddenly a strange sound made me look around.

To my horror I saw in one of his wild charges the enormous bird had caught sight of us and was making frantic dashes along the fence, which was unusually low and was not of barb wire. In a few seconds he would be over, and then it meant a race for dear life.

As if by instinct, my faithful little friend scented danger, and after one whispered word in his ear he was off like the wind.

There was suddenly a crash behind us, followed by a measured beating which almost made the ground vibrate and set my heart thumping. If you have never heard the tramp of an infuriated ostrich, no words will adequately describe it. The nearest approach to it that I can think of is the sound of the regular "thud, thud," of soldiers on the march. We were being pursued by a furious cock ostrich, a formidable foe indeed!

Now it was only a question of time. The pony's feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground, and I bent forward, urging him on feverishly as I had never done before. Nearer and nearer came the beating, the distance between us and our strange pursuer growing less and less every second. I was powerless to do anything but hold on to my flying horse.

There was a distant shout, and I was dimly conscious that a short, heavy kerrie whizzed past me. I dared not stop, for the ostrich was now but a few yards behind, and I could almost feel the vibration of its great wings as it skimmed, half flying, half racing, over the earth.

Presently another kerrie came whizzing past, and this time it must have interfered in some way with the progress of the great bird, for I could tell it stopped short, and as the chase was not resumed I ventured to look back.

My heart seemed suddenly to stand still. My head swam, and I had the greatest difficulty to keep my seat in the saddle. The infuriated ostrich had turned and was charging at a Kaffir who was coming up from the camp in pursuit. The man saw his danger and excitedly threw kerrie after kerrie, which passed wide of the mark.

Vague ideas flashed through my mind of going to his help—an absurd idea, of course, and now impossible, for the pony had become thoroughly frightened and was bolting as hard as he could go. There was more shouting now, and I hoped that others had come to the rescue; but, glancing back again, I saw it was too late. Ostrich and man had met!

The Kaffir made a tremendous spring at the long neck of the bird, but he was too slow, and an awful flick sent the poor wretch upon the earth. Before he had time to recover, if indeed he ever could, the bird was literally dancing upon him, and I shut my eyes to hide the ghastly sight.

By this time several Kaffirs and a Dutchman had come up, and with a long lasso they caught the sensitive part of the bird's neck and strangled it, dragging it off the prostrate Kaffir at the same time.

I never knew how I reached home that day. For days and nights that ghastly sight haunted me, and I was troubled by the thought that the man had practically given his life for mine, while I had done nothing even to attempt to save him. The unfortunate Kaffir had only lived till he reached the farm, and then he succumbed to his terrible injuries.—Wide World Magazine.

FATE OF HIS DRESS SUIT.

Loaned It to His Friend, and Now It is Buried in the Grave.

"No, I am not going out in the evenings just now to anything but strictly informal affairs," remarked a friend of the saunterer the other day. "Why? Well, because just now I am not the possessor of a dress suit and lack the wherewithal to purchase another. It happened this way: I had a friend, a good fellow, who came to me one night and asked me if I wouldn't lend him my swallowtail. I consented, but I told him I wanted the clothes back the next week, as I had a function to attend myself.

"Well, to make a long story short, the week went by and not a word from my friend or not a sign of my evening duds. I had to cross my date and was pretty mad, but I didn't say anything. Another week went by and still no word. Then I decided to go out and hunt up my friend and find out if he intended to keep my clothes forever.

"I called at his boarding house and rang the bell. His landlady came to the door. When I asked if my friend was in, she gave a gasp of astonishment and exclaimed, 'Why, didn't you know he was dead and buried?'

"It was my turn to be knocked out. After I recovered my breath, I explained that I had not heard the news and had merely called to take back my dress suit. It would doubtless be found among my friend's effects, I explained.

"The landlady turned pink, white and then pink again. 'Why,' she gasped, 'that must have been the suit we buried him in. It was the only good one we found among his wardrobe.'

"So you see the reason why I say no to R. S. V. P. notes just now."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Family" in the Census.

There are some queer features about the census use of the word "family." It means practically those who eat at the same table. A hotel is a family. The Memorial Hall Dining association at Cambridge is a family; so is the Danvers Lunatic asylum. A stray man who keeps bachelor's hall is a family. The necessity for this use of the term came with the question of enumerating domestic servants. It was found absolutely impossible to attach them to their own families, scattered as they are. They had to go with the family they were living with. This led to a continuation of the principle, with the result mentioned. As it works out, the census family differs from the actual family in size only by a small fraction of one person.—New York Post.

What Cocaine Is.

Cocaine is an alkaloid of a small shrub found in Peru and Bolivia. The official name of the drug as used in medicine is cocaine sulphate, a salt derived from the shrub treated with sulphuric acid. Cocaine is composed of carbon, hydrogen and nitrotyl reduced to a sulphate. Each element of the compound has a direct influence on the nervous system, blood and lymphatics. It possesses the singular property of killing all sensation of pain in the parts where it is locally applied while elevating the mind of the patient to a pitch of exaltation absolutely without parallel.—Chicago Chronicle.

The first Australian newspaper, the Sydney Gazette, was published March 5, 1803, 15 years after the rise of the colony. The delay was caused through there being no printers among the convicts, who represented every profession, including the legal.

The art of self defense is inculcated early among some of the wilder tribes of the Caucasus, who instruct their children as soon as they can walk in the use of the dagger.

Caged Tigers.

When you see the animals in the park menageries pacing back and forth restlessly in their cages, do not take it for granted that the creatures are unhappy or even discontented. It may be that the lion or the tiger or the polar bear that moves about with apparently ceaseless activity is only taking his daily exercise, without which he would pine and die soon. When the wild creatures are in their native jungles, they are kept pretty busy hunting food. Thus each day they walk many miles perhaps. In their narrow cages in the parks they are plentifully supplied with food, but their brawny bodies still demand a great amount of exercise. Mile after mile is paced off daily by the uneasy creatures.

Usually they move with a long, swinging stride, but when mealtime comes around then the step quickens until, when the keeper appears with his baskets of meat, the tigers and lions and other animals leap against the bars and growl and whine and lash their tails. In fact, they act like great, hungry boys do after a long day's tramp if they find that supper is late.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Special Sale...

At The Cheap Store
For This Week Only.

10c Worst of 7c yd.
Double width Cashmere at 9c yd.
50c Caps at 25c.
Ladies' \$1.25 Shoes at 75c.
All wool Cheviot Pants, 75c and \$1.00.
Men's 50c Sweaters at 25c.
\$1.00 Sweaters at 50c.

THE CHEAP STORE.

Next door to Misses Harvey & Co.'s Millinery store.

Atlantic & N. C. Railroad

TIME TABLE No. 9.

Eastbound.			Westbound.		
Mixed F.R. & Passenger.	Mixed F.R. & Passenger.	Passenger.	Passenger.	Mixed F.R. & Passenger.	Mixed F.R. & Passenger.
7:10	7:10	3:40	11:05	8:15	2:55
7:43	7:43	4:00	10:48	7:35	2:15
8:16	8:06	4:09	10:22	7:03	1:43
8:28	8:28	4:20	10:00	6:33	1:13
9:14	9:14	4:45	9:18	5:18	12:58
9:35	9:25	4:45	8:50	4:50	11:58
10:15	10:15	4:55	8:25	4:20	11:40
10:40	10:40	5:07	8:00	4:00	10:40
11:15	11:15	5:19	7:35	3:35	10:18
11:31	11:31	5:25	7:12	3:20	10:00
12:06	1:00	5:35	6:57	3:00	9:30
.....	2:12	6:15	2:18	10:10
.....	2:45	6:18	2:00	9:00
.....	3:12	6:30	1:50	8:00
.....	3:25	6:40	1:35	8:47
.....	3:51	6:54	1:25	8:38
.....	4:01	7:07	1:15	8:15
.....	4:15	7:15	1:05	7:50
.....	4:30	7:30	1:00	7:30

*Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
†Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.
S. L. DILL, Superintendent.

WILMINGTON AND WELDON RAILROAD, CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

DATED	No. 28, Daily.	No. 26, Daily.	No. 10, No. 11, No. 12, Daily ex. Sunday.	No. 41, Daily.	No. 43, Daily.
Nov. 19th, 1896.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Weldon...	11 50	8 55
Ar. Rocky Mt....	12 55	9 55
Leave Tarboro...	12 21	6 00
Lv. Rocky Mt....	1 00	9 52	6 27	6 40	12 52
Leave Wilson...	1 58	10 25	7 16	6 30	2 42
Leave Selma....	2 56	11 10
Lv. Fayetteville	3 25	6 40
Ar. Florence...	7 25	2 24
Ar. Goldsboro...	7 55
Lv. Goldsboro...	7 01	8 21
Lv. Magnolia...	8 09	9 25
Ar. Wilmington.	9 40	5 50

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

No. 7, Daily.	No. 10, Daily ex. Sunday.	No. 28, Daily.	No. 43, Daily.	No. 45, Daily.
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Lv. Florence...	9 45	7 45
Lv. Fayetteville	12 20	9 45
Lv. Selma....	1 50	10 55
Arrive Weldon...	3 35	11 59
Lv. Wilmington.	5 50	9 45
Lv. Magnolia...	6 20	11 19
Lv. Goldsboro...	6 27	12 20
Leave Wilson...	7 25
Ar. Rocky Mt....	8 25	11 29	10 30	1 16
Ar. Tarboro...	9 30	12 30	11 11	1 53
Arrive Tarboro...	7 04
Lv. Rocky Mt....	3 30	1 00
Ar. Weldon....	4 30	1 00
.....	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.

Train on the Kinston Branch Road leaves Weldon 3:35 p. m., Halifax 4:15 p. m., arrives Scotland Neck at 5:08 p. m., Greenville 6:57 p. m., Kinston 7:35 p. m. Returning leaves Kinston 7:50 a. m., Greenville 9:52 a. m., arriving Halifax at 11:16 a. m., Weldon 11:33 a. m., daily except Sunday.

H. M. EMERSON, Gen' Pass. Agent
J. R. KENLY, Gen'l Manager.
T. W. EMERSON, Traffic Manager.

GET... YOUR PRINTING

from a printer who is willing and capable, and who will interest himself to the extent of making your printing best suited to your particular needs.

Inartistic Printers, who turn out medium or poor work, make little attempt to please you, but quote a low price and say nothing about quality, are many.

Artistic Printers, who exercise good taste, use appropriate type and newest ideas, are few. To this class we strive to belong. We do printing for most of the best business and professional men in this section, and would like to do yours.

The Free Press,
KINSTON, N. C.

THE NEW YORK Bargain Store

will go out of business on December 15th.

THE \$6,000 STOCK

Clothing, Shoes, Dry Goods, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishings, and Ladies' Capes

must be sold by then, and I am throwing it on the market for most anything I can get.

As the time is limited for me to leave Kinston, I must make a still greater reduction in prices as the goods must be sold. Here are a few of the starters:

All silk velvet that cost 75c per yard now for 40c per yard; the best Drilling for Lining that cost 8c per yard now to go at 5c, and a better quality for 6c per yard that sold for 10c; Dress Wigam that sold for 10c per yard now for 6c; a good quality of yard-wide Bleaching that sold for 7c now to go for 5c per yard; Fruit of the Loom Bleaching now to go at 7c; Unbleached Sea Island, yard wide, goes for 4c per yard by the bolt. Checked Homespun that sold for 5c per yard; Ladies' \$3.00 Shoes to go at \$1.75; \$2.00 Shoes to go at \$1.50; \$1.50 Shoes at \$1.15; Men's \$3.50 Shoes for \$2.25; \$2.25 Shoes for \$1.50; \$1.50 Shoes for \$1.15.

This is also a special Clothing Sale. As I still have a big stock on hand I will make a reduction of one-half of former prices, and in fact my entire stock must go at a sacrifice as I am determined to close out my stock and leave Kinston, so come early before the stock is picked over, and secure the Biggest Bargains you ever got or ever will get again.

AUCTION SALE!

As the time is drawing near for me to close, and I still have a large stock on hand, I have decided to hold an auction sale next Saturday, the 25th, in front of my store, beginning at 1 o'clock and lasting until 4 o'clock. Goods will positively be sold to the highest bidder.

MICHAEL MARKS,
Next to Temple-Marston Drug Store
Look for sign,
N. Y. BARGAIN STORE.



DOBIBIN & FERRALL

At Tucker's Store,
RALEIGH, N. C.

.....Our Unparalleled.....

Leading Black Silk Values!

20 in. Satin de Lyons.....	50c a yd
21 in. Satin de Lyons.....	75c a yd
24 in. Satin Duchesse.....	75c a yd
24 in. Satin Duchesse.....	\$1.00 a yd
27 in. Satin Duchesse.....	1.25 a yd
27 in. Satin Duchesse.....	1.50 a yd
24 in. Satin Rhadame.....	1.25 a yd
22 in. Satin Liberty.....	1.00 a yd
22 in. Satin Mervilleux.....	1.00 a yd
23 in. Satin Mervilleux.....	1.50 a yd
20 in. Peau de Soie.....	75c a yd
22 in. Peau de Soie.....	\$1.00 a yd
24 in. Peau de Soie.....	1.25 a yd

Recent purchases from the great Silk auctions have placed us in a very fortunate position to offer our customers these

Leading Silk Values.

Rich pure Silks, combining elegance with serviceableness at low prices.

Your orders are solicited.
Dobbin & Ferrall,
RALEIGH, N. C.

KINSTON REAL ESTATE AGENCY!

J. S. BIZZELL, - President.
W. S. HERBERT, Sec. and Treas.
H. E. SHAW, - Attorney.

Do you wish to borrow money?

Do you wish to lend money?

Do you wish to buy or sell a farm?

Do you wish to buy or sell a city lot?

We will rent your property for you and collect the rents.

We will look up titles, etc., etc.

Call on us at Wooten & Shaw's law office. We will give all business our prompt attention and guarantee satisfaction.

Kinston Real Estate Agency.

Wanted.
100 acres of farm land. Will pay cash or cotton on short time.

Plantation For Sale.
Cherry Point plantation, Craven county; 500 acres. Terms, one-half cash, balance on time.

For Sale!

One house and lot in Kinston on Peyton Avenue, 4 rooms, outhouses, etc.
One farm near LaGrange containing 225 acres.
One farm near Seven Springs containing 327 acres.
One farm within one mile of Kinston which we will sell in lots to suit purchasers.
Apply to J. S. Bizzell at Carolina Warehouse, or at Shaw's office.

As well... Thanksgiving Dinner

in the fashionable world requires an observance in matters of dress in which rich and handsome jewelry should adorn those who attend. If you are lacking Pins, Necklaces, Brooches, Chains, Hair Ornaments or Finger Rings, you will find them here in all the latest designs, and at prices that you will give thanks for.

DENMARK,
The Jeweler,
KINSTON, N. C.