

# THE DAILY FREE PRESS.

W. S. HERBERT, Editor and Prop'r.

Registered at P. O. as second class mail matter.

## For White Supremacy.

### STATE DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR:  
CHARLES B. AYCOCK, of Wayne.

FOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR:  
WILFRED D. TURNER, of Iredell.

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE:  
J. BRYAN GRIMES, of Pitt.

FOR TREASURER:  
BENJAMIN R. LACY, of Wake.

FOR STATE AUDITOR:  
DR. B. F. DIXON, of Cleveland.

FOR ATTORNEY-GENERAL:  
ROBERT D. GILMER, of Haywood.

FOR COMMISSIONER OF LABOR AND PRINTING:  
H. B. VARNER, of Davidson.

FOR CORPORATION COMMISSIONERS:  
FRANKLIN McNEILL, of New Hanover.  
SAMUEL L. ROGERS, of Macon.

FOR SUPERINTENDENT PUBLIC INSTRUCTION:  
THOMAS F. TOON, of Robeson.

FOR COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE:  
SAMUEL L. PATTERSON, of Caldwell.

The Houston Post reports 10 per cent. increase in the cotton acreage in Texas. Probably the same proportion will prevail all over the cotton belt, and we may have another "bumper" crop.

Josephus Daniels is in Louisiana investigating the operations of the constitutional amendment there, to which the proposed amendment in North Carolina is very similar. He writes his paper that in New Orleans the negro vote was reduced from 14,177 to 1,493 by the amendment. This without disfranchising any white men.

Speaking of slates, was there ever such slate-making as was witnessed at the Republican gathering in Raleigh last week? The Asheville Citizen headed its accounts of the convention "Pritchard, Pritchard, Pritchard," in every line, and it gave a good idea of the affair. The Greensboro Record says: The Republican ticket was known in Greensboro, from governor down, before the nominations were completed. Parties who came up on the evening train had it all straight when, as a matter of fact, not a single nomination had been made when they left Raleigh at 3:50 in the afternoon.

There never have been in our history two parties so completely based as the Republican and Populist parties in North Carolina. Butler carries one in his vest-pocket and Pritchard sotes the other in his hand.—Charlotte News.

### LaGRANGE ITEMS.

FREE PRESS BUREAU,  
LAGRANGE, May 10, 1900.

The Oscola canning factory began operations today.

Mr. K. E. Sutton started out with his fall line of clothing Wednesday.

Several of our townsmen attended the memorial ceremonies at Kinston today.

Mrs. Jno. Graham and children, of Tipton, W. Va., are visiting at Mr. S. I. Sutton's.

Dr. J. M. Hodges has had his name and office hours neatly painted on his office door and window.

Mr. George W. Best went to Goldsboro today to attend the burial of Mr. Hiram Ham, his brother-in-law.

Dr. J. W. P. Smithwick was appointed sanitary commissioner, and John Willis Sutton, street commissioner, Wednesday night.

Mr. Fred Smith will soon permanently locate here to look after the carbonating of the Seven Springs mineral waters for shipment.

Mr. Stevens, of Wilson, is putting up a large and beautiful monument of the grave of Mr. Moses Joyner, in Fair View cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. G. K. Hundley have returned from a two weeks' visit up the country. Mr. Hundley is associated with Mr. Ball in the manufacture of brick and hopes to begin operations soon.

Mr. Simeon Wooten was elected mayor by the board of commissioners Wednesday night. Mr. O. Taylor was elected to take Mr. Wooten's place as commissioner. Mr. Wooten has the qualifications, and with the support of the board and citizens, will give us an administration that will mark a new era in the municipal government.

### MIDDLE-OF-ROAD POPULISTS

Name Barker for President and Donnelly for Vice-President.

Cincinnati, May 10.—The middle-of-the-road Populists today nominated Wharton Barker, of Philadelphia, for president, and Ignatius Donnelly, of Hastings, Minn., for vice-president.

Regular Populists Nominate Bryan.

Stour Falls, N. D., May 10.—The national Populist convention here today nominated W. J. Bryan for president by acclamation. No nomination for vice-president has yet been made.

Trinity the Victor.

Durham, May 10.—Trinity won from Horan in a fine game of ball here today, score 2 to 1.

### CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

gent and generous men in all this broad land—though their magnanimity will have to undergo the severer test of according full justice to a beaten, instead of to a victorious foe.

That I am not without warrant for such belief the following extract from a northern paper, whose editor was an officer of the federal army, will in great measure prove. He says:

"As we get further and further from the blinding passions that clouded our judgment, and as the soothing hand of time quiets our wrath, engendered by a deadly conflict, there is one name that rises higher and brighter, not only at home, but throughout Europe, as that of the greatest military leader of all time, and that is the name of Robert E. Lee. Gathering an army up from a country that had no other resource than the brave hearts of its doomed people, poorly armed and worse equipped, to march without pay, sleep without shelter and fight without food, through the long years of that terrible conflict, he rode on from victory to victory over superior numbers, marking the boundary line of his country with death and disaster to the enemy, until his devoted army, wasted through sickness and fatigue, fell from sheer exhaustion."

And it was a coincidence worthy of note that the following tribute (kindred in spirit), to Col. Ferguson, the British officer who commanded the Tory forces at King's Mountain, appeared about the same time in one of our own State papers:

"He closed his valuable life upon the summit of King's Mountain amid the clash of arms. He was a genius, and all due praise should be bestowed upon this brave and capable officer."

A great struggle like that which ended at our own Bentonville must some day be regarded in its true light by all men, no matter what their predilections for the contending parties, and not from the standpoint of passion and prejudice. A proper sense of self-respect and a right estimate of the unanimous action of a whole people, must banish the opprobrious terms which it seems good to many to employ when speaking of the war between the states, and of those who took part in it. Men who fought to maintain the union, without yielding in any degree their own convictions, or a natural pride in their success in upholding them, will in time freely accord to their opponents equal honesty and earnestness, and will recognize the absurdity of the vulgar cant about "rebels" and "treason." Each party to the strife should willingly allow to the other what it claims for itself. No sentiment is more worthy of condemnation than that feeling of faction, that petty spirit of party, that willfully excludes from view everything that is not within the direct range of its own narrow vision. In spite of the boasted liberalism of this land of popular education, intolerance is still a marked defect in our national character; one that retards materially our moral and intellectual development; one that it is our duty to correct, to the end that prejudice may fade away and give place to that large-mindedness that going hand in hand with large-heartedness makes up the perfect man. But there is inherent in this people, too, a sense of right, a love of fair play, dormant, or overshadowed, at times, perhaps, but which must some day impel the victors in the war between the states to do justice to the vanquished, and when that shall be frankly done it will bring about mutual confidence and perfect reconciliation.

Resting in the rectitude of our past, honoring our dead, and fulfilling every present obligation, we are content to await the coming of that day.

And should some unco'-righteous brother denounce us as "rebels," and brand us "treason," political bullet and acts older than our government itself, we may point to the tombs of the Revolutionary patriots, Francis Nash and Joseph Warren, of Edward Bancombe and William Davidson, who taught us "rebellion," and died in teaching us, and make answer: "Every tree is known by his own fruit." The land that gave the "rebels" George Washington and Patrick Henry, Richard Caswell and Jethro Sumner, to lead and counsel the men whom we commemorate in centennial celebrations, gave also in these latter days Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, Alexander Stephens and John C. Breckenridge, Leonidas Polk and Albert Sydney Johnston, worthy sons of noble sires.

"A good tree bringeth not forth corrupt fruit, neither doth a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit." Behold in these men the true exponents of the south and her cause! Does any land show their superiors? By them let us be judged.

But why multiply words? Let the whole world condemn, still will we love and honor the voiceless dust that lies here, eye and all our patriot dead, it recks not where their bodies lie! Even had they in mistaken zeal done wrong, we would still revere their memories for their unselfish devotion and unreaping sacrifice.

Long years ago when the lowly Nazarene, who "spake as never man spake," was doing his work of mercy and love among the hills of Palestine, Himself the incarnation of love, it is written that he said: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

That ladies of the Memorial association; that fellow citizens and soldiers; that men and women of the south, is what ails the men of the Revolution and they who sleep in this consecrated ground did for you and for me. Shall we not cherish their love?

"Their presence lives though vainly sped—  
Long as its shores old Ocean lavens,  
We'll bow with reverence o'er our dead,  
And bless the turf that wraps their graves."

Ladies of the Memorial Association: This poor tribute to the dead and memory of the Confederate dead, I have, at your honored bidding, laid upon their graves. Bear with me a moment longer while I add a word in behalf of the sur-

vivors of our great conflict—our veterans—the "frail wrecks from that gory sea." Not in feeble language of my own, but in the touching lines of Paul Hayne—now numbered with the blessed—who makes such loving appeal for

### "THE BROKEN BATTALIONS."

The sounds of the tumult have ceased to ring,  
And the battle's sun has set,  
And here in peace of the new-born spring,  
We would fain forgive and forget.

Forget the rage of the hostile years,  
And the scars of a wrong unshriven;  
Forget the torture that thrilled to tears  
The angel's calm in heaven.

Forgive and forget? Yes; be it so,  
From the hills to the broad sea waves;  
But mournful and low, are the winds that blow,  
By the slopes of a thousand graves.

We may scourge from the spirit all thought of ill  
In the midnight of grief held fast;  
And yet, O brothers, be loyal still  
To the sacred and stainless past!

She is glancing now from the vapor and cloud,  
From the waning mansion of Mars,  
And the pride of her beauty is wanly bowed,  
And her eyes are misted stars!

And she speaks in a voice that is sad as death,  
"There is duty still to be done,  
Tho' the trumpet of onset has spent its breath  
And the battle been lost and won."

And she points with a tremulous hand below,  
To the wasted and worn array  
Of the heroes who strove in the morning glow,  
Of the grandeur that crowned "the Gray."

O, God! they come not as once they came  
In the magical years of yore;  
For the trenchant sword and the soul of flame,  
Shall quiver and flash no more.

Alas! for the broken and battered hosts;  
Frail wrecks from a gory sea,  
Tho' pale as a band from the realm of ghosts,  
Salute them! they fought with Lee.

And gloried when dauntless Stonewall marched  
Like a giant o'er field and flood,  
When the bow of his splendid victories arched  
The tempest whose rain is—blood.

Salute them! Those wistful and sunken eyes  
Flashed lightning of sacred ire,  
When the laughing blue of the southland skies,  
Was blasted with cloud and fire.

Salute them! Their voices so faint today,  
Were once the thunder of strife,  
In the storm of the hottest and wildest fray,  
That has ever mocked at life!

Not vanquished, but crushed by a mystic fate,  
Blind nations against them hurled,  
By the selfish might, and the causeless hate,  
Of the banded and ruthless world!

Enough! all Fates are the servants of God;  
And follow His guiding hand,  
We shall rise some day from the chasteener's rod,  
Shall waken and—understand!

But hark, to the Past as she murmurs "Come,  
There's a duty still to be done,  
Tho' mute is the drum and the bugle dumb,  
And the battle is lost and won!"

No palace is here for the heroes' needs,  
With its shining portals apart;  
Shall they find the peace of their "Invalids,"  
O, South! in your grateful heart?

A Refuge of welcome, with living halls,  
And Love for its radiant dome,  
'Till the music of death's reveille calls  
The souls of the warriors—home!

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and you will find that they are perfectly built on designs that are absolutely correct. From the building of the body to the putting on of the tires, we know that everything is O. K. in the construction of the carriages we sell.

If we do not have in stock the exact combinations that you want in a vehicle we will take pleasure in making it on short order.  
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We have just received a big line of PATENT LEATHER Shoes. Price \$5.00. These are beauties. Call and see them.

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A full line of Gents' Underwear, Neckwear, Collars, Cuffs, Fancy Hosiery, Negligee and White Shirts, SERGE COATS, Double and Single Breasted, from \$5.00 to \$8.50. In fact, our line of Gents' Wear for the Spring, will be full and complete.

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