

# THE DAILY FREE PRESS.

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

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## National Democratic Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT:  
WM. J. BRYAN, of Nebraska.  
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:  
ADLAI E. STEVENSON, of Illinois.  
FOR FIFTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS,  
CLAUDE KITCHIN, of Halifax.  
FOR PRESIDENTIAL ELECTOR,  
T. C. WOOTEN, of Lenoir.

## A GREAT DISCOVERY.

Some of the newspapers have discovered that the race question is forever settled in North Carolina. They have penetrating optics. So far as the amendment is concerned, it does not go into effect until twenty-two months more have passed. If the pugnacious Republicans can possibly prevent it, it will never go into effect. It is a powerful and far reaching law to settle the most vexing question of this age in so far as the south is concerned—the question of illiterate Sambo and his vote—and nearly two years before it begins operating as a law. What a pity it was not tried long ago. It would "from many a blunder" have freed North Carolina. The race question is settled, quoth the Solomons for all time. So do not dare henceforth to make any reference to the history of negro rule in North Carolina for thirty years, and tread gingerly when McKinley is named and do not make any reference to his appointments of negro officials in the south and particularly in eastern North Carolina. It is cruel to wound his very tender sensibilities and it is a great crime to say ought of twenty-seven negro postmasters for North Carolina, seven of whom are known here to have been rogues. The "race question is settled." If true, fire an hundred rounds by all the military and let the people rejoice in mighty shoutings. —Wilmington Messenger.

The Republicans have begun to show great activity. The executive committee held a meeting in Greensboro Monday to arrange for the coming campaign. Senator Pritchard was elected chairman to succeed Holton. Pritchard announces he will have a number of noted speakers from other states to speak in North Carolina. A special from Washington says Pritchard has gone to New York to consult the Republican authorities in regard to the political situation in this State. The dispatch says while many of the Republicans feel that there is no show to carry the State for McKinley, Senator Pritchard is not downcast over the recent election and feels that an effort properly supported by the administration will lead to success in the State and will retain one or two congressional districts. He intends in a quiet way, so as not to arouse alarm, to endeavor, if possible, to accomplish this result.

Senator Pritchard knows that North Carolina will not only go for Bryan but will elect nine Democratic congressmen. This is the same old bluster and show of fight the Republicans of North Carolina make every four years to get their finger in the campaign fund of the national Republican committee. It is said \$60,000 was sent to North Carolina in 1896 to carry the State for McKinley.

This is the stuff. The Mt. Olive Advertiser says this: "As a vote for McKinley means an endorsement of the negro postmaster at Mt. Olive, it is safe to announce that the solid white vote of this place will be cast for William J. Bryan."

## RALEIGH BUSINESS MEN.

They Want the State Represented at the Pan-American.

The sentiment, as expressed by business men individually and collectively, seems to favor a first class representation by North Carolina at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo next year. On the 14th of August the Chamber of Commerce of the city of Raleigh put itself on record by passing the following resolution:

RESOLVED, That the Raleigh Chamber of Commerce appreciate the advantage that will result to the state of North Carolina by being properly represented at the Exhibition to be held in Buffalo during the summer and fall of 1901, and we trust that the board of agriculture of North Carolina may be able to transfer the Paris exhibit to Buffalo.

Ten million dollars annually is expended in London for umbrellas. The people there are accustomed to carry them whether it is raining or not and in all sorts of weather.

The ill doing of a good thing is a very great evil.

White's Black Liniment. It cures Sciatica, Rheumatism and Neuralgia. A 25c bottle for 15c. J. E. Hoos

## THE ROMANCE OF A POET.

It was Germany in the middle of the last century.

Herr Klopstock, with his soul in his words, was writing his wonderful poem, the "Messiah."

He did not know it was to bring him fame as the first of the great German poets. He did not even guess that it was to win love for him.

He published it and then waited. In Hamburg Meta Moller read the great poem and was charmed by it. She talked of it; she wrote of it to her friends. Every one knew Meta longed to meet the poet.

Then he came to Hamburg, and a friend told him of Meta and showed her letters, full of praises of his poem. His interest was awakened, and he went to see her.

He found a beautiful girl, with long daxen braids of hair and deep blue eyes. The dainty freshness of her fair face was brightened by the pale blue bodice she wore.

But Klopstock scarcely noticed her loveliness. He thought only of her mind. They talked of his poem, then of others. Meta had read much. She knew the language of literature of other countries besides her own.

But she was not only learned—she was gentle and sympathetic. Soon the poet was telling her of his early struggles and of his heartaches for a lost love.

"But why do I tell you my troubles, Fraulein Moller?" he said wonderingly. "I am almost a stranger to you."

"You are not a stranger to me," replied Meta softly. "I have known you a long time."

For a few days they saw each other constantly. Meta's sympathy had eased the pain at the poet's heart. When they parted, it was with promises to write.

For eight months they corresponded, but not as lovers. They wrote only of poetry, philosophy—never of themselves.

Then Herr Klopstock returned to Hamburg.

"Meta," he cried, "I have learned to love you!" But the girl was troubled. "Why do you talk of love?" she said. "We are friends, dear friends, but only friends."

For a time he pleaded in vain; then she yielded so far as to whisper, "Wait."

The end of the year came and with it Meta's lover.

She did not meet him as before, with frank, kind eyes that gazed straight into his. Instead she looked shyly down, and the pink in her cheek deepened.

"My darling," cried the poet, "you love me! I see it in your face. Do not tell me it is not true."

"Yes," she confessed. "It is true. But," seriously, "that is not enough. My mother will not allow our marriage. There is some one else. He is rich."

"Who is he?" exclaimed Klopstock hoarsely. He had turned ashen pale.

"His name is August Hoffman. He is a merchant and has warehouses and ships. Alas, he is wealthy!" and the girl sighed.

"Let me see your mother," said Klopstock eagerly.

"It is useless," replied Meta sadly. But she led him to her mother.

The Frau Moller was obdurate.

"I have my daughter's welfare at heart," she said coldly. "You have fame, it is true, but you cannot support her on that. I intend to see that she is comfortably settled in life."

"But we love each other," entreated Klopstock. "Meta would be happier with me, even though we had little, than in luxury with a man she did not love."

"You must allow me to judge what is best for my daughter," returned Frau Moller, much displeased, and, rising, she waved him from the room.

"At least," sobbed Meta, when she bade her lover farewell. "I cannot be forced to marry Herr Hoffman. If I may not marry you, I can remain single."

Frau Moller hoped that Meta would soon yield and accept the easy life and luxury which were offered to her. But time passed on, and she still refused to listen to the man of her mother's choice.

Then the mother's heart relented, and she rewarded the two years' constancy of the lovers. With her consent the poet claimed his bride and carried her off to a rose embowered cottage on the banks of the beautiful Rhine.

There is a perfect union. Long after her marriage Meta wrote to a friend:

"I can write and speak of nothing now but love. It has been all of my life since first I read my dear husband's great poem. I loved him then, though I did not know it. Now I am so happy in the fulfillment of my love. His poems are to me like sweetest music. After all our troubles the greatest joy is ours."

And Herr Klopstock said:

"The world calls some of my poems great, but greater, grander, sweeter than any of them is the unwritten poem of our beautiful love." —St. Louis Star.

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