

THE PAST.

I said: "The past is dead, I will bury it deep and still, With a tablet over its head, Of the dead one may speak no ill."

I dug deep down in the loam, I sealed up the grave with prayer, But the past was the first one home And waited to greet me there.

—Jeanette Bliss Gillespie in Columbia Literary Monthly.

GRISELDA.

"How your caresses tire me, Griselda! The indifferent tone in which the inconsiderate words were spoken was so different to those with which he had responded to her tenderness a few months before."

He did not even look at her as she arose from his knee, where she had been sitting, and passed to the other side of the room and gazed into the glowing coals.

She could find no excuse for the indifference he had shown for her gentle caresses in the last few months. It could not be he was growing tired of what he had sought so hard for. When they were first married, they were so happy. Each caress of hers was treasured, and he was jealous even of her very words and look.

Griselda sighed as she huddled down among the pillows of the sofa and in a drowsy way began to meditate as she gazed at the glowing coals in the open grate. At last her dreams were dispelled by a half formed idea. Could it be done, she wondered, as she sat up straight and pale among her pillows.

A short time after the tiny silver clock on Mrs. Latimer's mantel had chimed 10 the next morning there came a knock at the door of her dainty boudoir. In answer to her response there entered a tall, rather dark looking girl, who, after a questioning look at Mrs. Latimer, gayly sank into a large armchair by her side.

For half an hour there was much talking, with a few tears from Mrs. Latimer and a great deal of laughter from both. Then the girl arose to go and after kissing Mrs. Latimer several times gayly left the room.

It was snowing hard as Paul Latimer sprang from his cab and ran up the steps of his house in time to meet in the hall his wife in earnest conversation with a tall, light haired young man. He was tenderly helping her off with her snowy furs and wraps.

So this was the fellow his wife had been seen so much with at the opera and many other places, he thought, as he passed them with a nod to his wife on his way up to his room.

Paul felt the blood beating in his temples as he entered his room and closed the door. He tried to analyze the feeling he had when he thought of the look Griselda had when she was smiling so radiantly into that fellow's face. How pretty she looked with her head on one side and the light falling on the sheeny masses of her golden hair!

As Paul crossed the room for a glass of sherry he could not help thinking that perhaps she was not quite so much his own as he had thought. Another might win her from him even now. His very thoughts seemed to make him furious, for he walked about the room with long, angry strides and in a few minutes snatched up his hat and dashed from the house into the wind and snow.

He walked for many hours through the falling snow, and when he at last returned he was white with the damp snow and quite numbed with the cold.

Within the doorway of Mrs. Latimer's boudoir stood Paul gazing at his wife within the arms of another man. Her arm was thrown about his neck, and with one tiny jeweled hand she was ruffling up his light curly hair as he held her exquisite form close to his own and showered intoxicating caresses on her flushed face and snowy neck. She was radiant with happiness as she rested in his arms.

A beautiful picture she made in her clinging gown of white silk and lace. But all this was lost on the man in the doorway. His face was white and drawn, and his hands clinched and unclenched as he advanced into the room. "Griselda, what is the meaning of this?"

Both man and woman turned about. Griselda sprang to Paul's side, but he roughly pushed her aside as he confronted the man.

"Secondly, leave this house before I throw you out!" he exclaimed as he advanced toward him.

Griselda sprang forward and threw her arms about Paul, as if to keep him

back, as she said: "Paul, I was only trying you, to see if you loved me still or if you were utterly indifferent to me. See, dear, this is your sister Edita in some of your own clothes."

With one hand still on Paul's arm she leaned forward and snatched the wig from the head of Paul's laughing sister.

That night Griselda put her arms around her husband's neck and said, "Paul, I feel sure now of your forgiveness."

"Darling, you have taught me not to be too sure of you, for you may be stolen from me should I not love and guard you more," Paul answered. And he drew her close to him and buried his face in her pretty curls.—St. Louis Star.

A Snake That Crows.

There exists in Venezuela a species of snake of an exceedingly venomous and crafty character. This snake utters a cry that is the almost exact replica of a cock crow. The unwary traveler when walking through the bush will be astonished to hear near at hand this extraordinary crowing. He proceeds toward the spot, when the snake darts out and stings the unfortunate man with its terrible forked tongue. If not taken promptly in hand, the sting will in nine cases out of ten turn out to be fatal.

The black inhabitants of Venezuela are, like all other dark races, very superstitious. And as regards the rattlesnake they have a curious belief. They affirm that if a rattlesnake is captured and the bones in its tail which form the rattle removed the snake will never rest until it has sought out the man that committed the theft and exacted vengeance for the robbery.

They cite instances of men who have taken the rattles and gone far journeys only to be followed by the infuriated snake and killed. Whether there is any truth in this is a matter of conjecture. If half the tales that are told have any truth in them, it would seem superfluous to gainsay the superstition.

A Melodious Spot.

There is more melody in Andreasburg, Prussia, in the Harz mountains, than in any other town in the world. There 250,000 canaries are annually reared, and four-fifths of them are sent to the United States. "Professor birds," perfect singers, are placed among the young birds, so that the latter may imitate the trills of the experienced warblers.

A Two Edged Joke.

Sometimes a joke reacts, as the Bangor (Me.) Commercial proceeds to prove by relating that a young man in Auburn, to play a joke on a barber, paid him 35 old fashioned cents. Later, when he found that the barber had sold one of the coins for \$35, he did not feel so well satisfied with his joke or at least thought it had become misplaced.

A Sure System.

"I got back at the bookmakers all right today!" "Win?" "No; didn't bet."—Philadelphia North American.

Large sun spots, astronomers say, caused the extreme heat this summer, and doctors declare nearly all the prostrations were induced by disorders of the stomach. Good health follows good digestion. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat. If you have indigestion or dyspepsia it will quickly relieve and permanently cure you. J. E. Hood.

To the Public!

We, the undersigned, are now ready and well equipped with mill and fixtures and abundant forest, and wish all purchasers of lumber to give us a call before buying elsewhere. Fully thanking you all for past favors, we solicit a continuance of the same. Terms, strictly cash.

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Must Have Had Experience.

When Dr. Thompson, a distinguished Scotch clergyman, was minister of Markinch, he happened to preach from the text, "Look not upon the wine when it is red in the cup," from which he made a most eloquent and impressive discourse against drunkenness, stating its evil effects on the heart, head and purse. Several of his observations were leveled at two cronies with whom he was well acquainted who frequently poured out libations to the rosy god. At the dismissal of the congregation the two friends met, the doctor being close behind them.

"Did you hear, Johnnie?" quoth the one. "Did I hear? Wha' didna hear? I ne'er winked an e'e the hail sermon."

"Aweel, an what thought ye o't?" "Aweel, Davie, I think he has been a lad in his day, or he couldna sea weel about it. Ah, he's been a slee hand, the meenister."—Kansas City Independent.

The most dainty and effective pills made are DeWitt's Little Early Risers. They are unequalled for all liver and bowel troubles. Never gripe. J. E. Hood.

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Kodol Dyspepsia Cure Digests what you eat.

It artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps and all other results of imperfect digestion. Price 50c. and \$1. Large size contains 2 1/2 times small size. Book all about dyspepsia mailed free. Prepared by E. C. DeWITT & CO., Chicago.

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All nice for evening dresses—and greatly reduced in price.

A Few Slippers Left on hand. Will be sold for less than cost to close out.

Tan Shoes

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A. R. MILLER,

Sept. 1, 1900. KINSTON, N. C.

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We are making a specialty of GENTS' SHOES this spring. We have them in varied styles and can suit anyone in Style, Size or Price.

A Chocolate Colored Vici Kid, in button or lace, a beauty, for \$4.00.

A Black Vici, a good shoe for only \$3.50.

Black Surpass—This is the shoe of which we have had such an enormous sale. Price \$4.00.

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.

Barrett & Thomson, ARCHITECTS,

115 1/2 Fayetteville St., - RALEIGH, N. C. Write for our "Brochure" of information.

J. E. PHYSIOC Is Here to Stay!

I have prepared myself for it. I have just received a full line of Foreign and Domestic Samples of Woollens ranging from \$15.00 up to \$45.00, a suit. I am not trying to compete with ready-made goods. I promise to give you a first-class Merchant Tailor's Suit as good as you can have made in any first-class Merchant Tailoring establishment anywhere, and for as little money. You will find that I deal straight and fair, and always look to the interest and taste of my customers.

Have just employed a first-class coat-maker.

J. E. PHYSIOC.

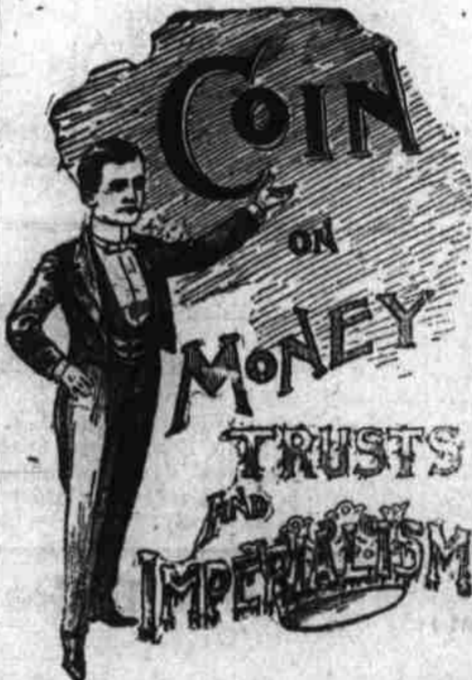


Don't Stumble

through the world. Let some good fairy of an optician fit you out with some eyes. Don't be ashamed to wear glasses. I will give you an intellectual look, and then how nice it will be to be able to recognize friends across the street, and by returning their bow explode the idea that we are of a haughty and unkind nature.

If we fit your glasses, you will have no trouble with them or with your eyes. We would be pleased to have you come to us whenever you need our service.

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WILMINGTON AND WELDON RAILROAD.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE. TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Table with columns: DATED July 22d, 1900. Stations: 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. Times listed for each station.

TRAIN GOING NORTH.

Table with columns: Stations: Lv. Florence, Lv. Fayetteville, Leave Selma, Arrive Weldon, Lv. Wilmington, Lv. Magnolia, Lv. Goldsboro, Leave Wilson, Ar. Rocky Mt., Arrive Tarboro, Leave Tarboro, Lv. Rocky Mt., Ar. Weldon. Times listed for each station.

Train on the Kinston Branch Road leaves Weldon 2:55 p. m., Halifax 4:17 p. m., arrives Scotland Neck at 5:05 p. m., Greenville 6:57 p. m., Kinston 7:55 p. m. Returning leaves Kinston 7:50 a. m., Greenville 8:53 a. m., arriving Halifax at 11:18 a. m., Weldon 11:23 a. m., daily except Sunday.

Atlantic & N. C. Railroad? TIME TABLE No. 14. JULY 18, 1900.

EASTBOUND TRAINS.

Table with columns: STATIONS, Passenger, Daily, Mixed P.R. and P.W., Tuesday, Thursday & Saturday, Passenger, Sundays Only, Daily except Sunday, Mixed Solid, P.R. Cars and Pass., Passenger, Daily except Sunday. Stations: Goldsboro, Best's, LaGrange, Falling Creek, Kinston, Caswell, Dover, Core Creek, Tuscarora, Clark's, Newbern, Riverdale, Croatan, Havelock, Newport, Wildwood, Atlantic, Morehead City, Morehead City.

WESTBOUND TRAINS.

Table with columns: STATIONS, Passenger, Daily, Mixed P.R. and P.W., Monday, Wednesday & Friday, Passenger, Sundays Only, Daily except Sunday, Mixed Solid, P.R. Cars and Pass., Passenger, Daily except Sunday. Stations: Goldsboro, Best's, LaGrange, Falling Creek, Kinston, Caswell, Dover, Core Creek, Tuscarora, Newbern, Riverdale, Croatan, Havelock, Newport, Wildwood, Atlantic, Morehead City, Morehead City.

S. L. DILL, Superintendent.