

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 ELECTORS,
T. C. WOOTEN, of Lenoir.

JUGGLED STATISTICS.

It is about time for juggled census statistics for 1900 to make their appearance. They will be spread broadcast by the Republican prosperity shouters to substantiate their empty claims in regard to what they are pleased to call good times.

The census of 1890 was cunningly juggled and is still being cunningly juggled by the trust patriots to show that trade-killing and favoritism are a blessing to labor. The Hon. Carroll D. Wright himself has been convicted in the public prints by accredited statisticians and publicists of cooking up figures to suit monopoly contentions and it is known that Republican campaign literature and Republican campaign oratory are largely devoted to the dissemination of falsehood based on juggled census facts.

Democratic newspapers and Democratic speakers should be prepared to discount these lying tables and false deductions. They have been adroitly constructed and deftly drawn for the clear purpose of deceit. And there is every reason for believing that a party capable of distorting census figures in 1890 for the benefit of the predatory class will not hesitate to employ the same agency in 1900 for the same end.

The saddest fact that has come to light in connection with the strike of coal miners in Pennsylvania is that children as young as six years are worked in the mines. In the strike nothing is said of the grievances of these children, but they have the greatest right to complain. It is impossible to believe that parents would send these children down into the mines if it was not absolutely necessary to their subsistence, and the fact that it is done adds weight to the claims of the men that they are underpaid, robbed in weight and charged exorbitant prices at the company stores. We hear much of underpaid labor in the south, especially in our cotton mills, but we do not believe there is anything in the whole south that will equal this.—Durham Herald.

Let the independent voter compare the candidates. Wm. J. Bryan has been addressing audiences in every section of our country the past four years, and being a loyal and candid man, he has not been forced to retract, explain or apologize for a single utterance. But how is it with McKinley's official utterances? Why everybody knows that the president has often violated pledges, promises and official statements. Bryan is a great leader and a peerless statesman—McKinley is a corporation tool, a vacillating servant of those who scheme and work to deceive and rob the people. Producers, wage earners and honest business men, which candidate will you cast your ballot for?—Escondido (Cal.) Times.

In an interview in New York Mr. Hanna said: "I repeat that all the organizations and combinations of capital that were amenable to the law and that had the power to oppress the people, have been suppressed, and have been dealt with according to the law." If a single trust has been suppressed by legal methods the fact has entirely escaped our recollection. Notwithstanding the Republican platform, the remarks of Mr. Hanna show where the party stands on the trust question, and as the present organizations are not looked upon as trusts no attempt will be made to suppress them. If the present organizations re-trusts the Republican party offers no relief.—Durham Herald.

Broom-corn is quoted in Illinois at \$100 per ton. There is good profit in raising it at \$20 per ton. The Raleigh Post says that a year ago it urged attention to the growing value of this crop. A few acres on every farm might help attract a few dollars to the industrious farmer.

Senator Butler fills his paper with abuse of Hon. F. M. Simmons, in an attempt to defeat Simmons for the senate. The true, honest and tried Democrats should love Simmons all the more and do all they can to elect him on account of such opposition.

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ESMEE'S ROMANCE.

Justin Hoste, the brilliant young man artist, was in South Africa making sketches of the Boer war for American newspapers. He was riding toward a kopje one morning when the sudden sound of heavy firing sent the blood flying to his heart, as he realized that beyond the brow were the Boers and that an engagement was taking place. Putting spurs to his horse, he rode forward at full speed, and the fever of battle swept over him when he reached a point where he could see the hollow that surrounded the base of the kopje.

Down in the dip was a "thin red line" of men, who scrambled, as fast as the ones in front would let them, up the hillside toward their hidden foes, entrenched behind every rock and bush and scrap of cover that could shield a man.

Justin rode straight down into the melee, and then he felt a sudden blow and a sharp pang, and then all was a blank.

From the depth of oblivion he emerged at last in a hospital tent, where quiet nurses moved to and fro and where the stillness seemed almost oppressive after the clang and clamor of the hollow. His left arm was helpless and bandaged, and all his limbs felt singularly weak and light.

"What is the matter with me?" he asked of a nurse.

"Not much now, Mr. Hoste. A bullet passed through an artery, and they only just found you in time. But you will soon get up your strength with rest and care."

To while away the tedium of his stay in the hospital he began to draw and sketched the face of a girl he had seen in a dream the night before the battle. She had a lovely, serious face, with great, earnest eyes and a tender mouth. She seemed to be standing at the gate of a beautiful country house, and she appeared in his dream to be holding the gate open for him to pass through. He called the sketch "His Dream Girl." It proved his best work.

When he was in London on the way to New York, he responded to a Bond street gallery's suggestion by sending his African sketches for exhibition, and he included this, his masterpiece.

He had no lack of friends, now that he had made a little place for himself in the world of people who "do something," and they took him up and made him one of the minor fashions of the hour, going in parties to see his "show," writing it up in all the papers, inviting him to dinners and giving him commissions to draw and write for them.

He had never been so prosperous, and he found it pleasant enough, though now and then the loneliness seized him for a moment. And through it all he had the sense of something which was coming toward him, approaching always day by day until it was imminent. It seemed a mere chance that took him one afternoon in late spring to Bond street to take a peep at his own pictures or at the people criticising them.

A group of three women at the far end of the second room attracted his attention. They seemed so eager and so interested and were absorbed in some debate concerning the sketch of "The Dream Girl."

Justin, curious to know what they discussed, drew near and heard one say with decision:

"There cannot be any one else in the world so exactly like Esmee as that. He must have seen her at some time or another."

"Esmee," she added, turning to the third, "are you sure you have never met him?"

Justin stepped closer involuntarily and bent forward to look at the girl addressed; then he started forward, exclaiming: "My dream girl!"

For he was gazing into a face that was the facsimile of his vision, only lovelier even than the dream had showed it.

They were all speechless with the strangeness of the incident. And Justin was just recovering himself and was about to apologize, when the girl stretched out her hand to him, saying softly: "You are Justin!"

He stood transfixed, while a murmur of astonishment broke from the other two. And then Esmee said:

"I saw you once, years and years ago, when you were a boy and lived in the country. I was a lonely little girl, and you were a lonely little boy, and the powers that were decreed that we should meet and play together one summer day. They hoped we would be constant playmates, but you went away to school and never came back any more. Do you remember?"

"I begin to remember," he stammered, bewildered, "but I had quite forgotten it. Did you open the gate to me?"

"I believe I did," she answered, smiling and looking from him to the picture.

So they began a long conversation and wandered away together to a cushioned seat in the corner. No shyness or reserve seemed possible to them in the presence of that picture, painted at the other side of the world.

"It is a romance in real life!" whispered one of Esmee's friends to the other. "I always thought something unusual would happen to her because she is such an odd girl. He looks tremendously happy, doesn't he?"

And he was. Most people are when the best thing that life can give them is within their reach.—Boston Traveler.

A presidential elector in New York receives the sum of \$15 for each day in attendance at Albany, together with "10 cents per mile each way from his place of residence by the most traveled route to the place of meeting."

Any one can ride prosperity and a camel when they walk, but when they run most persons are apt to be hurt.

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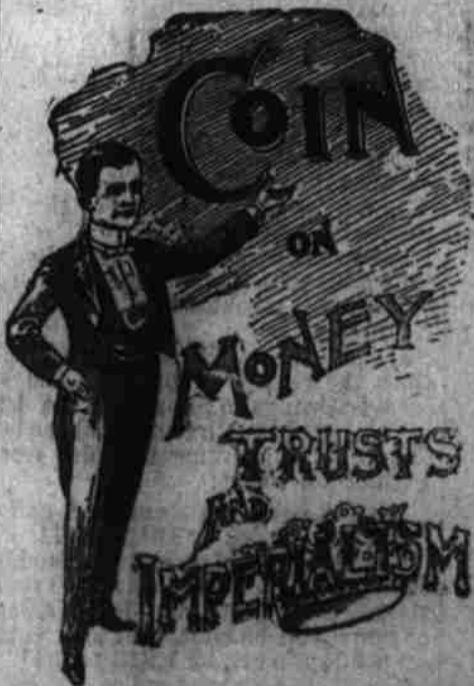
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