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THE DAILY FREE PRESS.

THE WEATHER Fair continued or warmer tomorrow.

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KINSTON, N. C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19 1902.

Price Two Cents.

FRESH GOSSIP OF THE OLD NORTH STATE.

Odd and Interesting Happenings From Every Section.

An Entire Family Poisoned—Meeting of the State Democratic Committee Called—Governor Issues Another Pardon—Elg Tri-County Fair Projected.

Dr. D. T. Taylor and the eight members of his family were poisoned Tuesday morning at breakfast. All recovered during the day except the doctor, but he is now out of danger. Jim Walker, the doctor's negro driver, was arrested on suspicion and when a package of arsenic was found in his pocket he confessed that he put a spoonful of the poison in the coffee pot to kill Mrs. Taylor. Dr. Taylor is a prominent physician and chairman of the State medical board of examiners. There were threats of lynching and a policeman spirited Walker from the jail in the evening, and took him to the Martin county jail at Williamston.

The State Democratic Executive committee meets in accordance with the call of Chairman Simmons in Raleigh next Tuesday. Business of importance will be considered. Among the matters to be discussed and acted upon will be the time and place for holding the next Democratic convention, and the question of a senatorial primary to select a successor to Senator Pritchard.

Governor Aycock has commuted the sentence of Ed Morgan, colored, from death on the gallows to imprisonment for life at hard work in the penitentiary. Morgan was to be hanged March 31st in Cabarrus county for criminal assault upon a negro girl. It seems that since the trial and conviction of Morgan developments have raised a serious doubt as to whether there was really any criminal assault.

The management of the Fair Association of Greensboro, Winston and Burlington is understood to be considering the advisability of uniting the three associations and holding the biggest fair and race meet in the history of North Carolina during the coming fall. The plan is to pool the premiums, purses and all other interests of the three fairs.

A disastrous fire occurred at Lincolnton, N. C., about one o'clock Tuesday morning, by which the Chester and Lenoir depot, one hundred bales of cotton and six box cars were destroyed. One theory is that the fire was started by tramps who were seen lurking around before the blaze was discovered. Charlotte was called upon for aid about four o'clock in the morning and a fire brigade was soon en route, making the 32 mile run in less than 50 minutes.

The Pearl Hunters' Superstition.

The pearl hunters of Borneo and the adjacent islands have a peculiar superstition. When they open shells in search of pearls, they take every ninth find, whether it be large or small, and put it into a bottle which is kept corked with a dead man's finger. The pearls in the vial are known as "seed pearls" or "breeding pearls," and the native Borneo firmly believes that they will reproduce their kind. For every pearl put into the vial two grains of rice are thrown in for the pearls to "feed upon."

Robert Toombs' Advice.

A lawyer sent to Robert Toombs once and asked what he should charge a client in a case to which Mr. Toombs had just listened in the courthouse. "Well," said Toombs, "I should charge \$1,000, but you ought to have \$5,000 for you did a great many things that I wouldn't have done."

A Wacky Game.

Highland, N. C., is a wacky place. A father—Yes, indeed, Dickie, I was always a wacky man, but sometimes or other I had a great many wacky ideas. I remember one time I had a wacky idea. I was sitting at the table and I was eating my dinner. I was eating my dinner and I was eating my dinner. I was eating my dinner and I was eating my dinner.

Buy and Fry a Box Tonight.

While you think of it, go buy a box of Caccaras Candy Company, these marvelous tonight. You'll never regret it. Genolax tablets. C. C. C. Never sold in all drug stores, 10c.

A HOT LOCAL WAR OVER STOCK LAW FENCES.

OPPONENTS RESORT TO LAWLESSNESS

A Car Load of Lumber and Some Fence Posts Burned.

A notice is published elsewhere in this paper by the county commissioners offering \$200 reward for the apprehension and of evidence to convict the party or parties who set fire to a car load of lumber belonging to the county that had been thrown off a car at Caswell station. This happened Sunday night. The reward also includes the party or parties who burned fence posts on the public roads near Mr. Alex Thigman's home on the same night.

Nebraska "Bug Eaters."

A Nebraska judge was asked how it was that the citizens of his state were nicknamed "bug eaters." "The name is applied to us sometimes in the east," answered the judge frankly. "It originated many years ago in a peculiar way, incident to a speech. Back in 1874 a swarm of grasshoppers descended upon our fair state and despoiled everything. Crops were swept away before this army of insects, and the people were left destitute. An appeal went up for aid, and some of our eloquent Nebraskans journeyed east to plead our cause. One of these eloquent citizens in a flight of speech declared that the voracious grasshoppers had even eaten the trees off wagon wheels and were devouring the railroad tracks. 'Why, our people have nothing but grasshoppers and bugs,' was the climax of this orator's speech," exclaimed the judge.

An Old Superstition.

Superstition connected with the seventh child of a seventh child is commemorated by a tombstone in a village churchyard near Bridgewater, Somerset. This inscription runs: "Sacred to the memory of Doctress Anne Pounsberry, who departed this life Dec. 11, 1813, aged seventy-three years. Stand still and consider the wondrous works of God." Doctress was not merely an epithet, but a baptismal name, for she was a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter and was therefore credited with powers of healing. She practiced in herbs and charms. For king's evil this was her prescription: "Take the legs of a toad. Bake and grind them to powder with pebble and mortar. Place the powder in a bag around the neck of the sufferer."—London Chronicle.

Antiquity of Glass.

So far as research has been able to determine glass was in use 2,000 years before the birth of Christ and was even then not in its infancy by any manner of means. In the Slade collection at the British museum there is the head of a lion molded in glass, bearing the name of an Egyptian king of the eleventh dynasty. This is the oldest specimen of pure glass bearing anything like a date now known to exist. The invention now known as "bleeding," the mode of varnishing pottery with a thin film of glass, is believed to date back to the first Egyptian dynasty. Proof of this is found in the pottery beads, glass glazed, found in the tombs of the age above referred to.

Weeping Trees.

The literature of "weeping trees" is enormous, much of it being plainly mythical, but there is a large basis of fact upon which most of these marvelous stories rest. Many travelers have described the famous "rain tree" of Padroco, Isle of Ferro. John Cockburn in 1750 described a tree at Vera Paz, Central America, from which pure water continually dripped from every leaf and branch.

Robert Toombs' Advice.

Thomas Daley, which once received a pathetic letter in a feminine hand announcing the death of a little daughter and asking if he would not send in his own handwriting a verse or two from "Ebbie Hill" to mitigate the grief of the bereaved. "I'll do it," said Daley, "I'll do it." Daley sent the whole poem and not long after saw it displayed in the shop of an engraving dealer, with a good round price attached thereto.

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FORCEFUL EXPRESSIONS.

The Power of Illustration in the Tuna of a Phrase.

James Russell Lowell said, "There's a deal of solid kicking in the meekest looking mule." If the statement had been, "There's a good deal of obstinacy covered by apparent amiability," the remark might have passed without a moment's notice, but attached to such a figure as the poet used it will be difficult for the mind ever to get rid of it.

Curiosity.

"I wish I could hit on some scheme," said the merchant, "to make people stop in front of my store as they pass, if only for a moment. I think it would help business."

What Worried Her.

Mrs. O'Brien—Good mornin', Mrs. McCabe. An' phivat makes yer look so bad?
Mrs. McCabe—Shure, Dennis was put in the penitentiary for six months. Mrs. O'Brien—Well, Shure, don't worry. Six months will soon pass.
Mrs. McCabe—Shure, that's what worries me.—Leslie's Weekly.

All in the Family.

Adams—Do you believe it is a sign of good luck to find a horseshoe on the road?
Johnson—Of course. It is a sign of good luck for some blacksmith.—Detroit Free Press.

His First Year of Law.

Young Physician—What is your practice mostly?
Young Lawyer—Domestic economy.—Chicago News.

To be constantly pulling up the seeds of life to see if they are sprouted is a serious menace to the health of the plants.—Ladies Home Journal.

Genesis of the Horseshoe.

It is known that the hoofs of horses were protected by boots of leather at a very early period in the world's history—at a time which at least antedated Piny and Aristotle, both of whom make mention of the fact. These leather boots were sometimes studded with metal nails, but more usually worn without extra trimming, the cheapness of that commodity making it possible for the owner of the steed to "reboot" him at any time.

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THE STATE'S CASE AGAINST WILCOX FALLS FLAT.

So Weak Defense Counsel Introduce No Witnesses.

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Judge Jones rapped sharply for order and threatened to clear the court room. A number of witnesses testified as to the movements of Wilcox on the night of the murder, but nothing was elicited to connect him directly with the crime. Caleb T. Parker, from whom so much was expected, gave testimony which was of no importance whatever. He saw a man and woman near the Cropsy gate and did not recognize them. That was all.

Misses Oille and Lettie Cropsy, sisters of the murdered girl, gave unimportant testimony and then the district attorney announced that the State rested its case. "That's the case for the defendant," reproached Wilcox's chief counsel.

In his opening argument, Counselor McMullen said there was no evidence to show Nell died by an assassin's hand, there was no evidence to connect Jim Wilcox with the crime. He said the State relied upon three things. Jim was last seen with Nell, his conduct was against him, and the doctor's testimony. He admitted the first and denied the others. He believed that Miss Cropsy loved Wilcox and Wilcox loved her. He thanked God, Nell's life was blameless and Wilcox's conduct not indubitably guilty. "In the name of eternal justice I ask for a verdict of not guilty," he concluded.

Mr. Turner, for the prosecution, came next. He said it was an extraordinary case. A safe young girl, budding into womanhood had been taken away, not by Almighty God, her mother, binding over and attended by sisters, but taken with a murderer for a pall bearer, the waves of a coffin, the straw bottom for a grave. The dead body of Nell Cropsy called for vindication. It was a disgrace to North Carolina, a burning shame that a woman should be knocked in the head like a dog. During the argument Miss Lettie Cropsy cried.

Turner said he would present twenty-two points against the suicide theory, and he defied the defense to deny them. "If we don't convince you, gentlemen of the jury, that Nell Cropsy was killed and that Jim Wilcox did it, then turn him loose."

Former District Attorney Leary followed for the defense. He began by saying that he should appeal to the jury's reason rather than their passions. He believed that the jury would find before they came out of the box the evidence was not strong enough to convict a dog.

After the oratory is over Judge Jones' charge will consume several hours. Defense counsel said they introduced no evidence because most of theirs was got in by state's witnesses. The afternoon's crowd was the biggest yet. Wilcox hasn't weakened at all. The case will probably conclude Thursday.

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