

THE DAILY FREE PRESS.

PUBLISHED EVERY AFTERNOON EXCEPT SUNDAY.

VOL. V.—NO. 206.

KINSTON, N. C., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1902.

PRICE TWO CENTS

OLD NORTH STATE NEWS AND GOSSIP

ODD AND INTERESTING HAPPENINGS.

Owing to the lateness of the fall a second crop of strawberries is being made by truck growers along the line of the Wilmington and Weldon railroad, between Wilmington and Goldsboro.

Raleigh, N. C., Nov. 27.—In a brilliant inter-collegiate debate here tonight in the Academy of Music, Richmond college, of Richmond, Va., won the silver loving cup as a trophy of their victory over Wake Forest college, of this State.

Monroe Journal: Two revenue officers from Greensboro yesterday morning found eight barrels of brandy in a barn on T. H. Simpson's place two miles above town. They hauled it to the depot here and shipped it to Charlotte.

An organization of mechanics has been effected at Durham with 85 charter members. A complete set of officers has been elected, and it is under the constitution and by-laws of the Joiners National organization.

Concord Tribune: The Concord foundry and machine shops are shut down today on account of no coal. Messrs. Bloom Bros., the owners of the works, have just received notice that two cars of coal consigned to them have been confiscated by the railroad.

Raleigh Post: The Swain-Driscoll company of New Bern was incorporated by the secretary of State yesterday. The company proposes to do a general timber and lumber business. The incorporators are Lemuel F. Swain, of Beaufort, and Joseph L. Driscoll and Archie W. Go, of Atlantic City, N. J. Another charter was that of the Colored Business Men's Social company, of Goldsboro, with capital stock of \$2,500. The concern is authorized to begin business when twenty-five \$50 shares are subscribed for and the membership fee of \$1 is paid. The purpose of the organization is the establishment of a club for social and athletic purposes.

Raleigh, Nov. 27.—Burglars last night entered the home of Senator Simmons through a rear window, they then opened a door to get means of a quick exit. They went into the Senator's bed room and took Mrs. Simmons' pocket book containing \$20 and carried it to the dining room where they took the money and left the book lying on the table. The burglars also filled a trunk of Mrs. Simmons in the hall, way near the door they had opened, and went into the room occupied by the Senator's daughters. The latter screamed and waked him, whereupon the burglars fled. It does not appear that they got anything except \$20.

Wilmington, Nov. 27.—An insane colored man, who imagines himself worth millions as the result of speculation in cross-ties, and who became highly indignant because he was refused credit for large bills of goods by Fromm street merchants, created some excitement yesterday afternoon until arrested and locked up in the police station. He is a tenant on Governor Russell's plantation across the river and came over to the city with the intention of making large purchases of nearly everything for sale by Wilmington merchants. At a wholesale hardware store he bought a big bill of outlay and tools which he said were for use in an extensive cross-tie business in which he was engaged. At a jewelry store he gave an order for several gold watches and left the store to get a blank check which he said he would fill out and make payment therefor. He next visited a livery stable and was inclined to make trouble because the dealer would not sell him 300 head of mules to be used in his mythical cross-tie logging camp. He returned to the hardware store and was demanding the goods he lately had packed up for him when the police took charge of him.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Quinine Tablets. This signature is on every box.

A Remarkable Record.
Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has a remarkable record. It has been used for over thirty years, during which time many million bottles have been sold and used. It has long been the standard and most reliable in the treatment of coughs in thousands of homes. It cures all the ailments that have ever been reported to the manufacturers in which it is used in all cases. When given as soon as the child begins to cough or even when the cough is only a tickle, it will prevent the attack. It is pleasant to take, and does not harm the system, and may be given as confidently to a child as to an adult. For sale by J. E. Hood.

Bright Jewels Entertainment.

A very interesting social entertainment was given last evening by the Bright Jewels Society of the M. E. church at the home of Mrs. E. A. Parker, on Blount street, to which members of the society invited their young friends and spent an evening of pleasure that was thoroughly enjoyed by all participating. About forty young people gathered at the home of Mrs. Parker, which was graciously thrown open to them, and an interesting program of songs and recitations was rendered that was so well enjoyed that the evening passed so quickly that it seemed as if time had been borne on the wings of the eagle. The moving spirits in the arranging of the program were: Mesdames E. A. Parker, J. J. Bizell and S. H. Rountree, Jr. The parlors of Mrs. Parker were beautifully decorated with palms and potted plants and the walls festooned with evergreens that made them a truly pretty scene. The younger guests were given one parlor to themselves, while the older ones gathered in another. After all had enjoyed the intellectual part of the program the guests were invited into the spacious dining room of the hostess, and there the sight that met their vision truly a scene of beauty. The large board around which they gathered was bountifully and beautifully laden with fruits and confectioneries, and other light refreshments that was fully enjoyed by all. The table decorations were beautifully arranged, consisting of large pumpkins being hollowed out and filled with choicest fruits, nuts and confectioneries, forming pyramids at intervals on the table. The meeting closed but too early for the young people and it was with a sigh of regret that they all left for their several homes, heaping thanks upon the hostess and promoters of the affair.

This is the season when the women who know the best remedies for croup are in demand in every neighborhood. One of the most terrible things in the world is to be awakened in the middle of the night by a whoop from one of the children. The croup remedies are almost as sure to be lost in case of croup as a revolver is sure to be lost in case of burglary. There used to be an old-fashioned remedy for croup, known as hive syrup, and told, but some modern mothers say that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is better, and does not cost so much. It cures the patient to "throw up the phlegm" quicker, and gives relief in a shorter time. Give this remedy as soon as the croupy cough appears and it will prevent the attack. It never fails and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by J. E. Hood.

The Dog.
The only animal besides man found all over the world is the dog.

Japanese Economy.
Japanese economy is one of the causes of Japanese prosperity. Even the charcoal dust is saved and molded into balls, with chaff or straw, for fuel.

Mother Goose.
"Mother Goose," who is probably more familiar to children than any other personage in story books, was a real person. Mrs. Goose, for that was her real name, lived with a family named Fleet, who kept a little store in Pudding lane, Boston.

Whistling in Buenos Ayres.
Any person caught whistling in the streets of Buenos Ayres is liable to be arrested. The police alone have the right to whistle.

Economy in Eggs.
When eggs are expensive, it is well to remember that it is not necessary to boil a whole egg to get a yolk for garnishing. Separate white and yolk without breaking the latter and poach it hard in salted water. The white is saved for glazing or meringue, etc.

A Great Bridge Span.
In the valley of Petruffe, in Luxembourg, Germany, stands the largest single span of any masonry bridge in the world, with a length of 277 feet and a height of 102 feet.

A Monster Gold Nugget.
There is a monster gold nugget lying at the bottom of the Atlantic. It was shipped from Santo Domingo to the king of Spain 400 years ago as a tangible proof of the value of Columbus' discovery, but was lost in a storm, together with 20,000 ounces of smaller golden specimens.

A Valuable Badge.
The lord mayor of London wears a badge of office which contains diamonds valued at £120,000.

What's in a Name?
Something is in the name when it comes to William Lloyd Jones, E. R. DeWitt & Co. of Chicago, discovered some years ago how to make a name from which they could get a profit. For this purpose, they used the name of Jones, and pretended that Jones was a name, and all who discovered DeWitt's name had no equal. This has given rise to numerous worthless names, but for DeWitt's—the genuine. For sale by J. E. Hood.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

WILL MEET NEXT MONDAY NIGHT

Questions of Great Importance to Kinston to be Considered

A meeting of the Chamber of Commerce will be held at the court house Monday night, to which every member of the Chamber is urged to be present.

Questions of importance to the community will be taken up and discussed by the chamber; questions that are of the utmost concern to every one, such as placing a boat on the Neuse river, street improvements etc.

The legislature meets in January and the sentiment of the people as to water-works, sewerage and other street improvements should be ascertained, so that intelligent action can be taken regarding these things.

A full meeting of the Chamber is desired.

J. W. GRAINGER, Pres.
PLATO COLLINS, Sec'y.

Father to Mother.
This is our child, dear—flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone;
Here is the end of our youth, and now we begin to grow old;
Now we do feel what their love was—those who have reared us and taught,
Now do we know of the treasures that neither are sold nor bought;
Here is the joy of the race, joy that must grow out of pain;
Here is the last of our self; now we are links in the chain.
Body of yours, and mine no more is the measure of grief;
All that he suffers is sure and increased
And yet, oh, this, my very dear, I know:
Yes, for our boy, our beloved, we'll yearn through the beckoning years—
Till for him, laugh with him, struggle and pour out the fountain of tears.
—Robert Bridges.

Remembered.
When, in what other life,
Where, in what other state,
Systems ago, dead centuries afar,
Were we two bird and bough or man and wife,
Or wave and spar,
Or the beating sea and you, the bar
On which it breaks? I know not, I
But this, oh, this, my very dear, I know:
Your voice awakes old echoes in my heart,
And things I say to you now are said once more.
And, sweet, when we two part,
I feel I have seen you faster and linger so,
So hesitate and turn and cling—yet go.
As once in some memorable before,
Once on some fortunate yet thrice wasted shore,
Was it for good?
Oh, these poor eyes are wet,
And yet, oh, yet,
Now that we know, I would not, if I could,
Forget.
—W. E. Hanley

A Cold Wave.
The forecast of sudden changes in the weather serves notice that a hoarse voice and a heavy cough may invade the sanctity of health in your own home. Cautious people have a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure always at hand. E. H. Wise, Madison, Ga., writes: "I am indebted to One Minute Cough Cure for my present good health, and probably my life. It cures Coughs, Cold, Croup, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and all Throat and Lung troubles. One Minute Cough Cure cuts the phlegm, draws out the inflammation, heals and soothes the mucous membrane and strengthens the lungs."

The Churches
Subjects for Sermons
Announcement of Special and Regular Services

Services will be held in the following churches tomorrow, to which everybody is invited:

Episcopal Church.
Services both morning and evening by the pastor, J. H. Griffith, Jr.
Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

Methodist Church.
Preaching both morning and evening by the pastor.
Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.
Epworth League at 4 p. m. Sunday.

Missiary Baptist Church.
No preaching.
Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.
B. Y. P. U. at 3:30 p. m.

Christian Church.
Preaching by Rev. P. B. Hall.
Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

Presbyterian Church.
Preaching both morning and evening.
Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

New Will Baptist Church.
Preaching both morning and evening.
Sunday school at 3 p. m.

Christian Science.
Services both morning and evening.
B. L. Beyer, a well known evangelist of this town, says he believes Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and Chamberlain's Kidney Pills cured his last summer. He had been sick for a month with what the doctors called influenza, and could not get well. He took Chamberlain's Kidney Pills and his ailment was cured. He has given the name to numerous worthless nostrums. Get for DeWitt's—the genuine. For sale by J. E. Hood.

GEMS IN VERSE

My Wife,
Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
With eyes of gold and bramble dew,
Steel true and blade straight,
The great Artificer
Made my mate.

Honor, anger, valor, fire,
A love that life could never tire,
Death quench or evil stir,
The mighty Master
Gave to her.

Teacher, tender, comrade, wife,
A fellow farer true through life,
Heart whole and soul free,
The august Father
Gave to me.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Fudge.
Take two cups of sugar and one cup of milk,
Of chocolate—the unswweetened kind—
One-fourth of a pound, and of butter a lump
Like a walnut is ample, you'll find.

Melt all of the chocolate over the steam
Of a kettle that merrily sings,
And you may sing, too, as you busily stir
In one saucepan these various things.

Now beat well together and set them to cool,
Ten minutes—or fifteen at need—
But stir all the time with a long kitchen spoon
If your "fudge" would be "fudgy" indeed.

When it thickens enough to lift off the stove,
Four in your vanilla to taste;
Then beat it again with a light, skillful hand;
You'll have two or three minutes to waste.

While cool greases the pan; just keep stirring around;
Remember, "tis not work, but fun;
Then pour out your candy and set it to cool,
And when it is very near done

Cut into small squares, just the size of a bite
And pass it around with a will,
For when that has vanished 'tis easy again
The pans with fresh candy to fill.
—New York Mail and Express.

Small, but Mighty.
There are four little words in the language
That volumes of meaning express,
And we oftentimes in their utterance
The magical power they possess.

They have made or marred lives without number
And settled grave questions of state,
And so potent for good and for evil
Their use is the passport to Fate.

Do you know which they are and their meaning?
I'm sure you have made a shrewd guess
That these four little words you are using
Are plain "will" and "won't," "no" and "yes."
—Bertha Stine.

The Fanning of the Fireside.
The kettle never simmers on the hearthstone any more,
We have given up the sacred fireside;
The kitten never sleeps before the back log on the floor,
And the spinning wheel has stopped since grandma died,
But the poet in his fancy sees the "family circle" yet
And blithely sings the glory of his dream,
While the artist takes his pencil and is happy to forget
That the fireside has given way to steam.

The boiler and the furnace are in no degree sublime,
The scornful bard refuses to ennoble them in rhyme,
And the artist never turns
With his brush to such concerns.
They have spoiled the family circle of "the splendid olden time."

Still the preacher gravely preaches of the "sacred fireside,"
Forgetting that long since it ceased to be,
Forgetting that the people he is preaching to abide
Where janitors are lords of all they see,
Ah, the fireside is only a blind man's wall.

The logs that used to crackle blaze no more,
No more fantastic shadows over old rug carpets fall;
The hearthstone's but a grating in the floor.

The good old ways are ended and the charm of them has fled,
No "fireside" remains to lure us now,
No more, alas, does father have to clamber out of bed
To light the logs while mother tells him how.

Little Willie doesn't have to carry billets in at night,
Or, caviling, chop kindling nowadays,
Stay! That's but the steam pipe thumping; 'tis no time for flight or fright;
We have given up the old poetic ways.

Oh, a fancy screen is standing as an ornament before
The wall and plastered place that was the fireside of yore;
The wind is howling, "Woo-o-o-o!"
But no flames leap up the flue,
And the hearthstones' just a grating in the floor.
—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

Shah's Rich Glare.
In Teheran may be seen the costliest geographical globe in the world. It is the property of the shah, and it is said that he frequently studies it. The surface of the earth is represented on it by precious stones, and in its construction nothing but solid gold has been used.

Thousands of emeralds show where the ocean, seas, lakes and rivers are located, the entire continent of Africa is covered with rubies. France is represented by turquoise, and from the space allotted to France and England dash hundreds of diamonds.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Works Both Ways.
He laughed. Oh, how he laughed! It was a great joke.
"At last," he said, "I have found a place where they have woman sized up just right. She isn't a complete human being."

"She isn't!" she exclaimed warmly.
"No. In Sweden, where they've figured the problem out, a man is the unit of value, and a woman counts for only half," he explained. "When a man travels, he pays full fare on the railroads and full rates at the hotels, while if he takes his wife along the two of them are charged up as only one and a half persons. You see the logical deduction?"

"I do," she answered. "And when a woman travels alone she is charged full rate for one person, while if her husband happens to be along the rate is for one and a half persons. The husband, therefore—"

He had stopped laughing.
"I always did think," he announced emphatically, "that woman has a most perverted sense of humor and a most extraordinary method of reasoning."

"But if you really want to get at relative values," she persisted, "why, just consider the matrimonial market. Man is quoted at a high figure in that only when he has a title, while woman brings the top price without one."

"Oh, well," he said to himself as he slammed the door behind him, "what's the use of arguing with a woman anyhow?"—Chicago Post.

Suspicious of It.
"Do you believe in the segregation of the sexes?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle.
"Well," replied her hostess, "I can't say as I do. Josiah's kind of taken with it, but there's so many of these new notions comin' up that I'd rather wait and see how they turn out first. Of course, I believe in vaccination, because everybody knows that's all right, but I'd hate to let a child of mine get segregated unless it was the last hope."—Chicago Record-Herald.

No Trouble as to His name.
After having called him or ten times the man with the bill was fortunate enough to find his victim in.
"This is Mr. Ardup, isn't it?" he said.
"Yes," replied the man.
"Orville Ardup?"
"Yes, you seem to know my name, all right."
"I remember your name well enough, but your face that generally catches my eye."—Chicago Tribune.

Of Course Not.
"What do you think of Camfer's new venture?"
"What is he doing now?"
"He has invested in a wax works aggregation and is traveling about the country with it."
"Pshaw! Of course he hasn't a living show!"

As Usual.
"Good morning, sir," said a stranger accosting Rip Van Winkle, as the latter came down out of the mountains from his twenty year sleep, "and how are you feeling this morning?"
"I am feeling bum—very bum," replied Rip in the usual grumbling way of mankind. "Why, I never slept a wink all night."—Boston Post.

His View of It.
"You are not calling on the colonel's daughter now, I understand," said Hunker to Spatts.
"No."
"Did she dismiss you?"
"Oh, no. I received an honorable discharge."—Detroit Free Press.

Love and Finance.
"A woman," she said, "gives all or nothing."
"And she takes," he replied, "all she can get."
But then, they had been married many years, and a millinery bill had just come in.—Chicago Post.

The Limit.
Mrs. Uppon—Why, I thought your little dog was white!
Mrs. De Style—So he was, but I had him dyed brown to match this dress.

A Perfect Combination.
"Whom did she marry?"
"My impression is that it was a coat of arms and a bad case of goat."—New Yorker.

WISE ATTACKS THE CONSTITUTION

VIRGINIA BEFORE CIRCUIT COURT

Argues to Invalidate Action of the Constitutional Convention.

Richmond, Va., Nov. 28.—The case brought by John S. Wise, on behalf of certain colored complainants, to restrain the state Board of Canvassers from issuing certificates of election to the members of congress elected in the last congressional election, and to invalidate the new Virginia constitution was called in the United States Circuit court at 3:30 o'clock this afternoon, Chief Justice Fuller presiding, and Judge Waddill sitting with him. Attorney-General Anderson and Mr. Frank Christian represent the Commonwealth.

Mr. Wise opened for the complainants and was still speaking when court adjourned.

Up to that time the trend of the Chief Justice's queries to counsel was against Mr. Wise. The latter's contention that the constitution was violated by the refusal of the members of the convention to take the oath, led the Chief Justice to ask if the convention was not a convention de facto. To the argument that complainants were without remedy as to certain matters, the Chief Justice asked if Virginia did not have a supreme court.

Lock and Lazines.
Luck tapped upon a cottage door,
A gentle, quiet tap,
And Lazines, who lounged within,
The cat upon his lap,
Stretched out his slippers to the fire
And gave a sleepy yawn.
"Oh, bother! Let him knock again,"
He said, but Luck was gone.

Luck tapped again, more faintly still,
Upon another door.
Where industry was hard at work
Mending his cottage floor.
The door was opened wide at once.
"Come in!" the worker cried,
And Luck was taken by the hand
And fairly pulled inside.

He still is there—a wondrous guest
From out whose magic hand
Fortune flows fast, but Lazines
Can never understand
How industry found such a friend.
"Luck never came my way!"
He sighs and quite forgets the knock
Upon his door that day.
—St. Louis Republic.

The City.
Twilight above the church's dome;
The cover of the night comes down,
And along the ways of the swarming town
The crowds at dusk are hastening home.

A thousand lights are strung along
The brilliant, bustling thoroughfares,
And above the yells of a hawk's war
Hand organ music and shrilling song.

Midnight along the city street;
The glare of lamps and the flash of gems,
Fair, proud women with trailing hems—
Wealth born and gutter born, passing, meet.

Laughter and roses and dying mirth,
A cloak wrapped close round her scant-
ed hair;
In a darkened doorway mumbering there
A beggar is crouching close to earth.

Gray, cold dawn o'er the stretching roofs;
Silence along the empty streets;
No sound, no stir, the strained car greets
Save the trick track of a horse's hoofs.

Ghostly and large through the misting rain,
A market wagon and rumbering carts;
A shrill blown whistle, the city starts,
Awakes, thrills, throbs and tolls again.
—Mary F. Faxon in Boston Transcript.

To My Native Land,
Imperial people, full of wealth and power,
A nation chosen from its natal hour,
Whose commerce penetrates the farthest seas,
Whose stately emblems float on every breeze,
In every age may justice grace thy halls,
Truth, equity and freedom guard thy walls;
To unending time may thou protect and bless
The poor, the widow and the fatherless,
And through revolving centuries still be
Ever the home of valiant men and free;
A land where honor, manhood, honest worth,
Claim rightful precedence o'er wealth and birth;
Thy children dowered with every grace of heart
That binds and crucifies the baser part;
Still lead mankind, and foremost in the van
Put down the brute and elevate the man;
A beacon light upon the rock bound strand,
Far shining from the harbor, ever stand
To guide humanity, my native land!
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Roman Way.
Said an owl to a fly
Fanning dolefully by:
"Fray rest awhile, madman,
And tell me your trouble."
"I'm wise—as birds go—
And perhaps I would know
If your career is vicinity
Or simply a bubble."

"Your garden, I pray,"
Said the fly, "but they say
That my eyes—'tis seems strange—
Remember ever are needed."
"And think, if you will,
Of my earlier bill
Should I live to be aged."
"This, sir, is my old friend."
—Katherine M. Terry in Dominion.

