

KINSTON PUBLISHING CO.
OWNER
W. M. HERBERT
Business Manager
C. W. FORLAW
City Editor
RALPH HARPER
Printer

KINSTON, N. C., December 19, 1902.

Entered at the Postoffice as second class matter.

PRICE 2 CENTS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Daily One Week, by Carrier, . . . 10c
One Month, 85c
Three Months, \$1.00
Twelve Months, \$4.00

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

M. Hahn, of New Bern, present incumbent at the custom house at that city, is making a fight against the appointment of D. W. Patrick for the position, naturally. Nobody ever heard of a Republican office holder voluntarily giving up a good fat job. This of course is strictly a Republican row, but we hope that Patrick will win out in the fight.

Congress seems to be aroused somewhat on the trust question at last and a few days ago when Representative Bartlett offered a bill for an appropriation to prosecute those great combinations that have been guilty of violating the law, not a dissenter was found and the bill was passed appropriating \$500,000 to employ special counsel to aid the attorney general in his prosecutions. Following is the bill as it passed the lower house of congress.

"That for the enforcement of the provisions of the act of July 3, 1890, the sum of \$500,000 is hereby appropriated, out of any money in the treasury not heretofore appropriated, to be expended under the direction of the attorney general in the employment of special counsel and agents of the department of justice to conduct proceedings, suits and prosecutions under and in aid of the courts of the United States; provided, that no person shall be prosecuted or subjected to any penalty or forfeiture for or on account of any transaction, matter or thing concerning which he may testify or produce evidence documentary or otherwise, in any proceedings, suit or prosecution under said act; provided, further, that no person so testifying shall be exempt from prosecution or punishment for perjury committed in testifying. This appropriation shall be immediately available."

PEN, CHISEL AND BRUSH.

Joaquin Miller has decided to spend the winter in Washington. Mrs. L. Goodman, the oldest living female artist, celebrated her ninetieth birthday recently at her home in London. She began her professional career seventy years ago.

A Munich sculptor, Professor von Ruemann, has borrowed of a showman a savage Berber lion to serve as a model for the decorations of a military monument he is at work on. It costs \$10 a day to feed the lion, and if he dies the sculptor has to pay \$1,500.

Richard E. Brooks, the sculptor who was commissioned by the state of Maryland to design the statues of John Hanson and of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, has returned from Paris, bringing with him the first photographs of his work. The statues, which are in bronze, are to be placed in the capitol at Washington.

STATE LINES.

There was one divorce for every seven marriages in Indiana in the year ended June 30, 1902. The figures are 28,914 marriages and 3,552 divorces.

The state of Missouri has no state flag. "It has a great seal," says one of the state's papers, "a coat of arms with two bears upon it and a splendid Latin motto. But there is no state flag."

The state of Minnesota has no valid inheritance law on its statute books. Judge Bunn of the Ramsey county court holds that the law of 1901 is unconstitutional and invalid, and decisions of other courts have already found irreparable flaws in the laws of 1897 and 1902, so that there is no inheritance law whatever.

ROYAL ROBES.

Prince Alphonse of Bourbon is forming an antitubercle league in Hungary. It is said that King Edward will return the visit of King Carlos of Portugal next spring.

King Victor Emmanuel has signaled the birth of the Princess Mafalda by giving \$20,000 to the Foundling hospital and \$20,000 to the Free hospital.

The young sultan of Morocco is said to be in danger of dethronement. Some of the tribes are in armed revolt against him on account of his overprotection and wish to place his brother on the throne.

TOWN TOPICS.

The trouble with that twenty mile trolley car ride for 5 cents in Chicago is the same as with the twelve mile ride in Greater Boston. The route is one over which hardly anybody wants to go.—Boston Advertiser.

There ought to be one street by which a stranger in St. Louis could get to the Union station at night without danger of being held up. This isn't asking much for "the new St. Louis"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Spur
FOR A
Thoroughbred

By
WILLIS EMERY

Copyright, 1901, by
Frederick R. Toombs

It was salary day, and Paul Haven was waiting near the cashier's window while some of the chief men connected with the mechanical departments of the magazine were drawing their pay. Haven was the editor, a position which had highly gratified his young ambition when he had obtained it, about six months before the date of this narrative.

The business manager, Mr. Sunderland, beckoned from the door of his office, and Haven walked in that direction, but his eye was on the money window, and his air was that of a dog that is being drawn away from a bone.

"This is a great number," said Sunderland, taking up a copy of the last issue, just off the press; "the best we've ever got out. Fair lot of advertising, too, but collections"—He completed the sentence by throwing up both hands. "By the way, what's the least you can get along with? We are all holding ourselves right down until this pinch is over—that is, all of us who are vitally interested in the success of this venture. Those fellows have to be paid right along, of course."

There was an accent of contempt in his tone as he jerked his thumb toward the mere mechanical individuals who were sordidly thrusting greenbacks into their pockets.

"I haven't drawn a full salary in eight weeks," said Haven, with a groan, "and I'm down to the hole in the bottom of my pocket—down through it into my trousers leg, by jingo!"

"Is it so?" replied Sunderland, laughing in a confidential fashion. "Too much brain, too much brain! You literary people never know how to make money count. But, between ourselves, I'm in a good deal the same fix myself. However, that doesn't matter. We'll have to take care of you. Will—will about \$5 see you through?"

Haven's nominal wage was \$50 per week, and he had a considerable balance in his favor on the books, but he had learned the futility of arguing with Sunderland.

"I suppose so," he said. The business manager slapped him cordially on the shoulder, and in so doing gently turned him around so that he faced the door.

"All right, my boy," said he in the most friendly fashion. "I'll see that you get it tomorrow."

Haven, with his hands in his pockets, clutching cold keys and a lucky piece that was a counterfelt in lead, remained dazed for some seconds, and when he turned about Sunderland was deep in conversation with the cashier, who had dodged in through the other door. The young man walked out of the office without saying a word.

It was the luncheon hour, and Haven became immediately conscious of that preposterous, gnawing appetite which always assails a man who has not the wherewithal to buy food.

"I've got to raise some money somewhere," he said, speaking aloud with the intensity of his thoughts. "Where, in the name of all the gods?"

He had not been long in the city. His acquaintances were few outside the circle of contributors to the magazine's pages or waste paper basket. These persons, for a hundred reasons, beginning with the item that they had no money, were entirely out of the question in the present emergency.

Haven had pawned his watch to buy an overcoat in the days when he had first hoped for the editorship of the magazine, urged by an unreasonable cold wave and the necessity of impressing Mr. Sunderland. Later, when salary day became a "movable feast," several other articles of price had followed the watch into that bourn from which it is so hard for anything to return. There was an old fashioned ring not without intrinsic value, on his finger, but there was also a girl in Philadelphia who had given him that ring in exchange for one of his.

"When I starve in the gutter," said the editor, clasping the ring with a firm grip. "This shall be found just where it is now."

At that instant his subconscious mind sent up the idea of George Osborne as if it had been a card on a salver. The subconscious mind always attends to business. It is noticed away by sentimental considerations. It comes up to the surface from time to time to take note of the situation and then returns upon its own sacred place to ruminate upon the essential thing. We may or may not read its suggestions right, but for a certainty it is the wisest part of us.

Haven received Osborne's name as a

hint in the matter of borrowing money. Osborne was in the publishing business, a man of comfortable means and a well regulated life. He had bought several short stories from Haven before the latter had taken the editorship of the magazine and had expressed a hearty appreciation of the young man's ability.

But Haven didn't wish to borrow money of Osborne. In the deepest parts of his mind he knew better. More superficially, he was aware that such a proceeding would be a bad introduction to a business scheme of some magnitude which he desired to propose to Osborne when he should be thoroughly worked up in his own intellect.

If he had not been so burdened with troubles, the perfecting of this scheme would have been, in Haven's opinion, an easy matter; but he had worried so much about his phantom salary and his too real expenses that it had seemed impossible for him to pull his mind together. Moreover, he was anxious on account of the young lady already mentioned. She and her mother were living upon a small income, which from certain causes was in danger of being reduced. Haven opened every letter from his sweetheart with fear and trembling, thinking that it would give him the news that the blow which he was wholly unable to parry had really fallen. There was no reason to dread actual calamity; they would still have enough to carry them along until he should be able to take the burden of their needs upon his willing shoulders. Still the prospect of any sorrow for Lottie Palmer was misery for Haven.

The young man was much embarrassed when he was ushered into Mr. Osborne's office, and he was perhaps the worse for an empty stomach. The publisher, a squarely built, hale and ruddy man of fifty years, broad chested and broad of brow, with books which had the look of philosophical works, and he himself had evidently been engaged upon some writing in that field of thought.

He greeted Haven with the frankest cordiality, very encouraging and yet humiliating, for this greeting of equality made the young man's errand seem the meaner and the cheaper. Haven hesitated, and then his eye fell upon some money that lay on the table. The sight emphasized his need, and when Osborne put the money into his pocket Haven felt an absurd sense of loss.

"Mr. Osborne," he said, "I'm in a peck of trouble. I am a man hanging on to the tail of a bear. I want somebody to help me let go."

Then he proceeded to describe the situation of affairs on the magazine.

"I can neither stay there nor quit," he said in conclusion, "for I haven't a penny. I haven't even the price of a luncheon."

Osborne laughed. It seemed to Haven an unkind thing to do. He said to himself that he hadn't made his case strong enough. He went over it again and added a few more troubles, whereat Osborne laughed again heartily and as if he expected Haven to laugh with him. But, suddenly observing the awful gloom that shrouded his visitor's countenance, he checked his laughter and said earnestly:

"My boy, you don't know what trouble is, and you'll never be good for anything until you do."

Haven was angry. It seemed easy for a man without a care to talk in this strain. The value of trouble as an architect of character is easy to see from the outside of the structure.

"I think you scarcely appreciate the difficulty," he said in an injured tone of voice. "I can't move. I'm tied hand and foot."

"You must move," said Osborne. "That is what we are here for—action, energy, conquest. Troubles? Why, my young friend, there are not enough of them. Your soul isn't getting the proper amount of exercise. The best people in this world have to go out looking for troubles—for obstacles to throw out of their way."

"But what the— I beg your pardon, what can a fellow do in this town without a cent? If I could show some independence over in my shop, I could bring them to terms, but they know how I am situated."

"Show it any how!" cried Osborne. "Nobody can take away your independence. That's the gift of God, and it belongs to you. If Sunderland wants you, he'll find some way to pay you, or if he can't there are others who will. So long as you have something that the world wants you can get a price for it. But don't labor under the delusion that Sunderland and his magazine are the world."

"I— I— I—" said Haven in a weak, high pitched voice quite different from

his ordinary. "Well, if I had a little money—"

Osborne raised his right hand, with a quaint, peculiar gesture. "If you want me to lend you some," he said, "I tell you frankly that I won't do it. I like you first rate. I believe you're an honest, capable fellow with lots of good stuff in you, and I'll be hanged if I take any hand in spoiling such an excellent product of nature. Read the riot act to Sunderland, and if he doesn't disperse and lay down his arms then go and read it to somebody else."

Haven rose somewhat ungraciously and took up his hat from the table. "I thank you," he said, "for your advice," with just a bit of emphasis on the last word. "Good afternoon."

He went back to the office of the magazine. Sunderland had gone for the day. Haven paused in the outer doorway and was presently accosted by a friendly young man who was connected with a large advertising agency. He had taken a fancy to Haven, and that was why he broke a very notable habit of reticence with these words spoken in a low tone:

"Hurry over! This shbang is gone up!" Haven paused. "Do you mean it?" he gasped.

"Sure," said the young man. "And he went his way."

"This shbang is well aware that Haven would not have spoken upon any other basis than that of absolute certainty. Haven walked hastily to the cashier's window. The man's face showed that he, too, knew the game was up.

"I can't do a thing for you," said he, "until Mr. Sunderland comes back."

"When will that be?" "Well," said the cashier, with consideration, "it's uncertain. By the way, here's a letter for you."

It was from Philadelphia, addressed in the familiar writing so dear to his eyes. This time he felt no fear in opening the envelope; it was absolute certainty. The trend of events had become so plain that a gift of prophecy would have been superfluous. And yet he was not prepared for the full weight of the calamity.

"We have lost every penny," she wrote. "We were deceived. It was not a question of bad investment by our trustee. It was dishonesty. He has taken all we had and the property of others as well and has fled. The shock has made my mother very ill, and I am anxious about her. I tell you the truth, but you must not think I have lost my courage. In some way I will care for her and for myself."

She went on very bravely, urging him not to be alarmed; but there was no way of concealing the facts. The emergency was one that called upon him. Indeed it called so loudly that it waked the soul in his body.

"She will never need me more than she does now," he said. "If I can't marry her and care for her in this time of trouble, I have no right ever to think of doing it."

But he hadn't a penny, and the only person whom he might have thought of as a source of help had already refused him. Yet in that very moment the subconscious mind was repeating Osborne's name with obstinate reiteration.

"He's the only man I know that's got some money," said Haven, "and I can't borrow of him. Then, by the Eternal, I've got to do business with him! I know, I absolutely know, that he will take up this plan of mine if I can only put it in shape. And I must. That's all there is about it."

He went up stairs to his office and remained there for an hour in a condition that his office boy took to be some strange and new form of intoxication. Concentration is the name of it, though the boy did not know that.

At the end of the hour Haven put on his hat very firmly, took up a piece of paper on which he had made some figures and walked out of the office.

"I've had it for months," he said to himself; "only I couldn't see it because I was looking at something else."

Mr. Osborne again received him with the same kindness and courtesy. On this occasion Haven did not suffer from hunger. He had forgotten that he had a stomach or anything else except a scheme—a business proposition. He laid it before Osborne with an incisiveness that was like points of pins that navigators drive into charts to mark the course.

The publisher scarcely said a word until all was over. Then he sat back in his chair, calmly adjusted his ample waistcoat and said:

"We'll go into it. How much do you want down?" "Five hundred," said Haven. "And my salary is to start from today."

"All right. When shall I see you again?" "Not before Tuesday," replied the young man. "I'm going over to Philadelphia to get married."

How Ancestors Squared the Circle. The rule given by Ahmes requires that the diameter of a circle shall be multiplied by one-ninth and a square erected upon this shortened line. The area of such a square approximates the area of the circle, but, of course, is not exact and is not even as close a result as that at which other geometricalians have arrived.

The Babylonians, who were also great mathematicians, had a solution, in which a reference to the Talmud has been traced. The Babylonian method, however, was not a quadrature, but a collection of the circumferences.

WASHINGTON LETTER

(Special Correspondence.)

Comptroller William Barrett Ridgely says he is like the man who always sees big game when he hasn't his gun along. The recent failure of the Central National bank of Boston gave the comptroller the chance to associate himself with the unlucky hunter. Said he: "It has never been my fortune since I have been comptroller to be in Washington when a bank was forced to the wall. Three banks have gone under since I succeeded Mr. Dawes, but every one of them has kept on its feet until business took me from the capital. Then they became weak and closed their doors. When the Boston bank failed, I was in New Orleans attending the bankers' annual convention. I did not think much of it when the first bank failed, but the second occurrence of the kind set me to thinking. I did not like to go so far away from Washington as New Orleans and only did so when assured that there was absolutely nothing to keep me here. I had not unpacked my satchel, however, before the Central National went under. If this thing keeps on much longer, I shall be afraid to go home to dinner."

Cleaning Government Buildings. In case of the success of the operations for restoring the east front of the treasury building to its original color by the sand blast process it is probable the same method will be employed in cleaning the dust stained east front of the state, war and navy departments building. The east front of the treasury is built of sandstone, while the newer building is constructed of granite. Although Colonel Bingham, the engineer officer in charge of public buildings and grounds, advocates the use of the sand blast on the east front of the state, war and navy departments building, he says it should not be used for cleaning purposes on the other fronts of that building or in the case of any other building.

"It is impossible," said he, "to clean a great building so well that all the stone in it will show a uniform color. The discoloration of age and weather renders a building uniform in appearance and is not especially objectionable. It is not necessary that our great buildings here should look as though they were built only yesterday."

Hay-Morton Rivalry. Former Vice President Levi P. Morton and Secretary of State John Hay are accused of engaging in a friendly rivalry as to which shall have the credit of giving the nation's capital the most modern, up to date cafe. It appears that Secretary Hay, with a view of safeguarding his future welfare, is building a 700 room flat or apartment house in Connecticut avenue, one of the swiftest thoroughfares in Washington. One of the attractions of the flat is to be a cafe or restaurant, conducted on a scale far beyond anything of the kind ever before attempted in the Capital City.

A similar idea struck Mr. Morton, and he is spending thousands of dollars remodeling his hotel property in Fifteenth street. He came to Washington last spring and instructed his business representative to proceed, without limit of expense, to surpass all possible competitors in the public house business. In the alterations special attention is given to cafe and restaurant facilities.

Two Mighty Hunters. Secretary Moody tried to have fun with President Roosevelt over his failure to kill a bear during his recent hunt in Mississippi. "I may not have killed a bear, but I did not mistake a colored woman for a wild turkey," retorted the president. "I can have just as much fun with you as you can have with me," Mr. Roosevelt continued, and he spoke very loud as he told how the secretary while on his recent hunting trip in South Carolina killed a colored woman full of shot, mistaking her for a turkey. The president put a few fine touches on the story, and before he had finished it he had the secretary buying a flock of chickens at a fancy price in order to pacify the angry negro.

New Occupant of Cameron House. Much comment has been indulged in regarding the Cameron house, in Lafayette square, which for the last two or three seasons has been occupied by Senator Hanna and his family. They have given it up, and the senator has taken apartments in the Arlington hotel, while Mrs. Hanna and family will spend most of the winter in Thomasville, Ga.

Henry Thaw, son of the late William Thaw of Pittsburg, has leased for the winter the Cameron house. Mr. Thaw is about thirty-five years old and a bachelor and spends his fortune lavishly and gives entertainments almost prodigal in their character. He has spent much of his life abroad, principally in Paris, and has frequently given very costly dinners.

Internal Revenue Collections. John W. Yerkes, the commissioner of internal revenue, in his report for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1902, says that by the two acts abolishing the war revenue taxes internal revenue taxes have been reduced about \$100,000,000. There has been, however, an increase of revenue from taxes laid on distilled spirits and other objects that were not affected by war revenue legislation.

The receipts of the bureau for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1901, were \$306,871,000 and for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1902, \$371,857,000. It is estimated that the receipts for the current fiscal year, 1903, will aggregate \$320,000,000.

President's Best Horse. President Roosevelt has purchased a new carriage horse. This one is to match the present carriage team and to be used in case of accident to either of those now in use.

NOTICE

By virtue of a decree of Superior Court of Lenoir county, entered and made in the case of the Atlantic National Bank of Washington, D. C., against the Gay Lumber Company, the undersigned commissioners will sell by cash, at 10 o'clock, on the 20th day of December, 1902, a certain real property, to-wit: The railroad iron company and forming and the last three miles of its road situated in Lenoir county, near Coale's mill, and running from a point on Neuse River, about a mile above Kinston, N. C., toward Pink Hill, N. C. in a southerly course, being the last three miles of road built by said Gay Lumber Company, consisting of about 250 tons of T. rail, also all other rails laid on said railroad or tram way since the 10th day of Jan. 1902.

December 15th, 1902. L. V. MORRILL, T. C. WOOLLEN, Commissioners of Court.

Notice

North Carolina Lenoir County Lucy Reeves vs. Henry Reeves. Summons by Publication. Henry Reeves, the defendant in the above entitled action is hereby required to make his appearance in the Superior Court to be held in Kinston, Lenoir County, North Carolina, on the 1st Monday in March 1903, and answer or demur to the complaint of Lucy Reeves for an absolute divorce, grounds being adultery, for which the complainant will file a bill in said Court on the first day of the term.

PLATO Collins, Clerk Superior Court.

Sale of Town Lot for Partition.

By virtue of an order made by the Superior Court of Lenoir County, on the 1st day of December, 1902, in a special proceeding for the sale of land for partition entitled "Eva May Litchworth and J. E. Litchworth, next friend to Cynthia Hill, Ex parte," the undersigned will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, at the court house door, in Kinston, N. C., on Monday, the 22nd day of January 1903, the following described parcel of land, lying and being in the town of Kinston, County of Lenoir and Kinston town-ship, adjoining the lands of T. C. Wooten and others, and bounded as follows: Beginning at the Southeast corner of T. C. Wooten's lot on North side of Caswell street, 150 feet from corner of Triun Avenue, and Caswell street East, and runs North 150 feet, thence East 248 feet, thence South 150 to Caswell street, thence West with line of Caswell street 250 feet to the beginning.

This the 30th day of December, 1902. E. M. LAND, G. V. COWPER, Commissioners.

ROCKERS.
A big shipment just received with
Leather, Willow and Cane Bottoms.
Make your home more pleasant and attractive. We will help you.
QUINN & MILLER.
KINSTON, N. C.

A Nice Lot of
NEW WHEELS.
It would surprise you to know how low we are selling them—come and examine them and get our prices. It will surprise you that such a Bicycle could be bought at such a low price, and while you are here examine our stock of Guns. We have a complete line and we do all kind of Gun and Pistol repairs at short notice.
KINSTON CYCLE CO
C. E. SPRAR, Manager.

We Have Just Received
LOWNEY'S
CHOCOLATES
FRESH TODAY
Somebody at home will be waiting tonight for a box.
The "Name on Every Piece" is the guarantee.
FOR SALE BY
Mark Mewborn,
THE GROCER.
Phone No. 15.

Revolution Imminent.
A sure sign of approaching revolt and serious trouble in your system is nervousness, sleeplessness, or stomach upsets. Electric Bitters will quickly dispel the troublesome cause. It never fails to cure the stomach, regulate the kidneys and bowels, stimulate the liver, and clarify the blood. It shows symptoms of the approaching trouble. It is a sure sign of the approaching trouble. It is a sure sign of the approaching trouble. It is a sure sign of the approaching trouble.