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OWNER. Entered at the Postoffice as second class matter

Every boy is a good boy today. Santa Claus only comes to good onesbut, tomorrow.

The Wilmington Star thinks the Con necticut man who was arrested for selling tarred stones for coal must be a lineal dant of the fellow who invented he wooden nutmeg.

No really live boy will have enjoyed Carletmas unless he is minus his eye lashes and a part of his bair or is carrying at least three burned fingers tied up in Jarnesville, and in no low and guardthe day after Santa Claus pays his and ed tone either, as Percy Deery passed.

contained the information that a num- mates of past years good morning and ber of white children in that vicinity had a happy new year. He was medium quit Sunday school because negro scholars had been admitted. Race prejadice there must be pretty strong else the demonstration would have at least with a grin. The young man stopped been postponed until after this week .- politely to answer that he was. Charlotte Observer.

The corporation commission is no respecter of person in respect to the income tax. It does not believe that the constitution created judges a privileged nontax paying class. It will, therefor, proceed to list the taxes of judges just as if Smith, the first to recover from the they were ordinary folks bedged in by no general spasm of merriment, asked the divine right or special privilege. Those who wish a privileged class will not ap- bright now, if he was not going over prove the action of the commission, but to Oliver street to call on the Misses all others will say "well done."

The sum involved is small. The prineiple is one of far-reaching importance. have felt it that this was an outra-The opinion of the attorney general is entitled to the weight only of one able but he remembered his mother's prelawyer. It has no binding effect upon cepts, and he replied, scorning alike anybody, and the judges must pay their evasion and resentment: income taxes like ordinary mortals, or they must themselves declare the law that taxes them is unconstitutional .-News Observer.

No Berlin Slums.

The very poor of Berlin are better housed than those of any large city in the world. In fact, there are no fifthy siums in the German capital, and the porest people there are disposed to be

A Million Ones. A million one dollar bills packed soldly like leaves in a book would make a pile 275 feet high.

Cannod Goods.

ploy the following infallible test of preservation: Upon the first insern of knife or punch listen for the tinct sound of a small rush of air, If this is to be heard, the preservation perfect. Turn out the contents of all immediately upon their being

He Gets Wet.

A British army officer when in full uniform is not allowed to carry an ombrella, no matter if the rain is falling in torrents.

Woodcraft.

If you are ever lost in the woods, it will be useful for you to know that on the south side of all evergreen trees the gum which oozes from wounds or knotboles will be hard and amber colored. On the north side the gum is softer and gets covered with dust.

Fruit. It is said that those who eat fruit need fewer stimulants than those who do not. There are many persons who almply cannot combine the two together.

Cutting Cold Butter. Cutting butter in very cold weather is often a difficulty. When cutting a slice of butter from a large roll, first dip the knife into hot water, when all likelihood of breaking the butter will be avoided.

Bonts In China. Next to coffins, the greatest use for lumber in China is in building boats. and it is safe to say that the number of craft runs into the millions.

Odd Way of Saying "How D' Do!" The people of Cairo salute you with an odd question. It means, "Do you erspire?" It is explained by the fact that they regard a dry skin as the symptom of a mortal malady.

peculiar to the French army. Each them and continued his walk to Oliver is a sort of nurse and consoler, to the young soldiers especially. She is often married to a soldier of the regiment.

Redwood Poreste.

Three hundred and twenty million feet of timber are cut annually from the California redwood forests, yet it is ated that they will last for 150

sheep and State.

In Australian regions where the annual rainfail does not exceed ten inches a square mile of land will support oly eight or nine sheep. In Buenos tyres, with thirty-four inches of rain, aquare mile supports 2.5% sheep.

The Novannovotococcus

By P. J. TANSEY

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HERE'S a fellow 'at can't swear off. He ain't got nothin' to swear off on-don't drink nor smoke nor swear nor fight nor nothin'. He must be a lonesome one

today. So Bill Evans commented to the rest of the gang at Johnson's corner grocery The young man spoken of could not help hearing the remark, and he blush-A special from New York last night ed deeply as he kindly bade his playsized, blond and boyish, with a budding mustache. He was attired in the height of fashion.

"Goin' callin'?" asked Ike Maddox, "Mam know it?" asked another of the

Conscious of the intention to offend, young Mr. Deery blushed again to the

roots of his hair before he answered: "I have no secrets from my mother. of course." The corner gang roared, and Jim

greatly embarrassed Mr. Deery, honor Wilson.

The questioned one felt as keenly as any honor jealous knight of old could geous trespass on forbidden ground,

"I am going to call on Miss Mary Wilson."

The laughter had hardly had time to begin again when Bill Evans raised his hand to check it. His face was very

grave. "Look a-here, Percy," he said. "We're friends of yours if we do guy you once in awhile. Now, don't go to Wilson's today on any such business. Your boss has just gone up there in his buggy. an' everybody but you knows he's sweet on Miss Mary. You know Dick Holloway. You ain't been in his dry goods shop a year without knowin' that when he's drinkin' he's a terror for swearin' an' fightin'. An' of course old man Wilson will fill him up. Dick's after Miss Mary, an' he's been drinkin' a little today already, it bein' New Year's. So if he meets you up there he might hurt you, an' he'd surely give you the bounce tomorrow. So don't you go while Dick's there anyhow

The gang all nodded serious ap-

proval. "William," replied Percy after a moment's hesitation and with tears start



"I AM SOING TO CALL ON MISS MARY

ing in his eyes, "your intentions may French Cantinieres.

The cantinieres arank which is a little bow and a little smile, he left then that a woman attendant who street, the tears now on his cheeks, sort of nurse and consoler, to the soldiers especially. She is often 'might' be of the best? Why did I not credit them with being surely the best?" was the burden of his thoughts. The gang discussed him. "That is what comes of havin' a fellow's father die when a fellow's young," said one.
"It's a wonder that the cows don't bite
him," remarked another. "It was the

name he got that made a milksop of him," thought a third. "How could anybody amount to anything with such a Willie boy name as Percy Deery?"

"Never youse mind," remarked Bill Evans. "There's somethin in that duck if it could be only got out. I say

any chap that ain't a scarcil to let on that mommer bosses him is all right if that feller could only get a few he habits now, he'd be all right. He'come out strong. Better get upder the awnin', fellers. Here comes the snow.

evercoat and turn his steps into a path across lots to make the way shorter to Oliver street.

He rang the bell of Mr. Wilson's door. entered and paid his rest ets and the season's compliments to mother, father the two daughters and to Mr. Holloway. They were all glad to see him except Holloway.
Poor Mary! She liked Percy, alm

loved him, but she dreaded to compi him with the bluff and rough and ready Holloway, much as she disliked the latter. He, being Percy's employ er, was ber father's choice for her also on the score of wealth. Holloway had been calling elsewhere, and he was plainly a little the worse for liquor. He was about thirty years old, brawny, red haired, red mustached and well

"Did you look in at the store coming up to see if everything was all right, old man?" asked Dick of blm as soon as there was a full in the conversation "I did not, sir," replied Percy, glowing red in his consciousness of the vul-



"VERY PROPER, LEMONADE FOR BOYS." gar display of authority in the ques-

"Well, if you're passing that way in half an hour you might see if the fire's. all right. Come, Mary; play me something on the plano."

The younger man turned white. He began to tremble.

"Let me first offer Mr. Deery a glass of lemonade," she said, advancing with it and trembling also and as white as was he. "Very proper; lemonade for boys.

Hard stuff for you and me, eh?" chuc kled Holloway, nudging Mr. Wilson, who was poor enough to stand the fellow's insolence just because of occasional addiction to the cup. Mr. Wilson laughed a little uneasy

laugh, and Holloway roared

Mary felt herself shrink under the insult. Percy took the glass and, turn ing full to his employer, said, glaring at him:

"Yes, lemonade is for boys-an men!" What was the matter with that New

Year's microbe? Even politeness could not prevent the

pause and the silence. Could it be pos-"Perhaps be'll take a smoke, though," sneered Dick, bent on making

Percy ridiculous. "Offer him the box,

Mr. Wilson." Percy took a cigar. He held it in his left hand while he sipped his lemonade and chatted with courteous Mrs. Wilson. He began to grow brilliant and bold. Mary's eyes brightened. She was getting proud of him. Presently Mr. Wilson said something about politics

way grew loud in his disputation. Turning suddenly to him, Percy said: "Mr. Holloway, stop! You are quite mistaken."

to Holloway, and they differed. Hollo-

Even Dick was silent in his astonish-

ment. Mary grew fairly radiant. "Will you have just a little wine, Mr. Deery?" asked Mr. Wilson, rising with a new and joyous inspiration. There might be good stuff in this chap, after all, according to his views of good

"From Mary's father I will not refuse to take it," was the astounding

Tears stood in Mary's eyes. She had been so proud of his sudden show of spirit, but now he was going too far. She shook her head at him secretly. It was enough, As Mr. Wilson poured out the wine for him he arose, took her hand and, raising the glass, declared that he was about to propose

"To the girl I love, Miss Mary!" he cried, and, putting down the wine under the reminder conveyed with pressure of her hand, he took up his lem-onade and quickly gulped it dow... Mary pressed his band again in warm

approval.

The younger Miss Wilson made a face to her mother which expressed the epinion that Mr. Deery was making a pinion that Mr. Deery was making a ninny of himself. The younger Miss Wilson, by the way, had no sweet

"That's what I call a down-hieright insult to Mr. Wilson!" hieroughed Holloway. "Come, roung fellow.
I'll drive you downtown. I guess I'd
better take you home before you make
any more bod breaks." He lighted his
clight as he stood up.
Percy dropped Mary's hand and
looked grimly at him. The whole famifly protunted that nothing wrong had
accounted but moddlys and reserved.

good wiches were said, and Mr. Wilson and his guests went out to the shed where the horse was standing ausehed

to the buggy. "Mr. Wilson," said Percy, "give me a match, please. I'm going to smoke m; first cigar. I'm going to be just a little bit devilish. I'm going to be a man"—
"Pretty near time," sulkily broke in Holloway.

"a man fit for your daughter, sir, and so I feel called upon to apologize for the rudeness"-

"That's more like it," broke in Dick again.

-"of this fellow's smoking in presence of your wife and daughters, sir. continued Percy, not noticing the interruption. "If it were not for the place you stand in Holloway." cried he hotly, "I'd punch your face!"

"Why, you white livered little"-Crack! The fist of the younger man caught Holloway on the jaw, and down he went in a heap. And down beside him, purple faced, fell Percy, roaring out as be fell:

"Darn you, anyway!" Both lay unconscious in the light

"Well, this is nothing serious," said old Dr. Morris, examining through a microscope a drop of his patient's blowl; "a mild rush of blood to the head, that's all-the effect of novannovotococci in the blood,"

"Novan-what is that, doctor?" timidly asked weeping Mary, who stood by the lounge on which Percy still lay unconscious. Dick, with his broken jaw bound in white swathing, was being assisted into his buggy by Mr. Wilson just outside the window, but she had no eyes for him.

"The novannovotococcus," replied the doctor, smiling, "is the bacillus of New Year's vows, as the name implies. Look through the glass. See those squirming creatures? One got into this young man's system somehow this morning, and he made a vow to reform"-

"Oh, doctor, he could not. He had no vices. He was an angel until he came to our house today, and then-and then he began to (sob)-began to improve. Oh, oh, oh!"

"Ah, I see," said the wise doctor. "Now we force this drop of medicine into his mouth, so, and he begins to revive. Good. Now, miss, the peculiarity of the novannovotococcus is that at first and while it is not numerous in the system it inspires to good, but suddenly changes the bent of the person New Bern, Kinston, Goldsboro. toward the old Adam when its progeny has multiplied sufficiently. You must have seen again and again how good resolutions made on New Year's day lead straight to mischief. So this young man drank a little wine per

"No, doctor, though he was just about to do it, but in all other ways he grew all of a sudden so bold and manly and grand! Now, will this last-this tendency to be a little wicked?"

"Oh, yes; the bad effect always lasts; becomes constitutional, as we say. But it will never turn him to drinking if he has the same antidote constantly with him." And the old doctor's eye twinkled:

"Thank God!" She raised her clasp-Glancing fondly down on Percy Deery, she was abashed to find him looking and smiling up at her.

"I heard you," he said, stretching his

arms to her. She knelt beside the lounge. They whispered, and there was the sound of a kiss. The doctor turned away, with a little cough, and began packing up his medicines and bandages.

"A happy new year, doctor!" cried Mr. Wilson, coming in. "I had not time to say it before. And how's the young

"As you see, father," said Percy, sit



THE PIST OF THE YOUNGER MAN CAUGHT ROLLOWAY ON THE JAW.

ting up and reaching out his hand, which Mr. Wilson shook heartily.

"I'm proud of you, my son. Come, let's fill up, doctor—on lemonade—andrink a happy new year to the youn couple and to us all. Lemonade to me hereafter!"

"And to the novamo - what's his name?" added Mary, with a siy glance at Percy. "I do believe father has got one too."

"The novamorotococcus," and the foctor, raising ble glass.

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