

# THE DAILY FREE PRESS.

PUBLISHED EVERY AFTERNOON EXCEPT SUNDAY.

VOL. V.—NO. 229.

KINSTON, N. C., MONDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1902.

PRICE TWO CENTS.

## THRO' WOODS AND PASTURES

### QUEER PLANTS AND FLOWERS

There Are Many Varieties of Both Color and Form.

Any definite shape is interesting for it has a meaning, however slight. Even the difference in meanings, for it is by differences that natural objects are recognizable.

Flowers have many varieties both of color and of form. Sometimes they are homely and almost useless, and again they are the most brilliant of exotics. The accepted regular flower has every part perfect and a uniform number of corresponding parts, with the petals laid back flat or made into a funnel form or some such common shape. They are considered queer when they bear a likeness to something foreign to the flower world.

For instance, there is the moccasin-flower, belonging to the erratic orchid family. The pink or stemless variety is found in the spring in rocky woods and is so very fragile and beautiful, though of goodly size, that one wonders how it lived through the cool May nights without the warm shelter of the greenhouse, where it seems as if it ought by right to be.

One petal has developed into a large, drooping sac or lip slit down the middle. This is easily the most striking thing about the flower, seeming almost to be the whole thing. It is this which by its outlines conveys the idea of a moccasin or slipper. Venus slipper it is sometimes called, but unless that goddess had so far forgotten her mission as to ignore the beautiful in pedal extremities and had developed a foot modeled after an elongated balloon the roominess of that slipper would never have suited her. Moccasin flower is more appropriate because it is not unlike that limp footgear when hanging empty. The title is even more suitable for the yellow moccasin in flower, which is to be found in damp or boggy woods.

While we are among the flowers of spring let us observe other odd shapes among these delicate early comers. There is our friend the Jack-in-the-pulpit, whose erect tongue, covered thickly with the real flowers, stands up in the middle of his purplish green pulp like a being, ready to instruct congregations of leaves and wild flowers. The pulp is prolonged in a canopy to shade him while he stands there so still. The plant is also called the Indian turpentine, and by examining the root you will see why.

Every white flower of the Dutchman's breeches is shaped like those bulbous nether garments which Washington Irving has so gravely informed us were the property of various ancient New Yorkers.

The pitcher plant blooms now too. Its flowers are reddish purple or greenish or pink or red, but the leaves are the striking feature. A cannibal it is, and these green leaves are not only traps, but mouths and stomachs also.

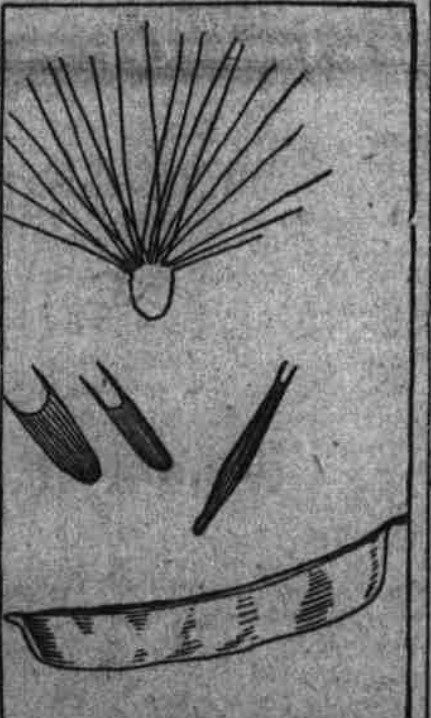
In the spring the woods are full of the dwarf wild larkspur, its intensely blue flowers built in a spike somewhat the shape of a stiff pine tree. There are other species, notably the old-fashioned pink, white and blue, which escapes from the garden. Each flower puts its honey sac in a spur thrust out behind; hence its name larkspur, or knight's spur.

The butter and eggs brightens the dusty summer road with its wealth of yellow and orange. It is like a loosely shut mouth, with a deep orange tongue like the yolk of an egg between two slices of bread and butter. Its mouth is opened and shut by the bees. It has invited to feast with the bees to its own profit. Like the snapdragon of the old gardens, it will open and shut its mouth with the pressure of human fingers.

The columbine dances gaily in its red and yellow. It seems at first as if the flower were so heavy that it fell over from its own weight, and then you see it has a plan of its own and was meant to be so. Its five parts are horns of plenty, with the sides contracted so that the honey remains within until the right insects come by.

These are the most beautiful of the queer shapes. Some summer morning when it is hot and damp go to the woods while the sun is yet young. Under the trees, usually the oak, is a strange, uncanny flower, grayish white, stem and all, except the flower itself, which hangs downward and may have a rich tinge of pink. As you catch a fleeting glimpse of it between the stalks of tree trunks you see it, then you do not see it, for it is small, and with its whiteness it seems so ghostlike that it is no wonder that name has been given it—the ghost flower.

After being plucked it turns dark, and, whether it is that or whether it is because it lives parasitically upon the life of a living plant or the remains of a dead one, it is called the corpse plant. However, it is punished for living upon others and doing no work itself. The scales up its straight soft stem were once leaves, but since it has no longer used them they and the brighter colors have been taken from it. Its general shape and hue, with its one turned



Several Illustrations of Nature's Method of Seed Distribution.

down bulb of a flower at the top of the stalk, show where it derives its most common name—the Indian pipe.

There are forms on the trees which seem to be the fruit, when in reality they are the homes of the young gall flies. Late in the summer you may find some of them on the ground beneath the oaks, round, rather irregular balls, with a grayish brown shell, in which is a small hole, the door through which the young insect has issued.

There are galls and galls—that is, swellings on leaves, buds or stems of trees or herbs. They are formed by mites, plant lice and gall flies. These, which come among our queer shapes, are made by the latter insects and are oak galls and willow galls.

This is how they come to be: The parent fly, seeking the kind of place she always chooses to put her young, stings the spot and places there her eggs. The foliage becomes irritated by the poison, swells into a ball—differing in position, size, form and color according to the kind of fly which causes it to grow—and furnishes an abundance of food for the larva within. Sometimes in the spring, when they are in the midst of young leaves, they seem like the real fruit of the trees. One kind as large as a hazelnut is so very budlike that young acorns in their cups have been mistaken for the galls.

The gall on the willow resembles a fine cone, so the willow was called the cone willow by the earlier botanists merely because an insect fancied it as a house for its young.

Nature has curiosities in every season, though those which we are accustomed to see around us in everyday places, however interesting and strange they may be, do not seem as odd as the commonest flowers in a country where the few are entirely new to us.

Illustration of a Dutchman's Breeches flower, showing its characteristic bulbous, pocket-like shape.

### Nelson's Odd Appearance.

When Lord Nelson was commanding the Mediterranean squadron and lying off the bay of Biscay, the captains of two Spanish frigates lately arrived from America sent to entertain the honor of an audience with the admiral, merely to give themselves the gratification of seeing a person whom they considered to be the greatest man in the world. Captain Hardy took their request to Lord Nelson and urged compliance with it, notwithstanding the admiral's querulous reply, "What is there to see in an old, withered fellow like myself?"

Nelson always wore short breeches and silk stockings, and at this moment his legs were bound at the knee and ankle with pieces of brown paper soaked in vinegar and tied with red tape. The application was to allay the irritation of some mosquito bites.

Quite forgetting this and the extraordinary appearance it presented, he went on deck to the Spanish captains and conducted the interview with such perfect good breeding and courtesy that his odd appearance was quite forgotten in the charm of his manners, and the Spaniards went away with every high opinion confirmed which they had previously formed of Lord Nelson.

### Meat and Food.

Cassius wanted to know "upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed that he is grown so great." Some antiquarian has been making an investigation into the diet of the New England Caesars, including Governor Winslow, Daniel Webster and others. He finds that they or their ancestors breakfasted on hasty pudding, pea soup flavored with pork, squash, turnips and onions; dined on the same, with rye pudding, brown bread and an occasional fowl, and supped on fresh fish, with vegetables.

But Cassius did not really think that greatness had its root in meat and drink, for he said, "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in ourselves, that we are underlings," after declaring that "men at some time are masters of their fates."

He was right. It was not pea soup and rye bread in the east that made Webster, nor was it salt pork in the west that raised Lincoln until he overtopped all others in his generation—Youth's Companion.

### A Common Snake.

The common snake, which bears the scientific name of *Tropidonotus natrix*, is one species of a genus (*tropidonotus*), which extends over Europe and North America and from northern Asia to north Australia, there being seventeen or eighteen Indian species alone. Our common snake may serve as an example of the largest family into which serpents are divided—the family colubridae—of which there are upward of 165 species in India alone. The family contains most of the harmless snakes, and it is also illustrated by a small snake, *Coronella austraca*, which some years ago was discovered to be an inhabitant of Dorsetshire and Hampshire. The coronella feeds exclusively on lizards, slow worms and small snakes. Though harmless, it will bite. —Quarterly Review.

### Taking Off a Horse Collar.

It is not always ignorant persons who fail to observe closely. Coleridge and Wordsworth took a drive with a friend. After great difficulty the horse was unharnessed, except they could not get the collar off. One of them said it was a "downtight impossibility" and that the horse's head must have grown since the collar was put on. "La, master," said a girl, "turn the collar upside down."

### A Giant Bee.

There is one race inhabiting the Philippines which will be a welcome visitor to America, and it will be afforded every facility and inducement to emigrate to the United States and engage in the skilled labor in which it has no peer, says the Washington Post. This is the giant East Indian honeybee, and investigation of its work and immense capacity for making honey and wax has induced the department of agriculture to make an effort to introduce it into the United States.

To scientists this bee is known as *Apis dorsata*, a species common throughout the tropical regions of the east. In the Philippine Islands the very largest variety of this species is found. It is nearly one-half larger than our native honeybee and builds a comb, heavy with wax and honey, six or six times as large as the ones that are found in American orchards and forests.

### Milk Cows.

When you milk a cow and fatten her for the block at the same time, you will succeed in making the toughest beef. We do not know why this is so, but it's a fact, just the same, says the Scottish-American.

### Egyptian Writing.

The Egyptians had four distinct methods of writing—the hieroglyphic, hieratic, demotic and Coptic. Hieroglyphic style was in vogue at least 3500 years before Christ.

## TERRIBLE WRECK BY COLLISION.

### 28 KILLED AND MANY WOUNDED

An Express and a Freight Engine Running at High Speed Collide.

London, Ont., Dec. 27.—The most frightful railroad accident in the annals of the past decade happened a short distance from the little town of Wanstead on the Sarnia branch of the Grand Trunk railway, last night. The train in collision were the Pacific Express and a freight. The express was running nearly two hours late and was making fast time. The freight was endeavoring to make siding to get clear of the express, but failed by a minute or two.

There was a dreadful crash, the locomotive ran up and fell over in a ditch, the baggage car of the express telescoped the smoker and in an instant the shrieks and cries of the wounded and the dying filled the air. The loss of life is twenty-eight. The injured will number considerably more, and many of these may die.

Many of the dead were terribly mutilated. Heads were cut off, legs wrenched from the bodies and the level stretch of snow became crimson with the blood of the victims.

The responsibility for the accident has not been definitely fixed, but it is believed to have been due to a telegraph operator's error.

The operator at one of the stations where the two trains stopped gave an order to the freight to pass number five, the Pacific Express, at Wanstead.

In the system of the Grand Trunk, this order should have been duplicated, a copy being given to the conductor of the express. Instead of this the conductor of the express received a clearance order, telling him to run right through. The freight train in the meantime had stopped at Wanstead to side track and was telescoped by the express. The blinding storm which was raging rendered objects invisible at the distance of a few feet. The operator at Wanstead is not usually on duty at night, but last evening he happened to be in the office for a short time. He was going out at the door when he heard the telegraph instrument click repeatedly the message "Stop number five," "stop number five."

Seizing a lantern the operator dashed for the door and as he closed it behind him, he heard the crash of the collision up the track.

There was not a house at hand to which the injured could be carried. Fortunately, however, the two Pullman cars on the train did not sustain any damage. They were warm and comfortable and were converted into a temporary hospital. The injured were placed in the berths and everything possible done to ease their sufferings.

### A Rapid Race.

A train on the Pennsylvania road clipped off 131 miles a few days ago in 123 minutes, including four full stops, and on the same day a train on the Lake Shore made the run from Toledo, O., to Elkhart, Ind., 124 miles in 127 minutes and most of it in a dense fog.

### Can Stand Fat.

Washington Post. Daniel Patrick's late appointment, Fruit of North Carolina's spot, As a Presidential ointment. So we see, like wis, one stand fat.

### Letter to Quinn & Miller.

Kinston, N. C. DEAR SIR: There are two sorts of furniture. You know both; for you sell 'em both. One sort looks better than it is, and the other is better than it looks. There isn't any other sort.

The same two sorts of paint, no more; and we make 'em both—we make 'em of such that isn't worth its freight. Being so to the business—have to. Bludgeon your business—you have to. But this is aside. We put into cans, with our name on the very best paint there is in the world: Devco Lead and Zinc. It takes fewer gallons than mixed paints, and it wears twice as long as lead and oil.

### C. O. Brown & Bro., Columbus, S. C. write.

Mr. C. O. Brown, employed an experienced painter to paint his house with Devco Lead and Zinc. The painter on seeing the paint that was sent to the house, said that there was not enough; he was so sure of this that he opened up all except one five-gallon tin. When the tin was done he returned the five-gallon tin and about as much more in open vessels. Other painters who have been using mixed paints have had the same experience with Devco Lead and Zinc.

Yours truly, F. W. Ferriss & Co., New York. P. S.—B. W. Conroy & Son are our agents.

### PELEE IN VIOLENT ERUPTION

Dense Clouds of Gray Smoke and Dust Pouring Out of the Crater

St. Thomas, D. W. I., Dec. 27.—The cable-ship Newington, which arrived at St. Lucia, B. W. I., yesterday, reported having passed Mont Pelee, Island of Martinique, at 10:30 in the morning. The volcano was then in violent eruption. Dense clouds of gray smoke and dust were pouring out of the crater and ascending to an enormous height.

Other advices say that the cone was luminous during the night.

### Two Negroes Lynched.

Charleston, S. C., Dec. 27.—A special to the News and Courier from Greenwood, S. C., says:

W. K. Jay, a prominent young farmer of the Troy section, of this county, was fully murdered in his own yard by a negro, Oliver Wideman, or his wife, both of them living on the place. Both of the negroes were lynched by Jay's infuriated neighbors. Mr. Jay on returning home on Friday afternoon, heard Wideman abusing or fighting his (Wideman's) wife. He went to the cabin and ordered the negroes to be quiet. Immediately afterwards Mrs. Jay heard the report of a gun and saw the two negroes running away. Calling for her husband she had no answer and on looking over the yard found him dead in a pool of his own blood. Almost his entire head had been blown off.

The alarm was given and parties were soon scouring the country in pursuit of the negroes. They were captured. Before the coroner both acknowledged the deed, but the man said the woman did it, and the woman accused the man.

They never changed from this but died accusing each other of the crime. While in the custody of a constable on the way to jail they were stopped at the Winter-seat bridge by a crowd of infuriated friends and neighbors of Jay, and both negroes were lynched. The lynching took place about midday, several hours after the inquest.

W. K. Jay was a good citizen and prominent Mason, having been a high official in the Grand Lodge of South Carolina.

### Where Folks Live to a Green Old Age.

There were 853 persons over 95 years old in North Carolina when the census of 1900 was taken. Of this number 211 were white and 641 colored. Of the whites 78 were men and 134 women, while among the negroes there were 405 women over 95 years old to 236 men. Women beat the men every time. But there were only three states in the Union with more white people over 95 than North Carolina, and they were New York with 437, Pennsylvania with 291, Virginia with 225 and North Carolina with 212. Only two states have more negroes who have passed 95 than North Carolina. Virginia claims 1,395, and South Carolina 608 to North Carolina's 641.

Among the women of North Carolina over fifty years old only three per cent. are divorced. This is a small percentage compared to some states, but is three times greater than the percentage of divorced men in the State. This is found to be true in nearly every state in the Union, the percentage of divorced women is greater than that of the men. This is easily explained, though, from the simple fact that more divorced men remarry than women.

The New York Times gives Senator Pritchard credit for the following yarn. The senator, while telling how healthy his section of North Carolina is, remarked: "A mountaineer, aged 92, and his wife, aged 90, were returning from the funeral of their oldest child, who had died at the age of 71. They were both deeply grieved. As they were discussing their lot the wife said: 'I always told you, John, that we would never raise that child.'"

Awary's Croup Syrup is pleasant to give baby, cures coughs, colds and croup. Guaranteed. The only remedy made for mother's coughs exclusively. Don't risk the ordinary cough cures, they are dangerous to give baby.

Guidesboro Argus: The deaf and dumb negro shot by Mr. Ad. Pike, near Pikeville, on Monday morning, as reported in these columns, died from his wounds yesterday evening at the county home.

### RESERVES SUPPORT OF THE FACILE.

When any article of sterling worth presents itself for the approval of intelligent people, and they prove the manufacturer's advertising by personal act, it is bound to be successful. That is the reason people are now talking about Piedmont Cigarettes. They have tried the advertised brand and learned its truth. Now they do the praising. It is asserted that more Piedmont Cigarettes are sold in the South than any other brand. Readers understand the meaning of Piedmont goodness.

## OLD NORTH STATE NEWS AND GOSSIP

### ODD AND INTERESTING HAPPENINGS.

Clipped and Rehased From Our North Carolina Exchanges.

Adolphus Nichols, aged twenty-one, was shot and instantly killed by John Young, aged twenty, near Edwards' mill, Wake county. Young is in jail. He says he shot the gun and the entire load went into the side of Nichols, whom he did not see until he heard him scream.

Fayetteville Observer: The steamer Highlander, which arrived here Tuesday night, reports that an unknown negro passenger jumped from the deck of that boat near Calntuck last night and was drowned. The body was not recovered. One of the deckhands, observing the man about to jump, grabbed him, when the man turned on him, fought himself free, and jumped into the icy water.

William Seagraves, of Greensboro, tried a new foolhardy act Christmas night by lighting a cannon cracker by holding it to a lighted cigarette in his mouth, when the thing went off. A large part of his face and hands went off with it, the cigarette too, being a total wreck. Seagraves' condition is very serious, as his face is terribly lacerated, a portion of his nose blown off and one eye nearly destroyed. His hand is also badly hurt but it will not need amputation.

Wilmington Messenger, 28: At 2:35 this morning an alarm of fire was sent in from box 47, at Third and Wooster streets, and when the fire department responded to the alarm they found a one-story, two room frame dwelling on fire at 105 South Third Street. The house was totally consumed and in the ruins the firemen made the ghastly discovery that its occupant had been burned up with her house. She was Henrietta Price, who is said to be a Croatan and aged about 50 years. In a partly destroyed mattress near the door of the house was found a box containing \$35 in money. It is believed that the fire originated from coals in the fire place.

Raleigh Correspondent Charlotte Observer: What will eventually be done with the penitentiary, that vast building, that can hold 1,400 convicts or more, yet has only 75 within its walls now? Some people are considering the question. The cost of the great building was heavy. So has been the cost of the convicts since 1870. There is an offset in the way of the value of railroad construction. The convicts have built 1,500 miles of road. That work is certainly worth \$1,000 a mile on the average. It is reasonable to say that but for convict labor many roads would not have been built. But this is apart from the question of what shall be done with the great and costly central prison.

Tarboro Southerner: Lawrence Moore, colored, has been arrested his last time. Two years ago he was arrested by a colored man, named Charley Baker, a blacksmith at Turnage's. Tuesday he demanded to know of Baker why he arrested him. Baker informed him that he did so because he had a warrant for him and it was his duty. Moore replied that he would "fix" him, and pulled his pistol and fired. Baker seized a stick and held the man with a tremendous blow on the head. Moore fell to the ground and soon after died. Baker's act is regarded as one of self-defense. Moore's aim was accurate. The pistol was aimed directly at Baker's head, and he is living today because his cap brim deflected the ball. Otherwise he would have been shot in the forehead.

Wilmington Messenger: John M. C. Fisher, chief engineer of the tug Alexander Jones, met his death Friday by falling overboard. The tug had just put off from the wharf at Southport to tow the schooner Rebecca R. Douglas to New York, and when 300 feet or more out into the stream to go to the schooner in midstream, Mr. Fisher was seen to go over the rail. It is not known how he lost his balance or missed his footing. The steamer was under full headway, but immediately stopped, and before she had come to a standstill, Mr. H. C. Corlett, the well known pilot, had tied a rope around his waist and plunged overboard to the rescue of the unfortunate man. He swam to him, made a line fast to the drowning man, and both were drawn on board. While Mr. Corlett performed a daring and noble deed in plunging into the icy waters of the Cape Fear, his act was all in vain. Mr. Fisher had been so thoroughly chilled that he died in a few minutes after he was pulled aboard. Mr. Corlett was all but frozen himself and suffered a great deal from his icy bath.