

**Wonderful Vitality
Of a Monster Shark**

Last September on a ship about fifty miles from Brisbane, Australia, a huge shark about twelve feet in length was hooked on a line which broke. A second time the big fish got on the line and escaped. Then a large shark hook, with a chain, was thrown out, and the ravenous brute grabbed it and was caught.

All hands tugged the shark to the vessel's side. A huge hook of the anchor tackle was put through his jaw and one eye, and the fish was then



THE SHARK WAS HAULED ON BOARD.

hauled out of the water. One of the crew ripped the monster open from the head to the tail. The vital organs and entrails were thrown overboard, and then both jaws were hacked out for the sake of saving the teeth.

Nothing but the shell of the fish remained, and the shark was lowered overboard. A rush was made to the side to see him sink, but the company was astonished to see the fish make off. First he swam about fifty yards away, returned to the steamer, then went off on another tack for about thirty yards, came back to the vessel and swam astern and was still swimming when he was lost sight of.

That the fish should swim away with the whole of his interior from head to tail and jaw and one eye gone simply raised the hair of the passengers and crew, who had never seen or heard of the like before.

**A Hunter's Strange
Meeting With a Bear**

"Speaking of bears reminds me of an experience I had on Cat Island, a small chunk of land in Arkansas, and on the St. Francis river in 1878," said an old resident of Arkansas, "and it was one of the most thrilling experiences I ever had in the woods.

"I was alone, with the exception of a couple of green, untrained bound pups, who wouldn't leave my heels under any circumstances until the little experience I am about to relate. After winding around for some time I came upon a rather large, hollow tree, the base of which aroused the suspicion in my mind that it was the abode of some kind of an animal.

"The bound pups strengthened this belief by whining and scampering around and through the undergrowth in a half frightened sort of way. The opening at the base of the tree was about as large around as a whiskey barrel. I concluded that I would catch a glimpse of daylight at the top.



for the tree had the evidence of being hollow all the way up. I leaned my shotgun against the trunk and shoved my head through the opening in the side of the tree. My head and face were literally covered by a shower of wood dust. There was a heavy, deep roar in the body of the tree, and as quick as a flash a big, black, ponderous something dropped to the ground, and in an instant I found myself face to face with a bear.

"He shot his head out through the hole, showed me his teeth—teeth which seemed to me to be as sharp as daggers, and they were not short either. I found my bound pups at home. They didn't return with me, and if they had I couldn't have told just how they got back. I left a fine breech-loading shotgun leaning against the tree, and it's there yet, so far as I am aware. The bear actually blew his breath in my face, and I became panic stricken, and to save my life I can't tell whether I went over or between the trees in getting out of the woods."

GEMS IN VERSE

A Tale and a Moral.
Two birds flew out of the south one day,
And over the joyous world
Each flung a melody loud and sweet
And gladly its tired wings furled,
And one bird high on the tallest tree
A place for its nesting found,
While humbly the other built its home
Low down on the common ground.

A shriek flew by, and it saw the nest
That swayed in the branches high,
But the low built nest of the humble bird
He saw not and passed it by.

Which points the moral I wish to show:
Though fortune has cast your lot
Low down in the world with the humble ones,
The ills that strike at the mansion oft
Pass over the humble cot.
—Lowell O. Reese in San Francisco Bulletin.

A Rocky Mountain Burro's Revolt.
I'm a Rocky mountain burro; no honors
I've sought,
But I've never met with justice from the
day that I was caught;
I'm fed on shortest rations, and I'm called
a plodding mule,
But still there's many a man that's smart
that never went to school.

Now, brains are very handy, but plodding,
I have found,
Can match them pretty closely in the
work that's good and sound;
Men think of me and speak of me as being
just a fool,
But I've discovered long ere this that I'm
a useful tool.

I helped the railroad magnates when I
toiled up old Pike's peak
To carry rails and lumber for a work I
did not seek,
And with my burden on me I never did
complain,
But merely let the nabobs get the glory
of my gain.

I trudged up rocky places with a big and
heavy pack
Just cinched as tight as could be across
my aching back,
With blankets, picks and shovels, all a
miner wished to take,
But I never shared the fortunes all my
efforts helped to make.

I carried camping outfits for hunters by
the score,
Who never once reflected that a burro's
bones were sore,
As they placed their game upon me, with
horns and hoofs and hide,
And helped to mend my pace a bit with a
blow and curse beside.

I'm fed on sage and cactus or a piece of
pinon tree;
They think that anything at all is good
enough for me,
While horses in fine stables, standing idle
most the day,
Are given good alfalfa, plenty corn and
oats and hay.

While all the cobs and pacers which are
so
aggressed up so fine,
With the rosters and the racers, are all
put into line
To be petted and admired at a horse show
or a fair,
You'll find that not a place is left to put
a burro there.

But I suppose us burros must agree with
one accord
That virtue, though unrecognized, will
bring its own reward,
In spite of this I now intend to kick when
I've a chance;
I'll no longer be a martyr virtue's king-
dom to enhance.
—Harry Ellard in Cincinnati Commercial
Tribune.

Flying Butterflies.
We're caterpillars on the ground;
We creep and creep and crawl
And nibble at the myrtle leaves
Along the garden wall.

After awhile the right time comes
To be a chrysalis
And fold ourselves in tight cocoons;
Our aprons do for this.

We wrap ourselves and fall asleep
And dream all sorts of things;
At last we stir and wake, and, oh,
We find that we have wings!

What fun to flit and fly about,
Our white wings spread out wide!
To taste the dainty, dewy flowers
And over soft grass glide!

It's better than a fairy play
And more delightful, too,
For fairy plays are make believe,
While this is all quite true!

And crawling worms do just these
things;
So this, I think, is why
We children like the best of all
The game of butterfly.
—Youth's Companion.

The Morning Summons.
When the mist is on the river, and the
haze is on the hills,
And the promise of the springtime all
the ample heaven fills;
When the shy things in the wood haunts
and the hardy on the plains
Catch up heart and feel a leaping life
through winter sluggish veins,

Then the summons of the morning like
a bugle moves the blood:
Then the soul of men grows larger, like
a flower from the bud,
And the hope of high Endeavor is a cor-
dial half divine,
And the banner cry of Onward calls the
laggards into line.

There is glamour of the moonlight when
the stars rain peace below,
But the stir and smell of morning is a
better thing to know;
While the night is hushed and holden and
transpierced by dreamy song,
Lo, the dawn brings dew and fire and the
rapture of the strong!
—Richard Burton in Atlantic.

Requiescat.
Strew on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew!
In quiet she reposes:
Ah, would that I did too!

Her mirth the world required;
She bathed it in smiles of glee,
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

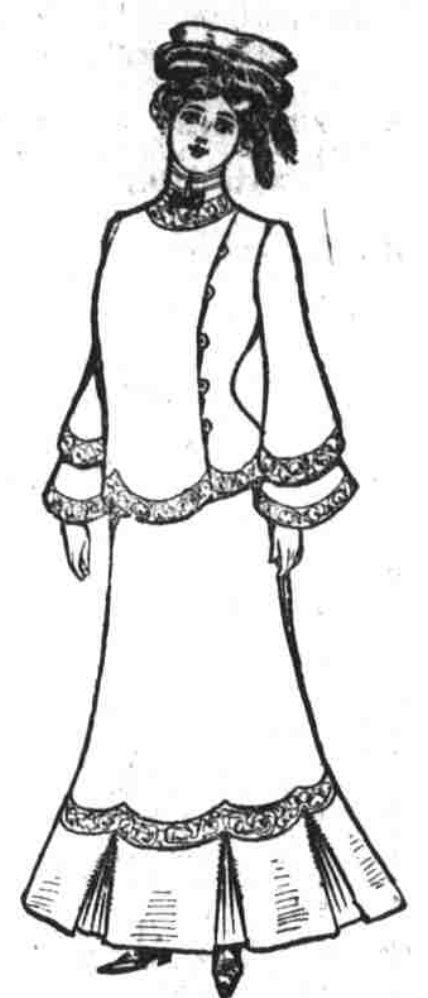
Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound,
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabin'd ample spirit
It fluttered and failed for breath;
Tonight it doth inherit
The vasty hall of death.
—Matthew Arnold.

The Power.
Great scientists expound their views
As terms obscure and fancy,
Assigning motive powers and laws,
Which sound a trifle crazy,
Now, what makes my small world go
round
Is not the least bit fancy;
It just revolves about—about—
Oh, well, her name is Daisy!
—S. L. Sibley in New York News.

WOMAN AND FASHION

An Attractive Costume.
The skirt is finished at the bottom with a flounce made with wide box plaits and headed by a scalloped band of white cloth, embroidered in cashmere colorings. The straight jacket fastens on one side with large, hand-



ROUGH BLUE SERGE.

some buttons and is trimmed around the neck and at the bottom with the embroidered bands. The sleeve flares at the bottom, where it is finished with a double edge, bordered with the embroidery. White chemisette, with little black velvet cravat.—Le Guide des Couturiers.

Graceful and Becoming.
The new short skirt is so stylish because of its flaring cut and graceful, generally becoming length that it is sure to find universal favor for all the purposes it is intended to serve. All previous efforts to bring short skirts into the ultra fashionable fold have fallen very far short of their mark, but this season seems to promise greater success.

Short skirts are box plaited and side plaited, the plaits stitched down to the knee. The lining is fitted closely from the waist line to this point, from which it falls in a shaped tounce below. This finished with a little plisse frill helps to accentuate the flare of the skirt.

One important point in the short skirts is that they should be perfectly round, clearing the floor at precisely the same distance all around. Any dipping down here and there spoils the style entirely.

It is this detail of finish, style of cut and trimming and perfect adjustment which makes the new short skirt so superior to the old one and paves the way for its popularity.

Buttons and Trimmings.
The button in its relation to dress is now more for ornament than use, and many of the newest buttons are artistic enough to rightly be regarded as ornaments. As for the laces, they are used lavishly as trimmings. There is a revival of the antique altar lace, and deep bands of it decorate the pale tinted cloth gowns which are so much in fashionable favor just now. Italian filet lace, both in separate motifs and bands, is also the mode, and very many of the laces have their designs traced in colored silk threads.

A trimming much the vogue used in combination with a dark cloth gown consists of a band of velvet with lace designs applied upon it at short spaces apart and each one of the lace designs embroidered in silk threads. Stitched silk bands in graduated widths trim a number of the imported black lace gowns, and the effect is unusually smart.

A Pretty Picture Hat.
The smart and graceful hat is of silky beaver in a shade of art rose.



ROSE-COLORED BEAVER.

The ruffled drapery is of coral pink panne, and the long, graceful plume is of shaded gray and white.

Fall Gowns for Winter Wear.
For the economical woman the present fashion of trimming lightweight veilings and cloths with velvets and passementeries and using them for winter wear is a great boon. This she can cleverly utilize late summer and early fall gowns for winter wear by robbing them of their lace, sometimes like ornamentation and replacing it by velvet and passementerie trimming.

FLIPPANT FLINGS.

A Chicago paper, lamenting the decay of conversation, asks how many people can tell the plot of the novel they have just been reading. Few, let us hope.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A New York city magistrate says that women have a legal right to smoke. The average man would not object to their smoking so much as to their habit of flaring up.—Richmond News.

The French statesman who wants the government to efface all titles of nobility is open to the charge of trying to destroy one of the country's greatest sources of revenue.—Washington Star.

A woman in the postoffice department at Washington gave up her husband rather than lose her job. Husbands can be obtained without a civil service examination.—Kansas City Journal.

Hunting Lions.
Among the Arabs, where the lion is hunted with success, the hunter studies his beast before engaging in battle. If he is very fat, there is little danger in pot shots; if he is lean and spry, the Arab will maneuver for a coln of vantage from which he can pour in three or four shots before coming to close quarters.

Fitted Car Drivers.
Among the 5,000 car drivers, motor-men and conductors in Vienna there are stated to be 400 knights, 50 barons and 4 counts besides other noblemen.

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GOLDSBORO, N. C., Aug. 25, 1905.
Gentlemen—Some six years ago I began to have sciatica, and also a chronic case of muscular rheumatism. At times I could not work at all (my business being baggage master on Southern R. R.). For days and weeks at a time I could not work. My suffering was intense. Physicians treated me, without permanent relief, however. I tried a number of "famous" remedies without permanent benefit. Finally I tried "RHEUMACIDE" and it did the work, and I have had excellent health for three years. I can fully say that all rheumatics should use "RHEUMACIDE," for it is by far the best remedy.
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