

THE LITTLE LACE SMUGGLER

(Original.)
Little Gretchen Lahmer of Brussels, Belgium, was coming to America. She was advised by a business acquaintance to put several hundred dollars which she had saved beyond her passage money into the beautiful lace made in her city and carry it with her to New York. If she could get it through the custom house free of duty, she would add considerably to her little capital. She was informed that nothing one wears is detestable. Therefore after purchasing some white and black lace she set about decorating her clothing with it in such fashion that it would not likely be noticed by the custom house officials. With the black lace she trimmed her mantle, putting on, of course, a profusion, while the white was made into frounces on her dress beneath.

Gretchen crossed the ocean in the sweet summer time, when it was delightful to sit on deck and watch the green waves, the gulls and the blue heavens far above by day and the starry dome by night. Besides, the moon was at the full and, beginning with the twilight, rose later every evening. Gretchen was alone, but a young man, an invalid, on the first day out sat in his stateroom chair near her and formed her acquaintance. Though the weather was warm, he was invariably wrapped in a blanket. He told Gretchen that he had dropsy.

Gretchen, lonely herself, understood more perfectly the feelings of this young man, who was not only unattended, but ill. She therefore devoted herself to him. Every morning at 10 o'clock when the weather was fine—and it was fine throughout the voyage—she would place the young man's chair for him in a sheltered nook, cover him with rugs, talk to him, read to him and in every way in her power contribute to his comfort. The invalid seemed profoundly grateful for these attentions. When she put a pillow under his head, he would look into her eyes what was more than gratitude. He regretted that he could make no return for her attention except help to improve her English, which was very imperfect. It is but natural that with the language of love passing between, for Gretchen was becoming attached to her charge, they should get on rapidly with more commonplace expressions. The young man had had a good education in the public schools and seemed quite ambitious to succeed in life. This made Gretchen's heart bleed for him. She would wrap his ulster more closely about him, and he would look up with that grateful, languid smile so touching in an invalid.

When they approached New York, Gretchen began to be worried about her lace. She craved sympathy and confided her secret to her friend. He reassured her by telling her that if she would go ashore with him he would look out for some of the officials whom he knew and each try to distract their attention from her or, if they noticed her superfluous finery, persuade them to let her go unmolested. She gladly accepted his offer and when the ship was docked supported him, still wrapped in his ulster, down the gangplank.

"Wait here a moment," he said, "and I will see if I can find a friend among these customs officers."

The invalid approached an inspector and said to him:

"What is there in it for me if I put you on to a woman who is smuggling lace?"

The officer arranged that he should receive the value of such information, and the two approached Gretchen.

"There she is," said the invalid, and the officer forthwith turned poor Gretchen over to the woman who searched her thoroughly and confiscated every yard of her precious lace. This was nothing to Gretchen compared with the shock the man's treachery caused her. She left the dock weeping. But it was not for her little sayings. It was for the image she had set up in her heart, which had been so roughly broken.

The next day Gretchen received a card at her boarding house with the name upon it of "Charles Turner Whitman." She had never heard of such a person and thought there must be some mistake. However, she went down into the parlor, and who should be there but the invalid, but an invalid no longer. His chafky complexion had become ruddy, his step was quick and strong, his whole appearance cheery. As soon as Gretchen saw him she turned to leave the room, but he caught her and brightened her face.

"Wait, little sweetheart, till I explain. When we went ashore yesterday I had on me a small fortune in lace. My legs, body and arms were wrapped with it. If I succeeded in getting it in without confiscation, it would be the best of several such efforts and complete the amount I determined to make before discontinuing a practice which I especially detest. No surer way of passing the officials unsuspected could be devised than directing their attention to some one else. Your few yards were nothing to the hundreds I had on me. You were kind to me on the trip, and you have been the means of my completing my work undiscovered. Share my share fortune with me. Be my wife, and together we will enter upon a career less risky and discreditable than smuggling."

It was some time before Gretchen could recover from the shock she had received. Then she unhesitatingly agreed to take the matter into consideration. Evidence was forthcoming that there was nothing against her lace, but the several smuggling trips referred to, and she at last consented to marry him. With the proceeds of his lace about their necks they set up a small shop and lived happily. **GLADYS HARRINGTON.**

A Prison Tragedy

(Copyright, 1902, by C. B. Lewis.)
One of the many prisoners received at the Alton penitentiary when I was deputy warden was a man named Horton. He was editor and proprietor of a weekly paper. He was a pretty strong writer and made many enemies. The article which led to its author's imprisonment was a five line squib ridiculing a local doctor. The doctor called to demand a retraction, a fight ensued, and the editor had the misfortune to kill his man. He was sentenced to be hanged, but the governor commuted it to imprisonment for life. When Horton reached the prison, he was made librarian to the prison library.

After a year or so Horton's wife got a divorce, his friends ceased to call, and he was virtually dead to the world.

There was living in the town in which the prison was situated a young lady named Calhoun. She used to come in every Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, with papers or other things for the prisoners, and sometimes she had company and sometimes not. Saturday afternoon was a holiday with the prisoners—that is, all were locked up in their cells after the noonday meal and could read, write or sleep. This order did not include the librarian and certain other "trusties."

One Saturday afternoon Miss Calhoun was an hour late. It was in April, and the day was dark and foggy. The order was to pass her in and out without question. At 7 o'clock in the evening some of her friends called at the prison to say that she had not returned home.

The country around the prison was searched all night long, and soon after daylight the mystery was solved. The dead body of the girl was found in the prison yard. On the second floor of a storehouse in the half naked body, while hat, dress, skirts and wrap were in a heap beside it.

About eight months after the murder, when Horton had been with us for three years and four months, he made his escape by means of a tunnel which he had been over two years digging. It began in a clothes closet of the library and ended ninety-three feet away outside the prison walls. What was done had to be accomplished between 7 a. m. and 6 p. m. Horton could not bar any one out of the library, nor could he tell what minute some one would enter. No convict ever worked for liberty with such odds against him. He simply took the one chance in a thousand.

You will want to know how I learned of certain things. A year after Horton's escape we heard of him in Montana. He had joined a small band of trappers and hunters and was living among the mountains. After he had been located it was decided that I should be sent out to attempt his capture. When I reached Gallatin, I learned that Horton's party was in the mountains to the north and enlisted two men in the search for him. We were on the trail of the hunters for a month before we found them. One evening we rode into their camp prepared to capture or kill the fugitive murderer, but he was not there. Two days before he had started out alone to inspect some traps and had not returned. The rest of the party, numbering six, had been out looking for him on the day of our arrival, but had found no trace. The search was resumed next day, and along in the afternoon we found him. He had fallen over a cliff and landed on a shelf about forty feet below. His fall had been broken by a bush, but he had been severely injured and was almost dead when we got him up. He had broken a leg and an arm, and as there was no show to get a doctor, we knew that death must soon end his sufferings.

During the last day of his life Horton was not only conscious, but talkative and free from pain. He insisted on telling me all about the tunnel business, and of course I was interested in the details. I plainly told him that I had suspected him from the hour of finding Miss Calhoun's body and that I figured it out as I might do one else had the opportunity that he had. He did not answer me for several minutes and then quietly said:

"I will give you my idea of that affair, though of course it may be all wrong. When Miss Calhoun and I separated, she started for the exit and I for the library. There were several 'trusties' about, and no doubt one of them spoke to her, and she may have turned aside. It was a dark, foggy day, you remember, and the man might have clutched her by the throat to prevent an alarm and carried her to the storehouse. He took great risks, but was not discovered. I have always felt much grieved over the fate of that poor girl."

"What motive do you think the murderer had?" I asked.

"Probably to do her clothes and pass out to liberty."

"But why didn't he carry out his plan?"

"Probably something threw him off his nerve as he approached the wicket. He could have gone out unquestioned, but something happened to make him suspect that he would be nabbed."

"And you will not confess, realizing, as you must, that death is not far away?"

"My dear man," Horton replied as a smile played over his pale face, "let's talk about that tunnel and drop all dismal subjects. So all of you called it an excellent bit of civil engineering, eh? Well, I think it was. I was very proud of that tunnel, and I sometimes felt like going back to have a look at it."

Four hours later he was dead, passing away as peacefully as if he had never shed a drop of human blood.

Canadian Woodsman Eaten by Wolves

The pine woods of Canada, where the hardy lumbermen spend half their lives in solitude wrestling with the mighty forces of nature, now and then furnish a tale of tragedy startling in its unusual features.

Recently when the lakes were first covered with smooth ice two young fellows employed on the shore of Deer lake secured two pairs of skates which chanced to be in the place and set out at night to visit another band of men about nine miles away. With the exception of a little portage of about half a mile between two lakes, the whole journey was by ice and was no very formidable undertaking to the two sturdy logmakers.

As they were hobbling over the portage on their skates they were startled by the sudden breaking across their path of a red deer, followed by three or four wolves, who were close upon the heels of their prey.

Just as they were breaking through the thin ice at the lakeside they heard a whining behind them and then the low howl which told them that their track had been discovered and that they would certainly be followed. But by the time the wolves reached the water side, where they caught their first sight of the men they were tracking, the two shanty men had reached the firm ice and were skating in earnest.

Fortunately for them there were a few hundred yards of thin ice to be crossed which almost but not quite held up the wolves and by its sharp edges wounded and hindered them greatly. Otherwise they would have caught up with the men and probably have overpowered them before they had gone half a mile.

As it was they had almost overtaken them before they had covered the first half of their four mile race. Neither of



THE TWO SKATERS SEPARATED.

the men was a hunter, and this was their first experience with wolves, but by mutual agreement they adopted the very best tactics possible and when their pursuers came too near to them wheeled sharply to one side. As the smooth ice afforded no grip to their claws the wolves could not turn or stop suddenly, but generally shot forward and made several stumbles and sometimes somersaults before getting on to the fresh track.

In this manner the skaters avoided the brutes for some time and would probably have reached their destination but for an unfortunate suggestion of the younger man that they would be more likely to tire out the wolves if they separated. In accordance with this plan they wheeled in different directions at the end of an island they were approaching.

As the elder man reached the other end of the wooded island he saw before him the sparks which issued from the huge chimney of the shanty he was searching for. Fatigue on all of his remaining strength, he started on to where the cook's path led from the shanty to the water hole. There the two big brawny timber wolves which had elected to follow him turned tail and with a parting yelp turned in their tracks.

By some curious accident the poor fellow stumbled as he was approaching the low door of the shanty and fell, breaking his right leg just below the knee. The pain and the profuse exertion were too much for his overstrained nerves, and it was upward of an hour before the shanty men could recover him from the swoon into which he fell as he was carried inside.

When consciousness returned, his first question was for his companion, whom he had last seen as he skated around the little island in the lake. As soon as the men could be made to understand the situation a dozen of them started out to see what had befallen the other traveler.

Within 200 yards of their winter home they found the blood stained spot where the unfortunate young fellow had been attacked in front by the two brutes which had chased his friend. In the light falling snow could be seen the whole story of his destruction. His boots and skates and a few fragments of clothing were all the tangible signs of the tragedy left by the wolves.

Romantic.
She's engaged, oh, lovely maid!
What raptures thrills us through!
What happiness hangs on your word!
What hopes are fixed on you!
We pledge our lives to serve your wish;
Till surely make a stir—
This pearl of girls, who is engaged
To cook at fifteen per!
—New York Herald



Wrong Address.
He—I want a wife that can cook.
She—Excuse me, but this is not an employment bureau.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ancient Manuscripts.
The earliest extant manuscript of the Hebrew Old Testament is a copy of the Pentateuch now in the British Museum and assigned to the fifth century, and the earliest manuscript being a precise date is a copy of the prophets, at St. Petersburg, dated A. D. 916, while the majority of the manuscripts belong to much later periods.

W. T. PARROTT, Ph. G., M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
KINSTON, N. C.
OFFICE HOURS: 9 to 10 a. m. and 8 to 9 p. m.
Telephone calls: House 24, Office 78.

NOTICE!

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the present General Assembly to regulate the liquor traffic in the town of Kinston.

We Sell
MILLINERY
Cheap.
MISS MEACHAM & CO.
KINSTON, N. C.

ALL KINDS OF CLOTHES

Cleaned, Pressed, Repaired and Dyed.
Suits dry cleaned and pressed, 75c; Suits scoured and pressed, \$1.00; pants pressed, 50c; pants cleaned and pressed, 50c; overcoats pressed, 75c to \$1.00; suits dyed, \$1.00 to \$2.00; Ladies' skirts cleaned and pressed, 50c; Ladies' skirts dyed, 75c.
We do all kinds of repairing for ladies and gentlemen.
We are not responsible for goods drawing up when washed or dyed. We guarantee to give satisfaction, giving the whole town or Wilson, N. C., as reference. All work guaranteed first-class. Give us a trial.
W. T. POWELL,
116 1-2 North Queen Street, room formerly occupied by J. E. Physloc, S. H. Loftin's Building

Notice of Change in Time of Holding Court in Lenoir County.

All parties will take notice that an act changing the times of holding the Superior Courts of Lenoir county has been enacted by the General Assembly now in session, which provides that there shall be held in the county of Lenoir, four terms of two weeks each in each year, beginning as follows, viz: First Monday after first Monday in March, second Monday in June, second Monday in September and tenth Monday after first Monday in September.
This January 30th, 1908.
HENRY TULL, C. B. C. C.,
W. D. SUGGS, Clerk to Board.

Everything
that the appetite calls for
in the way of seasonable
Table Delicacies
at our place. A stock of
Fancy Groceries

that is complete in every detail. Call or phone for anything you want to eat and it will be quickly delivered for **PROMPTNESS** is our motto.
FRENCH & SUGG.

LOOK OUT FOR CATARRH

The cold-wave flag means zero weather, icy, moisture-laden winds, and the beginning of winter in earnest. To Catarrh sufferers there is nothing cheering in these climatic changes, for with the return of cold weather, all the disagreeable symptoms of Catarrh appear: blinding headaches, dizziness, a stuffy feeling about the nose that makes breathing difficult, chest pains, and as the disease progresses, a discharge of nauseating matter from the throat and nose keeps one continually hawking and spitting.

Catarrh is a most disgusting disease. The foul mucous secretions that are constantly dropping back into the stomach contaminate and poison the blood and is distributed throughout the body, and it then becomes a deep-seated, systemic, persistent disease that must be treated through the blood, for it is beyond the reach of sprays, washes, powders or external treatment of any kind.

S. S. S. soon clears the system of all Catarrhal matter and purges the blood of the irritating poisons, thus effectually checking the further progress of this serious and far-reaching disease.

Look out for Catarrh in winter, for cold stirs the blood and causes excessive secretion of mucus and brings to life all the slumbering poisons that make Catarrh

the most abominable of all diseases. S. S. S. keeps the blood in such perfect order that cold waves cause no alarm and the change from the heat of summer to the rigors of winter produce no hurtful effects. Write us if you have Catarrh, and our Physicians will advise you without charge. Book on Blood and Skin Diseases free.

The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

UNDERTAKER and EMBALMER.

Will give competent service to all so unfortunate as to need such service. Just simply give me notice and all details will be attended to.
Caskets of all qualities carried in stock, and by patronizing my establishment you will get competent services at as low prices as from anyone.
I respectfully solicit a continuance of the patronage of the people in this section.
Very truly,
GEO. B. WEBB,
KINSTON, N. C.

Pay Your Taxes.

Your Taxes are due and it will be better to settle up quick.
DAL F. WOOTEN,
Sheriff.

ADVERTISING

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THE FREE PRESS

EVERYTHING
that the appetite calls for
in the way of seasonable
Table Delicacies
at our place. A stock of
Fancy Groceries
that is complete in every detail. Call or phone for anything you want to eat and it will be quickly delivered for **PROMPTNESS** is our motto.
FRENCH & SUGG.

WANTED!

You to write us for prices on
Fire Proof Safes, Burglar Proof
Safes, Time Locks, Vault Doors,
Deposit Boxes, Etc.

We will save you money.
O. B. Barnes Safe Co.,
Box 22, Greensboro, N. C.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to all persons concerned that an application will be made by the Board of Commissioners of Lenoir county, N. C., at the expiration of thirty days from the publication of this notice in The Kinston Free Press, to the General Assembly of North Carolina, at its present session, to enact a special act permitting and empowering the said Board of Commissioners to levy a special tax on all property and polls taxable under the law within the county of Lenoir, N. C., for the purpose of repairing the court house and jail, to repair public bridges across Newse river below Kinston and to purchase lands for the purpose of locating a poor house and building a poor house.

January 6th, 1908.
DR. HENRY TULL,
W. D. SUGGS, Clerk to Board.

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All kinds of Porch Finishings, Stair Casings, Brackets and Gable Finishings, Door and Window Frames and Casings, Store Fronts, Counters and Office Fittings, Church Pews, Pulpit Outfits, Grills, Mantels and every description of Artistic Work in Hard Wood and Pine to be done in a first-class Wood-Working Machine Shop.

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