

An Admirable Crichton

(Original)

To say that a man is an Admirable Crichton means that he has many accomplishments in which his skill is remarkable. The original Crichton spoke twelve languages, could dispute in Latin on any subject, was a master of fencing and all manner of sports, besides being an excellent actor.

I once knew an Admirable Crichton. He possessed a genius for everything except money making. His name was Lawrence Dudley. As the real Crichton was in the service of the Duke of Mantua, a tutor to the duke's son, so Dudley after taking every honor in the universities he attended, went south and tutored in the family of a wealthy planter named La Fourche. He taught Marie La Fourche music and prepared young Ben La Fourche for college. This was in the autumn and winter of 1860-61, and the spirit of civil war was red hot in the south. Dudley had so fascinated many of the planter families that the fact of his being a Yankee did not change their enthusiasm for him. However, it finally came to his ears that La Fourche had been advised to send him north to save him from rough treatment. Dudley asked La Fourche if his presence in the household was compromising.

"By no means," replied the planter. "Everybody knows my loyalty to the south. Moreover, if you leave, Ben will not be ready for college, and I am anxious to have him enter next June."

"Then you are quite willing that I should maintain my position?"

"Act your own pleasure."

The next day a printed circular was received by each and every man in the place whom Dudley knew, challenging all comers to argue the question brewing between the states with knife, pistol, small sword, cutlass, lance, javelin, halberd, any kind of weapon that had ever been used by contentious man. In any other part of the world such a circular would have excited laughter. In the south, where the tone of old has often sprung up like a flower from a root dormant for centuries, the case was different. The young planters of high degree met informally for consultation as to what should be done. They decided to send a polite note to Dudley accepting the challenge, the test to come off in a tourney. The day was set, though Dudley averred that the meeting should be no gloved affair and none but the necessary men witnesses should be present.

The parties met in a secluded spot hedged in by trees. There were three men present, each of whom had received a circular, as well as several strangers who had got wind of the affair and come uninvited. The first man pitted against Dudley was Stewart Anderson, who had studied defense with fops in Paris and had fought several duels with the rapier. The two men faced each other in shirt and trousers and began to fence. Within a minute Anderson's sword went flying over a tree. With true southern fire he called on Dudley to finish him. Dudley put his hand on his heart, bowed low and said he would not deprive the south of so worthy a gentleman.

The next affair was with pistols, and Dudley ended it with a quick fire, shooting the knuckle of his opponent. This was followed by an engagement with cutlasses, Dudley's opponent having been especially trained with this weapon while at sea. Dudley parried the man's thrusts for awhile and then gave him a blow with the flat of his cutlass that stunned him.

This finished the contests so far as the regular entries were concerned, but as the men were putting on their coats the strangers stepped forward and demanded a chance at the Yankee. They were of a very different texture from the young planters, who had fought honorably and abided by the result, and evidently meant by hook or by crook to kill Dudley. The planters attempted to interfere, but Dudley objected, offering to give all comers a chance at his life.

The gang put forward a desperado whose skill with the bowie knife was celebrated. There was a change in Dudley the moment he set eyes on the man. There can be no fooling with bowie knives, and Dudley knew that he must kill or be killed. The onlookers gathered about, expecting to see a desperate struggle. They were disappointed. The signal to begin was given by a pistol shot. Almost before the shot ceased to reverberate Dudley's knife was buried in his opponent's heart.

There was an awed silence for a moment. Then the strangers made a rush for Dudley. The opponents he had vanquished sought to protect him, but before they could do so he had killed two more of the gang, when the others took to flight.

Dudley invited his opponents to the La Fourche plantation, where, standing by a sideboard with a glass in his hand, he recited an improvised humorous account of the affair in verse.

How much longer Dudley maintained his position in the south I never learned or whether he entered the Union army. In the seventies I visited Italy, and while chatting with a friend who lived there he remarked:

"By the bye, we have an American here for all the world like that Scotchman who served the Duke of Mantua. He is a professor in the university. He can run faster, shoot straighter, drink harder, talk more languages, write better verse, deliver better sermons than any scholar, pirate or clergyman that ever lived."

"Oh, I knew who that lad! It's Lawrence Dudley."

"That's the man—Dudley. Around here they call him Crichton."

MILLINGTON W. PARSONS.

A Terrifying Hat

When the French artist Benjamin Constant was traveling in Morocco he was invited by the sultan to present himself at court at Fez. The New York Staats-Zeitung says that the painter's first thought was in regard to his costume.

"Court" in Europe was one thing; in Morocco it was likely to prove something different. There was nothing to do, however, but to wear his ordinary evening clothes. He was ignorant of the fact that the Moors look upon black garments as very vulgar, and it was only after his arrival that he learned his mistake.

The courtiers smiled openly; worst of all, they sneered. The painter was a man of hasty temper, and suddenly, nettled by their insolence, he closed his opera hat and sprung it open in the faces of the jeering crowd. They scattered, yelling with surprise and fear.

The sultan heard the noise and demanded the cause. After he had seen and examined the wonderful hat he gave this oracular opinion:

"If I had lived a hundred years in your country and adopted all your other customs I could never have brought myself to set on my head so hideous a contrivance as that!"

One Recommendation.

The members of a political party in a certain county were holding a convention to nominate a candidate for treasurer. The leading aspirant was a man who had formerly been noted as a baseball player. He had made a great record as a batsman, but was notoriously slow in running bases.

The man who had placed him in nomination made a speech eulogizing him as a man and a citizen. He was followed by others in the same vein, and things seemed to be going smoothly enough when one of the delegates rose and said:

"Mr. Chairman, are good men so scarce that we have to choose a baseball player for the most important office in the county, involving the handling of hundreds of thousands of dollars?"

"Mr. Chairman," replied the original mover, "it is true that the candidate I have mentioned was a ball player, but let me ask you, Mr. Chairman, is there a man here who ever saw him steal even a base?"

Diseases of the Seasons.

Physicians say that certain diseases follow the changing seasons with almost clockwork regularity. Thus acute rheumatism prevails from February till April, inflammations of the lungs from March till May, stomach and intestinal complaints in August and cholera from August to October. On this basis some hygienists classify diseases into summer, fall, winter and spring diseases. This classification is supported by many facts which show that weather changes really exert powerful influences upon health and disease.

To cope successfully with these changes and their harmful influences daily exercise in the open air in all kinds of weather and at all seasons of the year is the best preparation. This toughens the system and is at once prevention and cure.

Blood Bargaining.

A repellent scene took place before the bey of Tunis recently. It was the luckstering for a man's life in the presence of the victim. He was an Arab who had slain a rival in love and was sentenced to die, when, almost at the hour fixed for execution, the murdered man's father offered to treat, according to the Koran, for the price of blood.

The bargaining was conducted in the bey's presence, but as the murderer's family would not go beyond £24 to save him, the doomed man, after a gleam of hope, was led to the gallows and hanged.

Dealings in Graves.

Cemetery shares continue to be quite a market feature in Scotland and are actively dealt in on the Edinburgh Stock Exchange. Apparently they appeal to the curious nature of the canny Scot, who doubtless reasons that in such a holding he has a security which is not likely to vanish and that if the worst comes to the worst he will never need to come on the parish for a grave.

The Key to Success.

"Advertising pays" has come to be an axiom of modern methods. The business man who tries to be successful without it is tempting fate instead of fortune. The American nation today is recognized abroad as the greatest industrial and commercial proposition in the world, and the American nation spends \$250,000,000 annually in advertising its business.—Rochester Herald.

Internal Economy.

Two years ago a Polander on on Nubbin ridge swallowed a grain of wheat. Last week he was attacked with a fit of coughing and coughed up a fifty pound sack of flour and 100 pounds of bran. Truth is mighty and will prevail.—Hartford Day Spring.

English.

"That's rather a sizable boss you're drivin'," said the man from Tennessee.

"Yes, he is right smart of a critter," replied the man from Georgia.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Bad Start.

"I guess," said the naturally wary young man, "I was meant to be a millionaire, but started on a line where they don't give transfers."—Baltimore American.

A Change.

Mrs. Brown—So you were out again last night, eh?

Brown—No, I was in, and I'll give you \$10 for your share.—Detroit Free Press.

Mr. Waterhouse's Economy

(Original)

"Lionel," said young Mrs. Waterhouse six months after their marriage and when her trousseau was beginning to show the first signs of giving out, "I need a pair of shoes."

"Certainly, my love." And he handed her \$5.

"Lionel," said the wife a few days later, "I find my hat for the coming season is old fashioned. I fear that I shall have to get another."

"Of course you will. How much do you want?"

"A hat may cost anything you please to give, even \$2, but I'll need a few spring waists. Then there's the trimming for my blue dress that I'm going to have made over, and—"

"How much, dear?"

"Well, I think I'll need about \$12."

A frown came to the husband's face, but he said nothing, handing his wife \$15. She saw the frown and knew that one of the hardships of marriage had come, the asking for money for other than household expenses.

"Lionel," said the poor woman a year later, "I'm tired asking you for money with which to buy my clothes. For a time I tried to economize in dress, but when you saw that my hats were out of fashion and my jackets and dresses were shabby you didn't like it, so I find myself between two fires. Isn't there some fund from which I could draw a stated amount?"

"To tell the truth, my dear, we need to economize more than ever this year. As my business is not so flourishing, but I won't ask you to do it. I'll do it myself. I'll figure up just what we'll draw monthly and turn it all over to you. As I have clothes enough to last a year you'll have the use of all the income."

The wife gladly accepted the terms, and on the beginning of the next month her husband turned over to her the amount agreed upon.

"Don't you want any of it, dear?" she asked meekly.

"I have a 'quarter' in my pocket. That'll do for car fare."

"But your luncheon?"

"Oh, yes; well, you might let me have a 'quarter' for that."

The money was paid over, and Mr. Waterhouse, after giving his wife the marital kiss, started down town.

Five cents of his money went for car fare, 10 cents for apples which he proposed to eat for the benefit of his liver, while 10 cents more was considered necessary for a cigar. At noon he went round to his down town lunch club.

"Hello, old man!" said Owen Carter, one of his clients. "Let's lunch together."

"Oh, I'm not going to eat much today. I'm not hungry."

Nevertheless they sat down together.

"What do you say to dividing a pint of claret?" asked Carter.

"Why, I've made it a rule not to drink anything before dinner."

"Since when?" asked Carter, looking up, surprised.

Now, Carter was an important factor in Waterhouse's business, and the latter saw at once that any stinginess on his part might lead to bad results, so he said:

"But that needn't stand in the way. Waiter, a pint of Pontet-Canet."

By good luck Waterhouse got through the luncheon, with only 20 cents over and above the amount given him by his wife for the purpose and returned to his office. In the afternoon he received a note requiring a telephone reply. This cost him 10 cents, which he had agreed to pay the next day. He had scarcely returned to his office when a young girl with a wan face entered and begged him to help her by buying a five cent package of court plaster. He ground his teeth when he remembered that his money was gone—more than gone.

Then he found it necessary to see a man whose office was at the other end of the city. Not having money for car fare and no one being near from whom to borrow, he walked there and back, a distance of three miles. When 5 o'clock came, he locked his desk and dragged himself over another two miles to his home. He had at times been disappointed to see a dissatisfied look on his wife's face when he reached home. Today it was transferred to his own. His wife was serene.

The next day he got on famously, spending only 10 cents for car fare and 10 cents for tobacco, for he gave up cigars. He went home radiant. The third day he received a notice that each member of his class in college was invited to pay a dollar toward the building of a new dormitory. It was simply impossible for him to refuse. Then came a lady acquaintance and sold him a ticket for 50 cents to a church fair. As soon as she had gone he looked in his drawer for paper on which to reply to the college matter and found none. The stamp box also was empty. Seventy cents was expended for the two articles. He economized by buying 20 cents' worth of stamps instead of a dollar's worth, as usual, and was obliged to send again in two days. At luncheon he tried to dodge Carter, but Carter, who suspected that he was getting stingy, got hold of him and forced him to divide a three dollar lunch. But the most absurd infraction of his economical effort was the purchase of a razor offered to him by a peddler for \$5 for which he satirically offered \$1.50. On going home he became demoralized, figuring that his expenditures for the day amounted to \$5.10, and to drown remorse stopped for a cocktail and a cigar. His wife smelled his breath and when he mentioned his expenditures called him wasteful. This led to their first quarrel.

The next day the husband reassumed the exchequer, and the wife has since been wearing her old clothes.

RODGER T. HOWELL.

Cattle Fishing.

Cattles require deft handling. The bait, which consists of a rough chunk of fish fastened to a hook or even tied to a string, is not dropped over the side to be swallowed, but to excite the gustatory organs of the cutties and to be slowly pulled up until those mollusks have reached the surface in a vain attempt to embrace it with their long arms. Then in a moment a gaff is plunged into the leathery mantle of the would be diner and the creature is unceremoniously flung into the boat. The prosaic nature of the fishing is sometimes punctuated by grotesque incidents. For instance, the cuttie which brought our catch up to a baker's dozen helped to support the idea that thirteen is an unlucky number by making his entrance into the boat a pretext for emptying his bag of sepla into the face of his captor, the liquid transforming that gentleman's glib speech into a mere incoherent spluttering, and then running down his white "jumper" in what the daylight showed to be a black torrent. "That was a braave clumsy job," remarked a comrade, referring, not to the aim of the cuttie, but to the incautious handling of the fisherman.—John Isabell in Longman's.

His Face Spoils Razors.

"Did you see the man who just went out?" asked an uptown barber of a customer as a swarthy individual left the shop. "Yes? Well, he spoils a razor every time I shave him, and he comes here twice a week regularly. He is a stonecutter, and the grit and dust are so imbedded in the pores of his face that it is like drawing a razor over the side of a stone. I always use the best tools I have upon him, but they are not stone proof, and a dull razor is the result when his beard is removed."

"He is a customer upon whom I lose money, and I am glad to say that he is the only stonecutter who favors me with his patronage. I often wonder how it is that he doesn't wince when the razor strikes a section of stone that is imbedded in his face and bounds off, but it is probably because his skin is so hardened that he feels no ill effects."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Some Difficult Tables.

Some of the excavations at Nippur show that the Babylonians had multiplication tables five times as long as those commonly used in schools. Most little men and women, for instance, do not have to go further than twelve times twelve, but the little Babylonian children, says Dr. Herman V. Hilprecht, who superintended the late excavations, had to go as far as sixty times sixty.

Numbered fragments of tablets bearing these "multiplication tables" have been found, some few of which go as far as 1,300 times 1,300. But these were evidently only for astronomical purposes. Those old astronomers seem to have felt hard pressed for time, and when they were calculating the distances of the new stars they found, and their size, they did not want to take the time to multiply, and so just referred to these tables in stone.

Fish Without Bait.

The fishermen of Ciudad Bolivar, on the Orinoco river, in South America, catch their fish in the queerest way in the world. They use no bait, but try to hook the fish by the body. A cylindrical weight is tied to a long line. Above this weight, for a length of six inches, strong fish hooks are attached. The line is thrown out in places where the current is swift and shoals of fish pass. It is hauled in rapidly by a series of jerks and usually there is a fish on half the hooks.

This method of fishing is called robador—literally, "to rob."

Disorder.

I distrust both the intellect and the morality of those people to whom disorder is of no consequence—who can live at ease in an Augean stable. What surrounds us reflects more or less that which is within us. The mind is like one of those dark lanterns which in spite of everything still throw some light around. If our tastes did not reveal our character they would be no longer tastes, but instincts.—Emile Souvestre.

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TIME TABLE NO. 28
in effect Sunday, Nov. 9, 1902, at 7:00 a. m.

	WESTBOUND TRAINS.			EASTBOUND TRAINS.		
	No. 4 Passenger Daily.	No. 6 Passenger Daily.	No. 8 Passenger Daily.	No. 1 Passenger Daily.	No. 3 Passenger Daily.	No. 5 Passenger Daily.
Goldboro-arrive.....	11:05	8:20	5:40	7:30	5:00	2:15
LaGrange.....	10:30	7:45	5:10	7:00	4:30	1:45
Falling Creek.....	10:25	7:40	5:05	6:55	4:25	1:40
Kinston.....	10:15	7:30	4:55	6:45	4:15	1:35
Dover.....	9:45	7:15	4:25	6:15	3:45	1:05
Core Creek.....	9:30	7:00	4:10	6:00	3:30	9:50
Tuscarora.....	9:20	6:50	4:00	5:50	3:20	9:40
Newbern.....	9:00	6:30	3:45	5:30	3:10	9:30
Havelock.....	8:45	6:15	3:30	5:15	3:00	9:20
Newport.....	8:30	6:00	3:15	5:00	2:45	9:10
Morehead City.....	8:15	5:45	3:00	4:45	2:30	9:00
Morehead City Depot.....	8:05	5:35	2:50	4:35	2:20	8:50

	WESTBOUND TRAINS.			EASTBOUND TRAINS.		
	No. 4 Passenger Daily.	No. 6 Passenger Daily.	No. 8 Passenger Daily.	No. 1 Passenger Daily.	No. 3 Passenger Daily.	No. 5 Passenger Daily.
Goldboro-leave.....	11:05	8:20	5:40	7:30	5:00	2:15
LaGrange.....	10:30	7:45	5:10	7:00	4:30	1:45
Falling Creek.....	10:25	7:40	5:05	6:55	4:25	1:40
Kinston.....	10:15	7:30	4:55	6:45	4:15	1:35
Dover.....	9:45	7:15	4:25	6:15	3:45	1:05
Core Creek.....	9:30	7:00	4:10	6:00	3:30	9:50
Tuscarora.....	9:20	6:50	4:00	5:50	3:20	9:40
Newbern.....	9:00	6:30	3:45	5:30	3:10	9:30
Havelock.....	8:45	6:15	3:30	5:15	3:00	9:20
Newport.....	8:30	6:00	3:15	5:00	2:45	9:10
Morehead City.....	8:15	5:45	3:00	4:45	2:30	9:00
Morehead City Depot.....	8:05	5:35	2:50	4:35	2:20	8:50

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