

QUEER MR. BLINDERS

(Original.)
 "Blinders, what a beautiful beard you wear."
 "Glad you like it," said Blinders, lighting up. "I don't value it very highly myself."
 "What'll you take for it?"
 "Take for it? Why, what could it benefit any one but me?"
 "That isn't the question. You say you don't value it. I would like to buy it."
 "When would you want it?"
 "Buyer thirty—which, being interpreted, means any time within thirty days."
 "What'll you give?"
 "A hundred dollars."
 "By Jove, that's a good sum!" And Blinders began to think what he could do with a hundred dollars.
 "Oh, I see your game!" he said presently. "You'll call for it by sections. That would leave me in a beautiful fix, wouldn't it?"
 "I'll call for it all at once."
 After rummaging his brain to find a catch somewhere Blinders gave me a bill of sale for his beard—to be called for anywhere within thirty days or forfeit double the price.
 Now there was a reason for all this which Blinders did not understand. He was the wealthiest bachelor in the town as well as the stingiest. One day a number of ladies came to me and asked me if I could suggest a plan by which they could get a donation out of him for a benevolent enterprise. I told them I would think it over.
 Blinders was a pushing fellow not only in business, but socially. He was a self-made man, which was to his credit, but he didn't know what the word modesty meant. His assurance in making his way into "society" was only equaled by his embarrassment whenever he blundered into a breach of etiquette. He was in constant terror lest he should appear in some unfortunate position.
 The ladies were getting up a ball for the benefit of their charity and had appointed me one of the floor managers. I wrote requesting that my name be dropped and Blinders' put on in its stead. This was done, and Blinders was so delighted that he at once sent the ladies a check for \$10.
 "You are very bright," said the president of the society to me. "It is a wonder that we didn't think of that ourselves."
 "Possibly Mr. Blinders' donation may be far more worthy of his social elevation," I replied, "than a niggardly \$10. Let us wait."
 On the night of the ball Blinders was on hand resplendent in evening dress, wearing the lowest cut white waistcoat, straw colored gloves and a pale green necktie that some wag had told him was the very latest thing for balls. No Indian chief decorated with stowpipe hat and soldier coat had ever borne himself more proudly. I watched him till his self-satisfaction had reached its height; then, putting on my hat and coat, I went out. Ten minutes later an attendant handed him a note from me written from a neighboring barber shop demanding his beard.
 There was a look of extreme anxiety on his face as he came in; but, attempting to master it, he came up to me with a laugh and, slapping me familiarly on the back, said confidently:
 "It's very cute of you, old fellow, awfully cute. Of course you don't want your property now. You want a bottle of champagne, and you shall have it, besides a good supper after the ball. And now I must hurry back. The president has done me the honor to say she can't get on without me."
 "It won't take long. Sit down in the chair."
 "You really don't mean that you are in earnest? Think how I would look going back clean shaven."
 "You don't need to lose your beard. There is the forfeit, you know."
 "Good gracious, man, the forfeit is \$200!"
 "It only rests with you, Blinders," I said resolutely, "to give me your beard or pay the forfeit."
 He looked into my eye and saw that I was not to be cajoled or browbeaten or in any way deprived of my advantage. The alternative flashed through his mind, and his love of money for a time prevailed. He determined to remain away from the ball for the rest of the evening.
 "All right," I said. "What excuse will you give?"
 "Suddenly taken ill."
 "I smiled."
 "I suppose you'll knock down that story and—"
 "The whole thing will be all over the ballroom in ten minutes."
 He turned pale.
 "What'll you take to settle?" he asked.
 "Will Blinders, I don't want your beard or your money. Write a check payable to the president of the society for \$200, and I'll call it square. You can step back the evening in a position for which you are so well fitted without so sudden a transition, and your liberality will be sounded by every one. As for me, I'll keep the affair mum."
 "I haven't a check with me."
 "I have." And I pulled a blank check from my pocketbook.
 Blinders and I returned to the ballroom arm in arm and made straight for the president.
 "Mr. Blinders' modesty," I said to her, "is as great as his generosity. He declines through me to present your society with a check for \$200."
 I handed her the check. Casting a side glance at Blinders, I was astonished to see on his face a look of conscious pride. Had he voluntarily donated a hundred times the amount he couldn't have been more pompous.
 "Blinders, there are singular people in the world,"

FOR THE CHILDREN

How Harold was Surprised.
 Harold was always fond of paying a visit to Aunt Minnie, for he loved the country and there were so many things to do each day that he was kept busy from morning to night. There were the chickens to feed and the flowers to sprinkle and the daily vegetables to help gather in the big garden, then he went into the stable to help John with the horses, always finishing off with a canter up the road on Bonnie Bess.
 He also liked an early morning in the cow shed and would sit quietly watching Susan at her milking, sure of a nice fresh glassful. But most of all he enjoyed hunting for the eggs each day when Aunt Minnie gave him the little covered basket and told him to see how many he could bring her.
 Eggs were a great mystery to Harold. He could never understand how a whole chicken could come out of one of them, and each day he turned it over and over in his mind and on one occasion nearly had his eyes put out by an irate sitting hen whom he tried to scare off her nest so he could see how it was done.
 One night after Harold had gone to bed there was a great commotion in the cow shed, for a dear little calf was born and Aunt Minnie and Uncle John were very much excited over the new baby.
 "Dear little fellow! It is too cool for him in this place," said Aunt Minnie. "I think I'll put him in the henhouse to keep warm. Won't Harold be delighted to see him?"
 As Harold opened the henhouse door next day he was started by a plaintive maa-a from a straw filled corner, and the great brown eyes of the new "baby" looked straight into his startled ones. He looked again, and his brain worked quickly. With a wild whoop he dropped his basket, which was luckily empty, and the hens clucked angrily as he rushed away.
 "Aunt Minnie, Aunt Minnie!" he called, breaking into the sewing room. "How many eggs does it take to hatch out a calf? There's one in the henhouse as big as life!"
Funny Game of Ha-goo.
 A game popular among the Tlinkits, a tribe of Indians in southern Alaska, is called ha-goo.
 The children range themselves in two parallel lines. In the center of one line is a player who holds aloft a pole with a brightly colored piece of cloth floating from it. Then from the opposite line advances a little girl who holds out her hand for the decorated stick, while all her companions make faces, say funny things and "cut capers" to make her laugh.
 If she smiles ever so lightly she is out of the game, but if she can keep a solemn face she takes the stick and goes back to her own line, while one of the opposing players moves across the open space and tries in turn to keep a straight face.
 This goes on until there remains only one player who has not smiled, and this one wins the game for the side.
The Sportive Pig.
 All boys know that a dog is a great aid to the sportsman, but not many of them would think a pig could be of much use in hunting. Yet in France pigs are used in hunting truffles, a delicacy for the table which is found at the roots of oak trees.
 When a farmer decides to go hunting for truffles he takes his pig, and piggie goes sniffing about with his nose to the ground just as a dog when he follows the scent. When he finds a truffle he begins to burrow in the loose soil with his snout. Before he can take the truffle, however, the farmer pulls him away, but gives him a few acorns by way of compensation. As soon as he has eaten the acorns Mr. Pig goes to work hunting more truffles. Sometimes he will find several pounds of them beneath a tree.
The "Tut" Language.
 George Yowell, Crisp, Tex., sends American Boy what he calls the "Tut" alphabet. He says the boys can soon learn it and have lots of fun with it. A stands for A, bub for B, cut for C, dud for D, E for E, fut for F, gug for G, hub for H, I for I, job for J, kuk for K, lul for L, mum for M, nun for N, oh for O, pup for P, Q for Q, rur for R, sus for S, tut for T, U for U, vuv for V, wuv for W, X for X, yak for Y and zub for Z. The word "cap," spelled in the "Tut" language, would be "cut-a-pup."
Wiped the Grass.
 "Tommy," cried Tommy's mother from the window, "didn't I tell you not to sit down on the damp grass?"
 "Yes, mamma," returned Tommy. "I ain't doing it. I wiped the grass with a towel before I sat down."
A Gooddescension.
 Gwendolen Jones was chubby and sweet, and her age was half past three, and she lived in a house on Wellington street.
 In the yard with the walnut tree, Harold Percival Maraudski Smith was almost half past four, and he said, when they gave him a baseball and bat,
 "That bat'll play with the girls no more."
 Gwendolen Jones she passed through the fence.
 At an end were all life's joys
 As she saw the friend of her youth depart
 "Oh, play with the great big boys!"
 Harold Percival Maraudski Smith
 "By to the side searched he,
 But his eye was blocked, and his head was whacked,
 And his ball no more did he see.
 And the boys called him "Babe" because he cried.
 Did Teddy and Willie and Tim,
 And they chased him away when he threatened to tell
 And said they'd "use us for him."
 Gwendolen Jones came down to the fence,
 And her face wore a fearful frown
 When Harold Percival Maraudski Smith
 "How you with her 'wasn't you?"

GOOD FELLOWSHIP TOKEN.

The American Vase That German Singers Competed For.
 Expressive of the sentiment for closer good fellowship between the United States and Germany inaugurated by Emperor William when he ordered an American built yacht and sent his brother, Prince Henry, to visit this country is the gift of a massive and beautiful silver vase recently sent across the ocean by Mr. Albrecht Pagenstecher of New York. The vase, which is sixteen and a half inches high, is the work of Tiffany & Co., New York, and was offered as a prize to the men's singing societies of Germany and competed for at a modern "Meistersinger" contest just held in Frankfurt-am-Main.
 Emperor William originated this singing contest and gave the principal prize. Among the other notable prizes offered for the festival is this Pagenstecher silver vase. Its decorations are



THE PAGENSTECHEER VASE.

all expressive of the purposes of the gift and the sentiments associated with it.
 The body of the vase is carried by dolphins over curling and foaming waves, signifying that it came from across the sea. Indian trappings and ornaments and the stars and stripes intertwined about the handles symbolize its place of origin.
 Among the notable artistic features of the vase are beautifully wrought bas-reliefs of the heads of the German and American bodies politic—Emperor William II. and President Roosevelt—also the head of Prince Henry, whose visit to this country so greatly fostered the friendship of the two nations. The bas-reliefs are surrounded by the respective insignias of office—the crown, the president's flag and the tied rods, symbolizing the powers of government.
 Under the emperor's head is the motto he chose for these festivals—"Im Liede Stark, Deutsch Eis Im Mark" (Strong in Song, German to the marrow). On the obverse are the joined eagles of Germany and America.
 Mr. Albrecht Pagenstecher, the donor of the vase, is a member of the Arion and Liederkreis clubs of New York. He is deeply interested in the German singing societies and through his liberality has done much for their advancement.
NOTED ENGLISH PRELATE.
 Cardinal Vaughan, Head of the Roman Catholic Church in England.
 Cardinal Vaughan, head of the Roman Catholic church in England, whose recent illness caused much alarm in the church and among his friends, has been archbishop of Westminster since 1892, when he succeeded the late Cardinal Manning, and cardinal since 1893.
 Cardinal Vaughan is a member of an old and distinguished English Catholic family which has given many able men

A STRANGE STORY

At our last promotion dinner at the Military club we were speaking of those who had passed away.
 "And D'Iramond," said Chavoze. "You recollect D'Iramond?"
 Suddenly grave, Commander Faber said:
 "Gentlemen, I was then captain of the Seventeenth chasseurs, and I declare to you I cannot think of the affair without feeling the distress that seizes you before problems that our reason refuses to comprehend."
 "Tell us the particulars. We wait the details!" was the cry all round.
 "Well, gentlemen, it was five years ago. We were then at St. Germain, the most adorable of garrisons—mornings in the forests, joyous breakfasts at mess, flirtations on the terrace and at night the grand life of Paris. Captain D'Iramond, with his name, his great fortune, his elegance and graceful swagger, held his own brilliantly amid our mad revels, always the last at supper and the first in the saddle.
 "Suddenly everything changed. The Duchess d'Iramond died of aneurism of the heart. From the moment when the captain had no longer his mother-in-law, as he said with a filial tenderness, a touching contrast in the mouth of that big unattached boy—from the day when he could not go to her from time to time to recover from our dissipation he was not himself. He ceased to go to Paris, and, beyond the duties of the service, he never left home, where he remained for hours before a portrait of the duchess painted by Cabanel.
 "He became more and more taciturn and more and more concentrated in himself. One fine winter morning, going to his house on the way to the maneuver, I found him especially agitated.
 "You will laugh at me," he said at once, "but the most extraordinary adventure has happened to me."
 "What was it?"
 "You know Father Vincent? Imagine my seeing him come this morning, accompanied by a choir boy and bearing the holy sacrament. You may know I was astonished. I said: "You have made a mistake, sir. Doubtless you are wrong in the address."
 "No, no. I was told to go to the house of Captain D'Iramond."
 "Then some one is indulging in an unbecoming joke, and I will know the author."
 "Sir, I assure you that the lady who sent me to your house had the most respectable and trustworthy air."
 "A lady?"
 "Yes, a lady whom I met on the square by the church—ah, there she is!"
 "And Father Vincent showed me the portrait of mamma hanging on the wall. I own that I could not help feeling a tug at my heart."
 "You are quite sure that this is the lady you met?"
 "Yes, captain—oh, I should recognize her amid a thousand others. She insisted so, with such a gentle and sad air. She said to me: "Run quick! There is but just time!" Yes, yes; it is the lady of the portrait!"
 "But, sir, that picture—it is of my mother, the Duchess d'Iramond, scarcely two months dead!"
 "The priest trembled and turned a little pale, then he said: "My dear son, the designs of Providence are impetrate. Receive the vaticum. It is always a good thing to be at peace with God. And then—who knows—it would doubtless give pleasure up above to madam, the duchess."
 "Then I made no further objections. Much affected, I confessed and received the sacrament. Perhaps the priest had a hallucination. Perhaps he had been swayed by a resemblance. Anyway it is done, and now forward for the maneuver!"
 "I remember that it was cold and dry, like today. D'Iramond mounted a superb chestnut that he had bought the day previous. We went off at full trot to join the classes on the terrace, and the hard ground made a metallic noise under our horses' feet.
 "We reached the square, answered the roll call and joined our squadron. At that moment a recruit lost control of his horse and came charging upon us. The poor boy had completely lost his wits and thought of nothing but to cling to the pommel of his saddle. The shock was terrible. My army horse, an old stager, used to such surprises, never flinched. D'Iramond's chestnut, alarmed, bounded wildly and fell prostrate. In one second I saw a confused mass, a horse that after desperate struggles got up, and on the ground my unfortunate friend, senseless, his skull broken by a blow from his horse's hoof. By a deplorable chance the doctor was not there.
 "The wounded man was taken to St. Germain in the sutler's wagon, and when at last he could be cared for it was too late. He died that night at 5 o'clock without having uttered a word, without recovering consciousness, and I, who knew the story of the priest, insisted upon adding to the announcement of his death. "Provided with the increments of the church." Now—if one were superstitious!"
 There was a silence, then his Poulaille cried:
 "The devil take you with your dance of death adventures that give the students of Goussier— we have coffee, and for the evening, for pity's sake, let us only speak of ladies, will you? Otherwise I shall have bad dreams."—From the French.
How She Excelled.
 "Is she a high kicker?" asked the rancid manager.
 "Yes," replied the agent slowly. "but if things don't go just to suit her you'll be much more interested with the fact that she is a hard kicker."—Brooklyn Eagle.

H. W. SIMPSON

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WESTBOUND TRAINS.

Station	No. 28 Daily	No. 6 Fridays	No. 4 Sundays	No. 10 Wednesdays
Goldboro-leave	7:05	7:30	8:40	9:00
LaGrange	7:15	7:40	8:50	9:10
Salisbury Creek	7:25	7:50	9:00	9:20
Falling Creek	7:35	8:00	9:10	9:30
Kinston	7:45	8:10	9:20	9:40
Dover	8:00	8:25	9:35	9:55
Core Creek	8:10	8:35	9:45	10:05
Zionsville	8:20	8:45	9:55	10:15
Newbern	8:30	8:55	10:05	10:25
Havelock	8:40	9:05	10:15	10:35
Weldon	8:50	9:15	10:25	10:45
Morehead City	9:00	9:25	10:35	10:55
Morehead City Depot	9:10	9:35	10:45	11:05

EASTBOUND TRAINS.

Station	No. 27 Daily	No. 5 Fridays	No. 3 Sundays	No. 9 Wednesdays
Goldboro-leave	7:30	8:00	9:10	9:30
LaGrange	7:40	8:10	9:20	9:40
Salisbury Creek	7:50	8:20	9:30	9:50
Falling Creek	8:00	8:30	9:40	10:00
Kinston	8:10	8:40	9:50	10:10
Dover	8:25	8:55	10:05	10:25
Core Creek	8:35	9:05	10:15	10:35
Zionsville	8:45	9:15	10:25	10:45
Newbern	8:55	9:25	10:35	10:55
Havelock	9:05	9:35	10:45	11:05
Weldon	9:15	9:45	10:55	11:15
Morehead City	9:25	9:55	11:05	11:25
Morehead City Depot	9:35	10:05	11:15	11:35

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