

THE DAILY FREE PRESS.

Published Every Afternoon (except Sunday) at Kinston, North Carolina.

THE FREE PRESS CO., Publishers

DANIEL T. EDWARDS, Editor

Entered at the Postoffice as second class matter

LET THE GOOD WORK PROCEED.

THE FREE PRESS is glad to note that our street commissioner has undertaken to dispose of the weeds and luxuriant grass that has sprung up along the margins of some of our streets and sidewalks.

This rank vegetation has in many instances become a nuisance, and the commissioner has done well to take the matter in hand. The work should be pushed with all the force at his command. The vegetation should either be hauled off or covered with dirt and so made to better the condition of the streets.

It must be remembered, however, that Kinston is a "big place" when we try to walk up and down all its streets, and it will take quite a while for the limited force of men at the command of the department to get around.

It is a good work; let it progress as rapidly as possible.

OUR COUNTY SCHOOLS.

The report of County Superintendent Howard given in yesterday's FREE PRESS is full of encouragement.

The board that has just retired has worked with the superintendent with such marked success that our schools have been placed in an enviable position. Of course little more than a good beginning has been made in the rebuilding of our county educational system. Much remains and undoubtedly much will be done by the authorities during the coming year.

The average length of school term for the whites was 18-4-5 weeks, and for colored 17-3-5 weeks making the school term longer for the past year than ever before. Then the average salaries have been higher than ever before, making an engagement in our schools really worth while. This showing of our county schools is made in addition to the fact that of the county school fund, \$3,576 was set aside for the Kinston graded schools.

But the beauty of the thing is that the new board has now at its command a considerable sum in the treasury against a deficit at the beginning of last year.

The outlook is decidedly bright. Correspondence of THE FREE PRESS from the university summer school testifies to the fact that a considerable number of Lenoir county teachers are in attendance preparing themselves for better work next year. And Lenoir county teachers are equipping themselves at various other schools for successful work. It is certain that our school system will reflect the results of this patient preparation on the part of the teaching force.

But then there is much work to be done in Lenoir county. In 1900 there was a total white population of 10,562, with a total of 2,504 white voters, 545 or 20.9 per cent of whom were illiterate.

These figures contain their warning. Because the voter coming up after 1908 must be possessed of an educational qualification before he can be admitted to the suffrage.

There is much to be done, but we have confidence to believe that our educational workers will do much.

Today a convention of representative tobacco men from all parts of the State will assemble in the auditorium of the agricultural building in Raleigh. Prominent farmers, dealers, manufacturers and warehousemen will be present.

The convention expects to have present during its deliberations, among others, Gov. Aycock, Secretary Brauer, Commissioner Patterson and Col. Cunningham. It will certainly be beneficial to tobaccoists, in whatever branch of the industry engaged, to get together and exchange ideas.

This will be the solution of many perplexing problems, and the initiation of many productive ideas. So let all who can attend the convention, for it will do them good.

The Washington (N. C.) Gazette-Messenger has come out as a seven column, instead of a six column daily as heretofore. It speaks much for the progressiveness and public spiritedness of Washington that its people intend to stand by their excellent afternoon daily and maintain it in its present form.

No community can afford to be without a newspaper that is progressive and persistent in its efforts to uphold the community of which it is an integral part.

The Gazette-Messenger has our best wishes in its enlargement.

When you wake up with a bad taste in your mouth, go at once to J. E. Hood & Co.'s drug store and get a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. One or two doses will make you well. They also cure indigestion, sick headache and constipation.

FOR THE CHILDREN BY TELEPHONE

A Finland Boy's Bath.
When the boys of Finland want to take a bath this is the way they do it: In the first place, it is very, very cold in Finland, and the bath room is not in the house at all, but is a building quite separate.

It is a round building, about the size of an ordinary room. There are no windows, so light and air can only come in when the door is open.

Inside benches are built all along the wall, and in the center is a great pile of loose stones. Early on Saturday morning word is brought in, and a great vessel standing near the stones is filled with water.

Then some one cuts ever so many birch switches, and these are placed on the floor of the bath house. Next, the fire is made under the stones, and it burns all morning. In the afternoon, when the stones are very hot, the fire is put out, the place is swept clean, and all is ready.

The boys undress in their homes and run to the bath house. As it is generally 30 below zero, you may be sure they do it in double quick time.

As soon as they are in the bath house they shut the door tight and begin to throw water on the hot stones. This, of course, makes the steam rise. More water is thrown on, and there is more steam until the place is quite full of it.

And now comes the part that I think you American boys would not like at all. Each boy takes a birch switch and falls to whipping his companions. This is to make the blood circulate, and, though it is real hard whipping, no one objects, but all think it great fun. At last, looking like a lot of boiled lobsters, they all rush out, have a roll in the snow and make for home.—New York Herald.

Two Little Girls' Lofly Home.
On the very top of a mountain near Constantinople there live two little girls. Their chubby brown feet are unprotected even in chilly weather, but they don't seem to mind it, for they are just as healthy and happy as the well dressed little European girls in Pera, whose parents would be horrified at the mere mention of bare feet. These mountain children are orphans, and their cheeks have the color of the small red flower that grows among the sparse vegetation on the rugged side of the height. They live with their father, who is a Greek, and their house is little more than a pile of yellow rock, with an Elsevir vegetable patch in the yard.

The father serves visitors—who climb 100 feet from the end of the carriage road—with good thick Turkish coffee in cups about the size of an English walnut shell. Of course you give him something, and if you have any love in your heart for the sweet morning glory of childhood and any spare coins in your pocket you will give the youngsters some of the coins. They will take your hand, raise it to their lips and then touch it to their foreheads. They are grave, serious faced young people, with large, wondering blue eyes. That is perhaps because they cannot understand a word you say. And it is perhaps because they have contemplated so long the impressive view from their humble eyrie.

A Summer Night.
The quiet shadows wrap the daisied lee;
Sweet birdies all have hushed to silence deep.
And, wearied with their play beside the sea,
The little children sleep.

Now rocking, rocking far across the bay,
The brown sail'd fishing boats are out tonight;
The moonbeams make for them a shining way,
And stars are golden bright.

O fisher, toiling at the midnight hour!
O sculler, watching while we peacefully sleep!
May he who holds the ocean in his power
Your lives from danger keep.

In morning glow fair breezes speed you home,
Gliding so gayly o'er the sunlit sea,
While loving ones who long to see you come
Stand waiting on the quay.

Dear little children, ye who safely share
The warm home nest, wherein ye sheltered are,
Before ye sleep, oh, lift to God a prayer
For lives at sea afar!
—Margaret Haycraft in Children's Friends

The Telegram Game.
This is a simple little game, but it is instructive, for it gives boys and girls practice in quick composition.

Give to each player a sheet of paper and a pencil, and then ask them in turn to name a letter of the alphabet until ten letters have been so named. If there are not ten players some of them may be asked to name two letters each.

Each player writes these letters one after another at the top of his sheet of paper, and is then asked to write a telegram of ten words, the words beginning with the ten letters in their regular order.

Suppose, for example, that the letters named are J, T, O, R, B, H, A, S, D, I. Here is a telegram that might be formed on them: "Johnny tumbled off roof; broke his arm; send doctor immediately."

When the telegrams have all been written—which should be done in a certain time, say ten minutes—the leader reads them aloud and awards a prize.

Little Miss Myers was seated at a sewing machine. Mrs. Runkle and her daughters had gone off to see a military parade.

She was a southern girl whose family had been ruined during the war. It had also, deprived her of her lover, Henry Dean, whom she had not seen in years.

In the midst of her reverie there was a call at the telephone, and, being alone in the house, she went to answer it.

The voice was a man's. "Who are you?" she asked.

"Henry Dean. Is that you, Aunt Jane? I'm down at the depot; start for Baltimore in ten minutes and thought I'd say 'How do you do!' and 'Goodby.' Have found another crew; pray heaven it may lead to something. Have you any message for the Carrolls?"

There was a pause while Miss Myers stood there at the instrument, clutching the ear piece as if it had been a rope that was to save her from drowning. By a supreme effort of will she had recovered from the shock the mention of that name had given her, and now her brain was reeling with doubt, uncertainty and longing. What ought she to do? Should she reply and tell who she really was or not? It was evident that there was something wrong with the wires and that Mr. Dean imagined himself to be talking to his aunt. What claim had the "little Miss Myers" on him now after all these years?

Very likely he was happily married, and therefore was it not Miss Myers' plain and simple duty to say that she was not "Aunt Jane" and then go back to her work?

"Harry," she called out softly.

It was the name he had asked her to give him twenty years ago, and now it came to her lips and passed from them into the instrument almost before she realized it was spoken.

"Agnes! Is it you? Where are you? Street and number instantly before you the connection!"

She heard no more, but with a gasp called out the Runkles' address, then hung up the ear piece and dropped into her chair with a face as white as snow. Yet even now the instinct to work was strong within her, and not many minutes had elapsed before her feet were again on the treadle and the whirl of the machine once more filled the room. Now, however, its accompanying rhythm in her brain was not all in the past tense, for "Did he hear me? Will he come?" kept up its ceaseless throbbing till it seemed as if the words must be stitched to every seam of the shirt she was making.

But as the time went by the little dressmaker tried to prepare her heart for the disappointment.

"I may have dreamed it all while listening to the playing of 'Marching Through Georgia' so many blocks away," she said to herself. "It's twenty years since we parted, and he was twenty then and I sixteen. Absence, they say, is the tomb of love, and though, of course, with me—Here Miss Myers sprang up with the second little scream she had given that morning.

This time, however, it was not the telephone, but the front door bell that had startled her.

"I must open it myself. There's nobody else." And she hurried out to the stairs. "I dare say it's only the milliner's boy with Miss Helen's bonnet."

But was it for the sake of the milliner's boy that little Miss Myers paused to give her hair a smoothing before the hatrack mirror in the hall? And surely no milliner's boy was ever so received on his business rounds as this one when the door was opened and closed—nobody remembered how or by whom—on a tableau that would have delighted the soul of the gossipy Miss Rickett over the way could she but have seen it.

Yes; it was "Harry," twenty years older, to be sure, but handsomer, if possible, than ever, with not a gray hair in his head nor a wrinkle on his face and with such a passion of love in his deep blue eyes that little Miss Myers was fain to hide her own from the dangle of it and nestle closer in those strong, protecting arms.

"And have you really been looking for me ever since?" asked Agnes presently.

"Yes; ever since I came back from Europe ten years ago," is the reply. "I was sent there by the doctors to recover from the effects of a wound, and I wrote you nearly a dozen letters then. I knew, though, it was only because

you never received them that they were not answered. But when I came back and found all traces of you lost I sometimes thought you had hidden yourself purposely, because—because I had done my duty to my country. Yet I never abandoned the resolve to find you and have the truth from your own lips, and now, thanks to the gods, I have done so and learned how blessedly I was mistaken."

"The gods?" repeats Agnes questioning, and then he goes on to explain how the wind entangled the telephone wires and that it was by the merest chance they had been enabled to speak to one another.

"And I have interrupted your trip," says Agnes a few moments later, looking up, with a smile.

"Not for long," responds he, adding, "and when it is resumed it must be a wedding journey."

Owing to a misunderstanding, "Didn't they start at once on their wedding journey?"

"No. There was a mistake about the railway tickets."

"What sort of a mistake?"

"Why, it seems that her father didn't understand that the bridegroom expected him to pay for them."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Underground Waters.
The earth contains an abundance of water, even in places like some of our great western plateaus where the surface is comparatively arid. The greatest depth at which underground water can exist is estimated to be about six miles. Below that, it is believed, the cavities and pores of the rock are completely closed. The amount of water in the earth's crust is reckoned at nearly a third of that contained in the oceans, so that it would cover the whole surface of the globe to a depth of from 3,000 to 3,500 feet. The waters underground flow horizontally after sinking below the unsaturated zone of the rocks, but in the sands of the Dakota formation, which supply remarkable artesian wells, the motion does not exceed one or two miles a year. The underflow toward the sea beneath the great plains may sometimes take the form of broad streams or moving sheets of water, but the movement is excessively slow.—Youth's Companion.

He Looked It.
A ridiculous but amusing story used to be told of Charles Reade's dramatization of Tennyson's poem, "Dora." We do not, however, vouch for the truth of the anecdote. "Dora" was being performed one night years ago, and when Mary Morrison made her exit to bring on her little Willie, aged about four, she was shocked to find a lubberly boy of at least fourteen, and, as he was the only Willie at hand, on he had to go, though he was well nigh as big as his mother. The former Allen of the play, being equal to the emergency, instead of inquiring, "How old are you, my little man?" endeavored to remedy the matter by saying, "How old are you, my strapping boy?" But it was a failure, for the boy, who was instructed to say from "four to five," said it in such a hoarse, sepulchral tone as to drive the good natured grandfather to exclaim, "Forty-five! You look it, my boy; you look it!"—Golden Penny.

A Mathematical Wonder.
Erab Colburn, the mathematical wonder, could mentally raise any sum less than three figures to the sixteenth power.

Danger in the Toothbrush.
The use of the toothbrush is almost universal, although other methods of cleaning the teeth have been suggested by dentists. The bristles have certain disadvantages. Any bristle detached from the brush may do harm. It may get into the larynx or even into the vertebral appendix.

Quick Shirt Making.
At Troy a linen shirt is made in six and a half minutes, the working of the buttonholes occupying one-quarter of a minute.

Raw Vegetables.
A physician recommends housewives to wash raw vegetables in at least two waters and then expose them to the force of water running from a faucet in order to dislodge any germs that may be lurking therein.

The Greek Pike.
The common measure of road distance in Greece is the pike, which equals three-quarters of an English yard.

The Innocent Suffer With The Guilty

The world to-day is full of innocent sufferers from that most loathsome disease, Contagious Blood Poison. People know in a general way that it is a bad disease, but if all its horrors could be brought before them they would shun it as they do the Leprosy. Not only the person who contracts it suffers, but the awful taint is transmitted to children, and the fearful sores and eruptions, weak eyes, Catarrh; and other evidences of poisoned blood show these little innocents are suffering the awful consequences of some body's sin. So highly contagious is this form of blood poison that one may be contaminated by handling the clothing or other articles in use by a person afflicted with this miserable disease. There is danger even in drinking from the same vessel or eating out of the same tableware, as many pure and innocent men and women have found to their sorrow. The virus of Contagious Blood Poison is so powerful and penetrating that within a short time after the first little sore appears the whole system is infected and every drop of blood in the body is tainted with the poison, and the skin is soon covered with a red rash, ulcers break out in the mouth and throat, swellings appear in the groins, the hair and eyebrows fall out, and unless the ravages of the disease are checked at this stage, more violent and dangerous symptoms appear in the form of deep and offensive sores, copper colored spots, terrible pains in bones and muscles, and general breaking down of the system.

S. S. S. is a specific for Contagious Blood Poison and the only remedy that antidotes this peculiar virus and makes a radical and complete cure of the disease. Mercury and Potash hold it in check so long as the system is under their influence, but when the medicine is left off the poison breaks out again as bad or worse than ever. Besides, the use of these minerals bring on Rheumatism and stomach troubles of the worst kind, and frequently produce bleeding and sponginess of the gums and decay of the teeth. S. S. S. cures Blood Poison in all stages and even reaches down to hereditary taints and removes all traces of the poison and saves the victim from the pitiable consequences of this monster scourge. As long as a drop of the virus is left in the blood, it is liable to break out, and there is danger of transmitting the disease to others. S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable and can be taken without any injurious effects to health, and an experience of nearly fifty years proves beyond doubt that it cures Contagious Blood Poison completely and permanently. Write for our "Home Treatment Book," which describes fully the different stages and symptoms of the disease.

BLOOD POISON IS NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS

SSS

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

DR. LYON'S French Periodical Drops

Strictly vegetable, perfectly harmless, sure to accomplish DESIRED RESULTS. Greatest known female remedy. Price, \$1.50 per bottle.

CAUTION Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine is put up only in paste-board cases with the similar signature on side of the bottle. Send for Circular to WILKINS & SONS, CO., Sole Agents, Cleveland, Ohio.

Sold by TEMPLE-MARSTON DRUG CO.

Special Low Week End Rates

from points on THE ATLANTIC COAST LINE to Seaside Resorts. Tickets on sale Saturday, good returning including Monday following, attractive schedules, unsurpassed service. Fare from Kinston to Norfolk, Va., Old Point, Va., Ocean View, Va., and Portsmouth, \$4.50. Virginia Beach, Va., \$4.75. Wilmington, N. C., \$3.

SUMMER TOURIST TICKETS to Mountain and Seaside Resorts limited for return passage to Oct. 31st, on sale until Sept. 30th.

Special Occasions via A. C. L.

Annual Meeting Grand Lodge B. P. O. E., Baltimore, Md., July 21-23. Round trip from Kinston via A. C. L. and all-rail, party of 25 or more, \$10.10. Individual fare, \$11.10.

Round trip from Kinston via A. C. L. and steamer, party of 25 or more, \$7.70. Individual fare, \$8.70.

Round trip from Goldsboro via A. C. L. and all rail, party of 25 or more, \$9.80. Individual fare, \$10.80.

Round trip from Goldsboro via A. C. L. and steamer, party of 25 or more, \$9.80. Individual fare, \$10.80.

Tickets on sale July 18th to 20th, inclusive; good returning until July 25th, 1903. Tickets must be deposited with Joint Agent and a fee of 25 cents paid. Limit extended to July 31, upon payment of \$1.

For full particulars, rates, etc., call on Ticket Agent or write

H. M. EMERSON, Traffic Manager. W. J. CRAIG, General Pas. Agent. WILMINGTON, N. C.

JOB PRINTING

Letter Heads, Note Heads, Envelopes, Bill Heads, Statements, Circulars, Cards.

Get Prices on Anything You Need.

Rheumacide

Continues to make Miraculous Cures

READ THIS LETTER: ALMOST A MIRACLE.

DILLON, S. C., Aug. 19th, 1903.

Gentlemen—In September, 1896, I took rheumatism a very bad form. It continued to grow worse until my arms and hands were badly swollen. I could not get up. My legs were drawn back until my feet touched my hips. I was as helpless as a baby for nearly two months. The soles of my shoes and feet were hard and shrivelled up. I suffered death many times over. Was attended by six different physicians in Dillon, South Carolina, but none of them could do me any good, until Dr. J. P. Taylor of Dillon, South Carolina, told me to try your "RHEUMACIDE." He got me one bottle of the medicine and I began to take it and before the first bottle was used up, began to get better. I used two and a half bottles and was completely cured. That was two years ago, and my health is now as good as ever. I have had no symptoms of rheumatism. I regard "RHEUMACIDE" as by far the best remedy for the rheumatism of the market. I cannot say too much for it. I have recommended it to all my friends and to all my neighbors.

Will say further, that I began to work in about six days after I began to take "RHEUMACIDE" with the first cure. In about three months after I began to take it, I could walk as good as anybody, and went back to work again.

Very truly,
JAMES WILKINSON

All Druggists, or sent express prepaid on receipt of \$1.00.
Robbitt Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

J. E. HOOD, DRUGGIST, KINSTON, N. C.