

# THE DAILY FREE PRESS.

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DANIEL T. EDWARDS, Editor.

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"LET US HAVE PEACE AND DO OUR WORK."

The following from the Biblical Recorder makes mighty good reading just at this time. It is an interview with one of our most honored citizens and statesmen, and can be studied with a considerable degree of profit.

The Recorder says: Having served his people as soldier of the Confederacy, governor, minister plenipotentiary and United States senator, Hon. Thomas J. Jarvis is spending a hale old age in the practice of his chosen profession, the law. No man living has lived more closely to our people than he; nor has any man loved them more warmly or been more faithful to them.

Last week he was in Raleigh, a guest of Governor Aycock. The editor of the Recorder was fortunate enough to obtain an interview with him.

"Our people," said he, "are no longer disposed to sit down and let things go on. They are restless, ready to take a hand; this is an evidence of our progress in education. There is a new sense abroad of individual self-confidence."

"But there is one thing that distresses and puzzles me. It is the extreme sensitiveness that we have worked up on the race question. If a fool negro does a fool thing, we all charge it against the entire race, put it in the papers and have a dreadful time about it. And if a white man happens to say a fool thing, we make it into a great matter and are ready to fly at one another's throats about it. Now where is the sense in this?"

"It is distressing. It is injurious. You cannot make progress in such a state of mind. Your churches can do nothing and your schools less under such circumstances."

"Have our papers nothing to write about except the negroes? Have we nothing to do but talk and fuss and solve problems?"

"Why, from '76 to '96 we had no such sensitiveness. There was peace between the races. But now, since we have eliminated the negro from politics, we seem to be disposed to throw away the fruits of that great work. We are foolishly doing ourselves great harm. We are like a drunken people. It will be far better for us if we drop these matters. They are not important, and we put ourselves in a bad light by making so much of them. Let us think about other things, and let the fools alone. Let us think on the things that make for peace and prosperity."

We asked the ex-governor for permission to print these remarks, in hope that they will appeal to the sense of our soberer readers and bring about somewhat of calm. "Why certainly," said he; "I have said to you what I would say to a thousand people in North Carolina if I had them before me. Let us have peace and do our work."

The above is a check full of sentiments that will not fail to command the approval of thinking men. Let us get down to something that will, in the language of governor Jarvis, "make for peace and prosperity."

Last week while the editor was in attendance upon the midwinter meeting of the North Carolina Press Association the decision of the trustees was reached and comment thereon was made in this paper. We do not now propose to re-open that subject, but there was an attendant incident that does demand some attention. It was reported that the students of the college handed the editor of the News and Observer in effigy. The affair was condemned and justly so. Burnings and hangings may have come down through the ages as a means of expressing disapproval. But that does not tend to command them to our sense of decency and order.

But now the information comes that the "lynching" was perpetrated by only three students of the three hundred on The Park. It is said that the deed was done at a late hour at night, probably about one or two o'clock, by these three boys who were "out on a lark." This much should be said in justice to Trinity students, that the entire student body may not be censured for the foolish acts of three members.

It is said that two kinds of polygamy are practiced in the United States—simultaneous polygamy in the west, and successive polygamy in the east. In the west it is sanctioned by their religion, and in the east by divorce courts. To say the least, the westerners have a more respectable sanction than have the easterners.

Certainly newspaper correspondents are going to leave the A. & N. C. if they can. But hadn't they better wait till we know more of those circumstances that will govern the road's future prospects?

We are going to have some trouble yet down there in the isthmus; Colombia is not going to turn loose without a struggle of some kind.

CASITORA

He had remembered. She knew that he had by the look in his eyes, that

## THE FIRST BRIDESMAID

By IZOLA L. FORRESTER

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It was late when Eleanor arrived. There was a hum of voices and rustle of soft gowns in the long white and gold double parlors. She caught a glimpse of palms and smilax and tall clusters of lilies standing imperially over all.

She went upstairs hurriedly with tears in her eyes and gladness in her heart over the beauty and fitness of it all—Beatrice in her youth and bridal sweetness and the fragrance and flowers everywhere, with the plenitude of the springtide—and only a few short months ago the hope and promise had been her own.

They had planned it together, Rex and she, those first happy days when their love had been so wonderful in its newborn strangeness. The wedding was to be just after Easter, when all was white lilies and opening buds. It was the only true time of the year for brides. Rex had said, when the bride herself was young and fair as one of the golden hearted lilies.

And it had ended before even the storms of February had passed. She had almost forgotten the cause. It had been so trivial—a word dropped in jest of an old sweetheart whom he had met by chance at a reception. He had said



"I AM NOT ANGRY," SHE SAID ALMOST EAGERLY

laughingly that she was prettier than ever, and Eleanor had been tired and petulant and had answered in a few sharp words regretted as soon as spoken.

She had just time to catch a glimpse of herself in the mirror of the bridesmaids' dressing room. Beatrice was dark and had chosen her attendants for their fairness. They were dressed in white and green and carried great shower bouquets of lilies of the valley, her favorite flower.

The wedding party formed in the library. Eleanor was first bridesmaid on the right. She held her flowers closely, her heart beating fast as the soft, slow strains of the wedding march sounded. Beatrice's little cousins, Nannie and Ess, were leading the way with broad white satin ribbons to form an aisle through the parlors. To the first bridesmaid, as she followed them demurely through a mass of blossoms and bright faces, it almost seemed as if it were all for her and Rex, and suddenly, as they reached the bower of lilies and palms in the south bay window, she glanced up and met his gaze as he stood opposite her beside the bridegroom.

"How white you are, Nell," some one whispered as she moved to her place. "It is the odor of the lilies," she answered, and wondered if any one saw the tears in her eyes.

It was not fair, Beatrice should have told her he would be there. She wondered if he, too, was thinking of what might have been. Against her will she looked at him again.

Beatrice was speaking, her voice low and sweet and tremulous. "For better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do us part."

The glorious, sacred words thrilled her with the fullness of their meaning. This was the vow she would have taken for love of him. Her love had been strong enough then. As she gazed at him she knew it was as strong now.

"Till death do us part." And she had thrown aside her troth as carelessly as the lilies would be cast aside when their color and fragrance were gone.

It was over before she realized it. She kissed Beatrice, standing, tall and slender and proud eyed, in her white satin beside her husband, and went out into the library, away from the crush of people and the laughter and gawky. It was quiet in the cool, deserted room. There would be an interval of a few minutes before the reception, and she hoped she would not be missed. A divan stood in one corner, half concealed by a tall Persian screen, and she sought its shelter instinctively.

He had remembered. She knew that he had by the look in his eyes, that

there was a look of recognition, a look of regret there, merely grave, disinterested recognition. She closed her eyes as if to keep back the tears that filled them, and laid her head on the pile of soft cushions back of her. The shower bouquet fell on the rug at her feet. She did not care. It all seemed a mockery of their love and faith and broken troth—the gladness of another's bridal and they two meeting as strangers.

Some one entered the room; hesitated and walked deliberately over to the screened divan. She knew his step before he stood beside her.

"Mrs. Langdon sent me to find you," he said. "She wants you."

How queer it was to hear Beatrice called Mrs. Langdon. She almost had to think a moment to know whom he meant.

"I will come at once," she answered, and stooped for the flowers.

He lifted them for her, and their hands met.

"Nell!" he exclaimed as he saw that she had been crying. "Nell, what is it?"

"She tried to be dignified and brave. 'Nothing, nothing at all. Please go away.'"

"You've been crying."

"Please go away."

"I won't. At least, not until I know what the trouble is."

She was silent.

"Is it because I am here, and you are angry?"

"I am not angry," she said almost eagerly. "Not a bit. Only—"

"Only what?"

"I didn't expect to see you," she faltered, not meeting his gaze. "And when I did see you—why, it was just unexpected; that was all."

"Did you come here to cry over the unexpected?"

She rose indignantly. He did not have the slightest right in the world to question her so. She would not listen to it.

"I wish to go to Mrs. Langdon, please," she said.

"Don't go, Nell. She doesn't want you very much. I asked where you were, and she told me to find you. It was I who wanted you really."

"But I want to go."

He bent toward her with pleading eyes.

"Nell, didn't it make you think of anything else—Nell, the flowers and music and what they were saying? Why, when I heard Langdon saying all that about love and cherish and forsake and all the rest of it I just wanted to gather you up in my arms before everybody and say them too. Didn't it make you remember? Didn't you almost wish it were you and me, sweetheart?"

She bowed her head over the lilies in silence.

"I didn't mean to tell you," he went on. "I only wanted to see you alone and speak to you and hear your voice, don't you understand? It isn't an appeal or regrets, Nell. I wouldn't bother you with that sort of thing. It's only the remembrance of it all and wish it had been you and me, dear."

He stood aside to let her pass, but she did not move, only looked at him with the old love in her eyes.

"I'm glad you came, Rex," she said softly. "I wished it too."

Strict Etiquette.

A youthful officer in the United States navy is inclined to be very exact in the observance of etiquette prescribed by regulations. The New York Tribune relates how this tendency led one such officer to rebuke his own father, who is also an officer.

The son, soon after he had received his first commission, was on duty at the New York navy yard, and the father, who had the command of a vessel that had just been put into commission, was anxious to get his provisions on board that he might get away on his cruise. As the captain was passing through the navy yard to call on the commandant of the station, he saw his son, in uniform, walking toward his headquarters in the storehouse and shouted "Henry!" two or three times, but did not receive any response.

Finally the son turned about and said in a dignified tone:

"Are you addressing me, sir?"

"Yes," replied the father. "I sent in a requisition for my stores, and I wish you would hurry it through so that I can have the things delivered as promptly as possible, for I am anxious to get to sea."

"Very well," replied the young officer. "I will look into the matter, but please bear in mind that when I am on duty I am to be addressed as mister or by my usual title. When I am at home or at some unofficial affair I am Henry or anything you please."

That the father recognized the propriety of this fine distinction was shown afterward by his often telling the story at his own expense.

A Hopeless Case.

A Mr. X. wished to have a telephone put in his house, but his aged mother vigorously protested against it.

"Robert," she said, "if you bring one of those dreadful things in here I'll never close my eyes for fear it may break out and sweep us all into eternity and us not a bit the wiser."

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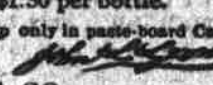
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