

The Holiday Death List.

Charlotte Observer.
Knoxville, Tenn., Dec. 25.—Christmas week in the eastern section of Tennessee has been an unusually bloody one. Tragedies reported thus far are:

At Newport, Tenn., to-day, Robert Knewles, a special policeman, tried to arrest William Allen for drunkenness. A scuffle ensued, Allen fell on top, and Knewles pulled a pistol, shooting Allen through and through. Allen lived two hours.

Near Del Rio, Tenn., Ike Murray and Luke Norton, brothers-in-law, literally shot each other to pieces, using pistols and shotguns. Norton, it is said, while drunk, went to Murray's home and created a disturbance. The shooting followed.

Near Strah, Tenn., Alexander Wright, who had returned from Missouri to visit his wife, who has been living with her parents near that place, called her from church and emptied the contents of his pistol in her body. She is still alive but cannot live. Jealousy was the cause. Wright is still at large and says he will not be taken alive. He told friends that he has five others to kill and then he will be ready to die.

At Isabella, Polk county, John Hall is charged, shot and killed his brother-in-law W. M. Crowder. The latter's dead body was found in a public road this morning. A woman of bad character is mixed up in the case. She says Hall did the shooting.

Luthey Wallace, aged 20, shot and killed Lee Eldridge, a prominent man of Holston Valley, this afternoon, using a shotgun. Wallace, while intoxicated broke into the postoffice at Harris, Tenn., this morning. A warrant was placed in the hands of Deputy Sheriff White, who deputized Eldridge to assist in making the arrest. Wallace surprised the two men and after killing Eldridge made his escape, going into Virginia.

Elizabeth City, Dec. 25.—One of the most horrible and unfortunate crimes which has occurred in this section was the killing to-day of Mr. Stevens, baggage master on the Virginia & Carolina, Coast Railroad and whose home is it Suffolk, Va. As the regular south-bound passenger train was passing through an open field near Hobbsville, a small station about twenty-five miles north of here, five men were seen standing near the track, one of whom fired into the train and young Stevens, who was standing at one of the windows of the rear coach, received the entire load in the mouth, killing him instantly.

The train was stopped as soon as possible, and run back to the spot where the men were seen standing, but they had escaped to the woods.

Winston-Salem, Dec. 25.—News was received this afternoon of the killing of Mr. William Christopher, a prominent Stokes county farmer, by Harden Moore, colored, which occurred at Pine Hall in Stokes county, 30 miles north of here on the Norfolk & Western Railway at noon to-day. The particulars of the tragedy could not be learned.

A tickling cough, from any cause, is quickly stopped by Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. And it is so thoroughly harmless and safe, that Dr. Shoop tells mothers everywhere to give it without hesitation even to very young babes. The wholesome green leaves and tender stems of a lung-healing mountainous shrub, furnish the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. It calms the cough, and heals the sore and sensitive bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Simply a resinous plant extract, that helps to heal aching lungs. The Spaniards call this shrub which the Doctor uses, "The Sacred Herb." Demand Dr. Shoop's. Take no other. J. E. Shell's Druggist.

A Happy New Year.

Said the child to the youthful year:
"What hast thou in store for me?
O giver of beautiful gifts, what cheer,
What joy dost thou bring with thee.

A great many of us make the mistake of thinking that happiness depends on what the New Year will bring to us. But the right kind of happiness is just the other way round, and depends entirely on what we bring to the New Year.

People who are really happy are those who make up their minds to take cheerfully everything as it comes, and make the best of it; and to take the people who come, too, and make the best of them.

"I never get a chance of making nice friends," I heard a girl say the other day.

Of course, it is possible that this girl may have been peculiarly unfortunate in the people with whom she has come in contact; but I think it is far more likely that in some way or other she has never learned the secret of making the best of people, and so they do not show to her their nicest side.

For, after all, there is a "nice to everyone, if one can only come across it. "It is hard if out of a million people you cannot find half a dozen to your liking." William Hazlitt once said to a friend who had come to live in London. And surely it is equally hard if, out of all the people a woman has run across in the course of a life of twenty years, she has not found half a dozen who are "nice." It certainly suggests that the fault may be in her, rather than in the other people, doesn't it?

So let us all make up our minds that at least we will have a happy New Year as far as we can make it so; and that even if worries and troubles come, as come they must, we will meet them bravely, and try to find out if perhaps even these may not have a bright side. Madame Guyon once wrote: "Ah, if you only knew the peace of an accepted sorrow!"

An accepted sorrow! Well, and how about an accepted worry! It is while we struggle and fight against things that they fret us so. When we accept and try to make the best of them the worst sting is gone.

And there is another side of the question, too, that ought to appeal to us in these beauty-loving days. There is no more wearing work than worrying and fretting. These things leave their ugly finger marks even on the fairest face, taking away something from its beauty and serenity; for a week of fretful worrying and complaining will dig deeper and uglier wrinkles than months of life faithfully and cheerfully lived.

So let us start this New Year determined that however we may have wasted and misused former years, we will at least try to do better and be better in this; that we will do our utmost not only to be happy ourselves, but to make other people happy, too.

And if we do! Well, when we stand on the farther shore and look back at it, we shall be able to do so without regret, and we shall realize that it was in the truest sense a Happy Year.

This is the season of decay and weakened vitality; good health is hard to retain. If you'd retain yours, fortify your system with Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea, the surest way 35c, Tea or Tablets. Dr. Kent's Drug Store and Granite Falls Drug Co.

The Republicans of Tennessee are reported to be smoking the pipe of peace. The chances are however, that some irreconcilable has loaded it, and the fun will happen when the fire reaches the powder.—Bristol Herald Courier.

The Blizzard.

Exchange.
In the winter of 1856-7, on the 12th day of January, a blizzard struck this country such as was never seen before nor has been seen since. The night before was calm and clear. It was cold but not extra cold. The moonshine was over all with ordinary brilliance. There was no indication of a blizzard.

On the morning of the 12th when old gentlemen in the farm houses over the country awoke and called "Boys!" in a tone that made the boys jump: the boys opened their eyes on a howling blizzard. The wind was sailing high and a fine, powdery snow was sifting in wherever it could pass. It was cold as an arctic day.

Before it passed, a train on the North Carolina railroad between Salisbury and Raleigh was choked up and snowed under in true western style, and it took some days to extricate it. Passengers had to hustle to a farmer's house for something to eat. People froze out in this blizzard, many a one. One man who lived in some town, and who had a farm some miles out, thought he had better go to his farm to see how things were. He went in a buggy with another man. They were found later, the horse froze in his tracks and the two men sitting upright, stiff as statues, so completely frozen that blood spewed out of their faces like the ice does out of the ground on cold mornings.

Once a week thereafter for eight weeks snows fell before any of the other snows got off the ground.

With almost every snow came enough rain and sleet to make a crust, a trap for all the deer, because their sharp hooves struck through and the dogs and men killed them, killed them every one almost.

There have never been any deer in this section since that winter.

Other wild things perished and froze. Birds of all kinds could be found in fence corners and along the bottom rails where the snow melted, in enormous numbers Rabbits hopped about in day time, and possums, and all wild things grew tame, and shivered and died for lack of food. The rivers froze so that wagons passed over as on a bridge. It was a terrible time. Finally in March there came a real warm spell and the ice melted. People on the rivers never heard such poppings and grindings and squeaking and all sorts of noises as they did when the ice broke up.—E.

Death of Mr. Warlick.

News Herald.
Mr. E. P. Warlick, a well known citizen and farmer of Burke county, died at his home near Morganton Friday night, aged about 70 years. He leaves a wife and two daughters, Misses Addie and Fannie Warlick. The funeral was conducted from Quaker Meadows Presbyterian church Saturday morning, attended by a large concourse of relatives and friends who held him in high esteem. Mr. Warlick was a thrifty, well-to-do man and leaves quite a large estate.

Whenever you feel that your stomach has gone wrong, or when you feel that it is not in good order as is evidenced by mean headaches nervousness, bad breath, and belching, take something at times, and especially after your meals until relief is afforded. There is nothing better offered the public to-day for stomach troubles, dyspepsia, indigestion, etc., than KODOL. This is a scientific preparation of natural digestants combined with vegetable acids and it contains the same juices in every healthy stomach. KODOL is guaranteed to give relief. It is pleasant to take; it will make you feel fine by digesting what you eat. Sold by J. E. Snell, Dr. Kent and Granite Falls Drug

John Laney Suicides.

Mr. Laney had been acting rather strange for some time, and his wife and family had been watching him, fearing he might do himself harm. He had a shot gun, but no cartridges for it, as they thought, on Monday before Christmas his wife and oldest boy, 12 or 14 years of age, came to Lenoir, leaving him and 3 other children at home. Some time after she left he picked up his gun and told his oldest daughter that he was going to the store and get some cartridges and kill some squirrels. She asked him not to go, something might happen, he said no, there was no danger, and showed her that there was no cartridge in the gun and started saying he would be back in a few minutes. She watched him and saw him turn up a path which passed by an old empty house. He had only been out of her sight a few minutes when she heard a gun fire and upon investigation she found him lying on the floor of this old empty house and she went for their nearest neighbors, Mr. H. N. Suddreth, who lives only a few hundred yards from the house. Mr. Suddreth, with one or two other men found him dead, the load of shot had entered just under the chin and ranging upward, breaking his neck and crushing the back part of his skull. He had tied a small string to the trigger and to his foot, and laid down placed the muzzle of the gun under the chin and pulled the trigger with his foot, the string was still on the toe and tied to the trigger when he was found.

The body was not touched till the coroner arrived. The widow was notified while in Lenoir and her grief was pathetic and touching.

Coroner H. D. Clark was notified and he summoned a jury of six good men: Messrs. L. H. Laxton, R. A. McDade, J. H. Barlow, J. M. Beach, H. N. Suddreth and R. L. Barlow. After investigating the affair, found it a clear case of suicide.

Mr. Laney was a good citizen, thrifty and industrious and had good property. No cause is assigned for his rash deed unless his mind became impaired from the effects of an accident which injured one of his legs some time ago and kept him hobbled up for a short time. He lived near Kings Creek this county.

Elkville and Blackstone.

Miss Kate Smith is visiting friends and relatives near Lenoir this week.

Mr. J. H. Isbell, of Boomer is attending Christmas with his parents Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Isbell of this place.

Miss Lillie Horton spent last week with her sister Mrs. W. J. Lenoir of Lenoir.

Mr. W. F. F. Palmer and family spent Christmas with Mr. Arthur Greer.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Smith returned home this week from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Sherill near Lenoir.

Mr. Bruce Isbell of Lenoir who has been spending some time with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Isbell, returned home last week. SANDY.

Thousands of men and women in all walks of life are suffering from kidney and bladder troubles. Don't neglect your kidneys. Delays are dangerous. DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills afford quick relief for all forms of kidney and bladder trouble. A week's treatment 25c. Sold by J. E. Shell, Dr. Kent and Granite Falls Drug Co.

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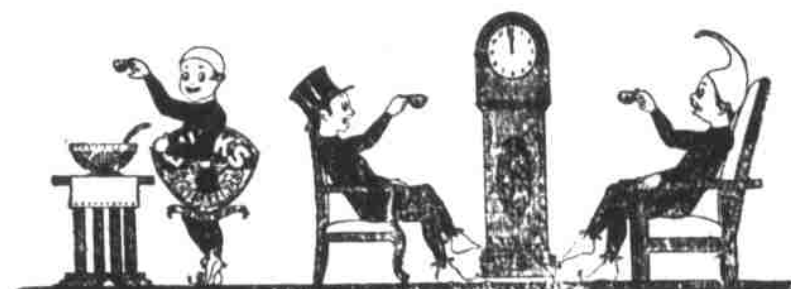
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ASSETS AND RESPONSIBILITY OVER \$300,000.



A Happy New Year With The Plucky Pixies.

"Here's to 1908, may it be the happiest year of your life so far" is the New Year toast of the Plucky Pixies to you. You can start the year right by resolving to buy at our store, we will not disappoint you. Our goods were bought for people with a wealth of good taste, but not necessarily so in money. Consequently our attractive prices and liberal terms.

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