

WHAT THE BLUE MARK MEANS

A blue mark here this week means that you owe as much as one dollar for your paper, and that you are requested to make a payment as soon as you can.

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Why The Preacher Refused To Serve.

A story of the present day that, a few years hence, will read like a fairy tale.

Now and then, I get hold of something which even the papers chance to miss. The Courier does not know it; but Bro. Haymore is not going to be pastor at Elmgrove church next year. The change of pastors has come about circuitously, but it has come, all the same. Those who voted against Bro. Haymore outnumbered those who voted for him; and this is about enough to move any man. I learn, however, that the opposition worked secretly, and mustered all their forces on the voting day, while Haymore's friends remained in ignorance of the conditions, and many of them were not even present at the meeting. I really believe that those who fight against a thing always show more zeal than those who fight for it. However, Bro. Haymore's friends should have been on hand. If not there, it is too late now to kick against what the church did. They might give themselves a few wholesome kicks for being absent. I have a design of a machine for kicking one's self, and shall be glad to send it to any of the Elmgrove brethren who will use it—that is, to any of the absentees on the voting day. It can be easily set up, and is guaranteed to do good work.

As the conference day—the miserable day of the annual call—was drawing nigh, the opposition to Bro. Haymore increased. Just at the Slabtown cross roads where Johnston's store is, the Elmgrove folks came together on Saturday, and the mischief was done right there. A dozen of the brethren were present. At first, no one seemed bold enough to speak out, for they feared the people, but when Lijah Lowndes came back from the rear of the store, his breath had a mighty ornery smell to it—a strong cross between onions and gassoline—and his courage had risen too. Bro. Haymore was the topic of talk. Lijah broke right in and said:

"I'll tell you my opinions, mens, though I ain't heard the drift of yer argyment. We don't want no politics mixed up with our religion, and ef Bro. Haymore didn't play politics this summer, I ain't no judge. He was chuck full ov ever thing a man could say against the de spensary, and it was jest sech fellows as him that knocked the thing out. Nor that ain't all agen him by a long jump. I'm sick and tired 'bein' begged to death. I love to go to mestin' to sing and hear preachin'; but I can't stand to have a collectin' hat stuck under my nose ever' time I turn my head round. I've jest got to where I'm ready to wish that the last of them heathens was in the bottom o' the sea. May be a man ought to be axed for a little mite along the fall season, jest to keep the church agoin', but the rest of the yer, he ought to go unmolested, and allowed to worship in peace. So, as fer me, I'm going to give my vote agen Bro. Haymore on the third Sunday con-fer-ence, as sure as my name is Lijah Lowndes."

Just as Lijah ended Sam Askins stepped forward. Sam is the neighbor hood jack-leg, and does all sorts of repair work in wood or iron. Some people say that Sam can't be beat; and, in a big city, would rise to the top in the jack leg profession. Emboldened by Lijah, Sam chimed in:

"You've spoke jest my mine, Lije. We want a man that's cheaper than Bro. Haymore, though agen him as a man I haven't much to say, more'n that he's too extravagant. I could have built them pews for less than half the money the church paid for 'em, and made 'em jest as strong; but Bro. Haymore believes in big doin', and had to order them from some furreign place. Then, too, he says now, sence the pews is come, we must have a stove in the meeting house. I'll bet my hat, we can't get one fer less'n twelve dollars, an' these poor people round here ain't able to put up with so much expensiveness. I'm a countin' on him to set up a lookin' glass fer the women 'fore he gets through with his buyin. I know what I'm a sayin.' Some few o' the women may raise a row, but my vote goes fer Bro. Carter, no soener'n I get a chance to drop it in the hat. We don't want no quarter horse fer a preacher, and the way to make him come to his shucks is to trade him off."

Old man Ruby Miles had been sitting on a log during all this church conference talk. He too had a grudge against the pastor, but had never said much. He had just grown lax, and refused to go regularly to meeting, and now and then hinted that old Elmgrove church was going down. But the way was open now. Others had spoken, and he could speak. The whole pack generally opens when one leading dog barks. So old Bro. Ruby began:

"I haint a word to speak agin' what you brethren says; but the real troubles lays deeper. Ever sence the days of Reverend Samuels 'fore the War Elmgrove is been havin' preachin' on the fourth Sunday. This naborhood was as use to fourth Sunday preachin' as they was to goin' to mill on Saddy. It pleased everybody, and not a soul ever pestered about changin' the preachin' time tell Bro. Haymore riz up one day, and said we'd change to the third Sunday. As fer me, I ain't been able to take much interest in Elmgrove church frum that time to this. An' one mislied always calls for another. At the last meetin' he says, says he, that we were three or four hundred in number, and ought to have preachin' twict a month. I seen through it at once. He wants more pay. But he can't throw san' in my eyes. One good sermon a month is all any man can take care of in summer, the stock is too tired to drive, an' in winter the weather is too onelement. I've about fixed it in my mine to vote fer the Reverend Carter."

And so it was that Rev. Carter received more votes than Rev. Haymore.

The result is—as old Bro. Ruby puts it—Elmgrove is going to work on a more equinomial plan next year. I guess it will be as he says. Economy of all sorts will prevail, and Elmgrove will grow close and hide-ound. Bro. Haymore will have to move on. This caucus at the crossroads was held among the pillars of the church.

It spread rapidly among all the disgruntled members. As the voting day drew nigh, when one of these kickers met another in the big road, his parting word was, "Be sure'n come out next Sunday." Bro. Carter received more than half the votes, and

Bro. Haymore was defeated. I'm sorry to have to write these facts. As long as Bro. Haymore was pastor at Elmgrove, I used to get a little money now and then for the old preachers, but next year, the equinomial brother will be in charge—Bro. Carter—a man who has never yet sent one copper up this way for the preachers. The outlook is sad. Alas, for Elmgrove and all the other groves when they set out to be equinomial.—The Baptist Courier.

Night-Riders on a Rampage

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 28.—Farmers were forming today in Mason county today to battle with the night riders, who are again at work. Bloodhounds were today put on the track of the band that shortly after midnight attempted the homes of Benjamin Longnecker and Samuel Friz. For a month some raids have been frequent, but in the last few days there had been a cessation. That this was only temporary is shown by the latest outrages.

In the Longnecker affair a band of 25 armed men, attacked the farmer's home, and riddled it with bullets. The band surrounded the Fritz house. Fritz prepared to defend himself and family and barricaded himself in the house. After firing on it the night riders broke in the door with an axe and gave the farmer a warning. In escaping, one member of the party got entangled in a wire fence and his trousers were torn off. He also lost a hat. Through these it is believed the blood hounds will be successful.

MUELLER KILLED SEVEN WOMEN.

This is Statement of One of His Wives to New York Police.

New York, Oct. 28.—"I have killed seven women, and I will kill you too."

That was the threat and confession made by Otto Mueller, alias Frederick Gebhardt to his wife, according to a statement by her today. The police declared that they are sure of proving Gebhardt one of the most brutal fiends discovered in a decade.

Gebhardt was haunted by the memories of his crimes. In his ears the death cries of his victims rang, tormenting him till in his sleep he cried, "prison" and "police."

"He would jump out of bed," said Mrs. Gebhardt today, "and run to a window, where he would watch for hours, as if he feared some one were after him. When I asked questions, he would threaten to kill me, waving a knife or choking me. I have killed seven other women, and you'd be only one more," he cried. He told me he was making a grave for me when he dug up an onion bed in the yard of our home.

"When he took me to the woods where he had slain Anna Luther he was prepared to murder me, too, I know. But his nerve failed. He choked me and raved when I refused to sell my lots. He was plotting my death—the only thing that prevented him was the fear that the neighbors had heard my cries. But he would have done it in time. His arrest saved my life."

Won't Slight a Good Friend.

"If ever I need a cough medicine again I know what to get," declares Mrs. A. L. Alley of Beals, Mo., "for, after using ten bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, and seeing its excellent results in my own family and others, I am convinced it is the best medicine made for Coughs, Colds and lung trouble." Every one who tries it feels just that way. Relief is felt at once and its quick cure surprises you. For Bronchitis, Asthma, Hemorrhage, La-Grippe, Croup, Sore Throat, pain in chest or lungs its supreme. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Ascherf Drug Co.

Helped Hold a Victim of Hydrophobia and in Danger of the Disease.

Raleigh Dispatch, 27th.

Today Mr. William G. Rouse, of La Grange, arrived here for treatment by Dr. Shore, the State Pasteur expert, his case being by far the most interesting yet treated. Last Friday he was asked by the father of a youth of 19, a neighbor, who was dying of hydrophobia, to help him hold his son. The other people in the neighborhood who had been asked to help would not go and some fled. Rouse was dead game and undertook the dangerous duty. He says that he believes if he had not helped the father the latter would have been killed by his son, whose struggles were something terrible to see and whose strength was great, being large and very strong naturally, and the disease giving him undue strength. The face and hands of the dying youth were covered with saliva and he scratched Rouse on the hand and arm. There were unmistakable symptoms of hydrophobia. Last May the young man was bitten, but no attention was paid to the matter and four days before his death the dreaded disease gripped him hard and he never slept a moment from that time. He did not bite but scratched. Sometimes he was partly conscious, but had crazy ideas, thinking he was being attacked and fighting savagely.

This is the third death from hydrophobia in North Carolina this year, in face of the fact that treatment, perfectly certain in its results, is provided by the State at Raleigh. In the early summer a negro boy died near Rocky Mount, and near Wilson a little white boy who had been bitten by a stray dog also died, simply because his people did not think anything of the bite.

If people can pay for the treatment the charge is \$50, but if they cannot pay there is no charge.

ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

Dr. J. R. Paddison, With Appendicitis, Weds Miss Zora Sapp. Greensboro Record.

Dr. J. R. Paddison, resident physician of Oak Ridge Institute who was brought to St. Leo's Hospital Tuesday evening suffering from an attack of appendicitis, was engaged to be married November 9th to Miss Zora Sapp, of Kernersville, but this morning when the attending surgeons insisted upon an operation today, Dr. Paddison and his fiance held a consultation, which resulted in a plan to be married at once.

Naturally the young lady wanted to be with him during his illness and they dispatched a messenger to the office of the registrar of deeds, to procure a marriage license and another messenger was sent after a minister.

These preliminaries being over the ceremony was performed at 10 o'clock by Rev. E. K. McLarty in the presence of the surgeons attendance upon Dr. Paddison and a few friends of the young couple, whose courtship thereby culminated so romantically. Dr. Paddison has been very ill with appendicitis for several days and the surgeons decided to perform an operation this afternoon.

Dr. Paddison is a well known and popular young physician of Oak Ridge and his bride is an attractive and accomplished young woman of Kernersville. She is a sister of Mr. L. L. Sapp, of the law firm of Morehead & Sapp, and Mr. A. V. Sapp, proprietor of the Original Racket Store here.—Greensboro Exchange.

Our Jury System.

One of South Carolina's judges, signing himself "Onlooker," writes in the columns of the Columbia State relative to the weakness of our jury system. It is to be regretted that the judge did not see the wisdom of putting his name to a document which loses half of its force in the absence of identity. "Onlooker" knows what every other man knows when he discusses the glaring flaws in the manner of selecting juries. Look at the average jury anywhere in the country and see if you find more than two or three percent of intelligent business, commercial or professional men. Look closely into the make-up of juries that sit on technical cases wherein millions are sometimes involved; observe closely the personnel of the tribunal of twelve which holds in its hands the life or death of a human being, and you readily determine that our jury system in America sadly needs reform.

Professional men, men of education and judgement, even a small percentage seldom sit on a jury. Occasionally one or two breaks in for appearance's sake, but they don't count, for their presence is rare and their number small. It is such conditions as we have described that are responsible for so many miscarriages of justice. Take the Farnum case in South Carolina, for instance. No body of intelligent, honest men would have allowed Farnum to escape, but his lawyers took good care that such a jury should not have the fate of their client for disposal. As a result the world is laughing at the Farnum hoax.—Asheville Exchange.

The Church to Advertise.

New York Evening Post.

After the fashion of big business advertisers, the combined Protestant Churches of this country early in January will begin a campaign of advertising social, racial, economic, and religious problems which imperil American life and American institutions. The advertising will be in newspapers, magazines, periodicals and books and on posters and bill boards. Advertising will be inaugurated under the Home Missions Council, representing a membership of 40,000,000 or more. It will be directed to the public at large, and such topics as the labor question, the immigration problem, the negro problem, and conditions in city and town will be discussed in the advertisements.

The campaign will be conducted under the general supervision of the Rev. Charles Steigle, superintendent of the Presbyterian department of Church and labor.

Negro Baby Found in a Well.

Louisburg, Oct. 22.—While cleaning out an old well near Mr. C. G. Wood's place below Center-ville, a small town near this place, the body of a colored child was found in the well. From the condition of the body it was supposed to have been dead for some time. The coroner left here this morning to hold an inquest over the body.

Associate Justice Peckham Dead—Democrat and Cleveland Appointee.

Albany, N. Y., Dispatch, 24th.

Rufus W. Peckham, Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, died at 8:15 o'clock tonight at Coolmore, his summer home at Altamont, Albany county. Death was due to a complication of diseases, heart trouble, Bright's disease and hardening of the arteries contributing. Justice Peckham had been in ill health for some time but his condition was not considered serious until recently.

Justice Peckham was a Democrat, and before taking a seat on the bench gave considerable attention to politics in New York. He was born in Albany, N. Y., November 8, 1838 and had been on the bench, State and Federal, for 26 years. He came from the Court of appeals of his native State, a position which his father before him had occupied.

He was the last of President Cleveland's Democratic appointees to the Federal Supreme Court.

Niece of Aguinaldo in Mooresville.

Mooresville Enterprise.

Mr. R. E. Frazier left these parts in 1900, with the North Carolina band for army services in the Philippines. He spent five years in the Philippines and while there was charmed by the grace and beauty of a native Filipino, the niece of the insurgent general, Aguinaldo, and married her. Mrs. Frazier is now on a visit to Mrs. J. H. Frazier, of this place. She is the mother of three interesting children. She speaks several languages and is most entertaining.

And The Stunts Raged.

Charlotte Observer.

The prohibitionists in a Texas town stole a march most shrewdly on the antis the other day. The town had just voted in saloons, with a proviso that the licenses should be limited to a certain number. As soon as the result of the election was known anti-saloon men hustled to the city hall and took out licenses to the full limit of the law. Of course none of them will use the license obtained, so the town will be as dry as if the anti-saloon party had been successful at the polls. Hereafter when a prohibition election is held with such a proviso in the law to be voted on the saloon men will understand what that means and will hardly be caught napping as were those Texas fellows. That is a game which can hardly be played more than once. The men who engineered it this one time deserve credit for their shrewdness. Their plans were well laid and most adroitly carried out. It is a wonder that the secret was kept so well in the heat and excitement of the campaign.

We're sorry if you've tried other medicines and they failed. As a resort try Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. It's a simple remedy, but it's worked wonders, made millions well and happy. Purifies the blood, makes flesh and muscle, cleanses your system. Ascherf Drug Co. and Taylor Drug Co.

MAMMOTH BLACK PIGS

A pair of this famous breed of hogs will lay the foundation for a nice income as the pigs sell readily for cash at big prices. One that I sold dressed 978 lbs.

JOHN A. YOUNG,

Greensboro Nurseries, Greensboro, N. C.