

A Murderer's Last Words.

Exchange.
"Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"
A solemn hush fell over the crowded courtroom, and every person waited in almost breathless expectation for an answer to the judge's question.
The judge still waited in dignified silence.
Not a whisper was heard anywhere and the situation had become painfully oppressive, when the prisoner was seen to move. His head was raised, his hands were clinched and the blood had rushed into his pale, careworn face. His teeth were firmly set and into his haggard eyes came a flash of light.
Suddenly, he rose to his feet, and, in a low firm but distinct voice, said:
"I have! Your Honor, you have asked me a question, and now I ask, as the last favor on earth, that you will not interrupt my answer until I am through.
"I stand before this bar convicted of the wilful murder of my wife. Truthful witnesses have testified to the fact that I was a loafer, a drunkard and a wretch; that I returned home from one of my long debauches and fired the fatal shot that killed the wife I had sworn to love, cherish and protect. While I have no remembrance of committing the fearful cowardly and inhuman deed I have no right to complain or condemn the verdict of the twelve good men who have acted as a jury in this case, for their verdict is in accordance with the evidence.
"But, may it please the court I wish to show that I am not alone responsible for the murder of my wife.
This startling statement created a profound sensation. The judge leaned over the desk, the lawyers wheeled around and faced the prisoner, the jurors looked at each other in amazement, while the spectators could hardly suppress their intense excitement. The prisoner paused a few seconds, and then continued in the same firm, distinct voice:
"I repeat, your honor, that I am not the only one guilty of the murder of my wife. The judge on this bench, the jury in the box, the lawyers within this bar and most of the witnesses are guilty before Almighty God and will have to appear before his judgment throne, where we shall be righteously judged.
"If twenty men conspired together for the murder of one person the law power of this land will arrest the twenty, and each will be tried, convicted and executed for a whole murder and not for one-twentieth of the crime.
"I have been made a drunkard by law. If it had not been for the legalized saloons of my town I would never have become a drunkard, and I would not be here now ready to be hurled into eternity. Had it not been for the human traps set out by the consent of the government I would have been an industrious workman, a tender father, and a loving husband. But today my home is destroyed, my wife murdered and my little children—God bless and care for them—cast out on the mercy of a cold and cruel world, while I am to be murdered by the strong arm of the State in which I live.
"God knows I tried to reform, but as long as the open saloon was in my pathway my weak, diseased will power was no match against the fearful, consuming, agonizing appetite for liquor. At last I sought the protection, care and sympathy of Jesus Christ.
"For one year our town was a sober town. For one year I was a sober man. For one year my wife and children were supremely happy and our little home was a perfect paradise.
"I was one of those who signed remonstrances against reopening the saloons in our town. The names of half the jury can be found today on the petition certifying to the good moral character of these rum-sellers, and falsely saying that the sale of liquor was necessary in our town. The prosecuting attorney in this case was the one that so eloquently pleaded with the court for the license, and the judge who sits on this bench, and who asks me if I had anything to say before sentence of death is passed on me, granted the license.
The impassioned words of the prisoner fell like coals of fire upon the hearts of those present and some of the lawyers and many of the spectators were moved to tears.
The judge made a motion as if to stop any further speech on the part of the prisoner, when the speaker hastily said:
"No! no! Your honor, do not close my lips I am nearly through and they are the last words I shall utter on earth.
"I began my downward career at a saloon bar, legalized and protected by the Commonwealth which has received annually a part of the blood-money from their deluded victims. After the State had made me a drunkard and a murderer, I am taken before another bar—the bar of Justice—by the same law which legalized the first bar, and now you will conduct me to the place of execution and hasten my soul into eternity. I shall appear before another bar—the judgment bar of God—and there you who have legalized the traffic will have to appear with me. Think you that the Great Judge will hold me—the poor, weak, helpless victim of your traffic—alone responsible for the murder of my wife? Nay, I, in my drunken, frenzied irresponsible condition have murdered your thousands, and the murder mills are today in operation with your consent.
"All of you know in your hearts that these words of mine are not the ravings of an unsound mind, but God Almighty's truth. The liquor traffic of this nation is responsible for nearly all the murders, bloodshed, riots, poverty, misery, wretchedness and woe. It breaks up thousands of happy homes every year, sends the husband and father to prison or the gallows and drives countless mothers and little children into the world to suffer and die. It furnishes nearly all the criminal business of this and every other court and blasts every community it touches.
"This infernal traffic is legalized and protected by parties which you sustain by your ballots. And yet some of you are in favor of prohibiting the traffic while your ballots go in the box with those of the rum-sellers and the worst elements of the land in favor of continuing the business! Every year is given an opportunity of voting a protest against the soul-and-body destroying business and wash your hands of all responsibility of the fearful results of the liquor traffic, but you inform the government by your ballot that you are perfectly satisfied with the present condition of things and that they shall continue.
"You legalize the saloons that make me a drunkard and murderer, and you are guilty with me before God and man for the murder

of my wife.
"Your honor, I am done I am now ready to receive my sentence and be led forth to the place of execution and murdered according to the law of this State.
"You will close by asking the Lord to have mercy on my soul, I will close by solemnly asking God to open your eyes to the truth to your individual responsibility, so that you will close to give your support to this hellborn traffic."
[Suppose you read this again, and then go and vote against prohibiting if you think you ought to.—C.]

Killed in a Runaway.

St. John (Wash.) Journal.
Roby Cook a young farmer living about four miles north of this place was killed last Monday evening in a runaway.
He was 27 years, 11 mo. and 23 days old at time of death, was born in North Carolina where he lived with his parents until about three years ago when he came to this state locating in St. John.
The deceased was a young man of clean habits and was liked by all with whom he came in contact. He became a member of the Christian church last winter and was a member of the Modern Woodmen, Knights of Pythias and Brotherhood of Owls which lodges gathered at the W. S. Mott undertaking parlors and marched as an escort to the Christian church where the funeral service was held. Rev. Slick, of Tekoa, officiating.
Interment was made in the Pleasant Valley cemetery March 26th.
[Roby was a son of John C. Cook, of Blowing Rock. Mr. Cook and his family have the heartfelt sympathy of friends in Caldwell and Watauga counties.—Editor News.]

Commissioners Proceedings.

The Commissioners of Caldwell County met April 6th, all members being present.
It was ordered that the time be extended to the 1st Monday in May for advertising the delinquent tax payers and that their lands be sold on the 1st Monday in June.
The following proceedings were had, to-wit:
CLAIMS.
J. M. Smith \$10. for bridge lumber, Walter Watson \$10.80 for bridge lumber, G. W. Presnell \$20. for work on bridge, J. L. Miller \$12.20 for services as c. b. c., J. J. Roberts \$6. as deputy sheriff, J. A. Seabock \$1.64 work on court house, Citizens L. & P. Co. \$1.95 light for court house, H. T. Newland \$4. for blankets, J. M. Smith \$9. for court house crier, Bob Suddeth \$1.50 cleaning closet, E. A. Abernethy \$14.45 services as register of election, J. M. Smith 20c tax refunded, J. M. Smith \$27. serving notices on registers and judges of prohibition election, W. E. Garland \$5. for bringing prisoner to jail, J. M. Smith \$35.60 for summoning jury, J. M. Smith \$4.02 for fireman for court, Lenoir Livery Co. \$3. taking grand jury to county home, P. M. Keever \$13. for coffin, Walker, Evans & Co. \$22. records, J. M. Smith \$90. for holding court by order of the judge, J. W. Curtis c. s. c. supplies for his office and for service, W. P. Teeters \$36. for keeping county home for March, Bernhardt-Seagle Hdq. & Fur. Co. \$43.85 material for public road and bridges, P. O. Grist \$5. printing for c. b. c., Zeb Johnson \$43.48 for work on bridges, H. M. Crouch \$2.33 land sold for taxes, M. H. Tuttle \$25. for bridge lumber, Dr. C. L. Wilson \$95.60 services as county physician, E. A. Poe \$23.70 for building fence for court house, W. A. Day \$1.50 bridge lumber, M. C. Estes \$6.00 bridge lumber, Mrs. J. C. Seehorn \$35 board of jury in murder case, J. R. Setzer \$74.29 building bridge, Miller & Clarke \$22.21 coal for court house, J. W. Cottrell \$2. jury in inquest, P. McShane \$2.80 jury in inquest, T. S. Robbins \$2. jury in inquest, L. A. Robbins \$2. jury in inquest, T. M. Hawkins \$3.50 jury in inquest, W. F. Robbins, \$2. jury in inquest, H. Beall 50c witness in inquest, G. Witherspoon 50c witness in inquest, Will Jones 50c witness in inquest, Jhos. Scott 50c witness in inquest, W. Witherspoon 50c witness in inquest, G. W. Hayes \$10.80 bridge lumber, Bernhardt-Seagle Co. \$5.71 bridge material.
ORDERED.
That the Henkel Live Stock Co. be required to come before the board on first Monday in May and show cause for not listing their tax in this county.
That the new road beginning at Carroll Rabb's corner on west edge of Morganton road, running through the lands of Sam Puette, John Bost, John Tuttle and L. W. Anderson to the Morganton at foot of hill, be received.
That Harvey Austin Deappointed overseer on Mulberry road from T. W. Austin's to Setzers Gap.
That the County Surveyor and one of the County Commissioners be empowered to meet the county surveyor of Alexander county and survey the county line from the mouth of Little River to Lovelady road.
That the Sheriff summons a jury of 3 freeholders and surveyor and lay off the new public road from John Powell's at road and run with road to Mrs. Spainhour's gate, running through her land, H. L. Houck's land to a point in old road near Houck's house, then with road to creek at Millers bridge, then through the lands of Frazier and Caldwell Miller, John Robbins, Frank Miller, Miss Lucy Miller, Charlie Miller, Grant, Alex, Kelly and Wallace Dula, H. M. Kent, M. H. Tuttle, Mrs. Emely Corpening and Frank Mitchell, intersecting with the Hudson and Game-well road.
A petition from Hudson township asking for a road from Jule Bumgarner's place to John Kirby's place, ordered advertised to be heard 1st Monday in May.
Various exemptions from poll tax, etc., were made.
The Man of Prayer.
No words can describe the blessing of a soul which lives in communion with God; asking and receiving, seeking and finding, knocking and having the door opened, wrote Thomas Adam, over a century ago. For what is happiness but this? Or how can we describe it better than by saying that a man wishes for the very thing he sought and issued to have it! And such is the man of prayer, the Christian. He chooses the fountain of all happiness for his portion, and can not be disappointed of his desire. He is happy in the very act of prayer, knowing it to be the right frame of his mind, the proof of his renewed state and his capacity for receiving blessings from God.
Friday's Salisbury Post: "Mr. A. M. Eller, of Providence township, brought to Salisbury today the news of the robbery some time last Sunday of the cornerstone of Providence Methodist church. The church is a comparatively new structure, and when the cornerstone was laid, a bible, a sum of money and other articles were deposited in it. Practically everything was taken by the thief."



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