

### Another Visit From Spook.

Correspondence of The Observer.

Asheville, May 11.—The prisoners in the county jail here were given another fright last night and when Jailor Mitchell went to "feed" the inmates of the jail this morning he found the white prisoners in a state of terror. It was alleged that there had been another "visitation" last night; that a "spook" entered the white man's cage and sat on the bunk of one of the prisoners for half an hour. One of the white men told Jailor Mitchell this morning that if he was left alone in the cell he would butt his brains out against the iron. Several days ago the prisoners alleged that "spooks" visited the jail and a revival was held. Sheriff Hunter is considerably exercised over the affair and fears that with slightest opportunity the inmates of the jail would make a break for liberty. He said to-day that he would investigate thoroughly the matter.

### Oklahoma Towns Swept By Tornado.

Charlotte Chronicle.

Woodward, Okla., May 11.—A succession of tornadoes swept over the district lying 25 miles south west, south and southeast of Woodward last night, and seven towns, all without telegraphic communication, are reported damaged.

These are Grand, Arnett, Vici, mutual, Estelle, Cooley and Richmond. Casualties are reported at each place.

The known casualties are at Arnett, one killed six injured; at Vici, one fatally injured. Grand is reported wholly wrecked and the towns of Estelle and Cooley devastated.

### Moonshiners Arrested And Committed to Jail.

Winston-Salem, N. C., May 11.—Deputy Collector S. A. Sides has returned from a "raiding trip" in the counties of Wilkes and Caldwell. He was assisted by Deputy Marshals, Reynolds and Harkrader and Posseman Jennings.

The first raid was made near Holsclaw, Caldwell county. The officers found a 100 gallon copper still, thirty gallons of beer and six fermenters. The owners of the plant were absent when Uncle Sam's men called, but they took the copper on to Wilkesboro.

Near Osbornville, Wilkes county, the officers made a bigger raid, capturing a 125-gallon copper and destroying 1,800 gallons of beer. There were four men at the plant, but two of them got away. The two arrested were father and son and Deputy Collector Sides was told that the old man was an old offender—had been blockading and dodging officers for many years.

The father and son were escorted to Wilkesboro, where they were given a hearing on Saturday before a United States Marshal. They were bound over to the federal court and in default of \$500 bonds each, they were committed to jail.

### Negro Children Killed Their Father.

Special to The Observer.

Carthage, May 12.—Saturday night at Cameron, Tom Kelly, a colored brick mason, well known in this section, got into a drunken row with his family, and two of his sons nearly grown and a daughter in her teens jumped on him with all kinds of crude implements of warfare and flogged him so awfully that he died yesterday. The young patricians are now in jail here.

### More Irrigated Lands.

Exchange.

On June 1 there will be open for entry under the terms of the Carey irrigation act 75,000 acres of land in Eden valley, in Sweetwater county, Wyo. This is the remaining portion of a tract of 100,000 acres, 25,000 acres of which have already been advertised for entry by the government. The tract in question will be ready for water during the season of 1909, but will be open for entry June 1 next. The entire cost to the entryman is \$30.50 an acre, which includes the perpetual water right. An initial payment of \$3.25 an acre is required when the entry is made, the remainder being payable in ten annual installments, terms which enable the settler to pay for his land from the crops which he raises thereon. Any person twenty-one years old or over is entitled to the right of entry if he has never made use of the Carey act right. One can make entry for the land without leaving home and without having to go upon the land until after the water is turned on. Thirty days residence upon the land is required in order to obtain title. Further information relative to the conditions under which the land can be secured may be obtained by addressing the register of the public lands, Washington.

### Modesty Its Own Reward.

Exchange.

A young Irishman in want of twenty five dollars wrote to his uncle as follows:

"Dear uncle: If you could see how I blush for shame while I am writing, you would pity me: Do you know why? Because I have to ask you for a few dollars, and do not know how to express my myself. It is impossible for me to tell you. I prefer to die. I send this by messenger, who will wait for an answer. Believe me, my dearest uncle, your most obedient and affectionate nephew."

"P. S. Overcome with shame for what I have written, I have been running after the messenger, in order to take the letter from him, but I cannot catch him. Heaven grant that something may happen to stop him, or that this letter may get lost."

The uncle was naturally touched, but was equal to the emergency. He replied as follows:

"My dear Jack: Console yourself, and blush no longer. Providence has heard your prayers. The messenger lost your letter. Your affectionate uncle."

### Policeman Seriously Cut.

Murphy.—Chief of Police J. J. McDonald, while arresting Clark Jordan here this afternoon for some small disturbance, got into a scuffle with him, striking Jordan down with his club, when Bud Jordan, a son of Clarke, ran in and cut McDonald to the hollow in the back just above the heart. Bud Jordan is in jail and his father under heavy bond. McDonald's condition is serious and his recovery uncertain.

### A Boy on Clergymen.

Bishop Potter, at an ecclesiastical dinner in New York, read a Cooperstown schoolboy's essay on "Clergymen." The essay, which created much amusement, was as follows: "There are 3 kinds of clergymen bishops, rectors and curates. The bishops tell the rectors to work and the curates have to do it, a curate is a thin married man, but when he is a rector he gets fatter and can preach longer sermons and becomes a good man."

### Twin-City Girl Foils Burglar.

Daily Industrial News.

Winston-Salem, N. C., May 7.—Because she, a girl, unarmed and at first unassisted, was able to hold at bay and then drive from her a negro burglar, through sheer nerve and presence of mind, Miss Lizzie Ormsby is being rated a real heroine today. The details of the attempt at burglary, Tuesday night, as told by your correspondent in this morning's issue of the Industrial News, has become public now.

Miss Ormsby, daughter of Postmaster W. P. Ormsby, of Salem, was awakened by hearing her sisters, Misses Anna and Emma, calling her name. Upon opening her eyes she saw this marauder in the half-darkness, Miss Ormsby made no outcry.

Noisefully creeping to the foot of her bed, she turned up the light a little and springing from the bed, demanded, "What are you doing here?" Receiving no response from the negro, who took several steps toward her, raised her right hand with the index finger extended toward the burglar, and commanded, "Leave this house or I'll shoot you."

The coolness and strategy worked as the nery young lady had hoped it would. The negro apparently mistook the finger in the semi-darkness for the point of a revolver, and backed toward the door, followed by "the girl behind the gun."

Reaching the head of the stairway, Miss Ormsby was joined by her two sisters, who, having heard her words, had come out to investigate, having first, however, stopped to procure a curling iron and a long-handled button hook as the best weapons then available.

Miss Emma, who carried the curling iron, extended it toward her sisters and said: "Here sister; take my pistol."

"Mine well do," replied Miss Lizzie calmly. "Keep your gun on the prisoner." Miss Anna also leveled her weapon—the button hook—on the cowardly intruder, remarking: "Keep him going; if he stops all shoot at once."

And three abreast, with the curling iron in front, the young women proceeded to the foot of the stairs and to the front door.

Frightened and trembling, the negro was slow in unlocking the door to depart, and one of the young ladies inquired why he was so tardy. The negro then spoke for the first time since entering the house, but his words were so low that they could not be understood.

Thinking that the man was pretending that he could not unfasten the door, the sister who had asked him in regard to his delay, stepped forward to open the portal, but before she reached it the man swung it open and dashed out on the run.

### A Cure for His Trouble.

"Doctor," said the woman whose husband owed everybody in town, "John's in a very bad way. I've been trying to get him to come to see you, but he's so obstinate, you know, and so I've made up my mind to see you myself and ask whether you think you can do anything for him."

"What are his symptoms?" "Oh, he's awfully nervous. He never seems to settle down to anything."

"H'm! That's bad. That puts him in an awful predicament. When a man gets so that he can neither settle down nor settle up, the only thing I can recommend is travel. Better take what things you can move conveniently and start on a long journey sometime when nobody's looking. I won't let on."

### House of Horrors In Laaporte ind.

By United Press.

Laporte, Ind., May 7.—Sheriff Smutzer to-day notified the New York authorities to be on the lookout for Mrs. Belle Guinness, owner of the "House of Horrors," where the remains of more than a dozen bodies have been found. She is believed to be on her way to Norway or Sweden. The New York police were asked to watch all outgoing vessels. The Chicago police were asked to watch the former haunts of the woman in that city. The Sheriff is today continuing his search for bodies. He has ordered the exhumation of everything under half a dozen piles of soft dirt in the yard. He believes that twenty more bodies will be uncovered before the search ends. Evidence is piling up to show that Mrs. Guinness was the agent of a "murder trust," which operated in Chicago and shipped the bodies of slain people to her to be disposed of. States Attorney Smith to-day declared his belief in this fact and pointed to the many trunks received by the woman from Chicago as supporting the theory.

### Home Trade Philosophy.

Exchange.

If you cast your bread upon the waters it may return to you after many days, but if you cast your dollar into the mail order maelstrom it never gets back to your vicinity.

Seeing is believing, and when you see an article before you buy it you are entitled to believe that it is worth buying or to let it stay unbought if otherwise.

Farmers who send their money into the big cities to buy goods which they might just as well buy at home will find their sons following the dollar of their daddies into the great trade centers as soon as the boys grow up and will have to compromise on hired men.

If you don't like the community you live in well enough to do your trading in that community why don't you move into some community that you like better? In that case maybe somebody would take your place who would help to make it a better community to live in by helping to build it up.

Thousands of men in this country are howling down the idea of centralization of government while at the same time they are promoting the centralization of trade by spending money with the catalogue houses, which are rapidly growing more and more powerful.

A development in the religious world that is soon going to cause much discussion, is the movement toward Roman Catholicism started in Philadelphia by Rev. Dr. McGarry. Half a dozen or more Episcopalian clergymen in that city have resigned to embrace the Roman Catholic faith and in Chicago it is the same way. One of the Catholic priests in Philadelphia speaks of the movement as "a concerted effort to join the Mother Church." We will soon be hearing much about it in both press and pulpit.—Charlotte Chronicle.

### The Happiest Hour.

The Catholic Mirror.

He—"Do you remember that night I proposed to you?" She—"Yes, dear." He—"We sat for one hour, and you never opened your mouth." She—"Yes, I remember, dear." He—"Ah, that was the happiest hour of my life."

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