

Decennial Anniversary.

The completing of Bishop Horn-er's ten years service as Bishop of the Jurisdiction of Asheville, was most fittingly celebrated at Asheville last Sunday and Monday.

The Anniversary sermon was preached Sunday by Rev. John S. Moody of Hickory, and Monday evening Bishop Gaylor of Tennessee, conducted the exercises. A handsome Pictorial cross of pure gold properly engraved, was presented to the Bishop, Dr. Swope of Biltmore, making the presentation address, and a cash donation of nearly \$700 was given to the Bishop.

The scene was a touching one, the Bishop being almost overcome by emotion.

The memorial is a gift from the Bishop's many admirers (and loving friends all over the district, and is much appreciated by him. After the presentation exercises at Trinity church, a nice banquet was enjoyed at the Battery Park Hotel.

The Fiddlers' Convention.

The Annual convention of the Caldwell county Fiddlers was held last Tuesday at the Henkel Opera House. The afternoon session was not largely attended as the occasion had not been extensively advertised. The night session, however was well attended and much enjoyed. Good old time music kept the audience in a state of jolly good humor for over two hours.

Sixteen fiddlers and five banjo-ists contested for the prizes, each performer playing two selections.

The first prize for the best fiddler was awarded to H. L. Tolbert, the second to J. R. Swanson. N. G. Cozort won the prize for the most comic fiddler. A. S. Hartley was awarded the prize for the best banjoist and S. W. Reed the prize for the best dancer. "The night was filled with music and the cares that infest the day," were temporarily laid aside and everybody present had a jolly good time.

'Tis But a Little Faded Flower.

'Tis but a little faded flower,
But oh, how fondly, dear!
'Twill bring me back one golden hour
Through many a weary year,
I may not to the world impart
The secret of its power,
But treasured in my inmost heart,
I keep my faded flower.
Where is the heart that does not keep,
Within its inmost core,
Some fond remembrance, hidden deep,
Of days that are no more?
Who hath not saved some trifling thing
More prized than jewels rare—
A faded flower, a broken ring,
A tress of golden hair?

Smith - Beach.

On December 24th, at 6 p. m., a quiet wedding was solemnized at the home of Mrs. Elizabeth Beach, when her attractive daughter, Lillie, was united in marriage to Mr. Cleveland Smith. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. C. Benfield. Only the immediate relations of the bride were present.

"Near Poetry."

"I thought my Pa would injure me
By cutting down my simon tree.
He did not injure me at all,
For I had simmons all the fall.
Now this is up to A. M. Mast,
A Caldwell poet of the past;
And if he fails to take the floor,
The prize will go to J. K. Moore."

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The Lenoir News only \$1.00 year.

An Evening Enjoyed.

A large crowd of young people enjoyed the reception given by Phil Johnson last Monday evening. Entertainment had been arranged, and was carried out perfectly, amusing every one and causing eleven thirty o'clock to come early. Misses Lina Ivey, Joe Newland, Annie Shearer, Flora Rutledge, Rose Stacey, Mamie Sue Johnson, Jessie Earnhardt, Minnie Downum, Stella Cloyd, Jean Tuttle, Annie Miller, Messers Lum Andrews, Marshall Courtney, Vincian Ivey, Jeff Courtney, Lucius Stacey, Arthur Ford, John Steele, Lin Corpening, Ed Tuttle, and Christian Shell were among those who enjoyed the contests and dainty refreshment.

Culinary Horrors.

Charlotte Chronicle.
A few days ago The Chronicle told of the stir created in Philadelphia by the discovery that the bakers in that city were using rotten eggs and other offal in the preparation of bread and cakes. It would have been supposed that the city or health authorities would have put a stop to this sort of business, but not so. The bakers persist in it and even attempt to defend it. They not only refuse to discontinue the practice, but regard themselves as doing nothing wrong. The Evening Times says that what at first sight is the most surprising thing about the trade and the feature of it and the hardest to comprehend is not so much the fact that men will sell the stuff, but the fact that people can be found to buy it. That, too, ceases to be a matter of wonder when one remembers the present day rage for cheapness, the desire to appear to have that which one really has not, the eternal reaching after that just beyond one's reach, the pretences, so to say, big and little, of our modern life. It seems that cake made of foul eggs, "deodorized" by the introduction of a poisonous preservative, looks and tastes like cake made with fresh eggs. The swallowing of poison is thus the penalty paid by the poor for trying to live, with slight means, as do their more fortunate neighbors, to eat something that looks and tastes like something else, though it kills them—a characteristic of all mankind, however and not one confined to the poor. It is said that Philadelphia has no law to reach the case and the people there seem content to let the matter rest at that. The indifference of the people of Philadelphia to a condition of this kind is passing strange. No Southern city would stand it for an hour. No Southern city would be called upon to stand for it, for the bakers in the South are both civilized and human.

Beware of Frequent Colds.

A succession of colds and a protracted cold is almost certain to end in chronic catarrh, from which few persons ever wholly recover. Give every cold the attention it deserves and you may avoid this disagreeable disease. How can you cure a cold? Why not try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy? It is highly recommended. Mrs. M. White, of Butler, Tenn., says: "Several years ago I was bothered with my throat and lungs. Someone told me of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I began using it and it relieved me at once. Now my throat and lungs are sound and well." For sale by J. E. Shell, Druggist, Dr. Kent, Druggist.

The true source of happiness is to make others happy.

A smile is the brightest sunshine of the soul when clouds of trouble are gone.

Earthquake and Tidal Wave

Work Havoc and Destruction in Southern Italy.

The earthquake, followed by an immense tidal wave, that visited Southern Italy last Monday was the most appalling catastrophe of the century. Thousands dead and cities swept out of existence.

Rome, Dec. 30.—The death list from the earthquake, in Southern Italy becomes more and more appalling as the days go by. While the number of dead will probably never be known, some of the estimates late today place the list as high as 200,000 dead and doomed.

It is said that not more than half a dozen people of the city of Reggio, with a population of 45,000, survived. All the towns in the district suffered fearfully.

Warships have been dispatched by all the European countries to the scene of the disaster to render any aid possible.

The work of burying the dead goes on rapidly. Relief work is being pushed and many lives are being saved, people imprisoned in the ruins being dug out and saved. Many have lost their reason with the horror of it all.

No news has been received from any Americans who were in Messina. It will be several days before definite information concerning them can be obtained but American residents hear fear their countrymen have met a common fate.

Fires are still raging in many of the ruined towns.

A rigid enforcement of martial law has brought a semblance of order out of utter chaos at Messina but in the outlying districts complete anarchy reigns.

Messages from the warships at Messina say the rescuers are utterly swamped and will require several days to effect an adequate relief system. Pneumonia and meningitis has already broken out.

The survivors are starving in many places. The food supply has been completely destroyed. It will be several days before the rescuers will be able to reach some of the points of greatest destitution.

It is absolutely impossible to identify the hundreds of dead. The rescuers are simply gathering and burying the dead in great trenches.

If your Stomach, Heart or Kidneys are weak, try at least a few doses only of Dr. Shoop's Restorative. In five or ten days only, the result will surprise you. A few cents will cover the cost. And here is why help comes so quickly. Dr. Shoop doesn't drug the Stomach, nor stimulate the Heart or Kidneys. Dr. Shoop's Restorative goes directly to the weak and falling nerves. Each organ has its own controlling nerve. When these nerves fail, the depending organs must of necessity falter. This plain, yet vital truth, clearly tells why Dr. Shoop's Restorative is so universally successful. Its success is leading druggists everywhere to give it universal preference. A test will surely tell. Sold by J. E. Shell's Drug Store.

No investment that we can make will pay larger dividends than energy, tact, produced and common horse sense.

If our christianity will not make others happy, then it will not prepare our souls for Heaven.

ANTIQUITY OF THE COFFIN.

Probably a Survival of the Mummy Case or the Dolmen.

The shapes of familiar objects of human manufacture do not as a rule excite our curiosity. The box-like form of a coffin, for instance, suggests nothing. Even an undertaker has no views on the raison d'être of coffins save that they conduce to decency. Yet on grounds of propriety many nations, such as the ancient Romans and the Hindoos, have preferred cremation to interment, since the latter involves the disfigurement and gradual decay of the dead.

Coffins indeed are not explainable on grounds of hygiene or seemliness, for which primitive men cared very little. Rather must we see in the modern wooden coffin a copy of the prehistoric stone or chalk receptacle which was a conventional reproduction of one of two things—the mummy cases familiar to students of Egyptology or the dolmen (or stone house) in which prehistoric non-Aryan races, especially around the Mediterranean from Egypt westward, were in the habit of burying their dead.

Coffins were, as Lord Avebury points out in his "Prehistoric Times," apparently unknown to very ancient man. The dead were buried in a sitting posture or in the attitude of sleep in what were regarded as a kind of ghost houses. The most elaborate and fully differentiated of these houses of the dead are, as Professor Sergi maintains, the pyramids, with their mummies and various precautions against the decay of the body.

A less elaborate differentiation of the house idea is to be found in the dolmens still remaining all over the world from India to Great Britain. A dolmen, built of five slabs of stone, covered by a tumulus, crowned by a menhir, surrounded by a stone circle, as at Stonehenge and Avebury, and led up to by an avenue of standing stones, is, in fact, a rude adumbration of the pyramid. Inside the dolmen the dead sat crouched among cooking utensils, arms, etc., put there for their use in the spirit world. Is it too much to suppose that the earliest stone coffins were imitations of the dolmens—in fact, dolmens in miniature?

Whether this be so or not, it is very probable that our old-fashioned standing tombstones, and especially our table tombs (which are five sided), as well as the family vaults of great families, with their traditions of embalmment and their leaden shell coffins, which conventionally outline the shapes of the dead within, are so many relics of the remote epoch when a tomb was conceived of as a house in which the dead continue to live their former lives.

The leaden shell coffins just mentioned may indeed have originated the modern coffin. The latter was still, for no apparently sufficient reason, to be constructed in accordance with careful measurements and in conventional imitation of the human shape. The leaden shell in the family vault sometimes goes so far as conventionally to preserve the outline of the fingers of the corpse, and this fact would seem to point back to a time when corpses were not confined. Thus the shell, and afterward the coffin or elaborated shell, might be regarded as interpolations in the dolmen scheme of burial. — London Lancet.

Real Self Possession.

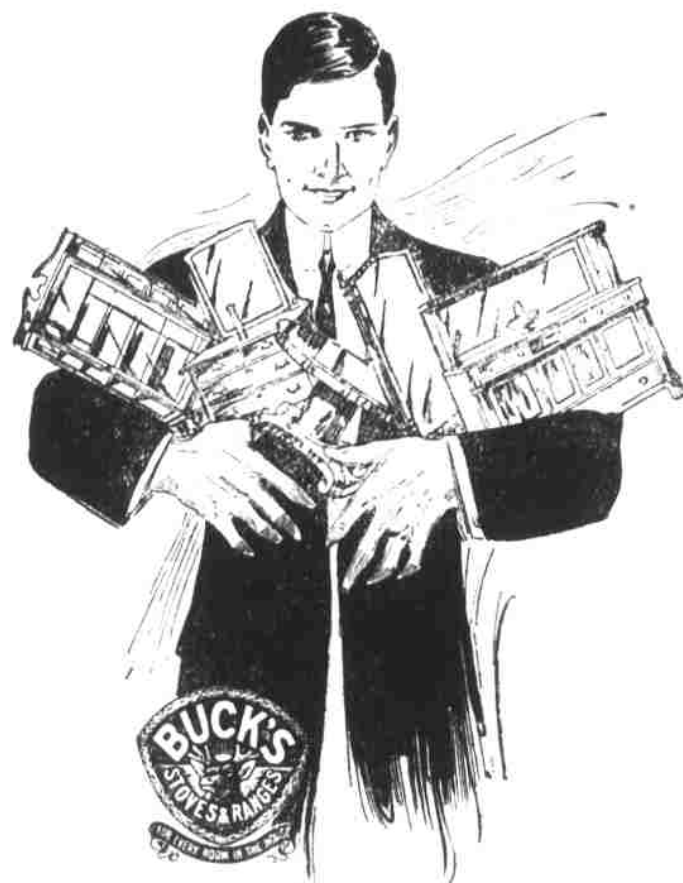
Not long ago a young couple entered a railway carriage at Sheffield and were immediately put down as a bridal pair. But they were remarkably self possessed and behaved with such sang froid that the other passengers began to doubt if their first surmise was correct after all.

As the train moved out, however, the young man rose to remove his overcoat, and a shower of rice fell out, while the passengers smiled broadly.

But even that did not affect the youth, who also smiled, and, turning to his partner, remarked audibly: "By Jove, May, I've stolen the bridegroom's overcoat!" — London Tatler.

How High?

Ned was telling Fred of the many accomplishments of his new dog. "Why," he said emphatically, "he can jump as high as the barn door." "And how high can the barn door jump?" asked Fred innocently.



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