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Lenoir News.

Tuesdays and Fridays

The only Semi-Weekly Published in Caldwell County. \$1.00 per year.

H. C. MARTIN, EDITOR AND PROP.

PUBLISHED TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS.

PRICE \$1.00 THE YEAR.

VOLUME XII.

LENOIR, N. C., DECEMBER 3, 1909.

NO. 11.

Dr. Walter W. Moore.

Leslie's Weekly.

The Moderator of the Presbyterian Church in the United States is the highest office which the Presbyterians can offer one of the clergymen. Walter William Moore, D.D., of Richmond, has just been elected to occupy that proud position. Dr. Moore is known throughout the country as an earnest churchman and educator. He was born at Charlotte, N. C., June 14, 1857. His preliminary education was received at a privateschool, the Finley High School, Lenoir, N. C. In 1878 he was graduated from Davidson College, with an A. B. In 1882 the same college gave him an LL.D. He then went to Virginia and later became a student at Union Theological Seminary, whence he was graduated in 1881. Central University bestowed on him a D. D. in 1885. From 1881 to 1888 he was an evangelist in Western North Carolina, later becoming pastor of a church at Millersburg, Ky. In 1892 he became professor of Hebrew and literature at Union Theological Seminary. He became president of Union in 1904. He is trustee of Hampden Sydney College and a member of the board of visitors of Richmond College.

(Dr. Moore, is well remembered by a number of the older citizens of Lenoir who are glad, but not surprised to see him honored by the members of his church.)

How Daniel Boone Died.

The Ohio State Journal of Sept. 24, 1818, published the following account of the peculiar death of the famous Daniel Boone:

"As he lived so he died, with his gun in his hand. We are informed by a gentleman direct from Boone's settlement, on the Missouri, that early in last month Col. Boone rode to the deer lick and seated himself within a blind raised to conceal him from the game; that while sitting thus concealed with his old trusty rifle in his hands pointed towards the lick, the muzzle resting on a log, his face to the breach of his gun, his finger on the trigger, one eye shut, the other looking along the barrel through the sights—in this position without a struggle or motion, and, of course, without pain, he breathed out his last so gently that when he was found next day by his friends, although stiff and cold, he looked as if alive, with gun in hand, just in the act of firing. It is not altogether certain if a buck had come into range of his gun, which had been the death of thousands, but it might have obeyed its old employer's mind and discharged itself. This hypothesis, being novel, we leave it to the solution of the curious."

The Dixie Comedy Company.

This company is billed for tonight and tomorrow night at the Opera House, where they will present The College Girl, six act Vaudeville. The company is well recommended, having run for fourteen successive weeks in Charlotte. The prices of admission will be 10, 20, and 30 cents. They advertise a number of specialties in new songs, dances, jokes etc.

The next time one of the children catch cold, give it something that will promptly and freely but gently move the bowels. In that way the cold will at once be driven out of the system. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup moves the bowels promptly and freely, yet gently, and at the same time heals irritation and stops the cough. It is especially good for children. Sold by J. E. Shell, Lenoir Drug Co., and Granite Falls Drug Co., Granite Falls.

Miners Entombed.

Cherry, Ill., Nov. 29.—The gamut from deepest despair to a hysteria of hope was run here today when 21 miners entombed in the St. Paul mine for a week, almost to an hour, were brought to the surface alive.

The story of the sufferings of the miners and the heroism of their resourceful leaders is one of the most thrilling in all the black history of mining disasters.

Dawn broke with the bearers of stretchers moving from the pit mouth to the tent which served as a morgue with bodies swollen and scorched almost beyond human semblance. Forty of them had been brought up, and most of them identified, when the marvelous report shot through the prostrate community:

"They've found them alive! They've found them alive! They've found them alive!"

In a moment the morgue was deserted, scarcely to be revisited, while the crowd, fairly insane with the great hope that had sprung like a miraculous flame from the ashes of despair, rushed to the pit.

All thought was of the men who were alive. Each time the signal sounded from the hoist for the cage to come up from the mine the noise of the crowd subsided into murmurs of expectancy.

"Here they come now: look sharp!" A woman here and there who could not see, held up a child and cautioned it; "Look and try if you can see papa when they pass."

The machinery stopped. The cage was up. There stood the rescuers, wearing shiny rubby coats and white caps. Between them, wrapped in military blankets, they held the rescued men, some standing, others carried in arms. Slowly the procession moved. A burst of applause started from the crowd, but a raised hand from the militiamen brought silence.

It was a critical moment. Mothers and wives stretched forth their arms, Andy, are you there?" Speak to me, I am here."

The blankets drawn over the heads of the men hid their faces and prevented identification from the crowd. Not receiving a reply, the women tore toward the sleeping cars, imploring and begging anyone to give them good news. Overcome by appeals, a rescuer called out the name of the man he was escorting. "George Eddy," he shouted, "we've got George Eddy here."

"Oh, George," came a woman's piercing cry from the crowd. "Is it you? Is it you? Come here George, here; I am waiting for you."

Eddy, who was a mine inspector, was too weak to reply, and would only submit to the escort, who carried him silently to the car.

At the foot of the car steps the crowd was kept back and women, almost hysterical, clung to the handrails, piteously imploring those inside to let them enter.

A dramatic moment came when William Clelland was brought up. At the news of the disaster a week ago, Robert, a brother and also a miner, came here from South Wil-

ALONE IN SAW MILL AT MID-NIGHT

unmindful of dampness, drafts, storms or cold, W. J. Atkins worked as Night Watchman, at Banner Springs, Tenn. Such exposure gave him a severe cold that settled on his lungs. At last he had to give up work. He tried many remedies but all failed till he used Dr. King's New Discovery. "After using one bottle" he writes, "I went back to work as well as ever." Severe Colds, stubborn Coughs, Inflamed throats and sore lungs, Hemorrhages, Croup and Whooping Cough get quick relief and prompt cure from this glorious medicine, 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free, guaranteed by J. E. Shell.

ington, Ill. He was informed on his arrival that all the entombed men were dead. He offered his help as a rescuer and declared he would remain here until everybody was brought up. Today he was in the rescuing party. As the survivors were brought through the gallery to the hoisting shaft wrapped in blankets Robert assisted them into the cage.

In the first load that went up was some one whom Robert did not recognize. The survivors were put in the sleeping car under the care of nurses and doctors and Robert went down the shaft for another load. He was coming out of the cage when a friend stepped up and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Bob, don't you know that Will is up?" he asked. Robert turned pale and staggered.

"You don't mean—"

"Yes, alive. He's up alive. Why Bob, you brought him yourself, wrapped in blankets."

Robert was so overwhelmed and overwrought that he had to be relieved from the rescue work and was himself taken into the sleeping car.

In a little four-room cottage Mrs. George Subacus became the envy of all at nightfall, for her husband was the first to be taken home. Subacus and his brother John were among the first survivors to reach the surface.

In a bedroom off the combination dining room and kitchen lay Subacus on the bed, his three youngsters, the oldest 4 years old, peering at his blackened face and arms. A Catholic sister was present to see that the patient, bolstered up apparently by all the pillows in house, did not over eat.

The mother of William Hynes a lad of 22, was standing at the mouth of the mine when the first men came up. Some one ran over to her and said her son, whom she had given up for dead, was still alive and would be brought up soon. The woman dropped to her knees on the ground and prayed aloud her thanks to God. Another bystander told her a mistake had been made and her boy was dead. The mother screamed and fell back in a swoon from which it is feared she will not recover. Within 10 minutes William Hynes was brought out alive and well.

After the first rescued men had been taken to a sleeping car in the care of physicians Dr. Crawford, in charge of them, saw a lad of 10 years standing outside the car looking disconsolate. The doctor approached the lad and struck by the grief written in the boy's face asked him whom he was waiting for.

"I ain't waiting for nobody," replied the lad. "My father is dead in the mine and my mother is awful sick."

Asked what his name was, the lad said Burton Waite, and he dashed into the car when told that his father, Frank Waite, was alive and not 20 feet away. The lad threw his arms about his father's neck and sobbed for joy. Just then the sun broke through the clouds for the first time today and the father cried out; "God, I am glad I am alive and have got my boy."

Joseph Pigatti and his brother Giacomo were the first two men brought up. They were being hurried to the sleeping cars where physicians were in attendance and there Pigatti saw his wife and child ren standing in the crowd. Despite his weakened condition he leaped past the people standing about and gathered them in his arms and all four dropped upon the ground and kissed the feet of their rescuers, sobbing out their gratitude.

One man asked only to see his wife and children—he did not want food, he said: another begged for a glass of beer, while a third scorned food, but remarked: "Lord, how I wish I had a cigarette."

Doctors declare that the minds of many of them had evidently been temporarily unbalanced by the horrors they have faced. Rescuers reported that when they dug through the barrier in the second level and the 21 men came scrambling and fighting each other to get through the passage, the rescued men laughed hysterically and made jokes about their long siege underground while waiting for the cage to take them up.

Rescuers were sent down into the mine at once but came up to get oxygen helmets, saying they could hear men calling to them but could not stand the gases or the stench of the bodies of dead mules in the second level.

With the rescuers on the return trip went Father Henry of Mendota, a Catholic priest. He had donned the clothes of a miner and went down to give absolution to all of those Catholics who might be dying.

The work of rescuing these men was taken charge by D. E. Powell, superintendent of the Braceville mine, and B. C. Maxwell, chief engineer of the St. Paul Mine company. For six hours without relief of any sort Maxwell stood in one spot and directed the efforts of the rescuers, despite the black which threatened all of the rescuers.

The rescuers found two parties of entombed men still living. All were on the second level in the tunnel and near the stop where the 21 men had been taken out earlier. The rescuers were attracted by rappings on the walls of the tunnels, and following them they came upon a barricade. Their signals were answered immediately and they started to dig.

Despite their affected jauntiness when they were rescued the faces of most of the survivors plainly tell the story of their sufferings. A week ago William Clelland's hair was a dark brown tonight it is a silver gray. He was almost too weak to walk until a childish voice called his name through the window of the sleeping car, when he was strong enough to reach out and gather his two children into his arms. His 6-year-old son Willie and his 8 year-old daughter Frances perched on his knees and the first thing Willie said was, "Papa, did you get your dinner?"

At midnight a small fire broke out in the mine, cutting off the rescue work. Fire apparatus was lowered and a stream of water again turned into the mine. The fire appeared to be spreading and the heat grew more intense. R. E. Maxwell, a mining engineer in the rescue party, was overcome and had to be hurriedly brought to the surface.

Cherry, Ill., Nov. 20—Graphic stories of their hardships and how they fought to stave off starvation and suffocation were told tonight by the rescued men. William Clelland, who is credited by most of the survivors with having saved their lives, appeared none the

Rich Men's Gifts Are Poor.

beside this: "I want to go on record as saying that I regard Electric Bitters as one of the greatest gifts that God has made to woman, writes Mrs. O. Rhinevaunt, of Vestal Center, N. Y. "I can never forget what it has done for me." This glorious medicine gives a woman buoyant spirits, vigor of body and jubilant health. It quickly cures Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Melancholy, Headache, Backache, Fainting and Dizzy Spells; soon builds up the weak, alling and sickly. Try them. 50c. at J. E. Shell.

The Tools of the Housekeeping Trade

"START RIGHT." That's our advice to young couples just beginning housekeeping. Don't put a dollar into anything that isn't of the highest quality that you can afford to buy.

Better a little and good than much and inferior.

To young men and women we send a SPECIAL invitation to examine our various lines.

We promise to show them how to shop to their own advantage.

We have had some experience in fitting out those just starting with the tools of the housekeeping trade, and what we've learned might be worth something to you.



Harness Repairs

You know there are two sorts of repairs—good and bad. A badly repaired job is an eyesore to anyone. Looks clumsy, looks unfinished and rough. In short, it looks like a repair job the moment you see it.

We make a job look as near like new as possible.

This can be done if you send your job to a good repair man.

When you are having an argument with yourself about a job, drop us a line and let us say what we think.

You can depend on us.

"WHEN IN DOUBT, BUY OF PRICE!"

Price-Cline Harness & Tanning Co.

worse for his experience after he had partaken of a little food.

Many of the survivors told of the impromptu prayer meeting conducted by William Clelland some time before they were rescued. When the men were in despair and ready to give up the fight Clelland started to sing a hymn. He is a Scotchman, a Presbyterian and a deeply religious man. His hymn was taken up at once by his companions.

The hymn was "Abide With Me," and the walled prison of the entombed men rang with the melody. Encouraged by the way the hymn had cheered the men he sang another and still another, the men joining at once. After singing for an hour there was a silence and then in that subterranean tunnel Clelland preached a little sermon. He took no text but urged the men to pray God that they

might be rescued from the death that confronted them. Then he prayed and all of his fellow prisoners joined him and within 24 hours they were all free men.

Cherry, Ill., Nov. 21.—Twenty saved, 92 known dead and 198 missing was the record at the St. Paul mine tonight. Ten dead were brought to the surface today and 37 more dead were located in the second level, but were not brought upon account of black damp.

What had promised to be Cherry's real day of thanksgiving ended in a night of hope deferred, or despair.

Tonight no living man or boy had been added to the list of 20 rescued yesterday.

The man who is without an idea has generally the greatest idea of himself.