

# The Lenoir News.

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PUBLISHED TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS

PRICE \$1.00 THE YEAR

VOLUME XII

LENOIR N. C., DECEMBER 31, 1909

NO. 18

## Elijah H. Crump Dead.

This "veteran who wore the Gray" died at his home near Gamewell, Caldwell county, on Tuesday night, Dec. 28th, 1909.

He seemed during the day to be in his usual health and the call came to him almost without warning. He was in the 73rd year of his age. He leaves his affectionate help-meet a widow, and a son, Dr. R. P. Crump, a prominent citizen of Mississippi, also Roy Crump and brother, grandsons, living near Gamewell to mourn his loss.

In his death our county loses a good citizen and the Confederate Veterans a brave and faithful comrade. Sergeant Crump volunteered for the war in 1862 and joined Co. H, 58th N. C. Reg't. The Company was raised in Caldwell county. His first service was in Tenn. and Ky. In August 1863 the Regiment, with other troops of Gen. Buckner's corps, then occupying East Tenn., reinforced Bragg's army near Chattanooga. On the 19th, and 20th of Sept. following was fought the great Battle of Chickamauga in which over thirty thousand men were killed, wounded or captured. Sergeant Crump's name was reported on the official list of the casualties as mortally wounded.

He was struck down by three balls, near the enemy's fortified line, in a charge made by his brigade on their stronghold. The Brigade being temporarily repulsed he lay for some time between the contending lines exposed to the fire from both sides.

He had for weeks a hard struggle for life but eventually was restored to health and strength, though was more or less a cripple for life from his wounds. He was an enthusiastic Confederate Veteran to the day of his death. These veteran organizations receive no recruits and the ranks are rapidly thinning out. So they will be known in history and then it may be said of them:

"On fame's Eternal camping ground

Their silent tents are spread,  
And Glory guards with solemn round

The Bivouac of the dead."

Sergeant Crump's death comes very near to the writer, his Captain in 1863, and he feels deeply his personal loss of a brave and trusted comrade and good friend in all these years of war and peace.

G. W. F. HARPER.

## Murder and Suicide.

London, Ky., Dec. 22.—A triple murder and suicide occurred at Pittsburg Ky., a mining village, today when William Murray, a miner, shot and killed his wife and her mother, and Elbert Cole and himself. Murray's objections to the alleged attentions of Cole to Mrs. Murray are given as the cause of the crimes.

Murray entered the store and without a word, shot Cole. Then he went to his home nearby and shot his mother-in-law as she was leaving the house. He then shot his wife, who was returning from a visit to a neighbor. He dragged his wife within the yard, laid her dying beside the body of her mother and fired a bullet through Mrs. Murray's heart. He then shot himself and fell between the women's bodies.

## Stung For 15 Years

by Indigestion's pangs—trying many doctors and \$200.00 worth of medicine in vain, B. F. Ayscove, of Ingleside, N. C., at last used Dr. King's New Life Pills, and writes they wholly cured him. They cure Constipation, Billiousness, Sick Headache, Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Bowel troubles. 25c at J. E. Shell.

## The Contradictory Pictures.

Charlotte Chronicle.

Listen at this unbelief Says the Greensboro Record: With Dr. Cook in exile, or at least gone, no one knows were, and Copenhagen intimating that he is a fake, we have about arrived at the conclusion expressed by the old lady who was 93 years of age. One of her children rushed into her room one day and told her that Dr. Cook had discovered the North Pole. Waiting just a moment she looked up and said: 'He's a liar.' A few days thereafter the son again went in and told her that Peary had discovered the Pole. 'He's a liar, too,' remarked the old lady and she would hear no more of it. We have almost arrived at the conclusion that the whole bunch are liars. Fact is, science or no science, we don't believe a man can tell when he is at the North Pole; he might pass all around it and not know it.

One feature of this North Pole business that we have not seen commented upon is the "discrepancy" between the alleged photographs of the Pole. Cook's picture shows a flat field of ice, adorned with an architecturally perfect Esquimo hut. Peary's picture shows a lofty pole of ice, cathedral shaped, just as one might imagine the Pole to be. Our opinion, reluctantly formed, is that Cook could not have built the hut under a week's time and that Peary could not by any possible means, have sealed the icy pinnacle and planted the flag that is shown there in his photograph. From which it is to be inferred that almost unconsciously The Chronicle has fallen into the line of thought voiced by The Record, that both are liars.

## Let It Be Preached.

The Observer has some sympathy with the position taken by Dr. J. A. Burroughs of Asheville with regard to the "Sanitary Sunday" proposed by Governor Kitchin, contemplating a discussion of tuberculosis by pastors from their pulpits, but disagrees, nevertheless. Dr. Burroughs, we believe, does not discriminate between the propriety of a discourse from the pulpit upon outside matters which are controversial in their very nature, like prohibition, for example, and such outside matters as the tuberculosis problem. Surely every one will grant that this greatest scourge of the human race can never be wiped out or materially lessened until the people have been educated regarding prevention—for its preventability is now a well recognized fact—and cure. The tuberculosis problem has been declared by the most eminent specialists to be almost altogether a matter of popular education, and measures by public health authorities in accordance with the sentiment created thereby. Every one can do much for himself if he knows how, and what he cannot do the community can. Jesus was teacher and healer as well as preacher; why, then, should not His ministers wage educational war against disease? They are in a position to help greatly. Charlotte Observer.

## 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. Rhinevault, 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, ailing and sickly. Try them. 50c. at J. E. Shell

## Shooting at Long Range, Never Missing the Mark, Every Shot Fatal.

In this advanced age of great and witty inventions, with its extraordinary improvements; we are led to the conclusion that, the civilized world has not outstripped passed generations quite so far in any line as in that of improved firearms as now used, upon both sea and land.

It is indeed astonishing to see a soldier carrying a rifle by which he can throw a ball through a piece of steel equal to two R. R. rails or at least it would be almost inconceivable to our good fathers, of 150 years ago, as they carried the flint and steel rifle in search of game, but alas! it is yet too true that "The children of this world, led by a great master spirit—the devil—are wiser in their day and generation than the children of light." For he, the great arch fiend, by human agency, has built and placed on every field of vantage a great and awful gun, which shoots at long range, never misses, and every shot is fatal. When in our own good state he was well entrenched in various and sundry places—yea, in almost every town and hamlet his batteries stood in bold defiance to all the best interests of our fair land, crippling our church life, dwarfing our citizen ship fouling our daughters, and cursing our little ones in the tender years of their innocency, yea when all this and more, was true, there arose over this dark and dreadful field of carnage and death, a glittering star of hope, yea louder than the cries of orphans by the thousand and deeper than the sole of crushed and broken hearted mothers, or as the cry of our good people for deliverance, until on that beautiful 26th, of May 1908, thank God for given us that day our good fathers and brothers the bravest of the brave and the truest of the true marched in solid Phalanx to the ballot box and gave to us a prohibition law in the state, thus driving from our own borders the mighty batteries of Satan. Yet we find his guns are built for long range, never miss and every shot is fatal. We find that he shoots his fatal bombs, clubs and bottles, from one state to another, and at such a distance he hits every time and every shot is fatal. Many of us are sorry that we cannot go to our sister states and drive him from his hold there, that is not in our power, but are we entirely helpless can we do nothing at all? Let us reason a bit, when the Red men carried the bow and arrow in our country we could not prevent their shooting but, we did have enough sense to use rocks and trees and other hiding places to prevent our lives being taken, so in the days of the late rebellion we could not keep the yankees from shooting but, we could by means of embankments, trenches etc., often save our selves from the bullets. Yes you say that's right but now when the devil gets over into K. Y. and other places, where he's well respected, and sets up his guns a great many of our men, young and old, often times good people, so called, step out and from their hard earned money, pay the devil an enormous price to get him to shoot at them, especially all during Christmas and other holidays. Now boys do not flatter yourselves, if you thus defy him he'll hit you and knock you, as he has many others onto the chain-gang or to the penitentiary and also, too likely he will knock you into hell.

Now as a brother I beg to plead with our officers our parents and citizens, that in the name of our churches, in name of the father and motherhood of our good land,

in the name of our grown sons and fair daughters and for the sake of our innocent little ones who prattle about our feet. Let us do all that we can to enforce the prohibition laws of our state, and to suppress or check the satanic bomb being showered upon us from within our state. Oh, let the officers and parents get as nearly as possible between the guns of the enemy and their children and in as many cases as possible ward off his fatal shots for it does not require the imaginative powers of a poet to see in our own and other towns, during the next ten days many scarred and blurred faces and mothers hearts crushed by the fatal shot of the long range gun.

"Men and brethren" we are in the crisis in this awful matter, now is the time for all good men who love our church, our state and our God to stand true, 1st by hiding himself from the fatal gun, 2nd, by so far as possible, protecting his own household and, by keeping watch over his neighbors, 3rd, by talking and praying to the law makers of our country for help.

May the spirit of God guide us in this awful matter.

J. O. ERYN.

## The Game of Pig.

Any one who has not played the game of Pig has yet to learn what a really thrilling game is. It can be played either for prizes or with forfeits and is either way delightful. The cards used are those of the euchre deck which are dealt as for Old Maid. Players sit around a general table and cards are dealt face down. Every one matches the cards dealt to him as quickly and quietly as he can, the object being to get out of cards as soon as possible. As soon as any player finds himself out of cards (which is done by drawing and matching as in Old Maid) he says nothing about it, but folds his hands under the table. This is a signal for all players to do the same thing—that is, to lay aside their cards and observe silence. But most players are too impatient upon the game to notice the silence reigning in other parts of the table. One by one they become aware of this fact and quietly lay down their cards. The last to do so is the Pig, who must either forfeit his chance for the prize or pay a forfeit according to the arrangements made in advance of the game. A number of rounds are always played in order that a number of pigs shall be made. Woman's Home Companion for December.

## The Air gun.

Perhaps one of the saddest deaths in the history of our town occurred this morning at 9:30 when Winston, the 12 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Murton, breathed his last while being operated upon by Drs. Shuford and Menzies, for a gunshot wound in the left eye. Monday afternoon the deceased boy in company with another boy was driving the street in a wagon when Elton Abernethy, the young son of Dr. Henry Abernethy discharged an air gun, the ball taking effect in little Winston's eye inflicting a painful wound from which he suffered intensely until this morning when it was decided an operation necessary. Drs. Shuford and Menzies undertook the operation but the little patient had suffered so intensely that he died before the operation was completed.

Yes there is danger in the air gun.

The woman who tries to conceal her age is generally old enough to know better.

## Linville Items.

Well, Christmas is about over, and I'll attempt to give the items as they are.

Now Christmas has brought with it a cold blast from the north and plenty of snow. This is the coldest weather we have had.

Miss Deena Coffey closed her school here at this place the 24th. Had a nice little service to celebrate the birth of Christ. After the exercise presents for the children and every body were taken from a loaded tree and delivered to them. Then an intelligent address was given by Prof. Shepard M. Duggar, after which the audience was dismissed and all went home happy and well pleased with their presents.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Young of Foscoe have moved to the Nursery, a place near here. We are pleased to have good people move in.

Mr. Conze Loven went to his store this morning and found the door standing open. Up to this time nothing has been crossed, but the wind was making the door swing wildly and now several dollars inside the house, I guess Santa Claus opened the door.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed S. Loven and family took dinner at Mr. McRay's today. They report a good time.

Mr. and Mrs. John Healy are back from Erwin, Tenn. No one who stays at Linville a while can afford to leave to stay.

There has been a lot of booze here during Xmas, but every body seemed to know how to take the booze.

Mr. Jas. Gibbs and little son, Roy, have gone to Yancey county to visit friends and home folks.

Was pleased to see the Kelsy items in last issue. Hope they will come often and give us a long piece.

Mr. Walter Gragg of Sagoaw has gone to Burnsville, Yancey county. Wonder why he went so far away to take Christmas!

Mr. Monroe Colley, of Pinola, came up to Linville to day and he says the snow is drifted so bad that vehicles can't pass.

Miss Deena Coffey will go to Foscoe to begin a three or four month school the first of the year.

Now good readers come on with your items and let's make the News lively.

Luck to the Editor,  
Dec. 26, 1909.

The Washington News says that in December, 1908, the number of cases before the mayor was 79 and this year the number will not exceed 20. The holidays from December 21st to December 28th last year, produced 42 cases; this year only 5. While much liquor was shipped in during the holidays, there was much less drunkenness during the Christmas season than when bars and dispensaries ran wide open.

## 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.

## Billy, He's from the.

The introduction, poem, from my son, was our West.

An' my ol' daddy, as heavy as an ocean in his breast,

Took me to the school where I had my lessons, as planned

So that I could be a scholar, as planned

I had my lessons, as planned, as planned

But he said the farm was useful, as planned

I know that's our temptation for a youngster in the West.

But I believed our Billy had the courage to resist.

An' when I left I warned him to the ever watchful slaves

That he like sudden serpents in life's pathway everywhere,

Our Bill, he proved himself to be a useful, an' allowed

He'd build a reputation that'd make us mighty proud.

But it seems as how my counsel sort o' faded from his mind.

An' now the boy's in trouble of the very worst kind.

His letters come so seldom that I seem to have forgot

That it is with a tremor on a boy's face to say good

By I never thought he would bow me to the ground

An' in the dust would waver his old daddy's honored name.

He writes from out in Denver, an' the story's mighty short.

I just can't see his mother, it'd crush her poor ol' heart.

An' so I reckoned, parson, you might break the news to her

Bill in the Legislature, but he doesn't say what for.

## The Attorney General on the Near-Beer Case.

In arguing the case of State vs. Danneburg, in the Supreme Court last week, in support of the Charlotte ordinance, and the right of North Carolina cities to control the near beer problem with license taxes within their jurisdiction, Attorney General Bickett said: "What is near beer? The testimony in this case shows that it is a beverage that finds ready sale as a substitute for real beer. Our bibulous citizens cry for it as children cry for Castoria. It is made by the people who make beer, and drunk by the people who drink beer. It looks like beer, smells like beer and tastes like beer. It is served by the same white aproned, many-chinned friend who was wont to comfort us in other days. It is shoved across the old oaken counter, and mirrored back bar, with the picture of a profane springing from the foam, making the illusion complete. And sometimes in the gloom of the arching of a shadow, projected from a gentleman's expansive back, even as the thirsty one lifts the cup to his lips, near beer becomes the real thing.

"And yet it may be asked to relegate this lusty beverage, this scum of centuries of vats to the insipid level of soda water. Perish the thought. It proclaims itself in North Carolina as the sole heir and successor to the gaudy fluid. It boasts of its bubble and sparkle and snap. It says to the disconsolate legions in an arid land, 'I may not be entirely wicked—but try me.' It capitalizes its kinship with Budweiser and Schlitz. It scorns soda water as Roosevelt scorns a molly-coddle, and lards over grape-juice like a mint julep over milkshake."

The symptoms of kidney trouble are urinary disorders, weak back and backache, rheumatism and rheumatic pains and twinges, pains in the groin, etc. There is nothing as good for kidney and bladder trouble as DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. You may depend upon them to give entire satisfaction. They are antiseptic, act promptly and soothe pain. Sold by J. E. Shell, Drug Co., and Granits Falls Drug Co., Granite Falls.