

THE NEWS.

H. C. MARTIN, Editor and Prop.

Entered at the Postoffice at Lenoir, N. C., as second-class matter.

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Telephone No. 54.

Subscription price \$1.00 a year 50c. six months, 25c. three months.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1905.

The Man Who's Afraid.

I've paid close heed to the ways of men, I've observed what the world calls luck, I have silently marvelled, now and then, At the potent power of pluck, And this as a bit of truth I hail, A sentence that's worth one's heed: The man who is always afraid he'll fail Doesn't stand much show to succeed! —Success.

CONGRESS

The 59th session of the United States Congress assembled in Washington last Monday.

Hon. Joseph Cannon was again chosen speaker of the house.

Tuesday was devoted to hearing the President's message which is a long document and written in the presidents usual able and vigorous style. We expect to touch on some of the features of the message later as space will permit.

A good deal has been written and said of late about a board of united charities for Lenoir, but nothing of much value has been done towards effecting such an organization. As the town grows and the population increases, the need of such an organization becomes more and more imperative.

The News will be pleased to cooperate in any way it can with any efforts, looking to a more systematic and business like way of doing the charitable work of the community.

We invite the attention of our readers to the article by Mr. C. L. Coffey on Road Improvement printed elsewhere in this issue. On this one thing, more than any thing else hangs the true and permanent development of our county. The bad roads and the difficulty of doing business over them, constitute the greatest burdens, the farmers of the county have to bear. We shall be pleased to have articles from others on the same subject in order that a sentiment, that will take some tangible working shape for the betterment of the roads, may be engendered.

Just be Glad.

Be glad. When you have said all there is to say about life, sorrow, disappointment, and pain; about the selfishness and wrong that sweep over the earth like dark shadows, about the shortness of its days and the certainty of its nights, it still remains blessedly true that the universe is thrilling with the song of gladness. Be glad for the beauty of the spring time, and the blue of the skies, the music of the birds and the glory of the sunsets. Listen to the laughter of the little children, answer to the hand-clasp of friendship, grow warm in the love-light of countless happy homes, and be sure that somewhere over and above all is a great Love that makes all these things possible.

Note the noble lives around you—commonplace, it may be, but unselfish, brave and true. Note the deeds of quiet self-sacrifice, the swift rush of human kindness to every place of need, the uprising of stately walls to shelter the weak and helpless, and believe, if you can, that the Kingdom of Christ is not coming in the hearts of the children of men.

Oh, put away gloom and grief and complaining! Do His work, trust His promise, and be glad.—Selected.

An Irishman here is preparing to bring an odd suit against his landlady.—He contracted with her for board at three dollars a week with the provision that she would pay him twenty-five cents for every meal he missed. For five weeks he missed every meal, and at 25 cents a meal he figures that he is ahead \$2.25 a week on his board bill. The landlady refuses to pay him his "profits."

Asheville, Dec. 1.—It was learned to-day that George W. Vanderbilt had sold to W. S. and W. L. Alexander, of Charlotte, and associates on other points, the standing timber on his famous Pisgah forest reserve. The reserve contains 81,000 acres of virgin forest, with 3,000,000 feet of marketable timber. The consideration will aggregate nearly \$9,000,000 in the final consummation. It is said that 30 years will be required to remove the timber.—Charlotte Observer.

The Story of The Early British Church.

By MRS. OLIVE TRACY VAUGHAN. (SIX LECTURES.)

"I acknowledge One Catholic and Apostolic Church." "I believe in the Communion of the Saints."

FIFTH SKETCH—750 to 900 A. D.

I am going to tell you firstly, and very briefly, the story of three men who adorned the British church at this period. Verily likely, you have never heard of them; very few people have. One of them the Church of England commemorates in her calendar on the 27th of May. About the others she is silent. Why that calendar recalls to us so many obscure Italian and Spanish saints; and omits good and great men who spoke our own tongue, prayed our own prayers, and were so heroic, so distinguished in their lives, is a puzzle which I confess myself unable to solve.

Aldhelm, the first of these excellent men, was born sometime late in the seventh century, probably 660 or 680. King Alfred, England's darling, wrote his life. But this, with so many other valuable books of the times, survives no longer. Aldhelm was a pet pupil of Theodore of Canterbury. He was born of the royal family of the West Saxons; and became first Abbot of Malmesbury, and, afterwards, Bishop of Sherborne, a see that, sometime or other, might well be revived in the Church of England.

Of course his wealth was very great, not probably in money, but in flocks and herds, and immense stretches of plow-land. He was given to church-building, especially, parish churches, such as you see in every English hamlet today, rearing their ivy-colored, owl-haunted gray towers to the skies. I do not think that any of Aldhelm's churches survive now. He was also an accomplished musician; and is said to have built the first organ that ever pealed on Anglo-Saxon soil. Aldhelm descends with great pride on the mighty instrument that was blown by big bellows that had such a variety of tones, and that was enclosed in a polished and gilded case. The Anglo-Saxons, as a rule, were passionately fond of music. In a former paper I described to you the household circle sitting around the evening fire, telling stories, and passing the harp from one to another. The harp was their especial instrument. They knew the trumpet and the flute, and had some rude idea of a fiddle. Their harps were shaped very much like our own, only smaller, and could be easily carried about.

At all the little courts, there were regular corps of minstrels, who not only entertained the great at festivals, but kept the records of the history and deeds of their princes, telling them in alliterative verses to their eager listeners. Aldhelm very much regretted that the popular songs of the day only incited the people to feasts and fighting; and determined to do what he could to reform this, substituting for the profane lays religious hymns and songs. While preaching at Malmesbury, he noticed that the half barbarous country people who came to service, didn't particularly care to stay for the sermons. Having said their prayers, they were quite ready to go home. This greatly disturbed the good Abbot; but, instead of scolding the sinners who went out from the church, over the shoulders of the saints who remained to listen to his eloquence, he hit on an expedient which probably never will be adopted by any of our clergy.

There was a bridge over the Avon, near the Abbey, which most of his recalcitrant parishioners had to cross on their way home. Some of them, after the fashion of the times, not entirely out of style today, used it as a lounging-place, where they stopped to discuss the last neighborhood scandal, etc., etc. On this bridge Aldhelm would take his seat, harp in hand and sing beautifully till a crowd of delighted listeners had gathered round. Then he would offer to teach his music to all who cared to learn. Then he would sing some simple hymn that contained a great truth, which the sweetness of the music, and the goodness of the singer made attractive. We can easily picture to ourselves the lovely scene; the rough stone bridge, the rippling stream, the venerable harpist, the crowd of gaily dressed people. It was a very successful expedient then, though should a clergyman try it on today, an inextricable policeman would probably conduct him to the nearest station house.

The psalms sung by Aldhelm were from his own version of the psalter, which he translated into the Anglo-Saxon. Fortunately, a copy of this book still exists in the great library of the city of Paris. It has been reprinted by the University of Oxford. There seems little doubt that the volume is really Aldhelm's, especially the initial part. I give you a few selections from this version, first from the 85th Psalm.

"Lord, to me thy temples are Courts of honor passing fair, And my spirit deems it well, And to be, and there to dwell." "Heart and flesh would fain be there, Lord, thy life and love to share."

Also from the 116th Psalm: "As the beacon-fire by night, That the host of Israel led, Such the glory, pure and bright, Round the good man's dying bed, 'Tis a beacon, good and fair, Telling that the Lord is there."

When Aldhelm wrote, there seems to have been no Hebrew version of the Psalms in England. His translation is said to be somewhat incorrect, as it is taken only from the Greek and Latin; but think what a blessing the Psalms in their own tongue, and in popular verse must have been to the common people. They undoubtedly sang them at their rustic festivals, and when gathered round the fire for social evening. The fisherman sang them over his nets, and the peasant hummed them as he drove his plow.

In one Psalm he uses an expression, which especially shows their homeliness. In all the churches, parish and cathedrals there used to be placed a peace-stool. Anyone accused of crime, and fleeing to the church for refuge, who sat on this stool, was entitled to suspension of judgment for several days, which gave the accused an opportunity to collect his witnesses, and be heard in his own defense. In his version of the 9th Psalm, Aldhelm uses this expression; "The Lord God hath become my peace-stool." These familiar forms of diction must have been very dear to the humble people.

Beside being a poet, Aldhelm was a lawyer, and a very voluminous letter-writer. He corresponded with the King of Scotland and Northumbria, and with learned men in France. How I wish we had those letters today. He was very simple in his way of life, retiring, modest and unobtrusive. He died 709, in the discharge of his duty, while on a diocesan visitation.

During these days, an Englishman went to bed to rest after one fight, and got up the next morning to begin another. War, war, war was the daily meat and drink of the people. When one little king was, by some accident, at peace with his neighbors, his subjects improvised a battle at home. To kill somebody, if not in battle, then in private feud, was simply a matter of course. Murder was punished only by a fine, in direct proportion to the rank of the murdered. This fine was payable to the king; so that the more people slaughtered, the greater the revenue. Prisoners, no matter what their rank, were sold into slavery; perhaps not so cruel as the Roman, but infinitely galling to the free-born Saxon. They were sometimes manumitted; and the ceremony was a peculiar one. The master took the serf he freed to the nearest four cross roads, and told him to go where he liked. The probability is that he endorsed the permission with a hearty kick.

But the church, notwithstanding its belligerent surroundings, was the conservator of law; and a very earnest desire began to grow up among the people that there should be something beside fist-right, the might of the strongest arm. It no longer sufficed them that "they should take who had the power, and they should keep who can." Law always existed in some shape or other. It was not the want of law, but the utter disregard of it that was the trouble. What about today?

Some of the laws were curious, and certainly moral. One provided for the very strict observance of the Lord's Day. If a master forced a slave to work on Sunday, the slave received his liberty; if a slave worked of his own accord, he was fined and whipped. A freedman, guilty of this misdemeanor, either paid a heavy fine, or lost his liberty; a priest received a still severer punishment.

If an infant, after the old pagan fashion, was exposed on the highway, any woman who took it home, and nursed it, was given an allowance, which increased as the child grew older. Every child must be baptized before it was thirty days old, or forfeit its inheritance; which certainly seems very unjust, as the child could not be consulted, and was not to blame in the matter.

There is not much to tell you about Acca, Bishop of Hexham. He was a profound scholar, collected a great library, cultivated music, and took great pains to secure persons of sufficient talent to teach in his school. He built a magnificent church at Hexham, and was a benefactor to his people during his time generally.

As I have said, on the 27th of May, the English church, recalls with honor the venerable Bede. The year these papers were written, Ascension fell on the same day; and I hope that, among all the splendors and rejoicings of the holy tide, we gave a few thoughts to the great and good man, who kept the same faith as ourselves, and who has also ascended upon high.

Among all the saints, martyrs and confessors England has given to the Church, none are more worthy of our veneration than Bede. It is to him we owe almost all I have been able to tell you of our church in its earliest days. Sitting quietly in the great library at Jarrow, he wrote a chronicle which every year proves more reliable. It is curious to observe how constantly proofs of his truthfulness are coming to life. Nowan inscription,

and now a manuscript. He was only seven when he went to Bishop Biscop to be educated; but he says: "I always found it delightful, learning to write and to teach." He was never more than a simple priest, in the far Northern monastery of Jarrow; but the fame of his learning and his piety, and his holy life are enduring today. If his life was beautiful, his death was sublime. He died at Ascension-tide. He was translating the Gospel of Saint John; and he was very anxious to finish. One of his pupils sat by his bed-side, writing from his dictation. About three in the afternoon, he passed from his labor, called his friend Othbert to him, and told him that in a small, private chest, were his few, earthly treasures, a little pepper and frankincense, and two or three silken scarves. "Run speedily, he said, and call the priest that I may give them these parting gifts." After this he lay quietly, and in peace until the evening drew in. His scholar said to him, "There is still one sentence. Write speedily, then," said Bede. "It is finished," said the scholar. "You say well. It is finished," replied Bede. In a few moments, he breathed his gentle soul away. He is buried at Durham Cathedral; and his chair, a massive oaken seat, still remains at Jarrow.

NOTES.

No. 16. See the Saga of Guniangh, the Serpent town, he fought under King Ethelred at the storming of London Bridge. The King gave him a mantle of scarlet cloth embroidered elaborately with gold. When he returned to Iceland he presented it to his sweetheart, Hui-ga, of the thieves eyes.

(Continued next week.)

Dope Fiend's Terrible Deed.

Greensboro, Dec. 1.—Mrs. J. P. Matthews, wife of one of Greensboro's prominent physicians, died at 7.30 o'clock to-night from the effects of a hypodermic injection of strychnine administered by her husband, who was placed under arrest shortly after midnight and committed to jail, charged with murder.

A young railroad man who boards at the Matthews home heard heavy breathing in Mrs. Matthews' room this morning as he was preparing to leave the house. Starting into the room he was confronted by the husband who told him his wife was ill and would be alright in a few minutes. The young man, however, was suspicious and brushed past the physician. He found Mrs. Matthews in an unconscious and apparently dying condition. He at once summoned Dr. J. P. Turner, who is the county coroner. Dr. Turner called in Drs. M. R. Farrer and Z. T. Moore and the three, finding Mrs. Matthews suffering from morphine poisoning, applied heroic treatments. The three physicians remained at the bedside throughout the day and the patient responded to the treatment and hope was entertained that she would regain consciousness and recover.

About 5 o'clock this afternoon Dr. Matthews requested the physicians to leave the room, saying that he wished to pray with his wife. This they refused to do. The husband went to his wife's bedside for the ostensible purpose of feeling her pulse. Dr. Turner, who had grown suspicious, detected that he had in his hand a syringe and immediately took it, not, however, until the husband had succeeded in giving his wife a hypodermic injection. An examination of the syringe revealed enough strychnine left in it to kill three persons. Two hours later Mrs. Matthews died with convulsions.—The Charlotte Observer.

Reasons for Good Cheer. Reasons for good cheer meet our own people on every side as Christmas draws near. Good crops (which are yet, as they will forever be, the foundation of our prosperity), a year of good trade, especially at home but abroad also, prosperity in industry, as the activity of our railroads and banks abundantly shows, a spirit of progress which is the exhilarating sense of bringing things to pass—these facts and forces show that we are normal, healthy and fortunate in all the activities that feed and clothe and shelter us and minister to our bodily comforts; for the level of comfort continues to rise, in spite of the poverty that disgraces our large cities. Even the organized trades, which appropriate to themselves the name of "Labor," have partly learned that work is better than agitation.

In national politics we are passing through a period of singular relief from partisan folly and our gravest political problems are yet the problems of city government; but our largest cities are waking up from contented slumber to bossage. Our political relations with all the world are not merely satisfactory—they are gratifying; for our country holds a position among the nations that fills every American with pride. The world is better off than it was a year ago, not only because a bloody war is ended but because the danger of other wars in the Far East has been put forward into the future as far as wise statesmanship can put it; for the Anglo-Japanese treaty is a compact that will stand out large in the history of more than half of mankind. The jealousies of the European governments produce no worse results than the watchfulness which is the price of an active patriotism. The great blot on civilization in the Old World is the bloodshed of the innocent in Russia, reminding us how near the surface savagery yet lurks, near the surface of Russians at least. Yet, in spite of this, the great hope is that a constitutional government will gradually emerge where autocracy has made men unfit suddenly to become free. In this comes, it will make the year forever memorable in history.

The blot on American method and character that shames us is the prevalence of "graft" in our financial and political life; but even here we have this fact to cheer us—that we have now put our minds upon it, we are no longer indifferent to it, and the signs are that the conscience of the people will assert itself. The honest American at any rate has all reasons, great and small, for good cheer at his midwinter holiday.—World's Works.

NOTICE.

I will be at the following places in the County on dates mentioned, for the purpose of receiving Taxes for 1905. Please be prompt as this is my second round:

Table with 2 columns: Location and Date. Locations include Patterson, Richlands, Buffalo Cove, Yadkin Valley, Kings Creek, Little River, Hudson, Petra Mills, Granite Falls, Rhodhiss, Baton, Gamewell, Lenoir, Collettsville, Globe, Mortimer, Lenoir.

Yours truly, J. M. SMITH, Sheriff. Nov. 24th, 1905.

NICE FARM FOR SALE.

Four miles South of Lenoir on R. F. D. mail route. 333 acres of good land, 75 acres cleared and in cultivation. Four orchards of good fruit. Good eight-room dwelling, splendid barns and other out buildings. 200,000 feet of valuable timber. Farm well watered. For price and terms, call on or address, A. B. PRESTWOOD, R. F. D. 3, Lenoir, N. C.

Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased. Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose. Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same good remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling all about it, including many of the thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mention this paper. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

When a girl goes around from town to town cooking oatmeal or a new kind of pancake flour at a grocery store, she is called a "demonstrator." The word is so good that girls are using it instead of the word "cooking." Our girls no longer cook potatoes, they demonstrate them.—They also give demonstrations in dishwashing!

Water Cure for Constipation. Half a pint of hot water taken half an hour before breakfast will usually keep the bowels regular. Harsh cathartics should be avoided. When a purgative is needed, take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They are mild and gentle in their action. For sale by J. E. Shell, Dr. Kents and Granite Falls' Drug Co., Granite Falls.

H. T. Newland's Fall Stock is New COMPLETE

It comprises every thing kept in a first class General Store.

CLOTHING. We have a very large Stock of Clothing which we think is the cheapest and best selected stock we ever have displayed. Young men who like to dress well ought to see our line of Rain Coats. We have a large line of them at very low prices.

SHOES. We are displaying the largest line of shoes ever carried in Lenoir, comprising 8 or 10 of the leading manufacturers lines.

HATS. Our Hat department is now full of the Newest and Nobbiest shapes also a large line of the staple shapes and full line of the Stiff Hats

LADIES. We have just received a large assortment of Ladies' Collars and Dress Skirts. Ladies who have trouble to get their sewing done can be relieved of trouble by going to Newlands and buying a skirt ready made and those ladies who like to sew will find our counters filled with dress goods in all the newest shades and colors and all the newest weaves and our clerks take great pleasure in showing the ladies these new goods

CHILDREN. The school children can find at Newland's in addition to Books, Lunch Boxes, Book Bags, Straps, Colored Pencils, etc.,

GROCERIES. J. W. McCall the genial, good natured and accomodating manager of our Grocery Department wants to remind his customers that our grocery department is still full of every thing good to eat and that we have just added to that department a beautiful line of Cut Glass, China and Japanese Novelties. Parties wanting to buy Bridal Presents can find anything they want in that line at Newland's.

We will appreciate it if all our customers, friends and public generally will come and give us a look. Yours most respectfully, H. T. NEWLAND

Everything to Eat and Wear

BUSINESS LOCALS.

WANTED—a nice girl to help do house work. A good place and good pay to the right party. Mrs. H. C. Martin. Don't forget we are headquarters for Dry Goods, Shoes and Hats. Moore Bros. LOST—\$10.00 bill between Bank of Lenoir and Henkel Live Stock Co. stables. Liberal reward offered for its return to this office. You can save money by buying your Christmas goods from us. Moore Bros. FOR SALE—A nice six year old pony mare. J. W. Walter, Lenoir, N. C. We want everybody to come and see our Christmas Goods. Moore Bros. FOR SALE—A good second-hand New Home sewing machine cheap. P. M. Keever, Lenoir, N. C. Christmas Goods at Moore Bros. Call and see a nice line of Photograph Frames and pictures. Moore Bros. Christmas Books, Juvenile Stories and standard authors at Moore Bros. New assortment of Misses Caps just received. Moore Bros.

J. H. COFFEY Wagon Co. Manufacturers of all kinds of Spring and Delivery Wagons, Hack's and Buggies. Repair Work of all Kinds Given our Prompt Attention. Full stock of Iron Wagon and Buggy materials kept for sale. Horse-Shoeing a Specialty. Factory near Depot, Lenoir, N. C. All Work Guaranteed.

For Sale.

North Carolina, Caldwell County } T. P. Bran enters & locates 50 Acres of land on the waters of Eliza Estes mill creek on Wilson creek in Globe township. Beginning on a forked white oak in the line of the Wm. Marcus 50 Acre tract, or Grant No. 2901 also corner of J. T. Hayes entry South 43 degrees East, at 12 poles cross Eliza Estes mill creek, 29 poles to a white oak, also corner of Hayes entry, and in the line of the Caldwell Land and Lumber Co line a South Westwardly direction to the Wm Marcus line 49 poles to the beginning containing 50 Acres. Entered Nov. 11th, 1905. T. P. BRAN. A true Copy, J. L. Miller, entry taker.

J. W. C. McCall. Three Acres of Land three quarters of a mile from Lenoir Cotton Mill for \$150.00. Glasses fitted to correct errors of Eye Sight. Any kind for any need. Charges low for the grade of work. DULA, "That's All."

DISSOLUTION NOTICE. The partnership heretofore existing between Otter & Poe is this day, by mutual consent, dissolved. All accounts due said firm will be paid to E. A. Poe and accounts against said firm will be paid by him. W. A. Otter, E. A. Poe. DeWitt's White Head Salve For Piles, Burns, Sores.