

John F. Fitzgerald.

Former Mayor of Boston, Who Sought Election Again.



John F. Fitzgerald was mayor of the city of Boston in 1906-7 and was formerly a member of the national house of representatives.

28 LOST AT SEA.

Wind and Waves Dashed Ship onto Treacherous Bar.

Marshfield, Ore.—Coos bay's shores are patrolled by searchers for bodies from the Southern Pacific steamship Czarina. Twenty-eight lives were lost when the vessel was dashed by a heavy sea onto the north spit of the Coos bar. Only three of the 31 souls aboard were saved.

The Czarina was bound for San Francisco from here. She left port in the teeth of a gale, but before she had reached open sea was caught on the treacherous bar—one of the worst on the Pacific coast—and was rolling helplessly, broadside to the sea. The sailors took to the rigging and were swept to their death, one by one. The first assistant engineer, K. H. Kensell, was driven ashore when a mighty wave tore him from the rigging. As he was tossed toward the land, life-savers pulled him to safety. Captain J. Dugan and one of his men swam ashore.

A long and futile fight was waged to aid the doomed passengers and crew, but when morning dawned they had all been swept from the rigging and the vessel was breaking up.

IN MEMORY OF LEE.

Government Recognizes Birthday of Famous General.

Washington.—Official recognition, in a limited way, of the birthday of General Robert E. Lee is to be given by the treasury department. The anniversary of the birth of the famous Confederate soldier falls on January 19, and the collector of customs at Newport News, Va., has been authorized to close his office on that day for as long a time as public business will permit. The honor paid General Lee's memory is an unusual one, as rarely, if ever, it happens that a public office is closed on the occasion of the celebration of birthdays of noted Americans, except, of course, where regular legal holidays provide for it.

PAYS PENALTY OF DEATH.

German Hanged for Murder of Baker in New Orleans.

New Orleans.—Carl Bortuna, 27 years old, was hanged in the Orleans parish prison for a murder committed by him a year ago.

The crime for which Carl Bortuna died was the murder of his employer, J. George Knecht, proprietor of a local bakery. Bortuna bribed the baker when the latter upbraided him for his attentions to his wife.

According to Bortuna's own admission, this was the second homicide committed by him. Several years ago in Germany, when he was a youth, he killed his sweetheart.

9 LIVES LOST IN STORM.

One of the Worst Blizzards in New York Since 1899.

New York.—Nine lives were lost and six persons injured in the late fierce blizzard, one of the worst storms that has ever visited New York city. The total snowfall, when the skies cleared, was 14 1/2 inches, second only to the blizzards of 1899, when 15 1/2 inches fell, and of 1888, in which Senator Roscoe Conklyn lost his life, when 20 1/2 inches fell.

Eighteen thousand men have been put to work cleaning the streets, and it is estimated that the cost of removal will exceed \$800,000.

Town Marshal Killed.

Savannah, Ga.—William Bradley, of Hagan, aged 20, shot and killed William Baggett, aged 35, marshal of Claxton. The trouble arose over the marshal having stated that he intended arresting Bradley for having speeded through Claxton in an automobile. When Bradley came to Claxton in a buggy, the marshal placed his hand on him to arrest him, whereupon Bradley shot him four times, it is said.

TWO UGLY ANIMALS.

Those Big Pigs, the Rhinoceros and the Hippopotamus.

THEY ARE HARD TO CAPTURE.

Getting Away With One of the Colossal Brutes Makes the Work of Trapping the Big Felines Seem Like Child's Play—Methods of the Hunters.

Trapping the big felines is child's play compared with the work of capturing those lumbering, colossal animals of the "big pig" family, the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus.

Too stupid to tame or to break to a halter and too heavy to transport through hundreds of miles of wilderness, it would take a man half a lifetime to bring one of these five to six thousand pound creatures out of a jungle into civilization. Therefore the expert's only chance is to find a cow with a calf and to capture the young one.

Compared with the alert, grim exterior of the felines, there is little in the appearance of a phlegmatic, ponderous pig-like rhinoceros to indicate its real ferociousness. There is hardly a wild animal in existence which is more dangerous than this rarest of all our menagerie captives. Awkward as the great creature appears when at rest, once aroused it dashes through the densest thicket with the irresistible speed of an express train.

To catch a rhinoceros the trapper proceeds with preparations much as would an explorer bound for a two or three year expedition in the interior of an unexplored continent, for the difficulty confronting him is the three-fold one of first penetrating a thousand or more miles into the interior; second, of finding not only a rhinoceros, but a rhinoceros cow with a calf old enough to capture, and, lastly, of transporting his prize across hills and mountains and plains, over rivers and ravines, across swamps and through forests to civilization.

Skirting swamps and rivers, the men are ever on the lookout for the deep, round spools, like a pie plate driven into the mud, for in this wet ground the rhinoceros loves to wallow. Frequently five or six months elapse before the tracks of a cow and a calf are picked up.

Noiseless and from well to leeward, the trapper and his men gradually steal nearer until the cow and the calf are inclosed in a circle. From ahead, out of the maze of cane and creeper, sounds the uneasy stamping of the cow. With a half snort, half grunt, in an instant the rhinoceros is all attention. Head raised and nostrils sniffing, she searches the air steadily. At sight of one of the savages the cow dashes with the speed of a race horse at the man, charging the human decoy, and at that instant the trapper's rifle is heard, and her furious charge is over, provided the bullet reaches the heart by striking just behind the left foreleg—the only vulnerable point in the inch thick armor with which the beast is clad.

Now and then it happens that the trapper fails to kill in time—his gun may miss fire, interfering trees may interfere or the marksman may miss his aim. Then the life of the decoy depends upon his own agility. To run to one side before the rhinoceros is almost on top of him would be fatal, for the swift brute would overtake him with a few bounds. His only hope is to wait until the deadly horn is aimed at his feet and then, with the swiftness of a mongoose dodging the aim of a cobra, to leap to one side while the ponderous creature, unable to turn short in time, dashes onward under its own impetus. Twice, three times, a clever native hunter will dodge in this way, giving the trapper ample time to bring down the rhinoceros.

Then comes the tracking of the frightened calf, which has fled at the first sign of trouble, and soon it is pushed, prodded and shoved up a bridge of log skids into a cage of the bullock cart.

But even more dangerous is the trapping of the hippopotamus, for, although in itself the "rhino" is a more savage antagonist than the "river horse," the trapper hunts the former on land and brings down at a safe distance, whereas in the case of the hippopotamus he must fight in the same primitive fashion that savages have used for ages. Hand to man, as it were, he must engage this two-ton monster while standing in the bow of a frail canoe, for the hippopotamus, as its name, the "river horse," means, is a land and water animal and must be harpooned and brought ashore before it expires, otherwise it would sink at once to the bottom of the river, the coveted calf escaping among the other hippopotamuses, instead of following the stricken cow to shore, so that the youngster may be caught.—A. W. Rolker in St. Nicholas.

The Blue Danube.

The Danube still retains its ancient splendors. The Rhine is the river of vine clad, sunny hills, ruined castles on rugged crags, mediaeval history and modern glory in war and in peace, a river bright as the warble of a bird in the wood. The Danube fills carry immense, almost untouched, forests, higher and grander than the heights of the Rhine. In the midst of this rich, deep green verdure lonely white mountain break in on the eye. There are many wayside chapels, too, on the banks. In solemn, awesome, majestic beauty the Danube far excels the cheery, pretty Rhine, and it must be called a pity that so few American travelers take a tour on this indescribably superb river.—Omaha Bee.

SHOE SIZES.

How the Standard of Measurement Was Established.

It is most difficult for many persons to remember the sizes of their different articles of wearing apparel. Collars, shirts and gloves are easy enough, because in the case of these it is a matter of actual inches. But the hat and shoe numbers are what puzzle most people, to say nothing of the mystery why a No. 11 stocking goes with a No. 8 shoe.

This last puzzle is, however, easily explained. Stockings have always been measured by the inch from heel to toe, but the numbering of shoes was fixed a long time ago by a Frenchman.

The Frenchman permanently fixed the numbers of shoes for all Europe and America. He arbitrarily decided that no human foot could possibly be smaller than three and seven-eighths inches. So, calling this point zero, he allowed one-third of an inch to a size and accordingly built up his scale. It follows therefrom that a man cannot find out the number of his own shoe unless he be an expert arithmetician. Even then he is likely to go wrong, because all the shoe experts allow for the weight of the individual and the build of his foot before they try to determine what size shoe he ought to wear.

As far as women's shoes are concerned the problem is still more difficult, because many of the manufacturers instead of keeping to the regular scale have marked down their numbers one or two sizes in order to capture easily flattered customers. For this reason most dealers ask out of town customers to send an old shoe with their orders.

The system of measuring hats is much simpler. Any man can tell what size he wears simply by adding the width and length of the inner brim and then dividing by two. Orders can also be sent to the shopkeeper by stating the circumference of the head.—Boston Globe.

BURNED PAPER MONEY.

Source of Great Profit to the Government and Banks.

At the redemption windows of the treasury and of the subtreasuries of the country any silver coin that has not been mutilated willfully and which still is recognizable as from the mints of the United States will be redeemed at face value, this in spite of the fact that the silver in the worn coin may not be worth half its face value. As to gold coin, the government stands only a small portion of the loss from abrasion; but, according to weight, these worn gold coins always are redeemable.

In the case of the paper currency two-fifths of a note must be presented if it shall be redeemed or a new note issued, and, no matter what the evidence may be as to total destruction of this paper currency, the government regards it as the holder's individual loss with which it is no further concerned. Fire may melt \$1,000 worth of silver coins and it is worth its metal value. It may melt \$1,000 in gold coins and the mint will pay \$1,000 in new twenty dollar gold pieces for the mass. But the ashes of \$1,000 in paper currency is without value.

In the thousands of fires over the country every year involving office buildings, factories, business houses and family residences an untold total of legal tender notes of all kinds are destroyed. Every piece of such paper lost is loss to the holder and gain to the government or to a national bank. It is a promissory note hopelessly lost to the holder. It is even more, for in many cases an individual man might redeem his debt obligation if he were assured by the holder of it that the piece of paper to which he had signed his name had been destroyed by accident and by no chance could turn up again against him.—Chicago Tribune.

Pope as a Witness.

Pope, like Garrick, made but a poor figure in the witness box. He was cited to appear in defense of Bishop Atterbury when that prelate was tried for high treason in the house of lords in 1723. "I never could speak in public," he told Spence afterward, "and I don't believe that if it was a set thing I could give an account of any story to twelve friends together, though I could tell it to any three of them with a great deal of pleasure. When I was to appear for the bishop of Rochester in his trial, though I had but ten words to say and that on a plain point (how the bishop spent his time when I was with him at Brimley), I made two or three blunders in it and that notwithstanding the first row of lords (which was all I could see) were mostly of my acquaintance."—London Standard.

The Lost Company.

"Hungry, I suppose?" said the sharp faced woman as she opened the door just a little bit. "Yes, no," answered the ragged wayfarer. "I've clean forgot how to be hungry. But I'm out and out lonely." "Lonely?" "Yes. You see, I hadn't had nothing to eat for so long that I've got so thin I can't cast no shadow, and you ain't no idea what company a man's shadow is to him while he is traveling along the road."

Considerate.

Muggins is not handsome, and he knows it. When his first baby was born he asked, "Does it look like me?" Of course they replied in the affirmative. "Well," said he, with a sigh, "break it to my wife gently."—London Tit-Bits.

Weather Report Now

for week ending 6 p. m. Jan. 11.

Table with columns: Date, Maximum, Minimum, Mean, Set Max, Precip'n, Wind, Direction of Day. Rows for Jan 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

Taxes!

To the Taxpayers of Henderson County:

Please take notice, if you have not already paid your taxes do so at once.

They are long past due and the law is very plain on this subject, and I am sworn to enforce it. This is the last notice I will give before advertising personal property. And if you allow same to be advertised, you may expect to pay the cost.

V. C. V. Shepherd, Tax Collector

Pinchot

Asheville Citizen

Those who have read Gifford Pinchot's farewell address to his clerks and students, must have been impressed with the man's sincerity of purpose. Almost every magazine and newspaper in the country have declared that the conservation of our natural resources has been the lifelong aim and ambition of the man who has just been dismissed from the forestry service, and his latest utterance is to the effect that he proposes to fight unceasingly for the salvation of our forests. "I don't want you to get the idea—and this is my personal end of it,—" he said, "that because I am going out of the service I am in any way losing my interest; it my touch with it or with you. Conservation is my life work, in the government service or out-of-it. And this is the most important piece of conservation work there is. Therefore, I propose to know about it, to follow the work you are all doing, to keep my interest in it, and, so far as that is in any way possible, to keep in touch with it and my knowledge of it."

Father-in-Law—I suppose you are aware, Henry, that the check for \$10,000 I put among your wedding presents was merely for effect.

Groom—Oh, yes, sir! and the effect was excellent. The bank cashed it this morning without a question.

"All the pedestrians seem to stop at your store." "Oh, I manage to interest 'em." "What's your idea?" "I have a thermometer that registers four degrees higher in summer and six degrees lower in winter than any other thermometer in town."—Louisville Courier-Journal

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We are headquarters for Grass and Clover Seeds, Seed Potatoes, Seed Oats, Cow Peas, Soja Beans, and all Farm and Garden Seeds.

Weather Report Now

is the time to buy your Heavy Shoes to Finish out the Winter.

I have a big stock of seasonable weight shoes,—nearly all sizes. In some instances, I will make sacrificing prices in order to move these shoes.

MEN'S RUBBERS 75c, 85c, and \$1 HOLEPROOF HOSEIERY FOR MEN AND WOMEN

SHEPHERD at the Monument

NOTICE

of Personal Property Sale

As Executor of the Will of J. P. Shepherd, deceased, I will on

Tuesday, February 8, 1910 at 10 o'clock, a. m.

at the residence and on the farm of the said J. P. Shepherd, 1 1/2 miles southwest of Hendersonville, N. C., Sell to the highest bidder for cash the following articles of personal property:

Several Stacks of Hay in the Stack One Mowing Machine One Hay-Rake A Few Farming and Mechanic Tools And Other Miscellaneous Articles of Personal Property

Let Everybody interested Attend and Buy.

This Jan. 17th, 1910.

O. V. F. Blythe, Executor.

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Times Printing Company, Inc.