

Save the Forests.

Asheville Citizen.
It is not a matter of surprise that the state press, of all political shades, almost without exception loses no time in condemning the astounding opposition of Congressman Hackett of the eighth district to the Appalachian forestry reserve bill. As was recently stated in these columns, no one has as yet been able to find what motive inspires Mr. Hackett in seeking to defeat a measure which actually means millions to the future welfare of this great Southland. He surely can see nothing to gain politically for any one with half an eye can see that the man is rapidly digging his own grave. But any movement which has behind it almost national support is surely destined to sweep from its path the small fry who would oppose it. Writing under an appeal for one grand united effort to save the forests, the Saturday Evening Post says:

"There is a group of men Washington who seem to be bending every agency to handicap the efforts of the president and of Gifford Pinchont, chief forester, and of the good Americans who are backing them up, to make further additions to the national forests. Last winter what is known as the Appalachian forest bill was passed successfully until it reached Speaker Cannon of the house, who killed it. Why he did so he has not been able satisfactorily to explain: but, at all events, in so doing he lost the respect of those who hitherto had believed in his loyalty to American farm interests.

"This winter the Appalachian bill is coming up again, and, if the farm interests of this country are to be served, every one of those interested must get busy, and get busy at once. Now, this bill provides for making a national forest of an area which not only includes seventy-five million acres of hardwood, but also includes the wooded districts on the head waters of streams which supply several of the most valuable agricultural regions within the Appalachian state group. Last season, just after Speaker Cannon had killed the first bill, a disastrous flood visited the cut-over region of this section, almost as if Providence had thought to visit up on us a swift, practical lesson, while the subject was on every tongue, of the harm which comes to regions that are dependent on their farming interests and have not had sense enough to keep their forests.

"Do we need another?
"Sit down at once and let your representative and your senator know how you feel on this subject. Make them understand that you expect to use their influence and their votes for the people.
"If enough of you write the day will be won.
"And America needs all of its forests for the people, and all of its water for the crops."

Big Tarantula Captured Here.

Asheville Citizen.

Perhaps the largest tarantula seen in Asheville was that shown in a glass bottle yesterday in the No. land-Roland grocery on the Square. The tarantula was observed in a bunch of bananas, fortunately before it had an opportunity to bite any of the clerks who had been cutting bannanas from the bunch, and was stupefied with alcohol and imprisoned. It was of enormous size and its vicious appearance made spectators shy of peering into the bottle when the stopper was removed.

The hearty daily laborer is happier than a dyspeptic prince.

Colorado Letter.

Eaton, Colo., Feb. 21, 1908.—Well as I have never wrote to the Lenoir News I will endeavor to do so now. It may be that I have a few friends in Old North Carolina that would like to know my whereabouts. Well to start in I left Lenoir a little over two years ago and went to Pittsburg, Pa., I remained there until May from there I went to Franklin, Pa., on the 19 of Feb., 1907. I left Franklin for Denver, Colo., I remained in Denver until July 27, from Denver I went to Greeley, Colo., a thriving little town of about 10,000 inhabitants, 3 or 4 good public schools and one State Normal school. The most curious thing to the tender foot, is it seldom ever rains in this part of Colorado. Only one rain since 27 of last July. We have had but very little snow this winter and not very much cold weather. The coldest this winter was on the 17 inst 14 degrees below zero. The average sun shine is about 325 days in a year. Farmers never depend on rain to make crops, but instead, they irrigate all their crops. The chief produce raised here is Irish potatoes and sugar Beets, of course they raise some wheat and oats. Land is high here in this part of Colorado, especially here in the Platte Valley. There is still some government lands to be had, but they are getting scarce. Where there was once great cattle ranches the land is now under cultivation. Nearly every town along the Union Pacific railroad are sugar factories manufacturing sugar from the sugar beet. The pulp is then sold to cattle feeders to fatten beef cattle, besides the sugar company feeds hundreds of cattle for themselves.

This country is filled up with people from nearly all over the U. S., some are even from the mountains of North Carolina. This is a great country for people who have lung trouble, the climate is said to be a sure cure for asthma. There are but few colored people here in this part of the state, but instead we have the Mexicans and Japs.

Well, if this does not find its way to the waste basket, I may let the readers of the News hear from me again. Respectfully,
J. W. WALTER.

Highwayman Killed on Streets of Chicago.

Raleigh Evening Times.

Chicago, Feb. 25—Herman Becker, an alleged highwayman, was shot and killed last night at Sixteenth street and Forty-second avenue by Frank Davrock, an optician. Davrock was on his way home when he was intercepted by two men. One of them pointed a pistol at Davrock and told him to throw up his hands. Davrock had his hands in his overcoat pocket and one hand held a pistol. He answered the robber's command with a shot through his coat pocket. The bullet struck Becker in the stomach and he fell to the ground. His companion fled.

A student at one of our colleges was reciting a memorized oration in one of the classes in public speaking. After the first two sentences his memory failed, and a look of blank despair came over his face. He began as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: Washington is dead, Lincoln is dead"—then forgetting, he hesitated a moment and continued, "and—I am beginning to feel sick myself."

Gold is still coming our way—speaking, of course, nationally, and not personally.

Chief of Police Killed.

Charlotte Observer.

For the second time within a year Fayetteville's chief of police has been murdered. James H. Benton, the head of the police department of the city, was shot about 1:30 o'clock this afternoon by Sam Murchison, a negro 30 years old, living little more than an hour. The murderer was captured a short time after the shooting occurred and is now safely lodged in jail here.

The circumstances of the murder are aggravated and without palliation. It seems that the murderer Murchison, had trouble earlier in the day with John Raines, another negro and Ida Moore, a negro woman, which resulted in his shooting Raines inflicting a slight flesh wound, and his threatening the life of the Moore woman, who lives in the neighborhood of Chief of Police Benton's home, fled to the latter for protection, making an outcry as she ran. Chief Benton met her at his back door, and, hearing her complaint was starting out in search of Murchison when the latter appeared on the scene. He and Officer Benton exchanged a few words, when the negro suddenly drew a revolver and fired at Mr. Benton, inflicting a mortal wound just under the eye. Officer Benton staggered and attempted to make his way back into the house, but fell before he reached the door.

Twenty Cents a Day for Rum.

Exchange.

The following letter written to a Pennsylvania grocer, makes interesting reading not only to men who spend money for liquor but to men in legitimate business who have goods to sell:

"Dear Sir:—Having been accustomed to spending twenty cents a day for whiskey, I find by saving it, I can order from you during one year the following articles:

3 Barrels of flour,
100 Pounds granulated sugar,
29 Pounds corn starch,
125 Pounds macaroni,
6 Pounds ground pepper,
60 Pounds of white beans,
1 Dozen scrubbing brushes,
50 Pounds soda,
20 Pounds roasted coffee,
25 Cans tomatoes,
24 Cans mackerel,
50 Pounds best raisins,
1 Dozen packages herbs,
40 Pounds oatmeal,
20 Pounds rice,
1 Barrel crackers,
100 Pounds hominy,
18 Pounds mince meat,
1 Dozen brooms,
12 Bottles machine oil,
20 Pounds Oolong tea,
24 Cans green peas,
20 Pounds dried apples,
25 Pounds prunes,
40 Pounds laundry starch,
26 Pounds table salt,
25 Pounds lard,
12 Bottles maple syrup,
100 Bars soap,
2 Gallons chowchow,
1 Ream note paper,
500 Envelopes,
2 Newspapers for one year.

"I had no idea my drinking had been costing me so much. I know better and buy more for my family."

Hard On Subscribers.

Hardeman Free Press.

We are sorry for 'em, but this is what happened to three of our subscribers who was delinquent:

One sed, "I will pay you Saturday night if I live." He is dead.

Another sed, "I will see you tomorrow." He is blind.

Still another sed, "I hope to pay this week or go to hell." He is gone.

Dies of Blood Poison.

Raleigh Evening Times.

Baltimore, Mr., Feb. 24—Isaac R Trimble, one of the leading surgeons of this city, died last night at St. Joseph's Hospital, of blood-poisoning, after a remarkable struggle for life. He was infected on Monday, February 10, while performing an operation at St. Joseph's Hospital.

The edge of his knife cut through his glove and inflicted a slight wound on one of the fingers of his left hand. He paid little attention to what seemed to be a trivial cut, but the following day he noticed that he was slightly feverish. Blood poison rapidly developed.

Two operations were performed upon him, he advising his brother surgeons in the matter. First, the infected veins were severed at the arm pit. Other veins were removed in the second operation. The poison, however, had entered too far into the circulation.

North Catawba News.

We are having lots of snow at present.

Mr. J. A. Berry has sold a nice mule to Mr. Joe Crump.

Mr. Willie McCall, of Lenoir, passed through this section yesterday.

There will only be a few more days of the Lutz school, as the money is short this year.

Mr. W. M. Smith says that La Grippe is the worst disease in the world.

We are glad to welcome Mr. Pink Bean back to our vicinity again. He has purchased the Finley Coffey place.

Mr. J. D. Bradley is doing some carpenter work for Mr. James Smith during the bad weather.

Mr. R. M. Smith went to Rutherford College this evening on business.

Mr. Newton Clarke went to Baton yesterday on business.

Mr. M. C. Smith went to Granite Falls Monday on business.

Miss Gertrude Smith is visiting Mr. J. D. Bradley this week.

We are glad to know that Mr. Levi Rector is recovering from a severe attack of gripe.

Mr. C. H. Rector has mumps this week. UNCLE JOE.

Mrs. Ida Holgrey, of Gowrie, Iowa, declares that she has the banner liquor cure. When her husband was drunk Sunday she sewed him up between two blankets and lambasted him from head to foot. The treatment is a little bit severe, but if all women were to display half her intolerance the anti-saloon league would voluntarily go out of business.

A few years ago it was almost an unheard of thing for a reward to be offered for a criminal. Now, however, a crime is no sooner committed than there is a bounty offered for the perpetrator.

It is well that this is the case, for every wrongdoer, be he great or small, should be speedily apprehended, and sometimes officers might not be too vigilant in apprehending criminals.

It is unwise to trifle or temporize with anything that makes a noise like a grip germ getting in its work.

A Kansas man killed himself because he was tired of getting up at three o'clock in the morning to milk the cows. Apparently it never occurred to him to get married.

G.W.F. HARPER, Pres.

J.H. BEALL, Cashier.

W.A. SHELL, A/Cashier

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