

The Coin of the Land... Perhaps there is a time in the life of almost every one when he feels tired of it all—tired of the game. He may be a faithful worker in his chosen profession and may be unfitted to work in any other field, yet the spirit of unrest is likely to assail him and he may wonder why. He may come to the conclusion, which nine times out of ten is not true, that there is a lack of appreciation of the results. As some people may wonder why this spirit of unrest should come along to keep them awake at night, we wonder why it has not been led into this train of thought. Maybe it is because we are tired of the more or less artificial life of the city and have been dreaming too much of God's life—the life in the country. We have a notion that it would be a fine thing to throw our penell out the window and pick up in its stead a hoe handle in an old fashioned garden bed and work a farm house—a garden with rows of boxwood down the walls and its borders of hollyhocks, pinks, poppies, ragged robins, phlox and other flowers that our mothers loved; to wear the cotton shirt and one gallus; to wash our face out of a tin pan on the back porch; to sit around in idle luxury and watch somebody or something else work—the busy bees for instance, in and out the hive under the shade of a cedar; to be waked in the early morning by the pot-rack, pot-rack of the guineas; to jerk a sun perch out of the creek; or knock over a spring chicken whenever we want something to eat; to shake a tree and get a peach, a pear, a plum or an apple; to ride a bull calf around the barn lot and to throw clods at the cows on the way home from the pasture; to drink spring water out of a gourd and to feel the soothing lather of soft soap; to forget about barbers, shears and safety razors, laundered collars and tan shoes; to turn in with the setting of the sun and not care a ding whether we ever again write anything for anybody to read, or read anything anybody has written—that is the fever that seems to be on us. It is stated pretty much in the nature of the hypothetical question we have been reading so much about in the past few days. If there is any farmer who wants to leave nature as badly as we want to get back to it, let him banter us for a swap—and offer enough boot.

How about going barefooted and wading in the branch?

The King Bird.

Investigations which have recently been made by Uncle Sam's biology survey, as to the bill of fare of the king bird, have brought out the interesting and remarkable fact that, while it does now and then eat bees, it is the drones and not the workers who are his victims. When this announcement was first made bee keepers were won't to consider it as a pretty good joke, but their curiosity led them to make investigations, for themselves and they found the department specialists were correct. Not only did the kingbird not attack workers, but he devoured many varieties of injurious winged insects, while his hostility to marauding crows and hawks is a point to his credit, which is a matter of everyday observation.

Got DeWitt's Carbolyzed Witch Hazel Salve when you ask for it. There are a great many imitations, but there is just one original. This salve is good for anything where a salve is needed to be used, but it is good for Piles. Sold by J. E. Shell, Lenoir Drug Co. Granite Falls Drug Co.

agged and Bound Young Woman... Charlotte Chronicle... Perhaps there is a time in the life of almost every one when he feels tired of it all—tired of the game. He may be a faithful worker in his chosen profession and may be unfitted to work in any other field, yet the spirit of unrest is likely to assail him and he may wonder why. He may come to the conclusion, which nine times out of ten is not true, that there is a lack of appreciation of the results. As some people may wonder why this spirit of unrest should come along to keep them awake at night, we wonder why it has not been led into this train of thought. Maybe it is because we are tired of the more or less artificial life of the city and have been dreaming too much of God's life—the life in the country. We have a notion that it would be a fine thing to throw our penell out the window and pick up in its stead a hoe handle in an old fashioned garden bed and work a farm house—a garden with rows of boxwood down the walls and its borders of hollyhocks, pinks, poppies, ragged robins, phlox and other flowers that our mothers loved; to wear the cotton shirt and one gallus; to wash our face out of a tin pan on the back porch; to sit around in idle luxury and watch somebody or something else work—the busy bees for instance, in and out the hive under the shade of a cedar; to be waked in the early morning by the pot-rack, pot-rack of the guineas; to jerk a sun perch out of the creek; or knock over a spring chicken whenever we want something to eat; to shake a tree and get a peach, a pear, a plum or an apple; to ride a bull calf around the barn lot and to throw clods at the cows on the way home from the pasture; to drink spring water out of a gourd and to feel the soothing lather of soft soap; to forget about barbers, shears and safety razors, laundered collars and tan shoes; to turn in with the setting of the sun and not care a ding whether we ever again write anything for anybody to read, or read anything anybody has written—that is the fever that seems to be on us. It is stated pretty much in the nature of the hypothetical question we have been reading so much about in the past few days. If there is any farmer who wants to leave nature as badly as we want to get back to it, let him banter us for a swap—and offer enough boot.

How about going barefooted and wading in the branch?

The King Bird.

Investigations which have recently been made by Uncle Sam's biology survey, as to the bill of fare of the king bird, have brought out the interesting and remarkable fact that, while it does now and then eat bees, it is the drones and not the workers who are his victims. When this announcement was first made bee keepers were won't to consider it as a pretty good joke, but their curiosity led them to make investigations, for themselves and they found the department specialists were correct. Not only did the kingbird not attack workers, but he devoured many varieties of injurious winged insects, while his hostility to marauding crows and hawks is a point to his credit, which is a matter of everyday observation.

Got DeWitt's Carbolyzed Witch Hazel Salve when you ask for it. There are a great many imitations, but there is just one original. This salve is good for anything where a salve is needed to be used, but it is good for Piles. Sold by J. E. Shell, Lenoir Drug Co. Granite Falls Drug Co.

agged and Bound Young Woman... Charlotte Chronicle... Perhaps there is a time in the life of almost every one when he feels tired of it all—tired of the game. He may be a faithful worker in his chosen profession and may be unfitted to work in any other field, yet the spirit of unrest is likely to assail him and he may wonder why. He may come to the conclusion, which nine times out of ten is not true, that there is a lack of appreciation of the results. As some people may wonder why this spirit of unrest should come along to keep them awake at night, we wonder why it has not been led into this train of thought. Maybe it is because we are tired of the more or less artificial life of the city and have been dreaming too much of God's life—the life in the country. We have a notion that it would be a fine thing to throw our penell out the window and pick up in its stead a hoe handle in an old fashioned garden bed and work a farm house—a garden with rows of boxwood down the walls and its borders of hollyhocks, pinks, poppies, ragged robins, phlox and other flowers that our mothers loved; to wear the cotton shirt and one gallus; to wash our face out of a tin pan on the back porch; to sit around in idle luxury and watch somebody or something else work—the busy bees for instance, in and out the hive under the shade of a cedar; to be waked in the early morning by the pot-rack, pot-rack of the guineas; to jerk a sun perch out of the creek; or knock over a spring chicken whenever we want something to eat; to shake a tree and get a peach, a pear, a plum or an apple; to ride a bull calf around the barn lot and to throw clods at the cows on the way home from the pasture; to drink spring water out of a gourd and to feel the soothing lather of soft soap; to forget about barbers, shears and safety razors, laundered collars and tan shoes; to turn in with the setting of the sun and not care a ding whether we ever again write anything for anybody to read, or read anything anybody has written—that is the fever that seems to be on us. It is stated pretty much in the nature of the hypothetical question we have been reading so much about in the past few days. If there is any farmer who wants to leave nature as badly as we want to get back to it, let him banter us for a swap—and offer enough boot.

How about going barefooted and wading in the branch?

The King Bird.

Investigations which have recently been made by Uncle Sam's biology survey, as to the bill of fare of the king bird, have brought out the interesting and remarkable fact that, while it does now and then eat bees, it is the drones and not the workers who are his victims. When this announcement was first made bee keepers were won't to consider it as a pretty good joke, but their curiosity led them to make investigations, for themselves and they found the department specialists were correct. Not only did the kingbird not attack workers, but he devoured many varieties of injurious winged insects, while his hostility to marauding crows and hawks is a point to his credit, which is a matter of everyday observation.

Got DeWitt's Carbolyzed Witch Hazel Salve when you ask for it. There are a great many imitations, but there is just one original. This salve is good for anything where a salve is needed to be used, but it is good for Piles. Sold by J. E. Shell, Lenoir Drug Co. Granite Falls Drug Co.

agged and Bound Young Woman... Charlotte Chronicle... Perhaps there is a time in the life of almost every one when he feels tired of it all—tired of the game. He may be a faithful worker in his chosen profession and may be unfitted to work in any other field, yet the spirit of unrest is likely to assail him and he may wonder why. He may come to the conclusion, which nine times out of ten is not true, that there is a lack of appreciation of the results. As some people may wonder why this spirit of unrest should come along to keep them awake at night, we wonder why it has not been led into this train of thought. Maybe it is because we are tired of the more or less artificial life of the city and have been dreaming too much of God's life—the life in the country. We have a notion that it would be a fine thing to throw our penell out the window and pick up in its stead a hoe handle in an old fashioned garden bed and work a farm house—a garden with rows of boxwood down the walls and its borders of hollyhocks, pinks, poppies, ragged robins, phlox and other flowers that our mothers loved; to wear the cotton shirt and one gallus; to wash our face out of a tin pan on the back porch; to sit around in idle luxury and watch somebody or something else work—the busy bees for instance, in and out the hive under the shade of a cedar; to be waked in the early morning by the pot-rack, pot-rack of the guineas; to jerk a sun perch out of the creek; or knock over a spring chicken whenever we want something to eat; to shake a tree and get a peach, a pear, a plum or an apple; to ride a bull calf around the barn lot and to throw clods at the cows on the way home from the pasture; to drink spring water out of a gourd and to feel the soothing lather of soft soap; to forget about barbers, shears and safety razors, laundered collars and tan shoes; to turn in with the setting of the sun and not care a ding whether we ever again write anything for anybody to read, or read anything anybody has written—that is the fever that seems to be on us. It is stated pretty much in the nature of the hypothetical question we have been reading so much about in the past few days. If there is any farmer who wants to leave nature as badly as we want to get back to it, let him banter us for a swap—and offer enough boot.

How about going barefooted and wading in the branch?

The King Bird.

Investigations which have recently been made by Uncle Sam's biology survey, as to the bill of fare of the king bird, have brought out the interesting and remarkable fact that, while it does now and then eat bees, it is the drones and not the workers who are his victims. When this announcement was first made bee keepers were won't to consider it as a pretty good joke, but their curiosity led them to make investigations, for themselves and they found the department specialists were correct. Not only did the kingbird not attack workers, but he devoured many varieties of injurious winged insects, while his hostility to marauding crows and hawks is a point to his credit, which is a matter of everyday observation.

Got DeWitt's Carbolyzed Witch Hazel Salve when you ask for it. There are a great many imitations, but there is just one original. This salve is good for anything where a salve is needed to be used, but it is good for Piles. Sold by J. E. Shell, Lenoir Drug Co. Granite Falls Drug Co.



THE NEWS Welcomes All VISITORS THEM A DAVENPORT COLLEGE Wants Your Help! JULY 3rd, 1909

Drink with us on the Third. Bernhardt-Seagle HARDWARE & FURNITURE COMPANY

SEE THE GOODS in process of making on the Big Third. "Printed words and cuts are of no avail When samples are compared—to tell the tale." Look over our stock of saddles—and "WHEN IN DOUBT, BUY OF PRICE!" Stop and water in our lot.

Price-Cline HARNESS & TANNING CO

international world state, with international tribunals interpreting the laws of an international parliament, whose decisions would be enforced by an executive without whose command appeal to force on earth, or air, or sea would be absolutely forbidden. This may read like Utopia. But it is the only alternative to the destruction of civilization. If we refuse to recognize that the aeroplane will soon render war impossible, human society may find itself hurled with hideous ruin and combustion down to bottomless perdition like Lucifer and his hosts in "Paradise Lost." The minds of men, especially of the ruling men, are slow to perceive the rings of the times. But the aeroplane, which renders armaments obsolete, will probably open their eyes to its significance by abolishing frontiers. The smugglers of the air will have everything their own way. It will be impossible to enforce the payment of customs duties on any goods save those which are imported by the ton. The drying up of the customs revenue may predispose governments first to reduce and then to abandon their armaments. But meantime all the more thoughtful among us will do well to fix our minds upon the supreme question; When the aeroplane comes and the old order goes what is to take place of war? Cheer Up! Lacon, Ill Journal. Don't kick because you have to button your wife's waist. Be glad your wife has a waist and doubly glad you have a wife to button a waist for. Some men's wives have waists to button. Some men's wives waists have no buttons on to button. Some men wives who have waists with buttons to button don't care a continental whether they are buttoned or not. Some men don't have any wives with waists with buttons on to button any more than a rabbit. Many a man who has made a failure of everything else imagines he is a success as a husband.

Cuban Girls at Banner Elk School.

The Times Democrat, Charlotte, says: "Three little dark haired, bright eyed Cuban girls from Cardenas attended the First Presbyterian Sunday School here yesterday morning. They were daughters of Rev. E. E. Hubbard, who is at the head of an orphanage in Cardenas, and are on their way to the Elizabeth McRae school of the Presbyterian church at Banner Elk, in the mountains of western North Carolina, where they are to be educated. Their names are Teresa Cruell, Josepha Cruell and Narcissa Del Rio.

Items From Wilkesboro Chronicle.

Mr. W. A. Laxton, of Moravian Falls, has bought from Mr. Henkel of Lenoir, the Crisp farm, lately sold and vacated by Mr. Crisp. Rev. W. R. Bradshaw, who is well known here and has for some time been engaged in evangelistic work, has had a very flattering call to become pastor of the Baptist church in Lenoir. The price of flour continues to go higher. Guess we will have to go back to the old way, and cut out the biscuits till Sunday morning for breakfast and a little extra when the preacher comes. "Perhaps we will have to do as we did just after the war when we could not buy flour at any price. Those of us who were so fortunate as to have a little wheat and a horse to carry it, took it to the mill and had it ground, then we would mix flour and meal half and half and make biscuits, and they were good too. If everybody would do this now it would bring the price of flour down in a hurry.

Public Benefactor.

He who keeps a neat yard or a clean and thrifty garden is essentially a public benefactor, for not only is it a source of pleasure to the passerby, but the good example which is set is quite likely to be followed by his neighbor. If you have pains in the back, weak back, or any other indication of a weakened or disordered condition of the kidneys or bladder, you should get DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills right away when you experience the least sign of kidney or bladder complaints, but be sure that you get Dewitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. We know what they will do for you, and if you will send your name to E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago you will receive a free trial box of these kidney and bladder pill. They are sold here by J. E. Shell, Lenoir Drug Co., Granite Falls Drug Co.

Linville Items.

Linville seems to be getting on a boom now. A good many summer guests are there, lots of applications for more. Mr. Newt Edminsten of Blowing Rock was in town yesterday on business. Rev. Robert Franklin filled his appointment in the Methodist church yesterday at 11 a. m. Mr. Ed Childs, formerly of Lincolnton, N. C., have come to Linville to spend the summer. He is stopping at Coffey & Collins. The good people of this place have been training the children for a "children's day" exercise. The date will be published later. A party of fishermen of Hickory N. C., are stopping at Coffey & Collins this week and one, Mr. Lyerly, caught a mountain trout that measured 23 inches. The fishermen always go away satisfied, so many fish, pure water and air. We were pleased to see the Blowing Rock items in The News. Hope to see them often. Success to The News. K. June 28, 1909.

Farmers' Union.

The Farmer's Union as now organized, is perhaps the strongest organization of farmers that has ever been known in the State. The old Alliance was a political power in its day, but after it had wrecked the Democratic party, the politicians controlled it and who rode into office on the backs of the farmers, wrecked the Alliance. So far the Farmers' Union has been proof against the wiles of the politician. It is claimed that the barriers against his admittance to the Union or his influence upon it are of a most effective kind. The work of the Farmers' Union in encouraging the warehousing of cotton has been well directed and has proved the power of organized effort. The Farmers' Union also has in its scheme of organization a system of co-operative work of a practical character. As long as it is politician-proof it is all right.

THE Aeroplane Hanger of Peace... It does not require much prescience to foresee that armaments will soon go the way of armor, and that twelve-inch guns will soon be replaced by twelve-inch shells. The king of Italy showed a keener insight into the probabilities of the future when he said two years ago: "I would have had two million shells instead of twelve-inch guns, because there is every reason to believe an aeroplane costing no more than a motor car may reduce it to old iron before it leaves the stocks!" The German minister for foreign affairs told me in 1907 that they never for a moment allowed them selves to be sighted by the airship. Because when that comes it will revolutionize everything. The ash has come, and the corn is to stay. The deliberate judgment of the Italian military aeronauts that in 1912 there will be as many aeroplanes in the air as there are now motor cars in the streets bids fair to be an accomplished fact. I have been repeating these warnings for the last five years. Many one is loath to admit that they may be something.

But what that something is few persons save imaginative speculators like H. G. Wells have even dimly begun to perceive. What the airship carries beneath its planes is the most far reaching revolution that has ever transformed the world. "Be my brother or I will slay thee," the French revolutionist's formula, will now be revived with an infinitely wider application; because the airship represents an addition to the forces of destruction so vast, so incalculable that it places human society at the mercy of any of its component parts. The aeroplane dashing through air at 100 miles an hour capable of dropping 100 pounds of high explosives or of asphyxiating shells on any point from any height is the nearest approximation which mankind has made to the discovery of vril. It was by the invention of vril—that potent compound of electricity and dynamite by which a child could destroy an army by waving a wand—that Lord Lytton prophesied the ultimate extinction of war. The aeroplane is the next step to vril. For it places illimitable forces of destruction at the disposal of any one who can raise \$50,000 and find half a dozen desperadoes to do his bidding. What this means is that the human race which has hitherto organized itself for defense from enemies on or below the world's surface is absolutely unprotected from attack from above. The opportunity which this gives to the anarchist and the desperado was perceived years ago by M. Azeff when he recommended the Russian revolutionists to resort to the aeroplane as the most effective means of destroying the government. If the governments do not cease their absolutely fatuous habit of preparing for war with each other they may find themselves confronted by forces of disorder armed with new invincible weapons against which they themselves will be powerless. Should they let hell loose by making war upon each other heaven itself would rain hell fire upon the modern cities. In sheer self-defense the instinct of self-preservation ought to compel governments to federate into one