

1896 The 1901 DAILY GAZETTE

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THE GAZETTE ASHEVILLE, N. C.

FROM ASHEVILLE TO OKLAHOMA IN A WAGON

George H. ... (Continued)

In crossing the state of Illinois I passed through Vienna, a fine, healthy county seat, and then the twin towns of Anna and Jonesboro. The latter is the older and the county seat, but is old-fashioned. Its citizens do not care much for progress, so they have dreamed away their time, while the adjoining town has grown up full of stately buildings. The towns are so close together you would not know where one ends or the other begins.

After leaving them I struck a south-westerly course, going into a wooded country, along a small creek valley, until I emerged into the flats of the great Mississippi basin. Heavy forests had been cleared to make farms on this deep black soil. They raise wheat, corn and ague in large crops. Not much attention has been paid to the roads, which are very good in dry weather, but are absolutely without bottom in the rainy season. The effects of a heavy rain were still visible in the low spots, and I almost held my breath when going over them. There were many horse-shoe curves, to avoid the particularly soft places. I camped one night near another crew of people who were bound for some place in the far west. They had everything right along with them—cows, dogs, chickens, lean horses and about a four story house full of unwashed youngsters.

It was not far back of here that I met my first return voyager. He and his tired-looking family had been out in Arkansas, got their systems full of malaria, and homesickness, and were on the back trail for the old nook in the mountains of Tennessee. He informed me that there were two ferries across the Father of Waters, engaging in a war, and if I would watch my p's and q's I could probably get free ferriage. I told him it would be just like those fellows to patch up their fight before I get there. During the last six miles of travel east of the river I rode through the heaviest fog I ever saw. It was so dense that I very nearly had several collisions with teams. Looking ahead I could see nothing but a blank white wall, apparently about twenty feet distant. Suddenly a team or horseman would burst into view, their heads so near me that there was barely time to turn out. This was considerably embarrassing when we met in a narrow bit of roadway. But when I arrived at the river bank, the fog was very light, and I made inquiry about the ferries. Sure enough, there was peace, and I had the satisfaction of paying my way over, like any other poor American citizen. I landed on Missouri soil, in the old river town called Cape Girardeau (pronounced Girardo). Where they got an excuse for the Cape idea, is more than I could make out. It is a nice town, but I told them I was sorry I couldn't tarry long. The whole of the broad state of the Pukes lay before me, and I was anxious to begin its measurement. I started very glibly out on a stretch of turnpike, which lasted about ten miles. Then passing through Jackson, I struck a southeasterly course toward a town called Marble Hill. I encountered some hills and hollows that made me think the town was rightly named. Here I learned the pleasing news that I had missed the best route. My informant said I should have gone about twenty miles north, on a straight road, the most frequented line across the state. But it was too late now, even to "cry over spilled milk," so I proceeded to plod on. I was told to look out for bad roads, which information was not necessary. I found that out. I do think I passed over about the most flinty road I ever saw, not even excepting my travel in the mountains. These roads were so rocky that it seemed to me the wheels did not touch soil for hours at a time. The hills were steep, top, and the stones were sharp—the kind that cut shoes and wagon tires into tatters.

At Greenville, I was told I must go further southwest, as that was the best road. I pity the poor misguided mortal who has to go by the other one. I wanted some one to pity me for the route I was on. There were times when I was sure the road had run out. It actually seemed to disappear. It was so dim that it would not be visible in a court of inquiry. But I blundered along, all the while assuring myself that I was willing to go on with that I was on the wrong track, if that dim way over hill and dale could be called a track. Arriving in a small valley, wide enough for a farm, I camped one night after dark, near the house of a farmer who was lord of all he surveyed. After retiring I heard the rattle of other wagons coming over the stony road. After they stopped I looked out to inquire. I hadn't seen a traveler for days. Judge of my surprise when they told me they had heard of me nearly a week before, and had been all the intervening time trying to catch me.

They asked people at every turn if they had seen a man with a black horse, horse, bound for Oklahoma. Upon being answered in the affirmative, they pushed on, early and late, and finally had overtaken me. These people were from the southeast corner of Missouri, and were going to a land of milk and molasses, where malaria would cease from troubling and the "shakes" would be at rest. My caravan was now increased to three wagons, and we again took up our line of march over the way that led to another town named after a president—Van Buren. Pausing here long enough to get our breath and something to eat, we crossed the Current river—a stream well named. It ran so swift that I was not sure whether my wagon would stay right side up, and my horse was so disarranged that she wanted to turn down stream. But all's well that ends well, and we pulled out on the opposite bank, our wagons well washed. We were now traveling in a peculiar mixture of very good roads, followed by very bad ones. It was along the spurs of the Ozark mountains. At Wigona we dumped on an elevation, where I had the pleasure of feeling Jack Frost's icy fingers under my bed clothes during the night. GEO. R. STEPHENS.

THE NEW BRITISH LOAN
Subscribed for Six or Seven Times Over—The Budget's Increase of the Income Tax Sharply Criticized.
London, April 23.—Applications for the new war loan continue to pour into the Bank of England. The subscribers to-day, though numerous were mostly small investors. It is estimated that the loan was subscribed for six or seven times over and it is expected the list will be closed to-morrow, as it is not desired to look up too much money. In the House of Commons to-day various members sharply criticized the budget's increase of the income tax and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, replied that more money must be raised somehow and none of the objectors suggested a better way. He hoped that the additional taxation might bring home to the country the virtues of economy. The income tax resolution was adopted by 363 to 83 votes.

PATRICK TO BE INDICTED FOR MURDER.
New York, April 23.—Albert T. Patrick, David L. Short and Morris Meyer were taken before the grand jury again to-day, that body considering the charge against Patrick for causing the death of William M. Rice. The three men said that, acting on advice of counsel, they preferred not to testify. After the jury had adjourned for the day, it was said an order had been given for the presentation of an indictment against Patrick on the charge that he caused Rice's death, and for indictments against Short and Meyer on charges of forgery in having, as alleged by the prosecution, signed their names as witnesses to a will bearing the signature of William M. Rice, which signature, it is claimed, was forged.

A STEAMER ASHORE.
Portland, Me., April 23.—The steamer Mora, which has just arrived from Louisiana, C. B., with coal, reports a three-masted steamer ashore at Cape Porpoise. The vessel is thought to be the British steamer Drumelzier, which sailed from Hamburg on April 7th with a cargo of sugar for this port.

THE FIVE MURDERED CHILDREN.
Suspicion Now Points to the Father as Their Slayer.
Chartres, Department of Eure et Eloir, France, April 23.—Suspicion in the brutal murder of five children, aged, respectively, 14, 11, 7, 5 and 4 years, which occurred here yesterday at a farm in the neighborhood, now falls upon the father of the children. It is suggested that the father murdered his children in a fit of drunken madness, as he spent the evening drinking, and no trace of the alleged tramps has been found. It is a strange fact that while the children were killed with a hammer or bludgeon, the father was only stabbed and his wounds were slight. The knife with which these wounds were made belongs to the house and a blood-stained jacket belonging to Briere, the father, was discovered in the courtyard, hidden under some straw. Briere was confronted with the corpses of his children late yesterday afternoon and he was afterward arrested.

WILL GRANT PROTECTION IN CHINA.
Washington, April 23.—It is understood here that the Chinese plenipotentiaries at Peking, Prince Ching and Li Hung Chang, are prepared to give a guarantee to the powers for the protection of all foreigners in China, if the foreign troops now stationed there are withdrawn. Thus far, the retention of the foreign forces has been urged as necessary in order to preserve order and protect foreigners, but the Chinese authorities say that order has been so far re-established that the imperial government is fully able to direct the Chinese troops in such a way as to ensure complete safety to the interests of all foreigners. This is understood to be the basis of the withdrawal of 10,000 French troops and it is earnestly hoped among Chinese officials that this will be followed by a similar movement on the part of the other foreign forces in China.

A SCARCITY OF FARM LABOR.
Greensboro, N. C., April 23.—One hundred negroes left this city last night for the coal mines of West Virginia. Within the past year several hundred miners have been induced to leave. On account of the emigration of a large number of negroes, the removal of white men from the country districts to the towns, farm labor in this section is very scarce. This has caused some farmers to prepare for only half crop this year.

A PLOW TRUST.
Chicago, April 23.—After a conference lasting several days the plow manufacturers of the United States practically have completed the formation of a \$50,000,000 combination. The combination has for one of its purposes the elimination of the long credit season which have been given country merchants.

Advertisement for C. P. Spiret Corsets, featuring an illustration of a woman in a corset and text describing the product.

A SICILIAN VILLAGE

A Gazette's Correspondent Tells What He Saw There. Taormina, Sicily, April 3. We came here from Blankenburg on the first of February, none too soon, as it was very cold en route. Even at Naples it snowed. The weather has been throughout Europe entire unusually inclement. I wonder more do not come to this little place of the many Americans who visit Naples. Taormina is very beautiful, and a funny pamphlet describing the antique theatre, funny as showing English "as she is spoke" in Sicily, but nothing can describe the delightful combination of tonic influences from sea and mountain surroundings. The Ionian sea is just in front of our terrace, to the south, high rocks in the rear to the north. The land is very productive notwithstanding that all around Etna has so often covered it with ashes and debris from volcanic eruptions. Orange and lemon trees abound by millions. Almonds all leaved out in green for a month, first the blossoms lent beauty to the variety of greens and orange. The slopes of the mountains are always covered with some color, either anemones or heather, anemones of violet, such as one never sees on the Riviera, vie with the pink and the blue. We are hundreds of feet above the sea, so the air is dry. On climbing up the zig-zag steps of the theatre lately to see the pink glow on snow-clad Etna and the rosy dawn reflected in the sea I was surprised at 5:30 to find no moisture on the grass around the walks, though buttercups and daisies grow in abundance. There are a great many artists here, principally English and Danes. Of the latter is Kroger, who took the grand medal of honor for his country at Paris last summer. He has a Botticelli looking wife who evidently has learned to dress herself for his work, and finally become a poseuse, but she is naturally handsome, and his 14-1/2 daughter of ten is very picturesque. He is charming but rather broken in health, coming here because of nervous prostration. He has, however, improved enough to be at work on a picture of an old Sicilian peasant. Palermo, Syracuse and Gergenti have wonderful architectural remains, which we modern houses as well as interesting old buildings all nestling on the terrace surrounded by foliage. The panorama of sea and mountain, the quaint gateways and brightly dressed peasants—the thousand other beautiful and interesting things that make this place attractive I shall not attempt to describe. It is to me a wonder that more tourists do not see them.

CONSUMPTION.

ROOMS OCCUPIED BY CONSUMPTIVES CAN BE KEPT FREE FROM DUST AND CONTAGIOUS DUST BY THE DAILY USE OF... CHLORIDES, WHICH INSTANTLY DESTROY FOUL ODOR AND DIS-EASE BREEDING MATTER. An odorless colorless liquid; powerful safe and economical. Sold in quart bottles only by Druggists and high class Grocers. FREE A practical treatise compiled from board of health reports on infectious diseases, such as Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, Typhoid, Measles, Consumption, etc. how to prevent and treat them with illustrations showing methods of household disinfection will be mailed free Address Henry B. Platt, 36 Platt St., New York City.

DREYFUS' OWN STORY.

A powerful chapter from one of the most remarkable of recorded human experiences, appears in McClure's Magazine for May—Captain Alfred Dreyfus' Own Story of his arrest, degradation and transportation to Devil's Isle. To this story is added a portion of the Diary kept by Dreyfus on the island, for his wife, and referred to so often and so mysteriously in the Rennes trial, but never made public. A more intense and convincing expression of human agony than that found in these fragments is inconceivable. From first to last it is evident that the sufferer is bewildered and maddened by what has befallen him, and that all which keeps him from insanity or death is his determination to prove that his persecutions are powerless to overthrow what he calls the "sovereignty of the soul." These dramatic passages make it clear, too, that Dreyfus was compelled to undergo on Devil's Isle every ignominy and hardship his jailers could devise, even to close confinement in a hut, enclosed by palisades and shut out from air and light, with double irons upon his legs throughout the night. The book from which this remarkable document is taken, containing the story of Dreyfus' entire five years of suffering and imprisonment, is to be published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

MOZELEY'S LEMON ELIXIR

A PLEASANT LEMON TONIC. For biliousness, constipation and appendicitis. For indigestion, sick and nervous headache. For sleeplessness, nervousness and heart failure. For fever, chills, debility and kidney diseases, take Lemon Elixir. Ladies, for natural and thorough organic regulation take Lemon Elixir. Dr. Mozeley's Lemon Elixir is prepared from the juice of lemons, combined with other vegetable liver tonics, and will not fail you in any of the above-named diseases. 50c and \$1.00 bottles at druggists. Prepared only by Dr. H. Mozeley, Atlanta, Ga.

AT THE CAPITOL.

In my seventy-third year, and for fifty years I have been a great sufferer from indigestion, constipation and biliousness. I have tried all the remedies advertised for these diseases, and got no permanent relief. About one year ago, the disease assuming a more severe and dangerous form, I became very weak and lost flesh rapidly. I commenced using Dr. Mozeley's Lemon Elixir. I gained twelve pounds in three months. My strength and health, my appetite and my digestion were perfectly restored and now I feel as young and vigorous as I ever did in my life. L. J. ALDRED, Door-keeper Ga. State Senate, State Capitol, Atlanta, Ga.

MOZELEY'S LEMON ELIXIR

is the very best medicine I ever used for the diseases you recommend it for and I have used many kinds for women's troubles. MRS S. A. GRESHAM, Salem, N. C.

MOZELEY'S LEMON HOT DROPS.

Cures all Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Hemorrhage and all throat and lung diseases. It is elegant, reliable. 25c at druggists. Prepared only by Dr. H. Mozeley, Atlanta, Ga.

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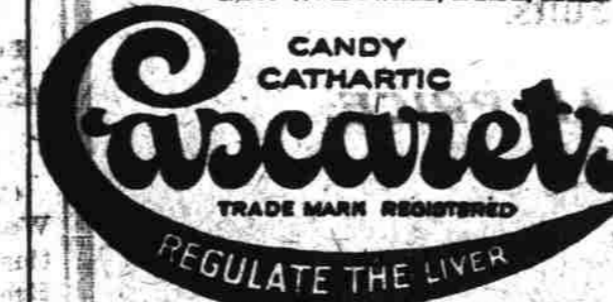
You will waste time if you try to cure indigestion or dyspepsia by starving yourself. That only makes it worse when you do eat heavily. Always use plenty of good food properly digested. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is the result of years of scientific research for something that would digest not only some elements of food but every kind. And it is the remedy that will do it. Sold by all druggists.

A HORRIBLE UTTERANCE.

Of large sores on my little daughter's head developed into a case of scald head, writes C. D. Zbill of Moranton, Tenn., but Buckle's Arnica Salve, completely cured her. It is guaranteed cure for Eczema, Tetter, East Rheum, Pimples, Sores, Ulcers and piles. Only 25c at all druggists. A kiss by moonlight is one of love's strongest arguments.

TAPE WORMS

These tape worms eighteen feet long at least come on the scene after my taking two CASCARETS. This I am sure, has caused my bad health for the past three years. I am still taking Cascarets, the only cathartic worthy of notice by sensible people. Geo. W. BOWLES, Baird, Miss.



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