

# THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

Devoted to the Protection of Home and the Interests of the County.

Vol. XVI.

W. F. MARSHALL,  
Editor and Proprietor.

Gastonia, N. C., November 21, 1895.

(Published Weekly.)

No. 47.

## BAB'S VIEW OF LIFE.

### HERE'S A NEW AND ODD OCCUPATION FOR WOMEN.

The Cheering-Up Business—Amusing Mrs. Crank—Mrs. Millionaire, the Good and Little Miss Good Form—Mrs. Blue-Blood's Personality—Wherein the Rich Can Find To Be Right.

It is just the time of the year when people yaw politely—that is if there is such a thing as yawing politely—and wonder what they will do next. The season hasn't quite started; there is no certainty about what is and what is not to be the special vogue, and so the fashionable matrons, or the maid counts for very little socially, in New York, stare at the tip of her satin slipper, yawn again and again, and wish that something would happen. I happened to drop into the Woman's Exchange the other day and I saw a little sign which struck me as unique, and the woman who wrote it ought, if there is any justice in the world, to do a flourishing business. It reads this way: "In the Cheering-Up Business, I will read, play on the piano, sing or entertain invalids, or those people who feel a little blue and would like to be cheered up at a reasonable price per hour." Now, that is what I call clever. And the woman who can deliberately make a business of cheering up people, and especially when she has to earn her living by this light-heartedness, must be a mighty brave—quite as brave as a soldier facing the enemy. Suppose she happens to be wondering where she will get the money to pay her rent, when she is called on to cheer up Mrs. Crank, who wants to be sung to and read to, and amused with stories that are not just straight and not just crooked, but a little amusing. And the cheerer up has to look pleasant and pleasant and make Mrs. Crank feel pleased, or the company will be forced upon her that she hasn't earned her money properly. It takes all sort of people to make up a world, and Mrs. Crank is one of the extremely offensive ones, but there are others who are equally distinct.

WOMANISHING MADAMON.  
Among the snobs there is, first of all, Madame Millionaire, who is rich but not rare. In fact, to be a bit stingy, she is rather overdone. She gauges everything from the standpoint of her bank book, and the only reason she respects the kingdom of heaven is because it is to be paved with gold. A beautiful woman is as nothing to her until she hears how much she is worth, and a man may be as brave as Bayard, Gordon and Robert E. Lee put together, but she sees nothing good in him unless each act of bravery is recognized by a million of shakels. When she comes to die, I wonder what she will think? It is a subject that doesn't trouble her now because she feels that money will get her a special train of carriages to follow her, a marvelous caquet to hold her, and yards of silk to enshroud her. She forgets that those dreadful worms have no respect for persons, nor for fine woods, nor rich gowns. And she forgets, too, that she won't be asked "How much are you worth," but instead, "What good have you done with the millions I inherited from you?" I make a bow to Madame Millionaire as she goes by, she gives me that tip of her head which she reserves for nobodies, and I realize that I wouldn't change places with her, not if her millions were trippled and her diamonds were of so great worth that they startled the whole world.

One of the little sisters of the rich for whom Madame Millionaire has a sort of liking is little Mrs. Good-Form. She never makes a mistake—socially. She knows the latest headache, she wears the newest frock, and she wouldn't be seen with an angel from heaven unless its robe had a distinct out. Nothing is amusing that hasn't been approved of by the Grundys elected by her and her like, and she thinks it good form never to permit herself to get very much excited. She wouldn't shed a tear because—oh, well, tears are common. Common people cry, and then, too, one might get one's nose red. She wouldn't laugh because ordinary people like funny things, and then, too, laughing is likely to make wrinkles about one's mouth. She missed meeting a famous artist once because she couldn't decide just what gown was suitable to the hour of the day—a ridiculous early hour—when he was to appear. But then she didn't care about the artist. She heard afterwards that his dress clothes were abominable, and that he didn't seem to know the difference between the people one ought to know and the people it is wiser not to know. It is quite true that she will be forgotten when she makes her exit from this world, and that the great artist will live for centuries, but still she flatters herself that she is always thoroughly good form, and that more and more women in good society want? That is a little bit of heart or brain might be desirable she never dawned on her. When she gets older and people neglect her, and she receives no invitations, she will set it down to malice, and entirely forget that, as she was in her young days, a mass of selfishness, she has no right to expect that anybody will be kind-hearted enough to remember her.

Another snob is Mademoiselle Blue-Blood. Presently, I have in my report admiration for people who try to conceal their financial worries, who don't bore the world at large with their troubles, and who really and truly keep up a brave appearance. Some people have an idea that it is a sin to be poor—it is something of a blinder, but still some poor people are happy, and I would like to mention one poor woman I know who wouldn't change places with Cornelius Vanderbilt, simply because he doesn't get one-half the pleasure out of life that she does. What fun is there when you can get everything without any trouble?

When you see a book that you long for, you look at it and price it, and begin to save on car fares and soda waters and various small feminine luxuries to get it. Then the day comes when you have enough money, and taking somebody with you, for you wouldn't be mean to go alone, you enter the shop, buy the book, and your heart is thumping with pleasure your lips quivering with delight, and your eyes are absolutely laughing. And the man says, "Shall I send it home?" You almost answer "Not much," but catch yourself in time, and say, "No, thank you." And then, when you get home, somebody rolls up the bit of string because it is a nice pink string, which is handy to have, and somebody else keeps the paper because a bookseller's paper is always reputable looking, and then everybody discusses the cover of the book, and the pictures in the book, and what the man wrote before and how this will compare with it, and the best reader is going to read it aloud, although, of course, you are going through it with great rapidity, first of all, by yourself. That is real pleasure. Do you suppose such intense delight ever comes to Mr. Vanderbilt? Books are nothing to him, that is the way of saving up to buy them. He can order the whole set home, but he can never have the perfect joy that comes to me, or to you when we buy the something for which we long, and which we deny ourselves to obtain.

SHE ALWAYS PLEADS POVERTY.  
But to return to Mademoiselle Blue-Blood. She is of good birth, but poor, and the poverty is in her purse, not in her assurance. She does what might be called the poverty set. She cannot see a pretty gown, a dainty bonnet, a new parasol, well-fitting gloves, or even a comfortable chair, without saying: "Oh, me; how fortunate you are! Now, I am so awfully poor that I cannot get anything, but you are a happy mortal." Then she who possesses what she admires feel precisely like a worm on a fish-hook. You realize that you are doing wrong in being prosperous; you are convinced that it is an absolute fact that you are stealing from your less fortunate friend, who, everybody says, is so sweetly frank, as she never hesitates about telling of her poverty.

That's just what it is. In time her sweet frankness becomes a nuisance, and you realize that she has known her a little while, that she bleeds her friends as systematically as if she were blackmailing. Some day you pay her a visit, taking with you a bunch of violets, that you really can hardly afford to buy, but you thought she would like them; and you find her in a charming apartment, well heated, even luxuriously furnished. Once you are seated, however, she gives you a list of the donors of her belongings, and you go away wondering if you hadn't better buy her the lace curtains she said she wanted, or else be talked of as stingy. Nobody likes poverty. It is not beautiful and seldom ennobling. But from this kind of poor we ought to pray daily for deliverance.

I sometimes wonder how Mademoiselle Blue-Blood ever got so; because there must have been a time when she didn't indulge in this sort of picking and stealing business—that is really what it amounts to, for few of her friends give willingly; instead, the gift is extracted like an eye-tooth, and comes with as much reluctance. I often wonder of these women think the world is fooled. It isn't, but we Americans generalizing, create a great deal of suffering for ourselves by our inability to say no. We are afraid Mademoiselle Blue-Blood will be nasty unless we are counted by her as among the generous people. Now, why couldn't we let her think whatever she wants, and say whatever she wants, as long as she knows that we are doing right? Society demands of us that we shall be civil, but surely not to the individual who politely but certainly robs us.

SOME DISAGREABLE PEOPLE.  
The other objectionable people? Well, there is the woman who says vile things about you, and who, when she meets you, asks you why you haven't been to see her, and insists upon kissing you. Then there is the elderly frump who feels that it is her duty to talk religion to you, and the very minute she begins all the choices wickedness that is in you comes to the surface, and when she leaves she can say with a certain amount of truth that you have spoken in such a way that she is sure you are turning infidel. It is a wonder you don't turn cannibal. Then there is the man who watches you every time you speak to a woman, hoping that you will do or say something that he can repeat at his club, and which will hurt your reputation.

He has reached that time in life when he is buggy under the eyes, very much wrinkled, dyes his mustache, and is given over to strong perfumes. Also to kissing the daughters of his old friends, who loathe him and who would rather kiss the most miserable cur on the street than this miserable expression of masculinity gone wrong. From the wicked old man—I mean the type anxious to impress you with his wickedness—may we all pray to be delivered! Then there is the woman who is always telling you who her ancestors were. She herself is an old bore, and nobody cares if she was descended from General Fiddle-Faddle, who came over to America in 1000, probably on one of the convict ships, and who undoubtedly left his country for his country's good. This woman always reminds me of something that that very witty gentleman, Benjamin Franklin, said: "The mole is very anxious to speak about her mother, the mare; but never her father, the jackass."

A GLIMPSE OF SPANISH LIFE.  
I received the other day a clipping from a Spanish newspaper, which illustrates very well how far ahead of us the daughters of Spain are in their mingling, not only of religion and business (for some of us are pretty well up in that), but also in making the public aware of the matrimonial

possibilities in the family and the hardheartedness of a cruel landlord. This is it: "This morning our favor summoned away the jeweler, Siebold Illmaga, from his shop to another and better world. The suddenness of his death will wrap upon his tomb, as will also his two daughters, Hilda and Emma, the former of whom is married and the later is open to an offer. The funeral will take place to-morrow. His disconsolate widow.

"VERONIBUE ILLMAGA.  
"P. S.—This bereavement will not interupt our business, which will be carried on as usual, only our place of business will be removed to No. 4 Tiesse de Tinturiers, as our grasping landlord has raised our rent."

Isn't that fine? And wouldn't it be a good thing if we all could, in this child-like way, publish our opinions of our landlord and butchers and bakers and grocers who invariably charge more than they ought to, and who grow rich from the profits gained from innocent and unprotected women? (If that don't fetch my landlord nothing will.)

A young woman wrote and asked me what I would advise her to have for favors on the dinner table. I wish to remark that the Senate of the United States has ordered a special Thanksgiving for the last Thursday in November for the doing away of all the rattles and ribbons that made one feel, on departing, like a shoplifter, or else like one of those horrible women who chase after bargains. The dinner favor is no more; it is the dinner that is of importance, and all the boxes of sweets and all the bunches of flowers and all the bunches of cards and with streamers will not excuse bad cooking and worse service. I trust that the young woman is answered to her satisfaction.

LOVE AND SUKINING.  
Another young woman who wanted to know inquired how often she should let her betrothed spend "sunny hours with her." (That is what she wrote.) It depends entirely upon her appearance. If, as I imagine from her letter, she is a combination of beauty and folly, she had better let him see as little of her as possible; but if she happens to be long on brains and short on beauty, then she may meet him as often as she pleases. The charm of beauty alone soon wears away, but the woman who has something more than mere beauty can make a man forget her face and appreciate keenly her heart and her mind. The cleverest man that ever lived (I decline to mention his name) said: "Familiarity is a magician cruel to beauty and kind to ugliness."

A quotation? Of course it is. When one is fortunate enough to come across a clever thing, it comes one's duty to send it along to the next. What I am hoping for is that, some day, quite by accident, I will say something very clever; you will repeat it, and your best young man will ask, "Who first said that?" And you will answer—  
B.A.N.

Words that Apply Elsewhere.  
Johnson City Tribune.  
The Democratic party of to-day is no the verge of demoralization. In the language of the late Mayor Edwards, "the Democratic house is on fire from cellar to garret," and, figuratively speaking, it seems to be the imperative duty of the Democrats to quench the flames rather than spread them. If the everlasting hickering and idiotic quarreling that have been going on between Democrats in this State for the last six or eight months is continued until next spring, Missouri will most certainly be lost.

The common people are very tired of this quarrel, and it will not do to aggravate them much longer. The time has past for mindless words in Missouri. The Democratic party stands face to face with an aggressive enemy, and if discipline is not maintained, this State will be lost in November, 1896, just as certain as death and taxes. From now on let all quarrels be dropped. When two Democrats feel that they must take the stump and wrangle with each other over the money question, let the Democrats turn out en masse and pelt them with decayed vegetables.

The Democratic party can do much to bring order out of chaos by forbidding quarrelsome Democrats any space and paying no attention to the grumblers. The Republicans have received enough encouragement from Democratic quarrels. No Democrat will intentionally aid Boss Filly and his gang of looters, who are now howling around the Democratic camp like a pack of starving coyotes, but the fact should not be lost sight of that in fighting each other the Democrats are actually helping the Republicans.

Now let us use and all, get down to business in Missouri, and show the Republicans that we are not the political idiots they suppose us to be, and that our ammunition is intended for them, and not each other.

The St. Louis Republic calls attention to the fact that though the cotton crop in Texas is smaller than last year, higher prices, added to the great abundance of corn and other farm products will more than counterbalance the decline in cotton yield. The Republic estimates the Texas corn crop at 100,000,000 bushels, and the farmers of the State, it says, have good reason to be satisfied with their crops this season.

News Items.  
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for the name of O'Connell that cannot be cured by the O'Connell Cure.  
F. J. O'CONNOR & CO., Props., Toledo, O.  
We the undersigned, have known F. J. O'Connell for the last 15 years, and believe him to be a perfectly respectable and successful business man, and we are willing to carry out any obligation he may incur by this notice.  
Wm. F. Felt, William Druggist, Toledo, O.; Wm. H. Green, Green & Harris, Wheeling, W. Va.; J. C. O'Connell, O'Connell & Co., Toledo, O.; J. C. O'Connell, O'Connell & Co., Toledo, O.; J. C. O'Connell, O'Connell & Co., Toledo, O.

News Items.  
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for the name of O'Connell that cannot be cured by the O'Connell Cure.  
F. J. O'CONNOR & CO., Props., Toledo, O.  
We the undersigned, have known F. J. O'Connell for the last 15 years, and believe him to be a perfectly respectable and successful business man, and we are willing to carry out any obligation he may incur by this notice.  
Wm. F. Felt, William Druggist, Toledo, O.; Wm. H. Green, Green & Harris, Wheeling, W. Va.; J. C. O'Connell, O'Connell & Co., Toledo, O.; J. C. O'Connell, O'Connell & Co., Toledo, O.; J. C. O'Connell, O'Connell & Co., Toledo, O.

News Items.  
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for the name of O'Connell that cannot be cured by the O'Connell Cure.  
F. J. O'CONNOR & CO., Props., Toledo, O.  
We the undersigned, have known F. J. O'Connell for the last 15 years, and believe him to be a perfectly respectable and successful business man, and we are willing to carry out any obligation he may incur by this notice.  
Wm. F. Felt, William Druggist, Toledo, O.; Wm. H. Green, Green & Harris, Wheeling, W. Va.; J. C. O'Connell, O'Connell & Co., Toledo, O.; J. C. O'Connell, O'Connell & Co., Toledo, O.; J. C. O'Connell, O'Connell & Co., Toledo, O.

## —TO THE— Great Atlanta Exposition!

### The Gazette Will Send You!

#### DO YOU WANT TO GO?

If so, enter at once our GRAND EXPOSITION CONTEST, which began Nov. 14 and closes at nine o'clock Wednesday night, Dec. 18, 1895.

What are the Conditions of the Grand Exposition Contest? Here They Are:

#### 1st.—Round Trip to Atlanta.

To every person who sends us before the close of this contest at nine o'clock Wednesday night, Dec. 18, 1895, twenty (20) new cash subscribers for one year, we will give from any point in Gaston county a round trip, one week, ticket to Atlanta.

#### 2nd.—Another Round Trip Ticket.

And we will give each person another round trip, one week, ticket for every additional twenty (20) new cash subscribers for one year sent us before the close of this contest at nine o'clock Wednesday night, Dec. 18, 1895.

#### 3rd.—Beautiful Prize Rocking Chair.

To that person who before the close of this contest at nine o'clock Wednesday night, Dec. 18, 1895, shall send us the largest number of cash subscriptions for one year, whether that number be one or one thousand, we will award as a special prize A SUPERB \$8.00 SILK PLOUGH ROCKING CHAIR now to be seen at Armstrong's Furniture Store.

#### 4th.—Something for All.

But we don't want those who enter this contest and fail to win an Exposition Trip or the Superb Rocker to work for us for nothing. No such word as fail is in this contest. Listen! To every person in this contest who fails to win an Exposition Trip or the \$8 Prize Rocker we will give a straight commission of ten per cent on all cash subscriptions sent by such person.

#### 5th.—Marriage License and Wedding Trip.

If any young man and his sweetheart will together send us forty (40) new cash subscriptions for one year before the close of this contest at nine o'clock Wednesday night, Dec. 18, 1895, and will get married, THE GAZETTE will buy the marriage license, give them two round trip tickets to Atlanta and a year's subscription to the paper.

#### 6th.—Weekly Reports Must be Made.

All who enter this Grand Exposition contest must make reports of progress on Monday of each week—sending a list of new subscribers and postoffice with the money. As many persons as may wish may work on one list before it is mailed, but there can be no consolidation of agencies or lists after they have been once sent in.

### SOME OTHER POINTS.

#### Who are New Subscribers?

Anybody who at the time his subscription is taken is not already a subscriber to THE GAZETTE.

#### Sample Copies.

If sample copies are needed send for them.

#### Just a Word to the Public:

We cannot assume responsibility for contestants. If an agent whom you are unwilling to trust approaches you, don't you trust him. Give your name and money to one whom you can trust.

#### Something for all in this Contest.

If you get the biggest list of new subscribers you get the chair. For every twenty you get a round-trip ticket to Atlanta. If you don't get enough for a ticket or the chair you get your ten per cent commission. The prize and ticket winners will not, of course, get any commissions.

#### WHAT ARE SUBSCRIPTION PRICES?

Four Months for 50 cts.	FROM NOW TILL '97
Three of these will count for a year's subscription.	For One Dollar and a Half.
Six Months for 75 cts.	The sooner the subscriber subscribes the more he gets. Pass the word along; we give this inducement to yearly subscriptions—\$1.50 gets THE GAZETTE from now till '97.
Two of these will count for a year's subscription.	

#### Needn't Wait Till Dec. 18.

No! you don't have to wait until Dec. 18, before you can go to the Exposition. You may have your ticket and go just as soon as you send in the 20 new subscribers and the \$30 in money, even if it's to-morrow. But we can't tell who will get the superb \$8.00 Rocker until the contest is closed at nine o'clock Wednesday night, Dec. 18, 1895. The full results will be published in THE GAZETTE next morning.

#### Unparalleled Opportunity—Go!

The offers we have made are something which never before came the way of the people of Gaston county. Nothing so great as the Atlanta Exposition was ever before in such easy reach. A trip to it is almost an occasion. We want all our readers who can to see it. We shall do what we can to help you see it. Start to-day among your neighbors to win a round trip ticket. There will be a stir over Gaston county from the Postoffice to the Post and from the Bend to Bowling Green, and the person who gets in the field first stands the best chance for a ticket and for the chair. Start now. Remember to send names and remittance every Monday. THE GAZETTE'S best wishes go with you. Send reports and remittance to  
W. F. MARSHALL, Editor THE GAZETTE,  
Gastonia, N. C.

Mr. Crisp's Address.  
Atlanta Journal, Nov. 14.

The address of ex-Speaker Crisp before the two houses of the general assembly last evening was a notable event and attracted, as is deserved, a large audience. Mr. Crisp is a distinguished son of Georgia, and the high position he has held in the councils of the nation entitled him to the respectful and appreciative hearing which was accorded his words, even by those who were compelled to differ with his conclusions. The ex-speaker's remarks were in good temper, as befitting the discussion of a question which demands only the coolest logic and which should exclude the heat of political debate.

Mr. Crisp declared himself in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the rate of 16 to 1 by this country alone, independent of international agreement. It is to the credit of his reputation for fairness that he practically admitted that in so doing he crossed the demands of the National Democratic platform. Mr. Crisp knows these things as each demand in the platform and unlike other advocates of the cause with which he has allied himself, he does not speak so well for his political discomfiture, however, when he held out the hope that the next national platform will contain a free coinage plank. The more serious phases of the standing of the states on the currency question will show that the next National Democratic convention is an affair to repudiate free silver at 16 to 1 as it is to meet. When that is done, and many of the leaders in the silver agitation, like Mr. Vest, of Missouri, admit that it is inevitable, every Democrat will be bound to abide by the decision. In the same breath that he declared himself for silver and independent free coinage, Mr. Crisp pronounced himself a binnetalist. The ex-speaker utterly failed to show how the purchase of the policy which he announced himself as favoring could result in binnetalism. Only a modicum of thought is needed to convince that the logic of the ex-speaker's address is that he favors silver monometallism. No signaling of words or law can produce binnetalism, with the free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver at the present rate.

The Journal believes that Speaker Crisp has allied himself with a minority of the Democratic party, that he has given his aid to a plan to commit the party of the people to an unground and untested doctrine, and it regrets to see him in that attitude. We feel sure that Mr. Crisp will find that he is on the wrong side of the line, with the majority of his fellow Democrats of Georgia or of the country at large.

It was possibly an unintentional omission on the part of Mr. Crisp that in his tribute to those who had led the fight for tariff reform he failed to mention the name of that distinguished Democrat, Governor Cleveland, who is believed to have had an important share in that grand work. The speaker compared the fight for tariff reform to the currency contest. He might have gone farther and shown that, just as the opposition to tariff reform inside the party was gradually overcome, so the opposition to a sound and safe currency basis is being rapidly eliminated and the best thought of the party is being arrayed against the silver monometallism which would be the inevitable result of free and unlimited coinage.

A Paper of Truth.

When in doubt, tell the truth. Cheat and shirk may rhyme, but they don't sound alike. The young man who knows only a part of it learns more than he who knows it all.

Try and think as much about the business when out of the store as you do of your pleasure when in the store. There was a cigarette-smoking clerk who once became proprietor, but it was not long.

If you send every cent you earn, you won't wear out your leather in going to the savings bank. If you must smoke while at business do it under the nose of the "boss" and not in the basement. You will the sooner learn what he thinks of you.

Constant abuse of those under you will strengthen your lungs at the expense of your manners. The boy who lies to get out of a scolding must be a good dodger.

Changes in the Senate on a Month of the Session.

Washington Dispatch.  
As a result of the latest election returns the Republicans gained five United States Senators—two from Utah and one each from Kentucky, Ohio and Maryland, and the Democrats lost three Senators—one each from Maryland, Kentucky and Ohio. None of these changes become effective, however, until March 4, 1897, except in the case of the two Utah Senators, who will take their seats as soon as chosen. Thereafter the numerical strength in the Senate will be as follows: Republicans, 44; Democrats, 36; Populists, 6; vacant, (Delaware,) 1—total, 86. If the Delaware vacancy is filled by a Republican, it will give a Republican majority in the upper branch of Congress.

The cure of Rheumatism has often taxed medical skill, but its prevention has been very easy by an occasional use of Simmons' Liver Regulator. It keeps the liver well regulated, and the system free from poison. Thousands are the secret of health. I have used it for years for Indigestion and Constipation, and also found it gives me relief from a touch of Rheumatism. —N. Dugan, Lordsburg, N. M.

The Gazette offers for next job getting.