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No. 24.

BAB TALKS OF FOOLS.

THE TRIBES ANALYZED FROM DIFFERENT STANDPOINTS.

Fools compared to Asparagus—On the Continent—The Athletic Species and His Cousin—Triplet and Their Value to Society—Temperance in Everything—Even Tea—Where the Heart Lies Hidden.

I have always had a great admiration for that much lamented lady who, on her deathbed, confided to her doctor the secret of her popularity. She said as she looked up at him with eyes overflowing with kindness and love, "I always had patience with fools." I wonder how many kinds of fools she had met? They are all over the face of the earth, but they differ. Did you ever look at a bunch of asparagus? One stalk is thick, one is thin, one is crinkled up, one is stubby, but they all have the same green ends. That is the way with fools. Although, between you and me, I don't think there is the same delight in a bunch of fools that there is in a bunch of asparagus. And yet, if you look at a fool from a standpoint of folly alone, there is a certain amount of pleasure in him. But if he happens to be mixed up in a business transaction, in a family affair or something that is going to hurt somebody's heart, then beware of the fool!

A fool that too often appears in society is the local fool. He tells stories over which the grass grows hundreds of years ago. He tells stories of which he forgets the point. And, most devilish of all, there are times when even a fool seems to have an ability peculiar to the devil, he asks conundrums. With a giggle, he expects you to trouble yourself about them. For the local fool, the best hereafter would seem to be a continual reading of the jokes of Joe Miller and the works of Mark Twain. Can there be anything more broad? To have to read Mark Twain at all is disabused, but to read him forever would be worse than any hell that Dante, ever pictured. Next to the joking fool, comes the gushing fool. This type may be either masculine or feminine. If it is feminine, and you are a woman, it kisses you, addresses you as Darling or Sweetheart, and calls on whoever may be about to admire your virtues. If you happen to be masculine, this fool says, "Isn't he a great man? Did you ever hear anything so clever in all your life, and isn't he the handsomest man you ever saw? An eternal look awaits this fool."

Next in order comes the athletic fool. He or she spends the greater part of the day in getting in getting golf shoes, tennis suits, or bicycle suits. That you shouldn't play golf or tennis or ride the bike is a surprise to the athletic fool. That you should care, on a sunny day, for a pleasant corner of the piazza, and an interesting book, is something not understood by the athletic fool, who expects you to come out in the sun and work at the closed enjoyment (?) until your hair is out of curl, until the perspiration is streaming down your face, and until you are blown and look like anything but a gentleman. Don't misunderstand me; I approve of outdoor sports just as I approve of indoor ones, in moderation. I am a temperate woman, not a prohibitionist, but when I hear the athletic fool talk of his golf stick, his tennis racket, or his bike all day long, I am sure that his hereafter will be one of quiet meditation. He, or if his sex is she, will have to learn the delight of sitting still. By the bye, this is essentially becoming the woman, and wonder that more of them haven't found out how attractive a perfect stillness is. The fool on a bike is a fool much more difficult to bear than any other kind. He gets a wild look in his face, and he gets to think that no people except those on bicycles are worth consideration. If he happens to be a she, and some other she says to her, "Oh, I saw such a pretty gown," the bicycle fool says, "Do you wear bloomers or knickers under it?" She has forgotten all gowns except those that are to be worn astride the wheel, and, too often, she forgets all virtues that may be cultivated except those governed by the laws of the road and her special cycle club.

Among the he fools, one of the most offensive is the ladylike one. His clothes are immaculate; his voice, even in speaking, is a tear, and his motherly down work, speaks of his duties as "Mamma." And like the dear girls, oh! ever so much better than "the nasty men." I don't believe there is any hereafter for him. Honestly, I don't, because I don't think he has a soul. One of this class I saw that he was in deep mourning, and expressed her sympathy for any trouble he might have had. This was his response: "Yes; my dear mamma is dead; but after all, I am not so unhappy as you would think, because I have the most lovely pajamas in white silk with pink collars and cuffs, and I wear pearl links and pearl buttons with them." And the lady who had consoled with him wondered if a woman had brought this thing into the world, or whether it had grown up, like some other mean little weed, under a sandstone.

Then, there is the masculine fool. It is a she. Nature created it a woman. Folly is making it imitate a man, with the result that a hybrid is reared. Tight-fitting skirts, short collars and shirts like one's brother, costs more as near like a man's as possible, sailor hat in summer, a stiff felt one in winter, may make an imitation of a man, but it is a pretty poor one. Women don't want it loose around the house, it is too much like a man; men don't want to trouble themselves with

everything. We give all our love to one man. When we are older and wiser we divide it between that one man and five small babies. With a better return. Or else we dance, prance and play and are joyfully foolish until some day we are tired of it. And then we grow wiser. If we had been more temperate in our enjoyment it might have been spread over a whole lifetime, but we were too extravagant.

We gathered our rosebuds all at once; we took all these were, and hold! we never had an full-blown rose. And after all they are the only ones worth having. You can get at the heart of a man and enjoy its sweetness. If the rosebud has a heart it is so closely covered that nobody ever finds it out. And life is only worth getting at the heart of things. We men and women hide our hearts under fine clothes and polite speeches, but once in a while the heart gets the better of everything else and we know each other as we really are. Don't, my friend, cover your heart up too closely; don't let it be smothered under the folds of conventionality. Let it live, beat and speak for itself, and we will all be the better for it. For hearts are gregarious, and when your heart speaks out and is its own self, somebody else's heart comes to meet it, and your neighbor wants to be there to see you as you are; and I want to be there, even if I come in the form of a heart that beats rather feebly and loves too much and is marked just in the center with those three letters that mean that mine is in use and I am

BAU.

Washington Post.

The pedigree of the Populist party shows that it was born of the Farmers Alliance, which was the child of discontent, and that the party had its mother were nurtured on calamity, the chief ingredients of which was the farm mortgage. This is the explanation of the policy pursued by the Populists in States that were so unfortunate as to fall under their baneful domination. They made war on capital in various ways, and in so doing added to the embarrassments of the people. Had they not been restrained by the Federal courts they would have impaired the validity of mortgage indebtedness. For years the farm mortgage was the great staple of Populist campaigns. As the Kansas City Journal puts it, the sub-rentary fake and the allied side issues, which were combined to form a policy that should overtop all other public questions before the people, were but incidental accompaniments of the one central grievance that the American farmer was compelled to be a borrower. Eastern capitalists got the money. Time has destroyed the party, although it has not eliminated them from its platform. It still believes in that money and wants billions of it printed and put, by some inexecutable process, into the hands of the people. Its organs have less to say about farm mortgages than formerly, but they still harp on that old string in a minor key. The fact that gives an interest to some kind of a man, who is generally accepted as authentic, although the economic conclusions that he draws from them are frequently questioned. Mr. Atkinson finds that by the complete return the life of the average mortgage is limited to a term of five years, and that more than half of the money advanced on farms is loaned by people of the States in which the loans are made. And he also finds indications that in the country at large the farmers themselves are lenders in almost as many cases as they are the borrowers, while the talk about Eastern sharks makes up but 12 per cent. of the mortgage-holders.

This is a very gratifying showing for the farmers, and it will tend to the speedy demolition of the calamity industry. The notion, however, that debt is inevitably a curse is erroneous. A mortgage on a farm does not necessarily imply misfortune or bad management. Many a young man buys a farm, for which he is unable to pay cash down. Giving a mortgage to secure deferred payments, he goes to work to clear off the debt. The situation is a stimulant to industry, economy, and in a few years he finds himself like Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith," able to "look the whole in the face, for he owes not any man." There are in this city, as in all other American cities, men of wealth who owe their fortunes to the fact that they have been able to borrow money on real estate security. And if the farmers will compare their mortgage indebtedness with that of the business men in cities, and towns, they will find their obligations comparatively small.

Wilmington Chronicle.

One of Mr. Henderson's constituents came in the other day with a happy smile on his face and remarked that he was glad to hear that Mr. Henderson was going to be so highly honored—that he was going to be "State Auctioneer." He'd make a good one.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy the Best and Most Popular.

"We sell more of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy than of all other combined," writes Messrs. Korr & Sons, druggists, of Mars, Pa. They also say: "The sale of it is something phenomenal. We have sold two gross this winter, selling as high as six dollars in one morning to as many different customers. This remedy has proved particularly successful in croupy affections. Our customers invariably pronounce it the best they ever found, and we know of no case where it has failed to give satisfaction." For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by J. E. Curry & Company.

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ARP OF FRAGRANT FLOWERS.

The Georgia Philosopher Grows Sentimental About Nature's Blooms.

I am not a linguist, but have been told there is no language but ours that has a word or expression signifying "home" in the sweet, sentimental meaning that we attach to it. There are words enough that mean a dwelling house, an abiding place, but home has a broader compass and includes all the emotional surroundings—the garden, the well, with its old oaken bucket, or the crystal spring at the foot of the hill—the vines over the door and on the lattice—the shade tree, the landscape view from the window, the cradle and the old arm chair; the clock on the mantle, the pictures on the walls, the faithful watch dog, the playful kitten, and even the cricket's chirrup on the hearth. But more than all these are the loved ones who meet us and greet us at the threshold.

The wise man tells us of the time when man went to his long home and the mourners go about the streets, but it is the dearest spot on earth, and should be loved and cherished by every one who goes out from its sacred portals or returns within them to rest from the cares of a busy world. It is one of my constant regrets that there are so many good people in this great big world who have no home—not an acre on God's green earth they can call their own. If every family had a home the children would grow up better citizens, better patriots; the parents would hold up their heads and be thankful to God for his blessings. The good wife and daughters would secure the vines they planted, and the flowers they grew in the front yard—flowers that are the smiles of God upon a sin-cursed world. The poet says:

"The world has nothing so better;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear place—our home—"

I was ruminating about these things as I sat in my veranda in the shadow of the vines—the Virginia creeper, the mandarin and cinnamon vines that by day and night are climbing higher and higher, and arguing and untangling their tender leaves that wave over the trellis. I lost my watch there daily progress. I built the framework for these vines and am proud of it, even though my wife did not like the job and me, too. "I was also who made me set the posts out two feet from the edge of the veranda floor and brace them to the top of the columns. "Twas she who suggested

that it were stuck in the ground and that the crossbar set even and level. In fact there is no reason why all citizens should not take a common stand, and vote for only those candidates who are recognized as safe men to entrust to office and to control and govern all interests, whether those interests may be municipal, county, or State.

The actual Democratic issue is a good and safe home government, one in which not only the people of this commonwealth can have full assurance of the paramount issue which will unite them, one which will inspire confidence outside of the State, so that the householder or investor, can come here to live, or purchase our lands and erect manufactures, in the perfect confidence that their homes and properties will have safe protection guaranteed to them at all times.

The good local government issue, is not one which ought to divide the people of this State, in fact it ought to be the paramount issue which will unite them, and make their selection of candidates one of extreme importance, so it ought to unite them to their support, woe unminuted.

The Southern Railway is the first of our great railway systems to give information to the public and to fix low excursion rates for a summer outing good for return until October 31, by issuing, with usual promptness, its Summer Home and Resort Book. It is handsome in design and artistic in every respect having thirty-two beautiful fully illustrated pages containing the most complete and conveniently arranged information calculated to assist the tourist in his selection of routes and distances, hotels and boarding houses, names of proprietors, how to reach them, rates of board by day, week and month, etc.

everything to water every evening. We have had no man servant but we for a long time, and my wife says I look exceedingly well, considering age and infirmity, and the girls smile around me the way to see how a little usorial traffic spurs me on.

I had a letter yesterday from a suffering heredit, who says his girls wanted him to stop chopping cotton and sowing peas and send some help to take up the carpets and whitewash the parlors and the trees and the pig pen and clean up things generally, for some town hinkfoke were threatening to visit them. He said he was about to oust the girls, but his wife re-entranced them and said they didn't ask such favors but twice a year and were the best but twice in the world, and she thought he might spare a hand for a day or two and now he writes to me for advice. Must he surrender and take a hand from the field or not? No, of course not. The way to do is to do all these little household jobs yourself. You can take up a carpet and hang it on the paring and beat the dust out of it as well as anybody, and whitewashing is nothing but good fun. You can hang a glass curtain or put in a rug or repair the mantel piece. My girls enjoyed every room in our house. Their mother trained us all to do these things, and it saves a lot of money. My friend, that whitewashing must be done if the world comes to an end. Let the cotton suffer for a day. I expect you have too much planted anyhow. Everybody around here has the good wife and daughters have to stay in the house or about it nearly all their time, and it should be made as pleasant and inviting as possible. Yours in sympathetic bonds,

HILL, A. P.

Actual Democratic Issue.

Newberry Journal.

The Democrats of North Carolina should not, in their zeal and enthusiasm, for the free coinage of silver, or the present monetary standard, lose sight of several things, which are of the most vital importance to them, both as a party and as citizens of this commonwealth.

The fact that the majority of the people in this State are for free silver is too evident to need discussion, and this very self-evident fact should make all currency controversies between Democrats of merely minor importance, and the united efforts of Democrats, regardless of opinion on the currency issue ought to be directed towards presenting a solid front against all political enemies on questions and issues affecting our municipal, county and State affairs.

In fact there is no reason why all citizens should not take a common stand, and vote for only those candidates who are recognized as safe men to entrust to office and to control and govern all interests, whether those interests may be municipal, county, or State.

The actual Democratic issue is a good and safe home government, one in which not only the people of this commonwealth can have full assurance of the paramount issue which will unite them, one which will inspire confidence outside of the State, so that the householder or investor, can come here to live, or purchase our lands and erect manufactures, in the perfect confidence that their homes and properties will have safe protection guaranteed to them at all times.

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NORTH CAROLINA.

Upward and Onward Should be the Motto of the Old North State.

Old times have passed away and conditions which prevailed in the South in days past by cut no figure now in these days of push and energy. We do not say that present conditions are more conducive to happiness than those which have heretofore prevailed in the Southern States but we do say that the course of events has rendered it necessary for the people of the South to keep time to the music of progress. Old and obsolete methods would simply mean ruin to the people of this country, therefore a complete change is an imperative necessity.

A great change has taken place in industrial and agricultural channels during the past ten years, but great as that change has been it can only be said to have commenced. For this the country is to be congratulated. A change for the better in the way of conducting home affairs is the stepping stone to greater things and what has commenced so auspiciously will undoubtedly be pushed steadily forward.

Still our people may be said to be had poor. (One quarter of the land now owned by the people of North Carolina is not properly cultivated, would yield more than the whole does to-day. Why then should not our land-owners sell the other three-quarters to men who would cultivate it, thus not only being benefited by the money received by the sale of land but by the influx of additional population to help pay taxes, build roads, support schools and churches and help to build up the country generally and lighten the burden which now weigh on the shoulders of our people? There will be no trouble to bring about this much desired state of affairs. If our people will only wake up and go to work with the vim that the importance of the object to be gained demands. This State has been described as a beautiful, fertile country, extending from the mountains to the sea with a lot of people lying dead upon it. If there has been too much truth in this in the past, let us all decide to give it the lie in the future.

Nature has intended this to be one of the greatest countries in the universe. A few years can transform it into one of the most prosperous if its citizens do their duty. Bounded on the East by the waters of the Atlantic ocean, her bays, sounds and rivers and the waters along her coast filled with the finest of food fish, this interest alone is capable of bringing wealth to a nation.

Her Western borders, lifted up in the rocky mountain filled with ore and timber, her rugged sides capable of feeding the flocks and herds on a thousand hills; traversed from North to South, from East to West by giant railway systems and her harbors filled with ships bound to all parts of the world, we are kept in close touch with other parts of our own and foreign countries.

Her timber interests are unexcelled. As a mining country she stands unequalled. We know that this assertion will be considered rash, but the history of the past few years will thoroughly vindicate it. North Carolina will yet be the leading gold and iron producer in the United States.

When added to this is a climate unequalled for mildness and salubrity and a country one of the most lovely on earth, all that is needed to make this fair land "the center of a world's desire" is to let the truth be known among the people of the world.



THE BEST SPRING MEDICINE

is SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR. Don't forget to take it. Now is the time you need it most to wake up your liver, sluggish liver being the cause of many of the ailments that afflict the human race. It is the best blood purifier and corrector. Try it and note the difference. Look for the REGULATOR distinguished from all other remedies. And, besides this, SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR is a Regulator of the Liver, keeps it properly at work, that your system may be kept in good condition. FOR THIS PURPOSE, take SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR. It is the best blood purifier and corrector. Try it and note the difference. Look for the REGULATOR distinguished from all other remedies. And, besides this, SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR is a Regulator of the Liver, keeps it properly at work, that your system may be kept in good condition.

THE STATE FOR FREE COINAGE.

But it is Not the Deliberate Judgment of the People. Concord Standard.

We believe that the popular sentiment in our good old State is overwhelmingly in favor of free and unlimited silver, independent coinage of silver at 16 to 1. It is the deliberate judgment of the people. Nay, more, we believe that if the people of North Carolina could cast away the effects of such unfair, illogical, and unbecoming methods as the free silver advocates have resorted to, impartially hear both sides clearly and impartially set forth, our State convention would be a unit against free silver and we could march to victory for Democratic good government again this fall.

We are pained to see so many of our public characters indulging in a mode of discussion that obscures truth, excites hatred, degrades reason and endangers the stability of our Republican form of government. It is noticeable that when a man wants to champion a bad cause he appeals to passion and prejudice. But a good cause is safe within the sphere of reason.

The fatal work is done in North Carolina, but shame on those who did it. They must now begin to up and make bad worse. It would be too many to think soberly and retreat and undo the mischief. When they commiserate their purpose, which, for their own good as well as ours, we wish they could not do, they will be able to divert the shame and confusion due them by continuing to abuse somebody who is patriotically trying to overcome the evil consequences of their senseless blunders. Any one with a bad heart and a good vocabulary can stir up the passions and kindle the human make-up, but it is too burning patriotism and broad statesmanship to counteract the evil consequences.

There is nothing that comes women greater discomfort and misery than the constant recurring headache. My wife's health was very indifferent, her liver delicate, and she had just two years ago of Simmons' Liver Regulator released her from all headache and gave tone and vigor to her whole system. I have never respected it since. —M. R. Tallard, Mt. Vernon, Ky.