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AS OTHERS SEE US.

BAB COMPARES THE COMFORTS OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

Strenuous and Lovely Woman—
The British Regards Our Fruit—
An Englishman's First Claim—
Pork Affecting American Party—
Mademoiselle and Her Eyes.

There is no doubt that a big red strawberry framed in its green leaves, kissed by the sun's warmth, is food fit for the gods, and, more than that, it is food fit for lovely woman. A woman looks pretty eating strawberries. The white and red bell-shaped of her hand show to perfection as she lifts each strawberry by its stem to her lips, and then proceeds to eat it in the dainty way that a well-bred woman always does, which between you and me, is something after the fashion of a polite kitten. All the good things that we have, strawberries, asparagus, green corn, are dainty to eat, and tend to make one beautiful, which means, of course, beautiful. The trouble is, that we don't appreciate our blessings. We see a wagon load of pineapples go by and think nothing more of it; in England, a pine, as they insist upon calling it, costs a guinea; the first night it is put upon the table to do duty as a decoration, and then on the second night is carefully cut by the hostess, each guest getting a tiny little piece. So it is with melons. The English melon is a cross between a cantaloupe and a watermelon, is daintier as it is more delicate, and is particularly tasteful and dreadfully expensive.

ABOUT THE ICE MAN.

Then, there is ice. You and I, who are housekeepers, grow dreadfully about the ice men, but if we were in England and asked for some ice at dinner a piece of the size of a small apple would be brought and that would be expected to answer for everybody at the table. I tell you, we don't appreciate our mercies. About the only good thing in the fruit line that England offers is the gooseberry. Here, we know it as a sour, hard berry seldom served in its natural state and not over good when made into a pie or tart. Over there it is pink of color and has an exquisite taste, a sweet-sour with a tinge of sourness about describing it. I like to see an Englishwoman's face—preferably an English housekeeper's face—when she hears that all the fruits which cost so much money on the tight little isle are within the reach of the very poorest people in the States; that peaches, such peaches as she only gets from a hothouse, can be bought for a few pennies by the workman's wife, that great, big, sweet, juicy melons are, in season almost everywhere. It gives her an opportunity to say how extravagant we are. And truly we are. A funny sight, and one that, in New York in summer, when the globe trotter is to the fore, is quite common, is an Englishman eating his first clam and a Frenchwoman her first green corn. The difference in nationalities stands out plainly. The Englishman is determined to be pleased; the Englishman is determined to be displeased, and yet equally determined to taste "the little beast" for fear he might be thought a coward. He first says the clam is too fishy; then he announces that it is neither as bitter nor as salt as those miserable things that in England are called "native," and which compare with our oysters as a stage pineapple does to a real one.

THE CATFISH DISH.

But in time the Englishman and the clam grow very friendly, and when he goes back home the Englishman takes with him a chafing dish, and he hopes to be able to teach the wife of his bosom how to prepare on it such dainties as he has had from the chafing dish here. Deluded man! He forgets that clams are a la Schenck would be impossible where clams do not exist, that lobster is a la Newburg will not please the English palate, and that terrapin, well to tell the truth, he never got quite accustomed to terrapin himself. Nowadays he has a better opinion of American cooking than he used to have. It is curious how little the well-bred English people know about our country, and it must be confessed that after visiting, not the set that is written about, not the set into which American girls have married, but the real English people who are shy, hospitable, well-mannered, well-read and interesting, one's vanity gets a tumble. The truth is discovered. It is this. They are not interested in us. What we do and what we say is a matter of no importance to them, and, somehow, they don't blame them. They have got the finest ships in the world, they have got the finest army in the world, and they have got the best Government in the world, and why should they be interested in a lot of half-civilized savages like ourselves? They need only read one of our newspapers if they desire to prove that we are savages.

An Englishwoman who had been to India several times, who has traveled all over the continent, was surprised that I was so white, since Americans lived on nothing but salt pork. And this has only been five years ago. She said she was afraid to come to this country, because she understood lynchings was common, and she thought if she saw a man hung, as she might do on the street at any time, it would upset her nerves. We think that we are a great people, but we are not; that is, we are not in the eyes of the great mass of English people, while we are looked on as semi-barbarians by most of the French. Probably there will be more respect shown us when we have a decent government, but as long as we haven't even an attractive appearance we cannot expect the slip of state to be particularly admired. We are right in thinking a great deal of ourselves, but we must get away from the idea that other nations are much troubled about us. I am afraid that if it came to a naval display, we

couldn't do the jingo business, and I am also afraid it came to an army display, well—we have brought out good fighters, but our army is not particularly large, nor does it have proper attention shown it by the powers that be. Gracious goodness: I must stop or else somebody will conclude that I have serious opinions, and these are not good things to have. They trouble you in the night, and make you conscious of something that worries you—what is it? Heart or conscience, or what? Conscience is a troublesome thing in warm weather particularly. I wonder if that is the reason so many crimes are committed in warm weather? Then, too, I wonder why when a man commits a crime and is sentenced to be hung the Governor of the State doesn't insist upon his being absolutely secluded and allowed to see nobody? If that were done we might get rid of some of the sickly sentimentality that nowadays is about all the awful brutes that are sentenced to be put to death by torture. That is not a nice subject. Let us talk about the girls.

The type that is interesting nowadays has undoubtedly resulted from the flower trimmed hats. She is the innocent girl. She talks about the little cotton frock she wears in the morning, and in the evening she is fair in white muslin, not the dowdy white muslin of the English girl; but the white muslin as it is made beautiful by a French dressmaker. It has a wide skirt a draped bodice, a lace trimmed neck and about the small waist is a narrow girde of white ribbon. The sleeves are full and big, and on the dainty little head is a straw hat heavy with flowers of the field and the hothouse.

The innocent girl looks from under the brim and wonders "how the gentlemen know so much," and "is it really true that some of them drink whiskey," and "can anybody have the heart to say that the pretty girls in the ballet are even a little bit fast?"—and stutters so when she says fast, almost as if she were saying something beginning with a great big D; then she "wonders where mamma is," and is afraid that she has done something wrong; hopes that you will not misunderstand her, but, oh dear! she is so frightened, the chances are ten to one that you have misunderstood her. The innocent got-up is a snare and a delusion.

The tiny feet in their high-heeled slippers can dance vigorously until 4 o'clock in the morning; the little figure that is half revealed and half concealed in the white skirt can assume a bathing dress that is, to put it mildly, rather scant, while the small hand seems almost afraid to peep out from under the long sleeves can hold with certainty the winning hand at poker, or deftly pile chips at a roulette table. The eyes that look so frightened from under that broad-brimmed hat easily pick out a winning horse, and the sweet red lips that tremble so with the fear of saying something that will be misunderstood can give a very business like order to a disreputable messenger boy as to the placing of money on the favorite. The innocent is most dangerous in these innocent ones. The innocent girl would do well on Wall street, and she can change her pose with the season or the fashion.

GRMS HAVE GONE UP.

All womankind is troubled nowadays because the so-called semiprecious gems have gone up in price, and the diamond, the gem that brings good health and which makes a white hand look whiter, costs double what it did last year. Advice from a smart girl is: "Look up the old brooches and bracelets that were set with garnets, amethysts, emeralds, topazes, and have them yanked but the reset, reset in buckles, in brooches, but choose the very best, of course for a ring." With the coming of the semiprecious gems into fashion has also come an effort on the part of the jeweler to make the opal fashionable. That an opal is a beautiful gem nobody will deny; that it is unlucky, everybody will affirm who has ever had one. I can swear to a year of trouble resulting from wearing an opal pin. A girl I know, who selfed at the idea of ill-luck and the opal, confessed nowadays that she was a fool. Her betrothed gave her a magnificent opal framed in diamonds, and she was put upon her finger with a large white and this girl who was not superstitious afterwards confessed that she became conscious of somebody near her, a somebody who was bad. She said it seemed to her as if a bad were near her, and as if that bad were a demon at heart.

In reality she had a constant feeling of depression. She tried to get rid of it by saying she wasn't very well and was nervous, but she confessed that whenever she took the ring off it seemed as if the unspectacular demon that hovered about her disappeared, and she felt better. One month after he gave her the ring her sweetheart was drowned; within two months after the arrival of the opal misfortune came to her in the shape of a frightful scandal about her sister; she lost innumerable things that she prized, her fox terrier died, and an old aunt who had always promised to leave her money to her changed her mind and also her will, and announced in it that she would not leave her money to her, but she wouldn't burden her by adding to her income, and instead she willed it to her favorite preacher. That was the last stroke. That girl took her ring and took to the woods and buried it, and buried it where neither man nor woman can ever find it, and so nobody will get her bad luck.

SOME CHAINS.

By the by, it is just as well to remember that if you sing before you put on pearls you will wear before you take them off. There is wisdom in saying, "Arandabra" before you assume a topos, and then a good fairy will be near you rather than a bad one. It is all very well to laugh at things that you don't understand and say

how this question of luck is a funny one. I have always maintained that the lucky man was the one who knew how to smile at the right time, and who knew how to hit at the right time and when he smiled he made everybody glad, and when he hit he hit straight from the shoulder, and made a number of people sorry. What shall you say? All the mean people, all the cowards, all the liars all the sneaks, all the goads, and all the scandal-mongers, all mean creatures who say things about women, really all those who, if they belonged to the animal world, would be treated as poisonous serpents, and who are in truth social vampires. What should you smile at? At all the babies, at all the pretty and pleasant women, at their flower-trimmed hats, their gay gowns, at every good story, at every interesting book, and at the man who gets in the White House. Who will it be? Ask McKinley, ask Hanna, ask Grover, but don't ask, HAN.

Candidate McKinley.

It will surprise no one to learn that William McKinley, of Ohio, is the Republican nominee for President. The result of the balloting yesterday was foreshadowed weeks ago. We are free to say that if we are to have a Republican for President we would rather have McKinley than some other of his party. Personally he is an engaging man; in his home life he is said to be a very pleasant person. He is politically a clean man. He is not a revengeful person, and does not hate every political opponent merely because he is a political opponent. He is a man of undoubted ability, with large familiarity with public affairs. Of his speciality, the tariff, he is perhaps more nearly a master than any man of his party excepting Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island. The best all-round man in the Republican party is Senator Allison, of Iowa. Democrats could not enclose a Republican President; they would prefer that Allison were; but anybody in the field deserved to be preferred above the sarcastic, vindictive Reed. It is at least a satisfaction that he was not the nominee.

After all good that can be said of Mr. McKinley, however, there remain abundant reasons why he should not be President of the United States. He is the very father of the Chinese wall protective tariff idea, and it was under the bill which bore his name that our present woes began. Under that bill the Treasury became bankrupt, gold exports began, the panic of 1893 came upon the country and the financial agitation originated. The country administered a most decisive rebuke to his policy in 1892 and it is to be hoped that, as represented by him, he will be rebuked with equal decision this year. The Wilson-Gorman act is not an ideal tariff measure but it is in the direction of public justice while the McKinley idea leads exactly the other way. A graver objection still to Mr. McKinley is that he is not a firm man. It has been seen during the pendency of this convention, in his silence upon the financial question, upon both sides of which he has a record, that he is not a courageous public man. Indeed, except upon the question of prohibitory taxation, of which he is the very high priest, he has impressed the country as a man without convictions. There is always danger that such a man, endowed, moreover, with amiable personal qualities, will in public places, fall under evil influences. McKinley is without the strong characteristics of Lincoln, Grant, or even Harrison. There are many bad men in the Republican party to whom he is already under obligations, and to whom he will be under greater if he is elected. It could not be hoped that, as President, he would be his own man, as Cleveland is his own man. He would be President for the Republican party, and it is to be apprehended that a kitchen cabinet, composed of such persons as Hanna, the boddler, who ran his campaign, would run him. He was a sincere hope that the Democrats at Chicago on the 15th of July will nominate a man who will deserve to beat him and who will beat him. There is little in the platform, except, indeed, the financial plank, to commend the candidate. It was drawn by vicious hands and a reading of it is well calculated to set the hair on one's back.

Mr. McKinley was born at Niles, O., February 26th, 1844, and is, therefore, in his fifty-third year. He received no college education and served in the Union army in the war between the States, attaining the rank of captain and brevet major. He was prosecuting attorney of Stark county, O., 1869-71, was elected a Representative to the Forty-fifth Congress and served continuously in the House, becoming chairman of the ways and means committee, until he was elected Governor of Ohio, continuing such until last year.

His running mate, Hobart, of New Jersey, is an unknown quantity, and even the name of the who discovered him is as yet unknown.

Rev. B. L. Patton, in a card to the *Morganton Herald*, says that one of his names in connection with the candidacy for Congress in this district is unauthorized. He says he is traveling in the interest of Foreign missions and will not be in the race this fall.

The Discovery Saved his Life.

Mr. G. Callout, Druggist, Beaverville, Ill., says: "Dr. King's New Discovery I owe my life. Was taken with La Grippe and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for the first dose began to feel better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store or house without it." Get a free trial at Carry & Kennedy's Drug stores.

WORK IN THE GARDEN.

BILL ARP RECOMMENDS IT AS A REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

The Value of a Good Garden to the Family—Makes Excellent Dinners for Little Money—A Saving in Doctor's Bills.

Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

"Fate cannot harm me—I have dined to-day." That is the way we feel just after a good dinner, especially if we have earned it—worked for it bodily and wanted it. But I have heard folks say they were never hungry and not even the odor of cucumbers and onions in the dining-room would excite their appetite. I have heard others say that they had indigestion because they had indulged in the appetite. Such folks are to be pitied. They have my sympathy. But I sincerely believe that work or physical exercise is a remedy for both. I suppose that Shakespeare suffered in this way, for he says: "Now let digestion wait on appetite, and health on both." Certain it is his death was sudden and premature, for he lived only 50 years. Milton understood this trouble, too, for he says that "Adam's sleep was sweet, being bred from pure digestion." That is the secret—working in the garden—I inherited that trait from the old man—Adam, I mean—and I sleep sweetly, too, after I have worked in my garden. There is no insomnia about me, but Mrs. Arp suffers from it sometimes when I am snoring like a hippopotamus.

I was ruminating about the value of a garden to the family—we had an excellent dinner to-day, and I counted up the cost. We have five in the family, and the dinner cost us only five cents apiece, and there was enough left for two or three more. We had a small piece of midding meat, about half a pound, that was boiled with the beans, and there were seven different kinds of vegetables from my garden. The butter and buttermilk were home-made. The rice and corn-meal and hackberries cost a little—not much. Everything was well-cooked, and all that was wanted was an appetite and good digestion.

I am reasonably proud of my garden, for it is all my own work. I prepared the ground and drained it and opened the furrows and planted the seed and cultivated the plants and killed the weeds, and it is my especial pleasure to

very envious of each other and will try to keep up with the best. I hear some say that their only crop is a total failure, and will not be fit to eat. I see a few oats in a field not far from me that will make a good crop. Of course there is something in the land, but there is more in the farm. Deep plowing to begin with is absolutely necessary in farming. I don't mean deep turning, but deep plowing. I know a farmer who always follows the turn plow with a mackerel good crop of wheat or corn, and I know a good neighbor, Widow Fields, has no hydrant in her garden, but she always has the fustiest garden in the town, and the secret is deep plowing and fertilizing. I can overlook her work from my window, and it excites me to keep in better distance. She has an acre in the highest state of cultivation, and will make more on it than will be made on 50 acres of that land below Martha's. Work on the gardens must not stop. Keep planting successive crops every ten days or two weeks, and have a fresh supply. A good, large family can live well on an acre for five months in the year. Raise your own strawberries and raspberries and buy wild berries enough for jam and jelly. Then, if you have grapes and peaches around, you can live like a prince and always have something nice for company. A few flowers in the garden will help to make it attractive; and my wife wants all the old-fashioned herbs, like sage and mint and balm and thyme and calamus and camomile. She has horse radish enough for a hotel.

Gardening is the first work of which we have any history, and it is the most pleasant and healthy of all occupations. If a man is a good gardener he will be a good farmer. As you travel overland through the country you can tell a good farmer by looking at his garden, just as you can tell a good wife and daughter by looking at the flowers and vines in the front yard. They are a sign of good taste and refinement and good housekeeping and contentment. They save doctor bills, for half the diseases come from diseased minds—mental misery—borrowing trouble and nursing it. The cultivation of flowers is a good tonic for indigestion. I have noticed that the people who are most diligent in such occupations are the least concerned about politics and silver and gold and the next presidential election. The farm and the home absorb them, and are a bigger thing than the spoils of office. The average

HE REFUSES TO BELIEVE IT.

CLEVELAND ON THE SILVER CRISIS.

By a New York Herald Reporter the President Says that He Cannot See the Democratic Party as Unpopular and Feels as if He Should For Free Silver in the National Convention—It Means Leaving Members to the Party Organization—The Success of Democracy Identical With the Country's Prosperity—The Good Cause Worth Fighting for to the End—No Menace to the Republic to the End—Private in the Hands of Democracy.

WASHINGTON, June 18.—To-day President Cleveland made the following reply to a representative of the New York Herald, who asked of the President a statement concerning the Democratic situation. Mr. Cleveland said:

"I have made no figures as to the probable action of delegates already elected to the national convention, but I refuse to believe that when the time arrives for deliberation, there will be an angry demand for the free, unlimited and independent coinage of silver. I cannot believe this because I know the Democratic party is neither unpatriotic nor foolish and it seems clear to me that such a course will inflict a very serious injury on every interest of our country, which it has been the mission of Democracy to advance, and will result in lasting disaster to our organization. There is little hope that as a means of success this free silver proposition, after its thorough discussion during a political campaign, will attract a majority of the votes of the country.

"It must be that many of the illusions inducing those now relying on this alleged promise for their life will be dispelled before the time comes for them to cast their ballots which will express their sober second thought. The adoption by the Democracy of this proposition would, I believe, give to our opponents an advantage both in the present and future which they do not deserve.

"My attachment to true Democracy is so strong that I consider its success as identical with the promotion of the country's good.

"This ought sufficiently to account for my anxiety that no mistake be made at our party convention. In my opinion no effort should be spared to secure such action of the delegates as will avert party demoralization.

"It is a place for consultation, and a comparison of views of those Democrats who believe in the cause of sound money, whom I must be heard and be constantly in evidence. A cause worth fighting for is worth fighting for to the end. If sound money Democrats suppose there is danger of a mistake being made such danger should stimulate their activity in averting it instead of creating discouragement.

"I am very far from arrogating to myself a controlling influence upon the policy of my party; but as an unflinching Democrat who has been honored by his party and who desires honor for no greater political privilege than to occupy the place of private in its ranks, I hope I may not be blamed for saying this much at this time in the interest, as it seems to me, of the grand old organization so rich in honorable traditions; so justly proud of its achievements, and always so undaunted and brave in its battles for the public welfare."

The Silver Note.

The bolt of the silver men from the Republican party has taken place and Senator Teller, of Colorado; Senator Dabbs, of Idaho; Senator Cannon, of Utah, and Mr. Cleveland, of Nevada, have bid farewell to the Republican party, and cast their lot with the silver men of any party or creed that may crop out for a presidential vote.

Now this is the gigantic West, with which our friends the Democratic silver men wish to join forces and sweep the country.

This is the Moses who wants to come out of the wilderness and lead the children of the South dry-shod into the promised land, flowing with milk and honey.

This is the stalwart copperhead from the West, who was to tip the silver tankard to the lips of the thirty South that it might be full to overflowing.

Now look at him. What is he? All the bolting of which we have read about, which the silverites of the South have boasted so boastfully about, has amounted and amounted to four little rotten borough States whose occupation is silver mining, and whose representatives are the speakers and directors of the mine owners.

How have the mighty fallen! The Moses is a Faustian. The cup-bearer is a beaver of wood and a drawer of water.

A beautiful thing to tie to—Colorado, Idaho, Nevada, Utah. Just thirteen votes all told in the electoral college. Virginia has twelve; Kentucky, thirteen; Georgia, thirteen; Indiana, thirteen; Illinois, twenty-two; Wisconsin, twelve, and New York, thirty-six.

What would it profit a party to lose any one of these and capture the whole lot of silver-mine owners, mines and all?

The workman often catches his lunch on the same bench where he does his work. The silver men have done up a dining table, and get the best of their lunches, but they get the proper time for eating, it is found that the silver men are not out of order. In such cases Mr. Teller's silver men come to their senses by silver mining in the West of the free.



The Chamberlain and His Family.

For DYSPEPSIA, ACIDITY, BILIOUSNESS, DILATED STOMACH, DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS, COLIC, HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, OR ANY MINERAL ACIDITY, OR INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, OR INFLAMMATION OF THE LIVER AND BILIOUSNESS.

THE CHAMBERLAIN'S PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.

Contains the most perfect and delicate of all the blood-purifying and health-giving ingredients known to medicine. It is a perfect and delicate of all the blood-purifying and health-giving ingredients known to medicine. It is a perfect and delicate of all the blood-purifying and health-giving ingredients known to medicine.

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