# THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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

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## BAB SEES TWO PLAYS.

### STROLLERS IN A COUNTRY "OPR'Y HOUSE" AND THEIR WORTH.

**God Fearing's Inhumanity to Mankind—The Professor's Troupe—Where Kindness Did Not Go Unappreciated—Bab Lands "an Enemy to the King"—How Sothern Presents the Earnestness of his Strange Character.**

St. Louis Republic.

It was our morning for saying "good-by" to the country. This good-by is always said with a heavy heart, and it seems all the harder to say because the country itself puts on its festival dress as if to bid us not farewell, but to incite in our hearts the hope of coming back again. Although all the kindly people were there to say "come back," our hands were waved last of all, to a strange-looking group that got on the train going toward the North. It was a group with a history.

For several days before there had been a poster at the grocery store, one at the station, one at the post office, and one near a tiny hall commonly called "the opr'y house," announcing that "Prof. Martinelli's Great Troupe of Players Will Appear at the Grand Opera House! There Will Be Seen Marie, the Beautiful Daughter of the Nile, in Her Great Dances! Accompanying Her Will Be Cleopatra, the Famous Trick Cat, Directly Descended From the Cat of the Temple of Isis! You Will Hear the Remarkable Elocutionist Oliveira in His Repertoire and Will Admire His Manly Beauty as He Recites His Sentimental and Soul-Stirring Ballads, and You Will Laugh With Delight at Lisette, the Dainty Soubrette, Who Sings the Newest Songs and Is Accompanied by Her Stately Protector, Zanziber, the Lion-Hearted Dog, Who Will Waltz When Prof. Martinelli Performs a Famous German Waltz on His Violin! Come One, Come All! Although this is the finest entertainment ever given, the prices will remain as usual. Ten cents will get you a seat! Twenty cents will get you a good seat! Thirty cents will get you the best seat in the house!"

COMING OF THE TROUPE.

This poster was calculated to not only strike delight in the heart of the smallest boy in the village, but to touch the oldest inhabitant. We had all gotten our tickets and expected to occupy 14 of the best seats in the house. With the evening train came what was commonly known as "the troupe." And with the troupe came sorrow. The landlord of the only hotel had some trouble with his liver, and whenever his liver gets upset he grows very moral; nobody ever knows just how this morality will express itself. Consequently, there was no surprise when it was whispered that "Jim Robinson, he having had his old liver complaint, said that his house was a God-fearin' one, and he wouldn't feed or otherwise encourage actors." Our household was greatly upset about this, and after much persuasion Aunt Maria was induced to take in, for the night, the unhappy little group which so early in its career, as far as one town was concerned, was greeted with discourtesy. We didn't see them before the entertainment. I believe they requested that they be allowed to have their suppers alone.

AN ITALO-CELTIC BROGUE.

The show was all and more than it claimed to be. The professor, notwithstanding his Italian name, had a slight Irish brogue, and the beautiful Daughter of the Nile, once you mentally divested her of her Oriental trappings, suggested a rather shrewd American woman. The "famous elocutionist" thrilled us with the story of "The burial of Sir John Moore," which he claimed was appropriate at this peculiar period of American history, and consequently the small boys believed that it had something to do with the Burial of Bryan, or Burial of Napoleon. Then he made us shed tears of delight at first one and then another funny story which, if they were old, had the merit of being really good. The "dainty soubrette" sang a couple of melodies sufficiently familiar to induce the boys to join in the chorus, and her stately protector, Zanzibar, a large Newfoundland dog, whirled around in what might be called a waltz, when a waltz is regarded from the standpoint of a dog. The cat who had the honor of descending from an early Egyptian, didn't do much except walk around the stage and wear a red ribbon, but she was there and seemed to feel her importance. When the show was over we waited for our guests. Once at the farm they forgot that they were actors and became ordinary human beings.

It turned out that the professor, a polite elderly gentleman, who thought he looked like Booth, and whose manners were courteous to the last degree, was a teacher of elocution in New York; scholars were scarce, and, as a natural consequence, dollars were few. He had wit and wisdom enough to make up his little company from home talent, and the "troupe," so much scoffed at by the over-moral proprietor of the hotel, consisting of the professor's wife, who appeared on the playbills as the "Beautiful Daughter of the Nile," her sister, the sister's steady company, the household cat and the dog, which belonged to the steady company. The steady company had once acted, but hoped in the autumn to open a neighborhood news and needle store. These truths were told me by the wife. She said:

"You see, it's this way: It's awful hard to find people willing to pay to learn to be actors, so I said to Mr. Martin, knowing him to be a man of very great talent, I says, 'Why teach people to act? We'll act ourselves, get the money, owe no man anything, and the baby and the children will be well taken care of, while Lizzie and her beau will have a good time together.' I say it don't make any difference as long as we're honest. We give just the kind of a show we advertise, and if we have changed our names a little bit, so that they are more aristocratic sounding, its no more than some bigger people have done; and we're straight, Lizzie and me, and we're not going to harm anybody."

Did I approve of the little scheme? I not only approved of it, but I applauded it, and I wondered that there weren't more people in the world who, staring no dollars in the face, did not have as much practical good sense as this woman who was eager to be honest and to keep straight. Lizzie, who appeared on the programme as Lisette, told Nanny that she was saving up all she could to furnish her flat, and that though Oliver hated to appear on the play bills in such a fool way, still, as she argued, he was good looking, and why shouldn't the attention of the audience be called to his beauty? The troupe was tired, and everybody said good night, after a little while; but somebody with a kind heart was up early in the morning, and there was a big basket of luncheon packed and given to the honest strollers, who went on their way, glad to have made the money, happy at having given pleasure to somebody else, and still happier because they had got among people who had appreciated them at their true worth. My farewell was directed even to the red ribbon on the white cat, to the broad, red-white-and-blue collar that decorated Zanzibar, and to the pale blue satin scarf that brought out the pink and white cheeks of Oliveira, the manly beauty. Wherever they go may they fare well.

WHERE THE SCENE WAS LAID.

It was many hundred miles from "the opr'y house." It was in a beautiful little theater, dainty in its coloring, and with every furnishing possible that could add to the comfort of the locker-on, or the actor. The curtain had gone up on one of the most beautiful scenes imaginable. It was France—France in the days when the Huguenots and the Catholics fought bitterly. It was France in the days when men battled for their religion, their King and their sweethearts. It was France in the days when men were brave, women were beautiful, and he was a coward who would not give his life for his country or his love. It was a romance that was being told, or lived, which was it? just before my eyes. The story of a noble gentleman, who, fighting under the banner of Henry of Navarre, met a distressed damsel and protected her from the various villians who, naturally enough, loved her, and, unnaturally enough, seemed ever ready to make her suffer. But nothing seemed unnatural, nothing ever does seem unnatural when the story told is one of true love, true courage and true faith. This hero never lost his belief in the lady of his heart. No matter how black it looked for her, no matter how possible her perfidy might seem, he believed in her until she told him of her own wickedness, and then he forgave her. Who was this young knight? Was it Athos, Porthos, or D'Artagnan? I think it was the last. It was the young cavalier, that one who was so eager to believe and so constant when he once believed. He was under another name, but call him what you will, make him appear in any play that you will, he is always the most lovable one of the three Mousquetaires.

The play? It was called "An Enemy to the King," and the gallant Huguenot Captain, the protector of suffering womanhood, the subtle plotter against the throne, and the leader for Henry of Navarre, was he who is still known as "Young Sothern." I think he will always be called that. He is one of the many actors who impress you with the fact that he is entering into, in reality becoming, the character that he is portraying, and that he is just as loving, as the man by whose name he is called, whether it is De Launty, Sheridan or Cholmondeley. You and I, and every other man and woman who wants the world to be happier and better, should rejoice at the applause given to this play. Such applause means good-bye to the nasty problem play, which hinged only upon one commandment. It means good-bye to the tiresome analytical play, which was calculated to interest only the author and the actors and to weary the audience. It seems as if there ought to be put out a large American flag, having marked upon it "Welcome to the Romantic Play." For the entrance of the romantic play means the hearing of a good story, means the listening to a clean narrative, and the being interested in the plot as well as in the conversation.

They were a long way apart, these two performances that I saw, and yet while one was at the top of the ladder and the other at the foot, they were only part of the contrast in the story of a lifetime. Here's to the good luck of Prof. Martinelli and his accomplished troupe! Here's good luck to young Sothern and the Romantic Drama! Will you join me in this wish for each? I am sure you will. If the professor comes your way, pay your 30 cents for the best seat in the house and go to see it. But make it a point to go out of your way to make the acquaintance of an "Enemy of the King" and to give your well-earned applause to young Sothern. May every year make him younger at heart and may never a wrinkle come to his forehead, unless he proves unfaithful to the romantic play! Agree with me? Of course you do. In the West and South, and the North and the East, you may differ about the coming President, about the silver question, and about a good many other things, but you will agree in this applause to the good story and the good actor with

BAB.

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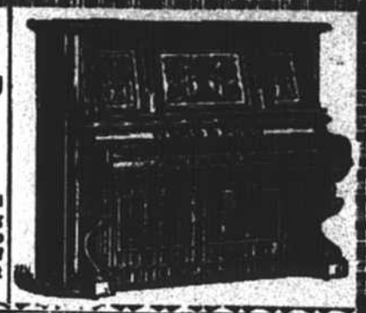

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### VICTORIA'S REIGN.

**The Greatest of All the Rulers of the House of Brunswick—Her Reign Produced Tennyson—Is the End of This Rule "Ichabod?"**

Philadelphia Record, 24th.

Queen Victoria completed yesterday the fifty-ninth year, third month and fourth day of her illustrious reign. She has now sat upon the English throne for the greatest period of rule in all its history of nearly nine centuries since William the Conqueror. Her Grandfather, George the Third—"snuffy old drone from the German hive"—was King for a period of nearly sixty years (dying only a few months short of the sixtieth anniversary of his ascension); but he had shown signs of mental aberration only five years after his accession, revealed insanity indisputably twenty-three years later than that, and after the death of his beloved daughter, the Princess Amelia, and passed the last nine years of his kingship in the double darkness of insanity and blindness. He actually reigned only fifty-one years. Only one other sovereign of all England's thirty-five royal rulers has attained, like Victoria and her notorious grandfather to over half a century of rule. Henry the Third (1216-1272), a Plantagenet, reigned about fifty-six years. King Henry II was nine years old when crowned, and he lived to the age of sixty-five. The third of the Georges ascended the throne at 22 and lived to be 82. Queen Victoria succeeded her uncle, King William, at the age of 18, and is now 77 years of age.

Queen Victoria, the thirty-fifth of the rulers of the seven great English dynasties, is the sixth and greatest sovereign of the House of Brunswick, and the fifth Queen of Britain. The preceding four Queens were Mary I, who lost Calais, that "jewel of her crown;" Elizabeth, Mary II, who shared the throne with William III, and the good Queen Annie, who witnessed the union of England and Scotland. Three of England's Queens have given their names indelibly to three of the nation's greatest epochs. The Elizabethan era witnessed the birth of the modern national spirit. The age of Anne saw the revival of Augustan elegance and the birth of the first distinctive man of letters—Dr. Samuel Johnson. The Victorian era has witnessed the rise of meditative English poetry. The memories of the three Queens will be forever linked with the fame of Shakespeare, Addison and Tennyson.

Victoria's reign has been more distinguished for its scientific and political than for its literary glories. British conquest and commerce have spread to a marvelous extent over the entire globe. But the close of her reign has been signalized by a world-wide loss of British prestige and a universal outcry against British aggrandisement. After all the brilliant triumphs of her reign Victoria beholds to-day her foreign diplomacy balked at all the courts of Europe and at Washington. In Egypt and the Soudan alone is the British lion likely to regain any of his lost glory.


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### NEW LAW ON REGISTRATION.

**The Three State Chairmen Interpret and Expound the Fusion Election Law Enacted by the Legislature of '95.**

In order that there might be no confusion as to the dates for registration, challenging, etc., the chairmen of the Republican, Populist and Democratic parties held a meeting and entered into an agreement about the matters in question. The agreement is very important and should be read by every voter. It is as follows:

It is agreed by the undersigned that the following is the proper construction of the election law of 1895, Acts '95, chapter 159, and we request the members of our respective parties to follow the same:

1st. In construing sections 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14 of said election law:

That all persons are entitled to register on Saturday, September 26th; on Saturday, October 3rd; on Saturday, October 10th; on Saturday, October 17th, and on these days only, between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., except as herewith provided—

On Saturday, October 24th, no act shall be done in regard to registration, except the right to challenge, between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., any elector whose name may appear on the books.

On Saturday, October 31st, no act shall be done in regard to registration, except to hear and determine all challenges made on October 24th. The hearing shall be had between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. in all precincts except those in incorporated towns and cities, when the hearing shall be had until 9 o'clock p. m.

That any person who comes of age between October 17th and election day, or who is entitled to registration by reason of his residence in State or county, being sufficient time required by law, which time ripened after Saturday, October 17th, shall be entitled to register on election day and vote, and such persons who offer to register and vote on election day may be challenged and said challenge be heard on election day.

A. E. HOLTON,
Chairman Rep. St. Ex. Com.
HAL W. AYER,
Chairman P. P. St. Ex. Com.
CLEMENT MANLY,
Chairman Dem. St. Ex. Com.

**Doughton and Linney at Boomer.**

Wilkesboro Chronicle.

About 150 people gathered at Boomer to hear these candidates for congress discuss the political questions, Monday. Word came here Saturday that Linney could not be at Boomer, on account of some kind of an abscess or spider bite on his side next to the heart, and our townsman and candidate for Auditor J. R. Henderson went up to reply to Doughton. But Linney came, and he and Doughton hitched. Those who heard them say that both made good speeches, but that Doughton in matter of argument and discussion of the real issues far exceeded Linney, and that Linney, spent over half of his speech in trying to defend his infamous record in the Alabama election case. Every explanation he made only made the matter worse, for Doughton had the records on him. Several who are anti-Doughton men say he made a powerful speech, and that Linney's flowery flights can't stand before Doughton's solid facts.

## BILL ARP RUMINATES.

### TURNS TO THE GLORIES OF NATURE AND DISSERTATES UPON THEM.

**He Is a Real Pantheist—Investigates the Workings of Nature and Ends With Rabbits and Literature.**

Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

I wish that I were a great naturalist—I wish that I was a botanist or a horticulturist or an ornithologist. I have great admiration for Linneus and Audubon and Humboldt and Agassiz. It seems to be by design that such men were born to explore the mysteries of nature and solve them, and then teach them to us. They are all dead, but they finished their life work and nobody has improved upon it. I never go into a drug store and read the Latin names upon the jars but what I think of Linneus. What a work for one man to do—to walk thousands of miles over mountains and valleys, in heat and cold, and to study and to classify 8,000 different flowering plants and innumerable others that did not flower. Poor as charity during his early manhood; for weeks and months actually suffering for food, and even when his earnest work began to attract attention of the learned and great he was not allowed to marry the girl he loved until, like Jacob, he had been put on five years' probation. How he was enriched, honored and ennobled in his later life is matter of history and is pleasant reading.

I was ruminating about these things because a friend from Milledgeville wrote me about the large yellow butterflies that were now migrating southward and asked if I had observed them. He says that next spring they may be seen migrating northward, and this annual change of place is as certain as the flight of the swallows. For a few days past I had noticed the number of these beautiful butterflies that were passing over our flowers in the front yard and stopping a hurried moment to sip honey from their chalices and then moving on with steady and graceful flight, but it had not occured to me that they were all going one way. But they are; and still they come and still they go; not by hundreds nor tens, but hardly a minute passes but what I can see two or three or a half dozen flying leisurely along. They are a peculiar species, are all of a size and with solid chrome yellow wings that seem less frail than those of other varieties. What does their flight signify? Do they know that winter is coming, and when? Where is their journey's end? Where will they stop to lay their eggs and die, and what will be the transformation that brings new butterflies to life for a return in the early spring? Such things are to be observed and studied, but who does it?

Some years ago when I was farming I observed that hundreds of small branches of the persimmon and the apple and other trees were lying upon the ground with withered leaves, and upon examination they seemed to have been cut off as by a tiny turning lathe; the incision a half inch wide at the bark and narrowing down to the center just as a turning chisel would do it. None of the neighbors could explain it to me, but I found out on closer investigation that it was done by a black beetle that first made an incision on the tender bark and laid her eggs like a locust and then proceeded to cut off the limb so that it might fall to the ground where the larvae could hatch and then burrow in the soil and go through nature's transformations. But how did the beetle cut the limb so artistically? Why, it fastened its hard, sharp, horny mandibles to the bark and then buzzed round and round by the power of its wings until the work was done. What a wonderful mechanic is this beetle! What a wonderful study is nature. There is more unsolved science in the lightning bugs, that like little meteors brighten the twilight on our lawns, than in the electric flashes that illuminate the clouds. What are all these things for? Humboldt says there are 400 different species of humming birds. What for? Why should not one kind or ten kinds have answered the Creator's purposes? Why are millions of flowers born to blush unseen on mountain sides and in the desert. Humboldt says there 500,000 beautiful scales on a large butterfly's wing, and they can be seen and counted with a microscope. Why should there be so many? Who ever sees them but God and perhaps the angels?

But there is no limit to these mysteries, and no answer to these questions. And so I will forbear. There seems to be bigger things before the people now. The paramount question is gold and silver and even the preachers have engaged in the discussion. Dr. Parkhurst and Tom Dixon and some of our southern ministers have entered the arena and are trying to convert sinners, not to repentance, but to gold or silver according to their views. They have searched the Scriptures to find something about gold and silver that they can torture and twist to their side. But there is only one text that has any bearing upon it and that is one of Solomon's proverbs which says "words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Now let the political preachers take that for a text and stick to it; or, maybe it would be better for them to let politics alone and turn their attention to the work of the University of Pennsylvania in the buried city of pre-historic Nippur—a city that the professors and scientists of that institution say is 3,000 years older than Adam and they have the proof of it. Only two years ago one of these same professors published a long article in the New York Herald asserting that the bones of a man exhumed in Florida were over 10,000 years old. If these preachers don't watch the university will upset all the chronology of the Bible and make Moses to be a myth or a fraud, for if there is any one thing more carefully stated than another in the Mosaic account of the creation and succession, it is the succession from Adam to Noah and Noah to Abraham. Science has no respect for sacred history and every few years comes out with something to upset or contradict it. Couldn't Parkhurst and Dixon give us a pulpit utterance on Nippur and let gold and silver rest with the statesmen and politicians of the country. As the Richmond Dispatch well says: "We earnestly advocate the gold standard, but see no reason for alarm or praise or rain if silver is remonetized. The commercial world will soon adapt itself to any currency that may be declared legal by the government."

That's the way to talk. "No reason for alarm!" What is the matter with Mexico? Nothing—nothing at all. My boy has lived there for nearly two years and says it is a good country and a prosperous people, and improvements and new industries continue to come and English money continues to pour into that country building railroads and factories and buying coffee plantations and silver mines. The American population is increasing every day and now a Chicago firm is building an American hotel that is to cost half a million dollars. And yet Mexico has a silver standard. Gold may be the best standard for us when we get used to it, but it is an awful ordeal we are going through in getting broke in. It is like the fellow who experimented with his horse to train him to do without food. He gave him a few grains less every day until the horse died. I believe that if we can live through the trial we can get along on gold, but I had rather place silver back where it was and quit the Sherman experiment. But I am not paying much attention to money now, nor is it paying much attention to me. I am comforting myself now by studying arithmetic and perusing history. One of the Rome boys who grew up with mine and made mud pies and worked the dog in harness, has long since got to be a man and took his degrees at Annapolis. Mathematics is his specialty and he has just published an arithmetic that has been for six years his labor of love. I am no critic of modern textbooks, but I like this little book of Ernest West's and believe I could master it if I was a boy. I worked hard on a sum last night which was something like this: "If a rabbit runs six miles and finds a hollow tree and stops there half an hour and a hound dog is after him and takes two leaps while the rabbit takes three, and three of the dog's leaps are equal to five of the rabbit's, and the dog gets to the tree 15 minutes late and finds the rabbit gone, when will the dog catch the rabbit and whereabouts?"

The history that now so deeply interests me is the life and times of William L. Yancey, an admirable book written by J. W. DuBose. A grand man has been portrayed by a thoroughly competent author and the book is a literary and historical treasure.


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**Linney and Doughton at Boomer.**

Wilkesboro Chronicle.

Mr. Linney said recently he give Mr. Doughton such a drubbing at Sparta court that he wouldn't canvass this district with him. Linney was wrong, just like he is in most of his political assertions. If all reports be true Doughton did him up in fine shape. He tore Linney's self-constituted "Ark of the Covenant" all to pieces, and showed Linney to be about the worst enemy to a "free ballot and fair count" that ever happened along in these regions. Linney made his Alabama election speech. Doughton drew the records. He showed that Linney voted for the Payne election law in this State, which was intended to disfranchise the "negroes and poor whites." But the law was defeated by democrats. He showed that in the Alabama election case, Linney took the evidence of one imported negro in preference to 30 or 40 good citizens, in one instance, and then turned around and took the evidence of one "poor white trash" in preference to 186 respectable negroes who swore they had voted for the democrat. How's that for "honest elections?"

**Where Now?**

Lenoir Topic.

A Mr. Huitt undertook to pass through between two box cars at Hickory last Wednesday evening, and had his head mashed flat between the bumpers.


**Your Boy Won't Live a Month.**

So Mr. Gilman Brown, of 34 Mill St., South Gardner, Mass., was told by the doctors. His son had Lung trouble, following Typhoid Malaria, and he spent three hundred and seventy-five dollars with doctors, who finally gave him up, saying: "Your boy won't live a month." He tried Dr. King's New Discovery and a few bottles restored him to health and enabled him to go to work a perfectly well man. He says he owes his present good health to use of Dr. King's New Discovery, and knows it to be the best in the world for Lung trouble. Trial Bottles Free at Curry & Kennedy's Drug Store.