

# THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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

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(W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor.)

Gastonia, N. C., February 4, 1897.

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No 5.

## THE GIRL'S SATURDAY.

BAB TELLS HOW SWELL YOUNG LADIES SPEND THE DAY.

Carefully Gowned and Particular About Their Luncheon—The Mixture of Ceremonies—Oh, Saturday, We Girls Always Go Out Together—At the Matinee—Mr. Newly Rich, the Devoted Lover.

In the New York count there comes blue Monday, black Friday and various other disagreeable days, but Saturday is the special day of all the week dedicated to the girl. No hostess is so stupid as to give a tea on Saturday; she knows that few girls would be present and those who appeared would be there not by courtesy, but by compulsion. The New York girl always has her Saturdays arranged for no later than the Tuesday before. This is the day of all the week that she dedicates to her kind, and she certainly does prove the fallacy of the statement that girls can't enjoy themselves unless men are along. What does she do? Well, here's a description of how one special New York girl, and there are hundreds like her, spent her Saturday.

**HOW SHE DRESSES.**  
After her morning bath, her coffee and her roll, she gowned herself in a well-made, smart-looking cloth frock that needed no wrap over it, not because she was courtship pneumonia, but because under the glove-fitting bodice, was worn a much closer fitting chemise jacket. About her neck went her sailor collar, elaborately with many small tails. Usually, she wears the small cloth toque with a small stand up in front and two cable tuis leading up to the crown. Her muff is trimmed with sable tails and is big enough to hold her pretty card-case, a tiny pair of opera glasses, and a dainty handkerchief. At her waist is a quaint looking chateaufort watch, for she times herself to day, and beside it hangs a purse of patterned gold intended to hold small coin. Usually, she wears the other girl at the house, that is most convenient to all, but to-day they are content to be found at 11 o'clock sharp at the glove store. Mark that. Not at the glove counter of one of the big shops, but at a small store kept by a little Frenchman, where a specialty is made of gloves, yells and handkerchiefs. Here the New York girl knows she can get gloves suited to her hand; here gloves are sold according to their fit and according to numbers, and the clever French girl behind the counter thinks nothing of trying on 10 or 12 pairs until Mademoiselle is perfectly gloved.

The three girls who join this New York girl are each as well gowned as she. Their skirts hang so perfectly that one knows they were cut out by an artist in skirts; their bodices are exact in their fit, and every part of the costume of each has been considered, and while fit, rich and smart-looking, it is perfectly adapted to any hour of the day up to 6 o'clock and to walking. The gloves are bought, a visit is paid to a photograph shop, and an engagement is made for the coming week. A stop is made at a book store and some books are sent home by one of the girls, who says she always reads when her hair is being brushed. A halt is in order at a chemist's, and a small bottle of perfume is bought, and the other girls order some. The perfume that is as exquisite as it is faint. Angela, announces that she will call her Angela, announces that it's 12:30 and time for luncheon. Angela appreciates, with the keenness of an old gourmet, a good dish. So she says: "Girls, we are not lurching for show; we are not lurching simply to be seen, but we are going where there is a real room, beautifully furnished, a table, set so it pleases the eyes, and where we can get the best cooking in New York." And Angela leads the way into the Holland House. Although this outing is managed after the fashion of a Dutch treat, still first one of the girls takes charge of the day and makes it a matter of pride that it is a success. This does away with any discussion as to the luncheon.

Gloves are removed, fans laid aside, and with the head waiter listening to her order with respect, Angela speaks distinctly. She says: "First we will have some caviare and anchovies or have some oysters, tell the chef to select some large oysters, serve them, and serve them with a plain butter sauce; after that four plover, roasted a little underdone, and fete with little more than slices of onion little cooked, in fact, done soft; no salad with the plover, simply celery or asparagus; for a sweet? Oh, an omelette auifine and then Turkish coffee." The girls chatted and laughed until the appetizer in the shape of the caviare appeared, and after that they were young women ate, as men love to eat, with good appetite and propriety. Every thing was young and properly served, and why shouldn't they enjoy the good things of life? What did the girls drink? They girls were used to seeing plenty of wine, and so they only cared for it as a proper adjunct; they were too well bred to drink champagne at that hour of the day, as two of them took strict mercy to color the water, and the other two drank a very light wine. As they lingered over their coffee, and delighted in the perfume which is, properly enough, Angela to it at the Holland House. Angela said: "Love may be the best thing on earth, but who can love well who does not eat well? And how can you expect a woman who chooses lobster salad, ice cream and tea for her luncheon, to be anything but a fool?" Everybody laughed; the girls agreed that Angela was a good caterer, the bill was paid, the waiter tipped, and five minutes of 3 found them started for the theater.

## BIG REDUCTION SALE

### At The Dry Goods Emporium.

### \$25,000 Worth of Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Etc.

We have just taken an inventory and find we have too much stock for this season of the year.

### TO MAKE TIMES LIVELY, EVERYTHING MUST MOVE RIGHT NOW!

Our business for 1896 has come up to expectations, and we are well pleased; but we have hoisted another sail for 1897, and all hands have seized the oars, and with a LONG PULL, a STRONG PULL and A PULL ALL TOGETHER we will land our boat on the shores of success.

### ALL WINTER CLOTHING CUT 25 PER CENT.

50 SUITS ALL WOOL CHEVIOTS—Big values at \$10.00—go for \$6.50. We got them at a forced sale.

**Boy's Knee Pants,**  
Too many for this market, Mrs. Hopkin's Make, double seat and knee, heavy duck waistband. Only 30 cents.

**All-Wool Cheviot Pants**  
For boys from 4 to 14 years old. We have too many of them. Usual price 50c. We turn them loose at 25c.

**Big Line of Overcoats and Mackintoshes.**  
Come and look at them. They tell their own story when you hear the price.

**Men's All-Wool Undershirts.**  
We have sold them all the season for \$1.00. Cut to 60c.

**Ladies' All-Wool Undervests.**  
Good sellers at \$1.00. Only small quantity left. Rather than carry them over, they go at 50c as long as they last.

**One Case Good Gingham,**  
2 by 2, 4 by 4, 8 by 8, checked in blue, brown and green. All we could get at the price—3 cents. They go like hot cakes, too.

GRAY AND LOVE.

**Big Lot of Standard Calicoes.**  
Figured, red and dark colors. Only 3c. They won't last long.

**500 Yards Heavy Brown Drilling**  
to go during this sale for 5c. Worth 8c everywhere.

**\$150.00 of Stamped Linen.**  
Something beautiful in tray covers, centre pieces, bureau scarfs, laundry bags, slipper pockets, etc., at cost until they are all gone. Ladies, you can't afford to miss this opportunity.

**Big Lot of R. & G. Corsets, 50c to \$1.25.**  
Patent tip. We bought them under the hammer. They are the \$1.25 grade. To clean them out quick, 68 cents and they go.

**78 Pairs Ladies' Dongola Buttoned Boots,**  
Patent tip. We bought them under the hammer. They are the \$1.25 grade. To clean them out quick, 68 cents and they go.

**Do You Wear Shoes?**  
After going through our Shoe Department, we have taken out all small lots, odds and ends, and put them on the bargain counter. Big values for somebody.

## We Invite Everybody to visit the Dry Goods Emporium and see the BIG VALUES we are Giving.

### GRAY and LOVE.

### THEY INVADE THE THEATRE.

It is a pretty little theater, and my well-bred girls smile at the women who have worn big hats, and who have to take them off and show, too often, a massed head of hair or else retain them and make themselves objects of derision and hatred. The quartet was wearing, two of them, small toques, and the other two those little bonnets that delight the soul of that most beautiful woman, the Princess of Wales. So they kept them on and were comfortable. The play made them laugh, as only young, happy girls can laugh, and in between the acts first one and then another of their acquaintances came to talk with them. Mr. Newly Rich, who, although he has no necessity, has been well educated and is received to-day among the best people, chatted with Angela. The other girls knew very well that he has decided weakness for her, and they are beginning to wonder what she will expect her bridesmaids to wear. He asks her: "How did you happen to come here this afternoon?" And she answers: "Oh, Saturday we girls always go out together. To-day I am mistress of ceremonies, and I elected that we should come and see May Irwin and I will tell you why. She's so perfectly wholesome and jolly, the play in which she appears has a word in it that could be objected to, and her songs—well, her darky songs are simply delicious. Tommy (Tommy, by the way, being a nickname given to the youngest of the girls, who was christened Cornelia) says she's going to learn to sing them to the banjo; but who will ever sing them like May Irwin?"

### MR. NEWLY RICH'S COMMENTS.

Mr. Newly Rich looked at Angela with increased admiration because she voiced his opinion, and he told her: "You see, Miss Angela, May Irwin is really a comedienne in the best sense of the word, I remember, when you were a little girl at school (and here he looked very important), seeing her and her sister do a little act as Tony Pastor; I've been told that Mr. Rich heard of her and engaged her, and for four years she was with him, although she didn't play very much; but she learned an awful lot from him; and a man that I know who knows her says that she's determined to get better and better every year. Thus, too, I like her plays." Here Mr. Newly Rich, who had evidently forgotten something, looked at his programme. Then he continued: "Now, take those boys' plays; oh, yes, they are funny in a way, but they are so full of horse play, and there are such a lot of chestnuts in them; while this man—what's his name?—and here he looked at his programme again—McNally seems to know just how to make a thing pleasant and funny without its being rough and how to laugh in all the places where we like." And when he said "we," Angela blushed; and after that he rushed back to his seat—the curtain was going up. When it dropped he came around again to dilate on the greatness of the song that May Irwin sang, and Tommy managed to tell him, across the other

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A little more than a century ago, when George IV was king of England, the law was in force that the body of a suicide should have a stake thrust through it and be buried by the highway, so as to intimidate others from self-destruction. His goods and chattels were forfeited to the crown. This law was repealed during King George's reign, but a new law declared that the body should be buried at night, without the performance of religious ceremonies. Such was the detestation of our English ancestors for what they called the crime of suicide. I know of but one case that would justify a man in taking his own life, and that is in remorse—such remorse as Judas Iscariot felt when he went out and hanged himself. There are but three instances of self-murder mentioned in sacred history, and they were all bad ones. But in our day, suicides are generally good-hearted people—shopkeepers, clerks, and so on—who are not of a bad heart, but it was remorse for killing his innocent wife that served him to the deed. Nowadays the most of suicides are caused not from remorse, but from disappointments, failures in business, domestic unhappiness, or grief over lost lovers or dead kindred. Some times the unhappy man tries to drown

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What is the cause of this growing mental malady in this happy land? Are these suicides all stupid or ill-able, or uneducated, that they should have no fear of death? No dread of something after death? Maybe there is a hereditary and a judge-seat in some, and if so a warder has a better chance than a suicide, for he can time to repent and be forgiven, as David was. Then, again, it is such a selfish act, for it brings grief to his loved ones, and a shadow over the household that never passes away. A few years ago I met a young man whose I had not even since he was a lad. He was doing well in a distant state, where his mother and sisters lived, but I could see the lines of a new-forgotten sorrow in his face. His father had hanged himself in a barn, and the boy's keen family love had faded away. A few months ago I met an old friend who I had always greeted me cheerfully, but I hardly knew him. He was just turned gray, and the lines of self-murder were in every lineament of his intellectual features. He had once been a man. His only son, on whom his love and his hope was centered, had killed himself—and passed the fatal pistol to his corpse and food it. What makes our young men do this? If it comes from remorse, is it not cheaper and safer to repent and reform? What does a man kill, anyhow? Nothing but his body. His soul goes marching on and the remorse goes with it. But even his body is sacred, and he has no right to mutilate or destroy it.

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## "Blight"

costs cotton planters more than five million dollars annually. This is an enormous waste, and can be prevented. Practical experiments at Alabama Experiment Station show conclusively that the use of

## "Kainit"

will prevent that dreaded plant disease.

All about Kainit... Kainit is a natural product of the sea, and is the only fertilizer that can be used on all soils.

GERMAN KAINIT WORKS, 25 Nassau St., New York.

Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 2.

According to opinions generally entertained in the United States, the Republic of South America are still children, to be guided, in the faculty of nature, they having barely escaped from the conditions of infancy and childhood which marked their entrance. But it seems that these opinions were mistaken, and that Argentina, at least, is confronted with the problems characteristic of an adult civilization. The inclination of the famous doctor of Rome toward calvary marked the beginning of the decline of the Roman Empire, and the introduction of a bill into the Argentine Congress, to deprive the Argentine Republic of the right of remaining single would be gradually increased until hardened offenders of from 50 to 75 years of age would be excluded for their obnoxious by a monthly fine of \$50. The Argentine Congress who drafted this bill evidently has a vein of humor running through his stern Spartan character; for he is disposed to let off the old boys of 75 years or over with a small monthly tax, but he is not disposed to deprive the Argentine Republic of the right of remaining single until hardened offenders of from 50 to 75 years of age would be excluded for their obnoxious by a monthly fine of \$50. The Argentine Congress who drafted this bill evidently has a vein of humor running through his stern Spartan character; for he is disposed to let off the old boys of 75 years or over with a small monthly tax, but he is not disposed to deprive the Argentine Republic of the right of remaining single until hardened offenders of from 50 to 75 years of age would be excluded for their obnoxious by a monthly fine of \$50.

The bill in question provides for the levy of a monthly tax upon all children between the ages of 20 and 30 years, the rate to be made progressively operative. Thus unmarried men between 20 and 30 years of age would be required to pay \$5 per month, and the amount demanded by the State for the privilege of remaining single would be gradually increased until hardened offenders of from 50 to 75 years of age would be excluded for their obnoxious by a monthly fine of \$50. The Argentine Congress who drafted this bill evidently has a vein of humor running through his stern Spartan character; for he is disposed to let off the old boys of 75 years or over with a small monthly tax, but he is not disposed to deprive the Argentine Republic of the right of remaining single until hardened offenders of from 50 to 75 years of age would be excluded for their obnoxious by a monthly fine of \$50.

Who are to be given three years in which to children, their mothers from the hands of the State, but when their legal period of freedom from bondage shall have elapsed they are to be subject to the bill should become a law, to the same tax as that imposed upon bachelors. And when the bill is passed by the bill in the Argentine Congress, it will have the effect of making it a matter of honor for the fathers of families who have children, to keep a single woman in their household. This convention is a mere fancy, however, for who ever saw a widow under 50 willing to confess to more than 50 years of age? It is greatly to be feared that our Argentine would, when he drafted this part of his bill, and the provision looked against unmarried widows is more likely to encourage unbecomingly to discourage matrimony.

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Two Wrong Notions.  
Philadelphia Record.

The Apparent Guilt remarks that "the various of belief regarding advertising are to be found in three categories who insist that advertising does not pay and those who say to 'boast.'" And the Gazette might have added that the one who says advertising does not pay there would be less of it done every year; if it should be the only requirement of business the newspapers would have small space for news.

THE BEST VALUE in the world for Cash, Brains, Time, Honor, Health, Happiness, Success, and all other things, is to be found in the only one that is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. B. Query & Co.

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