W. F. MARRIEALL,

Gastonia, N. C., August 12, 1897.

Chill Por Attourn:

No 32.

### LETTER FROM BILL ARP.

AUTHORSHIP OF A POEM STARTS A DISCUSSION.

Rago of Bartow Ruminates Over Many Things That Are and Others That Might Be.

Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution

The last letter I had about the poem was anonymous. Of course, it was,

"Man wants but little bere below, Bo Young and Golfstalli say, But woman wante it all, you know, And wants it right away."

Mrs. Arp was sewing on some intau-tile garments as I quietly laid the mis-sive on her lap, the neither smiled nor frowned nor stopped the play of the play of marked: "Maybe her needle as she remarked: "Maybe they do, but they don't get it nor ex-

"I reckon," said I, "that some stingy old benedict wrote that; some fel-low who would spend more money on his horse than on his wife."

"No," said Mrs. Arp; "it was some old bachelor whose rejected addresses have made him eynical, and like Byron be yents his reyenge in doggerel. When you go down town I wish you would see Mr. Hicks about that dining-room chair. Maybe he can put a new cane bottom in it. We need it sometimes when we have company; and that old sideboard ought to be revarnished and have new knobs. Do you know how old that sideboard it ?" "Yes," said 1; "Jim Sumter made it in 1852. He was one of the best

men and best workmen I ever knew.

I paid him 550 for the aideboard. He us a well-read, well-bred man, a good have respect for the sideboard. It is like an epitaph on his tombstone and seems to read: 'Sacred to the memory of—' Yss, I will see Mr. Hicks about the sideboard. Is there about the sideboard. Is there about in his line that you want?"

"No," she said, "but you know we are obliged to have another extension table. We gave ours to Jessie when

she was married and have been using one that was left here three years ago and now the owner has settled down and wants it. You had better attend to this right away."

"Right away, right nway". I mused.
"But women wants it all, you know,
and wants it right away."

Mrs. Arp looked at me and remarked "I want these things for you and the children. It's precious little that I want for myself now.

I don't think she admires the song

or the sentiment.

I know it, I know it, my dear," said I. "There was a time when you wanted a good deal for yourself and it pleased me to gratify your every wish and more than you asked for. Nothing was too good for you when I had the money. Silks and sables, lawns and musius, carriages and horses. Wilton carpets and damask curtains, and so forth and so pet category. and so forth, and so on. et cetera e plaribus unum. But Anno Domini kept rolling on and the war came and I discovered that you were gradually losing your concern for yourself, and all your care was for all your care was for children. I was ruminating about this while you were stitching away so careestly upon that little garment for now your love and care have lapped over to another generation. The little grandchildren have come in your personal wants have come down

I was ruminating, said I, "how fortunate it was that your ambition sur-rendered about the time my money did. You cessed to crave fine things as I used to get you. You adapted your wants to our misfortuner. Why, 40 years ago I would not have let you go about in that grizzly gray nouslin. I had a contempt for obeap things, especially for you; didu't I, my doar? You certainly did, said she, with a

kind of sad, reminiscent amile to her tone of voice, "but this muslin is good enough now. But you butter go to town. There are four little grandchildren here to dinner, and Aunt Ann

wants the rice right away.

And wants it right away, I hummed
to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne,"
Somehow I can't get that refrain out
of my mind—"And wants it right

Sometimes I think that men don't understand nor appreciate woman's nature. She was created with a love for the beautiful, for ornament, for flowers and gems and jewels and gold and silverware and damask and fine linen. She can't belp her nature, and this very nature proves that she is nearer Heaven than we are. What do I care for diamonds? Not a cent. I wouldn't give a dellar for a bushel of them. An old fashioned tin walter with flowers painted on it is as good as a sliver one to me. I wouldn't wast the window glass more than once a year, and a washpan suits me as well se a chine basin. But I recognize the fact that I um a man with an unrefined nature. The 12 gates of the New Jerusalem that are made of pre-New Jerusalein that are made of pre-cious stones are no attraction to me; neither are the gold-paved streets that St. John saw in his vision. But still I have hope of getting there and be-coming more refined, for I do love flowers and pretty birds and orange trees and luscious fruits and beautiful scenery and mountains and the great waters of the mighty sea. My wife and my daughters can spend half a day in looking at the beautiful things in the show windows in Atlanta, but I never stop to gaze or admire, except, perhaps, to look at the photograph's display or the life-like models

men have reverence for womankind and are conscious of her better nature her better morals and emotions. Shakespeare and Scott write of women as ministering angets. Wadeworth says of her creation:

"A period woman sobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command." No great poet save such a rake as Byron would have written:

"As well believe a woman, or an epitabh, Or any other thing that's false."

Even Solomon in all his glory with his wives and concubines, said:
Young man. rejoice with the wife of thy youth, and be thou always ravished with her love.

Edward W. Bok says in the Ladies' Home Journal. "No economy is so false and misguided as that which seeks to withhold one pleasure from the life of a good woman, a true wife or a loving mother. The best home a man can give her becomes thresome if alle is asked to live in it and stay in it 365 days in a year. The Lord knows that woman's life is hard enough. She travels a path of sudurance and suffering to which the average man is an entire stranger. Then let us make that path as pleasant as easy and as bright as possible. Every dollar that a man spends on his home for the happiness and comfort of his wife will come back to him four fold.

That is true—all true—Better mond.

That is true—all true. Better mend the broken pane or that cord or that gate latch and sometime take an hour off from business and take her to ride. The Odd Fellows and Masons and Knights of Pythias are good institutions, but should not come in between a man and his wife. The mother wants help with the children, for I tell you, my brethren, there is no care nor anxiety like nursing and caring for a little child, and nobody but a mother will do it willingly. A mother who has reared eight or ten children from infancy to maturity and four years of infancy to naturity and four years of the time during a pittless war, when she had to fice from the foul invader with her little ones and hide them, half claff and always hungry, can say with Paul: "I have faught a good fight; I have finished my course." Yes, I'aul said that, but he was an old heacher and know nothing of what. bachelor, and knew nothing of what a mother suffers. The most pathetic line in all poetry is that of File-Greene Halleck, where he spostruphizes deuth:

"Come to the mother when she feels For the line time her firstburn's breath," The death of a young mother in childbirth is the saddest of all nature's

calsmities, Maternal love—maternal interest! What it is that so inspires a woman to bear her fate--to suffer and be strong?

#### A Mard Road to Travel. New York Times

That rough and savage wood tenan-That rough and savage wood tenanted by terrifying wild beasts that Dante found at the entrance of the Inferno was a grateful and inviting bower compared to the asperities that beset the traveler to the Klondike. Dante didn't have to carry a year's provisions, but found very little snow, and he had Vingil to shoo the beasts away and show him the place. Between the rigors of the climate, the badness of the roads, and the high price of provisions the Klondike argonauts have a much barder time of it.

There appears to be a conspiracy be-tween the Chilkat Indians and the Northwestern police to keep American miners out of the gold region. The police, apprehending that starvation will be the fashionable allment on the Klondika this makes appeared that Klondike this winter, announce that they will refuse to allow any miner to to a minimum. Of course, you must be collected as becomes the maternal head of numerous and lovely offspring, for if you are not a queen you have religied To your home nearly as long as Queen Victoria has in England and—"

Well, that will do now," said my Well, that will do now," said my wife, "You had better go to town, near the charge up to 30 cents a pound.

Now, a year's supply of provisions for a man in a cold climate weighs 1,100 their very summits with leafy covering of close waven forests, they seemed ing, mining implements, carpenters' tools for building rafts, buts, and flues, and other necessary supplies added to this bring the weight to be transported up to fully 1,200 pounds. If the miners haven't \$360 to pay the Indians for "packing," they will be turned back at the Chilscot Pass, unless they are hardy enough to compare they are th their own packs. If they are not provided with 1,100 pounds of food, the police will turn them back.

It seems that the mails were carried

over the pass regularly once a month last winter, which indicates that the dangers of the trip have been exaggerated. But it is hard enough at best, and the requirement as to provisions must exclude many improvident gold

But the beartaches and the disappointments will not be confined to those who have set out for the Kloudike. We observe that there is a magical growth of gold-mining companies, with shares so chesp as to bring them within the purchasing pow-er of the humblest pures. Some of their companies have been honestly formed and will be managed with integrity. Others are mere traps for the unwary. Mining shares are a risky investment for anybody. Poor fisks ought not to touch them. Investments in the es-tablished industries of their own country furnish a safer use for money and a surer return than wining shares. An from mine in the ground with a com-field stop of it is a more valuable national asset than a bed of gold-bearing gravel.

The Charlotte News says: A marriage license was issued Thursday afternoon for the marriage of Mr. W. T. Johnston, of Guston county to Miss M. Belle Starr, of Mew York. They were married in this city at five o'clock the same after-

## Bucklen's Arnten Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruiss, Sorse, Ulosse, Salt Bheum, Fever Sorse, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilbiains, Corps, and all Skin cept, perhaps, to look at the photo-graph's display or the life-like models of lovely women that seem, smiling at my three-score and ten. Resuling and observation teach me that all good sale by J. E. Curry & Co.

THE LAND OF THE SKY.

SOME OF ITS BEAUTIES PAINTED IN WORDS.

Bivers that Chinel their Way to the Sea-On the Mountains at the Hour When the shalows morpon-And Again Whon the Man Course in the Morning !-- A Stairway on Whose Ascent of Gold Heart and Mope and Faith and Life Rice Heavenward to stigh.

Dr. 1, T. Tichenor, Sou'y of the Baptist Home Mission Board.

Some years ago for the first time I crossed the Land of the Sky from Morristown, Team, to Sallabury, N.C. The greater part of the railway had been recently constructed, and the trains ran cautiously and slowly over the newly opened line.

Leaving Morristown about 9 a. m., we reached Paint Rock on the North Carolina line about 12 m., and began

we reached Paint Rock on the North Carolina line about 12 m., and began our delightful trip up the French Broad river. It was an October day with the air full of warm sunshine, and with scarcely a cloud to cast a shadow upon mountain or river. The delay for dinner at the Warm Springs shortsmed the remaining leaves of the shortened the remaining hours of the never-to-be forgutten day. With deliberate speed the train followed every curvature of the French Broad as it turned from side to side seeking, through that channel it has chiseled in the everlusting roots. o the everlasting rocks, its pathway to the sea.

This noted river finds its birthplace arcong the cliffs of the Blue Bidge oot far from Caesar's Head in South Caro-lina. Calling together its tributaries from every side it unites them into a broad floo! that northeastward flows down the easy slope of the beautiful valley and werts at Asheville the sparkling Swammagon that comes leaping like a fawn down the western slopes of the living wall which separates the depressed mountain plateaus from the Pledmont valleys of the east. Thus reinforced, the two turn their fuces to the west and prepare to break through the mountain ranges, chain after chain, until at last their imprisoned waters flow out into the great valley that from Pennsylvania to Alamana distributes the River Pennsylvania the River Penn bama divides the Blue Ridge from the Alleghany. This conflict of the ages Attention. This conflict of the ages is not yet ended. The mighty river has indeed out its way through the mountain barriers and gained the wide valley down which it flows to the great Father of Waters, but everywhere the mountain ranges rising close on either aide like broken battle lines still holding that received.

and the broken battle lines still hold-ing their position, seek to throw across the opening a new formation to im-prison these flowing waters forever. Nothing could exceed the varied beauty of the changing sornery as the train slowly followed every winding of the classifier change in the first still and the the river, clinging closely to the water side. Here the streum with arrowy swiftness poured through the deep and sarrow channel it had worn by the labor of ages into the lucksing rocks. Here, as though wearled with its efforts, it deliled in slow running edefforts, it dullied in slow running ed-dies under hanks of ferns and wild roses, while the over-arching trees with their long willowy branches stouped over and kissed the sleeping waters. And here brawling over a rocky bed it broke into a wide sheet of foam, and hurried by as though it had heard and was answering the call for help from its far distant mother—the from its far distant mother-the

moaning sea.

The many friends in this section of the shadows on the mountains deepened the green of the forest verdure and the section of the forest verdure and death which occurred last Thursday at the forest verdure and the section of the forest verdure and death which occurred last Thursday at the forest verdure and death which occurred last Thursday at the forest verdure and death which occurred last Thursday at the forest verdure and death which occurred last Thursday at the forest verdure and death which occurred last Thursday at the forest verdure and death which occurred last Thursday at the forest verdure and death which occurred last Thursday at the forest verdure and death which occurred last Thursday at the forest verdure and death which occurred last Thursday at the forest verdure and death which occurred last Thursday at the forest verdure and death which occurred last Thursday at the forest verdure and death which occurred last Thursday at the forest verdure and death which occurred last Thursday at the forest verdure and death which occurred last Thursday at the forest verdure and death which occurred last Thursday at the forest verdure and death which occurred last Thursday at the forest verdure and death which occurred last Thursday at the forest verdure and the forest verdure and death which occurred last Thursday at the forest verdure and death which occurred last Thursday at the forest verdure and the f ing of close woven forosts, they seemed like sentinels guarding the inner shrine of this sanctuary of the mountain world. At last the parting beams of the dying day, like Moses, elimbed to the mountain tops to bid the world farewell, and the silent shadows were lifted from the vales to cover the

Me reached Asheville just 'as the centine stars set their watch in the sky." The train would resume its journey to Salisbury with the morning light, so I sought the Swannanoa botel and retired to rest at the usual hour, I could not sleep. The recol-lections of the day lingered in my soul. Had I been permitted to walk through Eden before sin had stained its glories, Edet before sin had stained its giories, and seen what, since its unopening gates have been forever barred, no human eye can see, I should scarce have been more enraptured by its remembrance than I was that night.

Refore the dawn I had descended

Before the dawn I had descended from my chamber to the office where, on watch." You are awake early," said be. "It is more than an hour before your train. Have you ever been in Asheville before? Would you like to see the supplies from the low of the supplies from see the sun rise from the top of the hotel? You have planty of time." botel? You have planty of time."
In a few minutes an epening in the cool let us out into the cool air of the morning. At first all was dark except a streak of gray down upon the eastern horison. Then as our eyes grew more accustomed to the dark, and the light alowly increased, there came out the dim and ghostly outlines of the giant mountains emerging from the foods of untains emerging from the floods darkness.

Par away to the east the narrow line of glowing crimson was broaden-ing on the upward arching sky. There the stars were palleg in the glowing light. The arrowy beams of the enuing day were transforming the mists of morning into the light of heaven. Just in front of us old l'ingah's beld and crassy arrows. and craggy suscent smitten by the coming sus looks as though the morning star had fellen upon her and invested her with its molten glyries.

Far away westward peak after peak is meeting the rising day. Balsam and Clingman and Serial and Jumineka oringtons and cerran and durantees are all agion as though the watchfires of heavenly guards had been kindled on their auminits. A hundred more are joining in the line of glory. Stand-

ing on these heights so near to heaven, angels' hands seem to be disengaging the curtains of the night, and down their rugged sides and deep ravines the longered draperies of darkness full.

the longered draperies of darkness fall. Swiftly eastward across the broken plain the hosts of morning are driving the shadows of the night, and field and forest and mountain orag and the wide reach of flowing river are seized by the conquering light until dwannamon's forest-tangled fountains yield to the dominion of the day, and in token of her loyalty she sends back from her overy winding the morning's glowing beam. These old forests, covering the hills to their very summits, clad in their autumnal robes of crimson, green and vold, look like high priests of the world ministering at nature's siture. world ministering at nature's altars, and lifting their rich fruit offerings

to their God.
Overwhelmed with the splendors of that new day breathed in beauty upon this fallen earth. I lifted up my tear-filled eye and said: "O, my Father, how can heaven be more beautiful than this?

Land of the Sky thon art to me Land of the Sky thou art to me what the patriarob saw when sleeping on his stony pillow—a stairway on whose secont of gold, heart and hope and faith and life rise heavenward so high, that at times my soul extense the angele's minstrelsy and the sheen of that dazzling throne whose radiance kindles into life every sun and star whose cycling march measures alike the saint's immortality and the eternity of God. ternity of God.

## DONATION TO WARE POREST.

Rev. Dr. Akimper Contributes to the Splendid Library at Wake Forest Coltogo His Large and Choice Library, inicial News and Observer.

There are few institutions of bearn-There are few institutions of learning in the South that have so large and well arlected a library as that possessed by Wake Forest College, and the use to which that hiprary is put is readily appreciated when the graduates of that institution take their places in the warfare of life. Her. Dr. Thomas E. Skinner, of this city, has domated to this college his targe and carrfully selected library, consisting of about 4,000 volumes. Dr. Skinner had determined a good white singe to leave termined a good while since to leave his library to Wake Forest at his death but concluded to be his own ravours in this lustance and present the same while he was able to enjoy seeing the good that his generous gift would confer on the young man whose minds are being developed and shapened for these of magniness. Do Skinner has out concluded to be his own executo lives of usefulness, Dr. Skinuer has spent a large amount in collecting these books. Ten thousand deliars would not cover the expanditure, and many of the books are raid and espe cially valuable, being out of print.
His entire library, except a few books
presented to his two children and a
very few retained for his own use, is given to Wake Forest.

#### King's Mountain Notes. Cing's Mountain Reformer.

After filling another man's place in the depot at Gustonia for two or three weeks. Leslie McGinnis has returned

o his home in the city. We see that the flying jenny is is Gastonia and we suppose it will strike this town next. There may be lote of fun in riding it, but it is a hurt to a own and community it cannot get

OVER BOOD. Ouroleen, near Henrietta, N. C. leaves a wife and a 19-months old boy

to mourn his death. From a private letter received by Dr. Dixon from Capt. C. B. Denson, of Raleigh, who was recently elected principal of our High School, we learn that he has accepted the position and will open the school about the last of

Angust or dust of September.

The line of telephone between this place and Gastonia is nearly completed, and then we will be connected with Charlotte and several other Important cities and we can sit in our office and have a long distance chat with our sister cities for a small outlay.

### A Noble Young Man. Oxford Ledster.

Roy Fergerson, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Fergerson, is really a model young man, being only 17 years of age. At an early age he found it necessary to get right down to work, and he did it like a man, always at his post of duty. He worked faithfully and dillegated at a small suity, saving and gently at a small milery, saving my svery cent he could, and a few weeks ago found out he had money enough to buy a good house on Broad street which he purchased and had the deed made out in his dear mother's name. We put him down as a noble young man, and tell the boys to go and do likewise, lastend of throwing their money away on cigarettes and other things that wreck their young man-

### Genndfather's Clock. Huntaville Our, Statesville Landmark,

Mr. James Miller, Jr., has in his possession a piece of furniture in the way of a clock which is noted for its way of a clock which is noted for its prouliarity as well as its age. It has been in mas for 131 years and still keeps good time. The clock sits upright on the floor and is 7 feet and 4 inches high. The works are very strong, most of them being made of iron. The clock's being here at least a half a century yet. Air. Miller says it has been handed down from his ancestors and he has no knowledge as to where it was purchased, but probably it is one of the oldest in constant use to be heard of for miles around.

We sell Zunte, the great blood reme dy. A sure cure for failing manhoo Frost Torrence & Co. astonia, M. C.

BUGAED HER MOREY.

But the Ashen Wore Examined Pader s Microscope by the Treasury Department and the Pull Amount Beinrand. Kow York Times.

On that day Mrs. O'Reilly, who lives at 247 East One Hundred and Seven-ternth Street, was busy houseslesning, and little Tommy, who was on a visit and little Tommy, who was on a visit to her, was playing in the kitchen. Scoing that his aunt was engaged, and tiring of the usual forms of enjoyment. Tommy set shout upon an exploring expedition. He started in at the buexpedition. He started in at the berea drawers, and soon discovered a fat
prokatbook. His infantile fancy conceived that it would be capital fun to
throw the pockethook into the kitchen
tange and watch it burn. In an Instant he had the lid of the range off,
and in a moment be was chapting his
hands and gleefully laughing at the
flanes as they danced about the leather
pocketbook. in the rear mom his aunt detected

the smell of burning leather, and, hur-rying into the kitchen, saked Tommy what he had been doing, but the artful what he had been doing, but the artful had had heard her approaching footsteps, and hastly replaced the lid on the stove. He declared that he "was doing nothin'.' But the smell was there, and Mrs. O'Reilly opened the stove and saw the object snoldering. She burried to the bureau drawer, and missed the pockethook, She sceneed Tommy. He druled. She played a tattoe on Tommy, and he confessed that he had thrown the pockethook into the stove.

that he had thrown the pocksthook into the stove.

Mrs. O'ltelly quickly fished the smoldering leather from the firmes and carefully opened it. Only a mass of burned paper confronted her. She was incomposible, for in the pocket-book had been one ten-dollar bill, even fives, five ones, and one two dollar till, the savings of many months.

She tried hard to make semething out of the sales, but all that was visible was a corner of the ten-dollar bill. She took the burned packetbook and its contents to the agent of the house

its contents to the agent of the house in which she resides, John Mearer, whose office is at 147 East One Hun-dred and Tweaty-fifth Street, red vaplained the matter to him. On July 27 he draw up an affidavit, which she signed, setting forth the contents of the packetbook and the manner of its destruction, and the following day the

destruction, and the following day the pocketbook and ashes were delivered at the Sub-Treasury, in Wall Street, together with the affidavit.

Mrs. O'Belliy was still bemouning her loss Saturday morning, when the postmas whistled in the hall and called out: "Mrs. Kate O'Reilly." Mrs. O'Beilly hurried down stains and was handed an official-looking document, bearing the stamp of the United States Treasury Department. She tere it bearing the stamp of the United States Tressury Department. She tore it open, and was almost overcome on meeting a check for \$36 bearing the name of the Treasury Department and soveral signatures. Along with it was a letter, stating that the sales in the pocketbook had been examined under a glass, and all that could be made out were sections of a ten. Sye five-dollar bills, and of a one-dollar bill.

## The Judge's Daughter.

The judge looked serious, and the judge's daughter was properly demore, says the Chicago Post. If there is anyone who knows when to look very quiet, and demore it is the judge's

"Young Bilkins was here last even ing," said the judge, and the judge's scowl was something awful to behold

Was bel" roared the judge, "Don't

"Was he?" reared the ladge. "Don't you know that he was?"
"Oh, of course, I know that he was," but you were making a statement, and not asking a question, and I have often heard you say that in a trial it wasn't policy to admit anything. "It is time enough to admit a thing." I have heard you say, after the other side has proved it." I have

the other side has proved it.' I have ratered no denial, you know."

The judge mumbled something about the new woman being a little too someth at times, but finally waived the point and suggested that be had personally seen young Bilkins on the front boards the provinces are possible way to be seen to be seen the provinces.

porch the previous evening.

"Very likely," admitted the judge's daughter, calmly. "I am prepared to connede the fact that he was there, so that it is unnecessary for you to introduce the evidence."

The index highest admits that the The judge himself admits that no

"I not only saw him there," contin-

ued the judge with some impressive-ness, "but I actually saw him kiss "Yes," said the judge's daughter pleasantly, "George is an awful tease." A tease!" cried the judge.

"Oh, he just delights in Lothering me," explained the judge's daughter, "Oh, he does, does he?" inquired the jadge sarcastically. "Well, it so hap-pens that I saw you return his kiss," The jadge's daughter laughed mer-

rily. ... The idea of a man who has devoted the idea of a mar who has devoted this life to law not knowing any better than that," she said. "Why, I wasn't returning the kiss he gave me. I was simply replevining the one he had

Then it was that the judge gave up the unequal strife and retired to his library, talking to himself in italics.

Four hundred miners went on strike at Chicago has week.

A woistan nover roally knows the meaning of happiness and control until the is the mother of a healthy, happy child. The health of the child dopends on the bresh of the mother both health of on the health of the santher both health of on the health of the health of woman's weakness and particularly the weakness that mean arreagely influences the houlds of children, comes from some derangement of disease of the distinctly feasing organs. Dr. Piercy's Favorite Pressylvian will opre-treation of him materia, it should be taken regularly by every woman during the entire period of gentation. It gives alreages to all the organs involved, lemons the paint of child-light and feasiers the health of both mother and child.

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By virtue of a somer of mice contained in a survey special content of the content

Atth day of Angus, 1967, o'clock, noon, the land conveyed norigage deed, and which is hounds said: murripage devel, and which in hathched as fullow, vin the controlled to the control the control the control the control to the control the control to the contr

## ERSKINE COLLEGE, Due West, S. C.

OPENS LAST WEDNESDAY IN September. Largest attendance year is its entire history. Two conlending to the degrees of A. B. it. Total expenses for the months in the "Home"

8115.

both robins, 30.
of under opensor.
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