Gastonia, N. C., August 19, 1897.

(dash in Advance.)

No 33.

## MAJOR JONES' COURTSHIP.

By Major Joseph Jones, of Pineville, Georgia.

PINEVILLE, May 28.
To Mr. Thompson: Dear Sir—Ever sense you was down to Pineville, it's been on my mind to write you a let-ter, but the boys 'lowed I'd better not, 'cause you mought take me off about my spellin' and dictionary. But something happened to me tother monstrous provoking, that I can't help tellin you about it, so you can put other young chaps or their gard. It all come of chawing so much gard. It all come of chawing so much tobacker, and I recken live wished ther was no such plagy stuff more'n live hundred times sense it happened.

You know the Stallinges lives on the plantation in the summer, and goes to town in the winter. Well, Miss Mary Stallins, who you know is the darlinest Stallins, who you know is the darlinest gall in the county, come home tother day to see her folks. You know she's been to the Female College, down to Macon, for most a year now. Before she went she used to be jest as plain as a old shoe, and used to go fishin and huckleberryin with us, with goothin but a calico sun bonnet on, and was the wildest thing you ever seed. Well, I always used to have sort of sneakin notion after Mary Stallins, and so when she come, I brushed ur, and was when she come, I brushed up, and was 'termined to have a right serious talk with her about old matters; not knowin she mought be be captivated some of them Macon fellers.

So, shure enough, off I started, un-beknowin to anybody, and rode right over to the plantation-(you know ours is right juin the widder Stallinses). Well, when I got there I felt a little sort o' sheepish; but 1 soon gut over that, when Miss Carline said, (but she didn't mean me to hear her)
"There, Pinny, (that's Miss Mary's
nick-name, you know.) there's your

Miss Mary looked mighty sort o' redish when I shuck her hand and told her howdy; and she made a sort of stoop over and a dodge back, like the little gals does to the school-marm, and said "Good evenin" Mr. Jones."

little gais during the state of about Macon, and the long ride she had, and the bad roads and the mon-strous not weather, and the like.

She didn't say much, but was in mighty good humor, and laughed a heap. I told her I never seed sich a change in anybody. Nor I never did. Why, she didn't look like the same gal. Good gracious! she looked so nice and trim—just like some of them pintures what they have in Appleton's Journal, with her hair all komed down long-side of her face, as slick and shiny as a mahorage like and shiny as a mahogany burow. When she laughed she didn't open her mouth like she used to; and she sot up straight and

still in her chair and looked so different, but so monatrous pretty! I ax'd her a heap of questions, about how she liked Macon, and the Female College, and so forth; and ahe told me a heap about 'em. But old Miss Stallins and Miss Carline and Miss Kesiah, and ai of 'cm, kep all the time interruption as a very about mother. Ume interruptin' us, axin about mothwas well, and if she was gwine to the Spring church next Sun-day, and what luck she had with her soap, and all sich stuff—and I do be-lieve I told the old woman more'n twenty times that mother's old turkey

hen was settin' on fourteen eggs.
Well, I wasn't to be backed out that-a-way-so I kept it a goin' the could, till bimeby old Miss Stal lins let her knittin' drap three or four times, and then begun to nod.

I seed the gals lookin' at one another and pinchin' one another's elbows, and Miss Mary suid she wondered what time it was, and said the college disciplines, or something like that, didn't low late hours. I seed how the game was gwine-but howsamever, I kep was gwine—but howsameyer, I kep talkin' to her like a cotton gin in pack-in' time, as hard as I could clip it, till blmeby the old lady went to bed, and after a bit the girls all cleared, and left Miss Mary to berself. That was jest the thing I wanted.

Woll, she sot on one side of the fire-place, and I set on tether, so I could spit on the listh, what ther was noth-in' but a lighterd chunk burnin' to give light. Well, we talked and talk-ed, and I know you was to be give light. Well, we talked and talked, and I know you would like to hear all we talked about, but that would be When I'm very interested thing, I can't help shawlo's heap of tobacker, and then I spits uncontionable, especially if I'm talkin.' Well, we so that and talked, and the way I spit, was larmin to the crickets. I axed Miss Mary if she had any bow

down to Mucon
"Oh, yes," she said, and then she went on and named over Matthew Matia, Nat Filosofy, Al. Geber, Retric Strenomy, and a whole besp of fel-lers, that she'd been keepin' company

with most all her time.
"Well," ses I, "spose they're maxim pop'lar with you. sin't they, Miss Mary?"-for I felt mighty onessy, and

begun to spit a good deal worse.
"Yes," see she, "they're the most
interestin' companions I ever had, and I am anxious to resume their pleasant

I tell you what, that sort o' stumped me, and I spit right sispp on the chunk and made it "dickedshird ushrediu shrediu sheethess was a good thing it

shredlu sheethess was a good thing it did, for I blushed as blus as a Ginny I turned my tobacker 'round in my

mouth, and spit two or three times, and the old clunk kep up a most bomi-

Then I spose your gwine to forgit old acquaintances," see J. "sense you's bren to Macon among them lawrers and doctors, is you, Miss Mary? You

and doctors, is you, Miss Mary? You thinks more of them than you do of anybody else, I spose."
"Oh," sen she, "I am devoted to them—I think of them day and night!"
That was too much—it shot me right sp, and I sot an still as could be

for more'n a minute. I never felt so warm behind the ears afore in all my life. Thunder! how my blood did bile up all oyer me, and I felt like I could knock Matthew Mattk into a grease and if he'd only bean that. spot, if he'd only been thar.

Miss Mary sot with her handkerchief Miss Mary sot with her handkerchief up to her face, and I looked straight into the fire place. The blue blazes was runnin' round over the old chunk, ketchin hold here and letting go thar, sometimes gwine most out, and then blazing up a little. I couldn't apeak.

I was makin up my mind for tellin her the alternation of my heart—I was jest gwine to tell her my feelins, but my mouth was check full of tobacker, so I had to spit-and slap it went, right on the lightwood chunk, and out it went,

spang!
I swar, I never did feel so tuck aback in all my born days. I didn't know what to do.
"My Lord, Miss Mary," see 1, "I didn't go to do it. Jest tell me the way to the kitchen, and I'll go and git

But she never said nothin, so I sot down agin, thinkin she'd gone to git one herself, for it was pitch dark, and I couldn't see my hand afore my face.
Well, I sot that and ruminated, and waited a long time, but she didn't come; so I begun to think maybe she wasn't gone. I couldn't hear nothin, nor I couldn't see nothin; so bimeby see I, very low, for I didn't want to wake up the family—sea I:
"Miss Mary! Miss Mary!" But no-

body answered.
Thinks 1, what's to be done? I tried again.

"Miss Mary! Miss Mary!" ses I. But it was no use.
Then I heard the gals snickerin' and

Then t heard the gals suickerin' and langbin in the next room, and I begun to see how it was; Miss Mary was gone and left me thar alone.

"Whar's my hat?" ses I, pretty loud, so somebody mought tell me. But they only laughed worse.

I begun to feel about the room, and the first thing I know'd, spang! goes my nead, again the edge of the pantry dore what was standin open. The fire flew, and I couldn't help but swar a little: "D-n the dore," ses Inothin, and I went gropin about in the dark, feelin round to find some way out, when I put my band on the dore knob. All right, thinks I, as I pushed the dore open quick. Ther was a scream! heads popped under the bed kiver kwinker's lightuin'-something white fluttered by the burow, and out went the candle. I was in the gals' room! But there was no time for apologizin, even if they could a stopped crawfished out of that place monstrous

quick you may depend. Hadn't I went and gone and done it sure enough! I know'd my cake was all dough then, and I jest determined to git out of them diggin's soon as possible, and never mind about my hat. Well, I got through the parlor dore after rakin my shins three or four times agin chairs; and was feelin along through the entry for the front dore; but somehow I was so flustrated that I tuck the wrong way, and bimeby ker-akah I went, right over old Miss Stal-linses spinnin-wheel, onto the floor! hurt myself a good deal; but that didn't make me half so mad as to hear them confounded gals gigglin'

laughin' at me.
"Oh," said one of 'em (it was Miss Kestah, for I knowed her voice), there oes mother's wheel my Lord!

I tried to set the cussed thing up spain, but it seemed to have more'n twenty legs, and wouldn't stand up no-how.—Maybe it was broke. I went out of the dore, but I hadn't more'n got down the steps, when bow! wow! got down the steps, when bow! wow! wow! comes four or five infernal great big coon dogs, rite at ms. "Git out! git out! hello, Cato! call off your dogs!" ses I, as loud as I could. But Cato was sound asleep, and if I hadn't a run back into the hall, and gone out of the front way as quick as I could, them davils would a chawed my bones for true.

When I got to my hoss, I felt like feller jest out of a horret's nest; and I reckon I went home a little of the quickest.

Mext mornin' old Miss Stalling sent my hat by a little nigger; but I haint seed Mary Stallins sense. Now you see what comes of chawin tobacker! No more from your friend, till death,

P. S.—I believe Miss Mary's gone to the Female College agin. If you see her. I wish you would say a good word to her for me, and tell her I forgives her all, and I hope she will do the same by me. Don't you think I better write her a lettor, and explain matters JOS. JONES.

NOTABENY.—This letter was writ to my pertickeler frend Mr. Thompson, when he was editen the Family Companion magazine, down to Macon. I had no notion of turnin' author then; but when it come out with my name to it, and ther wasn't no use of denyin it, and especially as he writ me a letter beggin I would go on and write for the Miscallaney, I felt a obligation restin on me to continue my correspondence to that paper. Al my other letters was writ to Mr. Thompson, in Madison. J. J.

LETTER IL.

PIMEVILLE, August 23.
To Mr. Thompson - Dear Su: The "Southern Miscellauy," what you sent me, is received, and is jest the thing. It had that letter what I writ you down in Manual Comments. down in Macon, only in larger letters, so our folks could read it a great deal

know I's Majer, and things is in a bominable snari down here bout this time. I seed your piece to correspondents, whar you said you hoped Majer Jones would write for your columns, and I wanted to tell you that you mought spect to hear from me every now and then, if you like my writins. I felt a little sort o' scared at fust, but all my acquaintances as had read my letter to you, advise me to go a-bead and be a literary caracter, and as you want me to write for the "Miscellany," I'm termined to do what I kin to raise the literature of Pinaville.

to raise the literature of Pineville. If nothin' happens at the musterfor ther's some monstrous fractions caracters down in our best, and they muan't come a cavorting 'bout me when I gave orders, like they did 'round Samwell Cockrum, puttin' him on the fence and tyin' things to his losses tail, or I'll put every devil of 'em under the rest—if nothin' don't turn up to pervent, you may expect a letter from n.e for your next paper. No more from your friend, till death, (To He Continued Next Thursday.)

PROB SICKORY TO NEWTON.

Narrow Gauge Reveives Bids for Building the Missing Link.

Hickory, Aug. 12.—It was found out to-day that the directors of the Carolina & Morthwestern Railway beld a session behind closed doors here yesterday to consider bids that had been received for the construction of link of the road between here and Newton. So far as can be ascertained, no contract was closed for the work, no contract was closed for the work, pending other bids expected. I was informed some days ago by Director Jas. A. Martin, of this place, that he had in hand several proposals for the work, and he thinks the link will be built before loug.

The Week's Business. Dunn's Keview, 14th,

Every city reporting this week notes increase in trade, and nearly all bright crop prospects. The great change in business is emphasized by the presence of a multitude of buyers from all parts of the country, by their statements of the situation at their homes, and more forcibly yet by the heavy purchases

they are making.
But the customary signs of pros-But the customary signs of pros-perity are not lacking. The strong rise in stocks, the growth of bank clearings and railroad earnings, the heavy speculation in many products, but most of all in wheat, have made the week one of surpassing interest even to those who best remember the upward rush in 1870.

At the principal clearing houses throughout the country payments in July were for the first time alightly July were for the first time alightly larger than in 1802, and 11.0 per cent, larger than last year; in the first week of August 7.7 per cent, larger than in 1892 and 28.4 per cent, larger than last year, and in the second week of August they are 17.0 per cent, larger than in 1892, and 38.1 per cent, larger than last year. ast year.

The great crops and the haste of foreigners to buy and ship wheat in view of shortage elsewhere, have made the week memorable. Taking of profits by a pool lowered the price 3 cents on Saturday, but it has since risen &

concernis Have the Opportunity Will They Uso It?

Korth Wilkesboro Hustler,

If the De not rout the enemy in 1808, they had better quit the business. With all the fighting material at hand, furnished by the last two Legislatures, which were composed of spoilsmeo, they should have things their own way; and if they do not redeem the State for Democracy and good government, it will show that there is something wrong. But excuse us from any more fusion. If a tub can't stand on its own buttom, let it fall. Dem.Pop fusion in North Carolina won't mix it has been tried.

pid Not Move It.

Yorkville Youman. In the election recently held in Gas ton county, it was shown how popular was the preposition to more the court house from Dallas to Gastonia, the more enterprising town of the two.
1435 votes were cust in favor of Gastonia and 1275 in favor of the old -Dallas. Gastonia had a majorliy of the votes, but it was one of those questions in which majority did not rule. The law required a majority of the qualified voters of the county. All did not vote.

Castonia.

Mt. Holly Times. We do not recall any town in the State, except Charlotte, that has such an air of up-to-date-ness about it, and and air of hp-to-date-ness about it, and which is animated by such a spirit of liberality and progressiveness as has the little metropolis of Gaston County little, relatively, now, but destined, we believe, to have a large population in the near future.

Capt. Kitchin Gete Mis Gun. land Nooz Commonwealth, 12th,

A few days ago Capt. W. H. Kitchin was having a settlement with a colored who man insulted him. He ran the colored man out of his grove and shot at him after he had reached the road, but there was no damage done.

Bucklen's Arnica Salvo. THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Ohifblains, Corns, and all Skin Miss Mary is home now, and things is tuck all sorts of a turn lately, some I quit chawin tobsoker and tuok to writin literature. I went down to Mason to the mamination, whar I got a heap of new kinks; but I haven't time to tell you nothin about that now, as our muster comes next Friday. You make by J. E. Ourry & Co.

## ARP ON LYNCHINGS.

THE SOUTHERN PHILOSOPHER WRITES A STRONG LETTER.

Anys the Propts of Georgia Are Law Abiding - Unprotected Wives and Baughters in Rural Districts. Hill Arp in Atlanta Constitution

I had not intended to write anything more upon lynch law, but recent utter-ances from the press and the pulpit provoke me to say that the people of Georgia do not deserve the condem-nation of friends or foes for their connation of friends or roes for their con-sent to lynchings when the crime is one that is nameless. Our people are as humans and haw-abiding to-day as they were 80, 40 or 50 years ago, and the records of the courts prove it. In 1861 there were 215 white convicts in the pentiuntiary was there are but

1861 there were 216 white coavicts in the penitentiary; now there are but 196, and we have a greater population. There is 50 per cent. less of feionies in Georgia than in New York or Massachusetts, according to population. Of course, I mann among the whites. Now set that down.

An Obio paper has recently investigated the record of that nameless crime for the past ten years in that state and gives the figures which show 324 cases, and the negro criminals outnumber the whites six to one in proportion to population. In Georgia they outnumber the whites sixty to one and it is because of our scattered and unprotected population in the rural districts. Before the war that crime was unknown and almost uncrime was unknown and almost un-beard of in the south, I never heard of a case in north Georgia. In 1882 I had occasion to visit Cedar Bluff in had occasion to visit Cedar Bluff in Alabams and my companion, Judge Underwood, stopped the horse to show me a pile of stones that was beaued up around a dead and blasted tree. "Those stones," said be, "mark the place where a negro brute was burned two years ugo and also mark the place where a becomitted the crime and where he committed the crime and then murdered his victim." That was the only case that came to my knowledge. During the war, when in hundreds of families the only protectors of women and children were negroes, not a deed of violence or a betrayal of trust was heard of from the Potomac to the Bio Grande: and Gen. Henry R. Jackson cloquently said of them: "They deserve a monument that would reach the stars." How is it now? Nearly 3,000 colored

onvicts in the chaingangs and less than 200 whites, and the nameless crime is committed by negroes somewhere every day in the year. What is the cause of this marming degeneracy of the negro? I heard a preacher say the other day that i aching for this crime or any other was the evidence of a deprayed and lawless public sentia deprayed and lawness public senti-ment. He is mistaken. It is rather the evidence of minds charged, perhaps overcharged, with law and respect for wives and daughters, and no man who has neither is a fit juror to try the case. He is incapable of understanding or appreciating the common peril that, like a shadow, hangs over the farmer's homes, be it ever so humble. Parental love is nearly all that these people have to give to their children and they give that and cherish them and will defend them as a tigress defends her whelps. What is the majesty of the law worth to a man whose child has fallen victim to a bruta? What is it to his neigh-bor who all these years has been from bor who all these years has been from time to time apprehending a similar visitation? What does a young man, whether preacher or editor or lawyer, know about it? Jean lagalow (God bless her sweet memory) makes the old fisherman to say: "I feet for mariners of stormy nights and feet for wives that watch ashore." Who knows the perils of the deep like a fisherman? Some of those learned judges and lawyers and preachers of Atlanta have given went to language that is bitter. given vent to language that is bitter and malignant against lynchings for any crime, but it is to be noted that they have long lived in call of the police by night and by day and within brick walls and with neighbors at hand on every side. What can they know of the peril of the farmer whose wife visits a neighbor, or whose children have to go a mile away to school?

Perhaps some inquiring person will ask what do I know about it? Twenty years ago I moved from the city to the country and farmed tiere for tan given vent to language that is bitter

country and farmed there for ten grew stronger and stronger, for there were negroes all around me on the farms, and more negroes not far away working in the mines. I never expressed my fears, not even to my wife; but when our boys all left the farm for other avocations, and I had to be away other avecations, and I had to be away most of the time, my wife became alarmed, and I immediately left the farm and moved to town for security. So did every neighbor that I had, and our schools were broken up and the whole aettlement abandoned and turned over to pagro tenants. The schoolhouse was a mile away, and I used to look with parental eagerness for the first spearance of the oblidren's hats as they rose into view over the distant hill. Until then I never realized the common peril that environs

drois's bats as they town the view over the distant hill. Until then I never realized the common peril that environs the country people. I have a poor opinion of opinions unless they come from those who are competent to judge. "Great men are not always wise," saith the Scripturan. The nearer the press is to the people, the country people, the more ready it is to apologize, or even to justify, the speedy execution of this class of criminals. The preschers and the press may fulminate and the governor proclaim, but I cannot help rejoicing at every capture and every execution. The law's delay has nothing to do with it. It is the spontaneous outburst of it. It is the spontaneous outburst of emotions long felt and long smothered and those emotions are based upon love—love for home and wife and children, love and respect for the wives children, love and respect for the wives and daughters of the neighbors. Lynching negroes for this crime is no syldence of lawlessness among our people. The crime clands out by itself as an strocity for which no law is adequate and no remedy has yet been found. Why it should be on the in-

crease in deflance of lynchings we cannot tell. It may be that since the war northern philanthropy, supplemented by southern office seekers, have so exalted his consequence and his desire for social equality that his fear of punishment has been allayed. But certain it is that the race has not yet been greatly intimidated by lynchings, and they are considered martyrs by most of the preachers and teachers and editors. How many more outrages there would be if these lynchings should atop we can only conjecture. Bishop Turner proposed a day of fasting and prayer for the deliverance of his people from these horrible lynchings, but not a word about the nutrages that provoke them.

But it is curious and somewhat

But it is curious and somewhat amusing to read the different counts amusing to read the different counts in this general bill of indictment against the people who resert to violence. Some assert yehemently that there is a defect in the law's machinery and some say not. One preacher says that 68 per ceut of those indicted escape. One more would come square up to Judge's Dooly's estimate when he said: "Gentlemen of the jury, I cliarge you that ninety-nice goilty ones have already escaped." One learned lawyer says that Ryder would certainly have been tried and convicted in Septamber, and doultiless been learned lawyer says that Hyder would certainly have been tried and convicted in September, and doultless been speedily executed. Another says he would have been sent to the asylum as a lunatic. Judge Bleckley says the law needs no reforming—that it is right now. The Bar association have resolved that it does need reforming. One preacher quotes Scripture that says "The land must not be defiled with blood," but does not give the context that says "moceent blood," and the further context that says: "Deliver him unto the hand of the avenger of blood that he may die, and thine eye shall not pity him." Life for life, hand for hand, etc. "Let them stone him with stones," etc. It seems like a barlesque for any preacher to go! to the old Mosale law for a text against summary punishment for beinous crimes. The avonger of blood was on the warpath all the time and eyes the man who unwittingly killed his neighbor, not hating him before hand, had to fly for his life to the city of refuge lest the avenger of blood overtake him, and, being hot, shall slay him. Those avengers of blood unter have been blood-thirsty fellows indeed. It was an awful code of law, but the children of Israel were an awful race to deal with. I wonder what the boys of this of Israel were an awful race to deal with. I wonder what the boys of this generation would say to a law like this: "If a man have a stubborn and rebellous son who will not obey the voice of his father or his mother, then shall his father lay hold on him and bring him to the elders and say: This, our nor will not oney our voice. And all the men of the city shall stone him with stones that he die. And Israel shall bear and fear." What a horrible death was that I And yet it was a comman and fearnant a common and frequent punishment. If I was a preacher I wouldn't go to the Old Testament for a text against lynching. I wouldn't even quote Cain whom the Lord marked, for it seems want the Lord marked, for it seems very certain that if the Lord had not interfered the people would have lynched him. Josephus says that the Lord protected him because of his offering and because he entreated and said: "Is my sin too great to be forgiven?"

To my mind the sum of the whole matter is that neither the law's delay nor its uncertainty has anything to do with the impulses and emotions that control men when they pursue and overtake and identify and execute a negre for his crime against helpless innocence. Every parent and husband and brother in the neighborhood in mediately becomes an avenger of blood. If the brute has slready been caught by the officers of the law and securely placed in prison, then let him stay there and meet his doom according to law. I would not take any prisoner away from a faithful and honest sheriff—unless pariaps the victim was one of my family, nor even then unless it could be done without shedding the blood of officers or

Frends.

For all other crimes the laws we have are good enough for all good citizens, and I feel no great concarn for the bad. I suppose that at least half the lawyers carry concealed weapons, but they don't carry them for weapons, but they don't carry them for me. Certain it is I want no advice on this subject from press or pulpit, from judges or lawyers, and especially from young unmarried men or those who live in rock-built cities. I had rather hear and beed the voice of the women of this southern land, the mothers and daughters who alone are the victime when peril come, if it comes at all. What do they say?

M's Different, You Know. Dublin Telephone,

Some people don't advertise because they my the paper is not read. But just let one of them be caught kissing another man's wife or trying to hold up the side of a building some dark night and his tune changes. If the printing office is in a garret of a seventeen story building he will climb to the top to set the editor to keep quiet.

The Vets Also Have the Ball Crase

The old soldiers of Rowan challenge any other county in the State to a game of ball, the uses to be selected to be Union or Confederate veterans. P. A. Hartman, Salisbury, is manager,

The point that seaudimen strikes a man at the most inopportants uncerns it due to inclingation. It may once in the midst of a stance and make the feast a mockery. It is a remained that the feast a mockery. It is a remained that the feast a mockery. It is a remained that the may not est what he chooses, nor prises he chooses, nor prises he chooses, for it a slave to the weatness of his stomesch. A turn's health spot eventures the country of the chooses, for the strength theorem upon what he gets over of the frond. This debends on his dispersion, Remained produced the consequence of the produced to the produced to the consequence of the produced of the consequence of the produced to the produced to the produced to the produced to the produced the consequence of the produced to the produced the consequence of the produced to the produced the mailing only, and receive there are easy of the places as the consequence of the produced to the produced the produced to the produced the produced to the produced t

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T. G. Falls, administrator of the estate as Gobie, deceased.

Martin Bulginess, et. al.

Py virtue of an order of the Superior Court Guston County in the above entitled sent the andersigned commissioner appetited and court, will effer for ante at the Co-House door in Dallas, R. O., on Monday the Lists have of thesessions.

the 18th day of Neptember, 1887, the 18th day of Neptember, 1887, the following described real estates one merculy reaches the bally in chanter Coheny, Gastonia, Township, and Iping north of the described real edition of Mm. Maryared R. Gutte, and boarded by its lands of Jene Patree, Vm. Robinson and others and sourcing say greet made of less. Also one other raneing say greet made of east. Also one other raneing say greet made of east. Also one other trace in soil Country and Township lythin mouth of said dower trace and founded by the garde of the bears of Wm. A. it is travers, and W. W. Wendenhall, containing 40; sower more or loss.

Tevers of mile one half mal, one fourth in six constitues and one fourth in 18 wonths from date of mate. Kenes to be given for deferred hay increase or the prevents exceptly to be approved by the consumbance before accordance.

The said larges will be said in purceis and an a whole, which is story fully set forth in the arcies in the cause fled in the order in this cause fled in the order in the Cause of the Court of the Court of Cause County, This Aug. 13, 1881.

C. B. DENSON, Principal. OPENS SEPT. 6.

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