Gastonia, N. C., September 2, 1897.

(cash in Advance.)

No 35.

MAJOR JONES' COURTSHIP.

By Major Joseph Jones, of Pineville, Georgia.

LETTER IV.

PINEVILLE, Sept. 5.—To Mr. Thompson: Dear Sir—I begin to think education is the most suprisinest thing in the world-specially female edecation. If things goes on the way they is now, Mr. Montgomery see we'll have grate moral revolution—that the down with ther smartness, and men what haint got no edecation wont stand no sort of chance with 'em. Sense I went to Macon to the xamina-tion I've altered my notion about this matter. I used to think human nater was jest like the yeath about cultivation. Everybody knows ther's rich land, pore land what can be made tolerable good, and some buminable shaller, rollin truck what all the manure in creation wouldn't grow cow peas. Yell, ther's some people whose nateral smartness helps 'em along first rate, some what takes a mighty sight of skoulin, and some that all the edecation in the world wouldn't do no man-ner of good -they'd be nateral fools any way you could fix 'em. Ther minds is too shaller and rollin; they haint got no foundation, and all the skoolin you could put into 'em wouldn't stay no longer nor so much manure on the aide of a red sandhill. New, I used to think all the galls, or most of 'em, was jest this sort, and that it was only throwin away money to try to edecate 'em above readine, writin and ciferin and playin on the planner; but if anybody wants to be convinced that it's all a mistake about gulls not havin as good sense as anybody else, jest let 'em go to the Macon College. I haint altered my notion about the nater of the human mind, but I've come to the conclusion that ther is jest as good intellectual soil among the galls as among the boys! and I wouldn't be supprised if we was to have a "moral revolution," shore enough; and if we was to have, George Washington and Joans Adamses and Tobitha Jeffersons, what would do as much to mortalize ther sax and ele-vate the caracter of the female race, as

the heros of the revolution did to our glorious independence war.

I had bearn so much about the Fe-male College, and Miss Mary seemed to be so entirely tuck up with it when she was bome, that I termined to go to the zamination and see what kind of place it was. Well, beln as Miss Mary was thar, I put on my best clothes, and mounted Selim and set off for Macon. You know it's a ding'd long ride from l'ineville, and it tuch

me most two days to git thar.

When I got thar I put up at the
Washington Hali-a monatrous fine tayern-whar ther was lots of old chaps from all part of the State, who had cam down after ther daughters to the College. They put me in a room to sleep what ther was two old codgers who was talkin all night about animel magnitism—a new sort of ism what bas jest broke out in the North, with which they sed they could carry a body all over the yeath, heaven and hell, if they could jest git him to go to sleep. They talked a mighty sight about what some fellers had done—how they tuck one feller to heaven whar we heard the angels singin' campusetin' tunes by the thouse of the start him. thousaid, and how they tuck him to New York, whar he seed Fanny Elsler dance the crack-over-enny, as they call it; then they tuck him to Constantinople, whar he seed lots of long-bearded chaps kizsin the galls, and then down to the infernal regions, with pore sinners, and trippin' 'em up into bilin hot brimatone, and drinkin' nigger rum and amokin Yan ee cigars, and cussin' like pipers. I never hearn of sich devilish doin's afore, and I couldn't go to sleep for fear they mought try some of ther projects with me. I'd like well enough to go to New York and Coustantinople, but I didn't keer about gwine to heaven before my time; and if they was to take me to tother place, I know'd I'd be so skeer'd that I'd wake up, and then I'd be in a monstrons preety fix—wide awake in the infernal regions, and no way to git out. It was most daylight before them old chaps got still about edeca-tion, modern science, and magnetism, and I didn't git more'n two hours' sleep, if I did that.

After breakfast in the morain which

was monatrous good, considerin they was town people, I tuck a walk up to the Female College on the hill. I tell you what, it's a mighty stancheous lookin' bildin' and looks far off at a

distance when yo're gwine up to it.
"Well, when I got that I found the
samination, and sich another lot of
pretty gails ain't to be seed often out of Georgia. Bless ther sweet little soles, thar they all sot on benches in one end of the room, lookin' as smilin' and as innercent as if they was never agwine to brake nobody's heart; but I'm most certain, if I'd been in them old chap's magnetism, I could have seed little Coopid thar with his bow and arrow, poppin away like a Ken-tucky rifle-man at a shootin match.

The room begun to git mighty full of people, and the president sed Le boped the gentlemen would make room on the front benches for the ladys; but ther wasn't one of 'em moved. Rime-by he cum back and sed he meant the young gentlemen, only the young gen-tlemen; then, if you could seed 'am scatter you would thought ther wasn't no old men in the room. Two or three old codgers with wigs on like to brake ther necks tryin to hump over the backs of the bunches, jest to be smart before the galls. Ther was plenty of room for the ladys after that.

I set on a back seat in the fast place,

and kep looking out for Miss Mary; but ther was so many beautiful creters thar that it was like lookin for one particeler star in the milk way, or any-whar else, when they're all shinin ther

Bimeby the bell rung and the namination commenced—and such largin' out on the portion hollerin' and shout-as we had they don't grow in the in' like blesse, and I run like thunder;

plny-woods, I tell you. The master, a mighty sharp-lookin, hatchet-faced lit-tle man, with gold speaks on, talked to 'em jest like he thought they knowed everything and he was termined to make 'em out with it. Some of the galls looked kind o' skeer'd and some of 'em cried a little, but you know galls cry so easy, it don't hort 'em

After axin' 'em a beap of questions about 'rithmetic and grammar and the like, see he, "What's Mathew Matix?" like, see he, "What's Mathew Matix?"
My heart began to kick when he mentioned that feller's name. I ris up and looked over a tall feller's shoulder so I could see if he was than. Jest then I cotch'd Miss Mary's eye—she was lookin' her prettyest. I felt kind of fainty—
"Mathewmatix," see she, "is the science of quantity—magnitude—num.

science of quantity—magnitude—num-ber—_," and she went on with a heap of larnin. But I couldn't hear no more; my face got as red as fire, and Miss Mary kind of laughed, right in

the middle of her speech.

"Go to the board," said the master

and maybe she didn't shine when she walked up to a great black board, what stood in the corner, and tuck hold of a piece of chalk not half so white as her pretty little hand itself.

se a cannon ball is fired at the moon," ses the master, "h would it take it to go that?" ses the master, "how long

I reckon it would done you good to see her chalk slide over that board. She made figers faster than I could count, and the chalk rattled on the board like a fock of chickens pickin corn off a clap board; the whole board was kivered over in no time. Bimeby

"One thousand one hundred and s-venty-eight years, five months, three weeks, four days, sixteen bours, twen ty-three minutes and forty two seconds My lord! thinks I, how could she tell

When Miss Mary tuck her seat the Master called 'em up, one after tother, and axed 'em the hardest questions he could find in the book, but he couldn't stump 'em no how he could fix it. Whenever one class was done, then one of the galls weut to the plauner and played a tune or two—sumtimes they sung, and I never did hear sich good musick. If Miss Mary hadn't been thar, I would fell in love with every one what sung; bless 'em, ther

sweet voices went right to my heart so.
The zemination went on for three or four days, and I don't believe the galls told more'n balf ther larnin all the time. I never seed sich amart creet-ers; why, some of the little ones could tell how much three pounds and threequarters a pound of beef come to at as quick as you could say Jack Robin-son, and that's mor'n some grown folks kin do. I never could do it. At night they had a sing. All the galls tuck a part, and I baint got some of them tunes out of my bend yit. They sung the most diffikilt tunes jest like

it come nateral to 'em. The last day was interestivest occasion of all. The graduation class read ther speeches and got ther diplomas, as they call 'em. I spose they're a sort of certificate of good behavior. Ther was 12 of 'em—all butiful as ancels and all december the second speech. Ther was 12 of 'em—all butiful as any gels, and all dressed zactly alike in white. When they was done readin' their speeches, the President called young hady yet that didn't like somewher and trembled like they was gwine all around the plantation, but the best all around the plantation. Cousing to be married right off; and when the old man told 'sm they was now gwine to separate, and that they was like Turn Kimides-that love was like his lever, and the kunian heart was the fulcrum with which they could upset the world, they had to put ther hand-kerchiefs to their faces to hide their tears. A good many other folks was cryin', and I felt sort o' damp about

the eyes myself. After it was all over, I started down to the tavern to git my hoss, and was gwine along thinkin' of Miss Mary and the Female College, and thankin' my stars that Mathew Matix and Nat Filosofy wasn't nobody to be afraid of. when what should I hear but a hand of music comin up the bill. Bein a military man myself, I was anxious to see that Macon company what fit the Ingins se, and I hurried 'round the corner, when and I nurries Tound the corner, when —grate Laws a massy!—I never seed sich a sight in all my born days. Heavens and yeath! thinks I, whar could they come from?—they couldn't belong to no civalized nation, no how Thar was Turks and Chineses, Arabs Niggers, Hotentots, Indians and Tar-tars. Some list faces as big as a cow. painted and fixed off all sorts of fas ions; one feller was ridin' on the back of his grandmammy; another feller had a nose made out of a powder born; one ohap was ridin' a big goose; all of 'em had weepons of all kinds and all

had weepons of all kinds and all ahapea; some of 'sm on homes had syeriastin' grate, long swords, as much as they could tote, and one feller had cowoumbers, simblins, gourds, potaters, roastin-ears, pepper pods and every other kind of garden truck you could think of, all strang 'round him. They was marchin' right up to the College, and I felt a teetle 'larmed for fear they was gwipe to carry off the fear they was gwine to carry off the galls; so I tarned back, and thinks I, I knows one little angel in perticular what you won't git till you kill Majer Jones fust. Jest as I got close up to 'em a boss cum rearin' almost on top of me, and I never com so near drap pin' right in my tracks in all my life pin' right in my tracks in all my life.

I never was so skeered afore. That was a chap on the boss with a grate, long, sharp-pinted dart in his hand, simed straight at me! He had horns on his head, and looked jest like Death in the primer! I could see every bone in his body! I kind o' gasped for breath, and the outlandish cuss rode off without swing a weed.

off without saying a word.
If to the College, all the galls was

but when I got up to 'em I found they was only laughin'.

"My Lord!" sos I, "Miss Marg, ain't me some, Majer"—"throw me some, Majer"—"ain't the Majer kind?"—"it takes him to climb trees,"

grate, long-legged feller among 'em' with a fan in his hand, faunin' a nigger woman what had fainted. The chap that had the fan had a dough face ou, that looked as pitiful as if all his relations was dead; and every time the nigger fainted he would ketch her in his arms and fan her and look so sorry at her.

The galls squeeled and laughed while The galls squeeled and laughed while the Fantastikils marched round the College and their marched down to town agin. I soon follered, but I kep away from that chap on the hoss. I lown to the Hall, I paid my bill and cut out. No more from your friend, till death.

JONES.

till death.

PINEVILLE, September 27.—To Mr.

Thompson: Dear Sir—Some times I think I is the onluckiest man in the world. Everlastingly ther's some arraed thing happenis to me, is spite of all I kin do. Sense I come back from Macon, and my account of the ramination's ben read by most everybody bout here. I believe my popularity's is considerable. Miss Mary said she wouldn't be supprised much if I turned out a perfect Lord Birun, or Charles Dickens, and 'mortalized all the ladys of my acquaintance. She the ladys of my acquaintance. She was mighty proud of what I said about her buty and larnin, but she ses I didn't give the right answer to the sum about the cannon ball and the moon. But that's no matter now.

I want to tell you about a scrape I got in tother day, as I know you never heard of jest sich a catasterfy before. Last Sunday Miss Mary and Miss Carline and Miss Kesiah and all of the Carline and Miss Kesiah and all of the Stallinses wer at church, and when it was out I jest rid right up to Miss Mary and 'lowed I'd see her home. She didn't say nothin, and I rid along side of her a little ways, and begun to feel mighty good; but before we got out of sight of the church ther was a whole gang of fellers, and a heap more young ladys, oum ridin up and reinin in, and prancin and cavortin about so that nobody could tell who was ridin with which; all jabberin and talkin and laughin, as if they'd been to a cornshuckin instead of a meetin-house. Of course, cousin Pete was thar, on uncle Josh's old white-eyed hoss, with his saddle-bags on—for be always carhis saddle-bags on -for be always carrys 'em wherever he goes, to make folks blieve he's a doctor—and the way he tumbled the big words about was 'stonishin. I didn't say much, but rid moustrous close to one side of Miss Mary, so cousin Pete couldn't shine much thar.

Well, we all got to old Miss Stullinses without any perticular accident happenin, though I spected every min-it to see some of 'em histed rite in the mud, the way they kep whippin one another's bosses unawars, and playin all manner of pranks with one another. When we got thar the whole crowd stoped, and some one proposed to walk down to the branch to git some grapes. All hands was agreed, 'cept old Miss Stallius, who sed the galls better stay home and read the Bible. But you know it aint any use to talk about religion to young galls when they ain't sick nor sorry bout nothin. So away we went—but I tuck monstrous good care to git along side of Miss Mary, and thar I stuck till we got down to ones is down on the branch. Cousin Pete and Ben Biers, and all the fellers, fell to gettin' grapes for the ladys, but they all had their Sunday fixin's on and was afraid to go into the brush much.

was atraid to go into the brush much.

"Ob, my! what pretty grapes is on that tree!" and Miss Mary, lookin' up half-way to the top of the grate big gum that stood right over the water—and her pretty bright eyes sparklin' like dew-drops in the samshine. "Ob, I wish I had some."

Consin Pete had been tryin' to make himself very norther with Miss. Mare

himself very pop'lar with Miss Mary, but he didn't seem to care about them bigh grapes more'n some that was low-er down. But all the galls had go ther eyes on them high grapes.

'Them grapes is like the young ladys," ses Cousin Pets.

"Why is they like the gals?" says

"Oh, cause-dause they's sweet,"

ses Cousin Pete.
"I reckon it's cause they's hard to git," ses Bitl Wilson. "It's cause they's more trouble to git than they's worth," see Tom Stal-

"Ain't you ashamed, brother Tom?" ses Miss Carline,
"What do you think, Majer?" set

Miss Mary-and she gin me one of them witchin' side-looks of hers that almost made me jump rite out of my "Wby," see I, "I think they's like

"Wby," see I, "I think they's like
the young ladys, cause they's aur
grapes to them as can't git 'em."
"Yes, Majer," see she, "but you
know they can git 'em that has the
prowess to win 'em"—and then she gin
me a look that made me feel prouder
than I ever did afore in my life—"and
you can git 'em if you try." you can git 'em if you try, Majer; I know you kin," When she said that last part, I seed

When ane said that has part, I seem Cousin Fete's lip nort o' drap. My heart liked to knocked the buttons off my jacket, and I do believe I'd had them grapes if I'd had to dig the true up by the roots. My hat went off quicker than a flash, and up the eld "Den't fall, Majer," me Miss Mary,
When she said that, I awar I like to
let go, it made me feel so interestin'.
I wasn't no time gettin' to the very tiptop branch, and the fust thing I done was to cut off the largest bunch and throw it rite down to Miss Mary's

"Thank you, Majer-thank you," "Throw me some, Majer," ses Miss

"My Lord" see 1, "Miss stars, with a you skeered?"
"Shaw, no, Majer," see she, "it's est all the galls.
"He's good as a coon," see Ben Biera.
"The Funtastikils."
"Oh!" see I, for jest then I saw a Stallins.
"I can beat him any time," see Tom Stallins.
"No very can't, brother Tom, no

"I can beat him any time," ses Tom Stalitas.

"Mo y-o-u can't, brother Tom, no sich thing," ses Miss Mary poutin' out her pretty lips at him. By this time I had gin 'em more grapes than they could all eat, and carry home to boot; and if I had jest come down then, I'd some out fust rate. But you know that's the uice pint—to know when to stop; ther' is such a thing as bein' a leetle too smart—and that's jest whar I mist the figure.

I was standin' on one vine right over the branch, with my bends holt of one over my head, and thinks I to myself, how it would stonish 'em all now to see me skin the cat. My spunk was up, and thinks I, I'll jest show 'em what I kiu do. So up I pulls my feet and twisted 'em around through my arms over backwards, and was lettin my body down tother side foremost, when they all boliered out:

"Oh, look at Majer Jones!"—"Oh, see what he's doin'!"

"Oh, I'm so fraid," see Miss Mary. That made me want to do my best.

"Oh, 1'm so fraid," see Miss Mary "Ob, I'm so fraid," see Miss Mary. That made me want to do my best, so I let royself down slow and easy, and I begun to feel with my feet for the vine below.
"Ob, my gracious!" see Miss Kesiah, "see how he is twisted his arms round."

Somehow I couldn't find the vine, and my arms begun to hurt, but I

didn't say nothin'.

"A l-e st-l e further forward, Majer," ses Tom Stallins. "No; more to the right," ses Ben Biers.

The galls were all looklu' and didn't know what loasy. I kep tryin to tourn both ways, but cuss the vine, it wasn't that. Then I tried to git back agin, thar. Then I tried to git back agin, but I couldn't raise myself somehow, and I begun to feel monstrous dizzy; the water below looked sort o' yaller and green, and had sparks of fire runnin' all through it, and my eyes begun to feel so tight I thought they would bust. They was all belierin' something down below, but I couldn't hear nothin but a terrible roarin sound, and the fust thing I knowd something tuck me right under the chin, and before I had time to breathe, kurslash I went, right in the cold water, more'n six feet deep. I got my mouth chock full of muddy water, and how upon yeath I ever got out without droundin I can't see; for I was almost dead before I drapt, and when I come down I hit sumthing that like to broke my jawbone, and skinned my nose most bominable.

When I got out, the gails wer all screamin' for life, and Miss Mary was pale as her pockethankereher.

"Oh, I'm so glad you nin't burt no wurse, Majer," ses she; "I thought you was killed."

But, lord ! she didn't begin to know how ba'l was burt. I sot down on a log a little, and the fellers all come round laughin' like they was almost tickel'd to death.
"Wasn't I right, Majer—ain't they more trouble to git than they's worth after you's got 'em?"

after you's got 'em?"

I didn't say nothin' to Tim Stallins, oause he's Miss Mary's brother; but Cousin Pete come up with his fine righo's on, langhing like a grate long-legged fool, as he is. Says he:

"Ain't you shamed to cut such auticks as that—I'd have more sense—jest look at your nose—he, ha!—Ain't you got yourself in a pick fix with you got.

got yourself in a nice fix with yer smartnes ?" The galls was gittin' ready to go ome: Miss Mary was lookin' mon-

strous serious.
"Dou't you think he looks like a drounded rat, Miss Mary?" axed ousin Pete.
"I think he looks as good as you do

any time," ses she, lookin' she could. Pete sort of looked a leetle sheapish and turned 'round and tried to laugh.

"I wouldn't take sich a duckin' as that not for all the sour grapes nor sour galls in Georgia," ses he.

Thinks I, that's sort of personally insultin to Miss Mary, and I seed her face grow sort o' red. It wouldn't

uever do to let Cousin Pete hurt he feelin's so right afore my face, so ses I:

feelin's so right afore my face, so ses I:

"You wouldn't wouldn't you?"
nod with that I jest tuck hold of the
gestleman and pitched him neck and
heels into the branch.

When he got out, he 'lowed he'd settle it with me some other time, when
thar wasn't no ladys along to take my
part. That's the way Cousin Pete settles all his accounts—some other time.

Tom Stallins tuck his assters home,
and the rest of the galls and fellers
went along; but Cousin Pete and I
didn't show oursevies no more that
day. I hain't seed him sense, tho'

day. I hain't seed him sense, tho't thar's been all sorts of a muss 'tween mother and Aunt Mahaly about that Sonday bisness. I don't think l'llever skin the cat agin. No mora from your

friend, till death. Jos. Jones.
P. S.—Miss Mary sent to inquire
how my nose was, and told the nigger
not to tell me who sent her, Don't
you think she's comin', too? Look
out for a waddin' about Crismus time.
If things does work out rite, you may
how for a cake as hig as your head look for a cake as big as your head. (To Be Continued Next Thursday.)

Southern Iron

It is useless to attempt to ignore the fact that the centre of American iron production has shifted to the South. During the month of June shipments of iron from the Southern fields aggregated 100,963 tons, and for the six months ended July I the total was above 600,000 tons. The grand total of the way to getting to account 1000. above 600,000 tons. The grand total of the year is pertain to exceed 1,600.000 tons, and may reach 2,000,000 tons. The market for Southern true now extends to England, the great part of the Continent, India, Japan, Africa and

We sell Eants, the great blood remedy. A sure ours for falling manhood. Frost Torrence & Co., Gastonia, H. C.

BLOWING ROCK'S ROAD.

FROM THE POINT OF VIEW IN LENOTR.

The Bliferont Rantes by Which Blog ing Book Might Connect With Lonois and Horganion—As a Matter of Fact the Stock in Only 18 Miles From a Railroad Now—It Would Seem to He to it's Advantage to Connect With the Carotina & Northwestern-The Ad-vantages of This Plan.

Cor, Charlotte Observer.

vantages of This Plam.

Cor. Charlotte Observer.

Lenote, Aug. 26.—Our friends at Blowing Block, who naturally wish to be connected by rail with the "outside world," are fortunate in having more than one atring to their bow. There has been a good deal written in the newspapers lately on this subject, and the main point arrived at appears to be to get a railroad to be built from Blowing Book so as to connect it with the south and east. And behind this writing there has been much talk at Blowing Book and in this section of the State. That a road will be built in the future is taken for grasted. Various roads have been built on paper, viz., from Howing Rock to Morganton, via Collettsville, 26 miles; from Blowing Rock to Lenoir, via Collettsville, 28 miles; from Blowing Rock to Lenoir, via Mulberry, 28 miles; from Blowing Book to Lenoir, via Mulberry, 20 miles; from Lenoir to Blowing Book, vis Patterson and up the Yadkin viver, 20 miles.

The kind of railroad the most talked of is a proposed electric railroad from Blowing Book to Morganton, via Collettsville, 38 miles. This road could be shift from Morganton. Via Lenoir, distance 44 miles. This road could be wilt via Collettsville and via Lenoir and via Patterson, up the Yadkin river, distance 30 miles. The case of building the road between Morganton and Blowing Book, taking in Lenoir and Patterson, would be the cheapest electric road that could be constructed. And the cost of building the 44 miles of road via Collettsville and taking in Leuoir would perhaps be little greater than that of building the 36 miles via Collettsville and taking in Leuoir would perhaps be little greater than that of building the 36 miles via Collettsville and taking in Leuoir would perhaps be little greater than that of building the 36 miles via Collettsville and taking in Leuoir would perhaps be little greater than that of building the 36 miles via Collettsville and taking in Leuoir would perhaps be little greater than that of building the 36 miles via Collettsville and taking in Leuoir

haps be little greater than that of building the 36 miles via Collettsville and leaving out Lenoir.

The man who builds a railruad is

like the man who goes a warfare he countrib the cost and taketh stock of what lieth in his path. Whether an electric railroad is built, the builders will naturally look over the grounds and consider the dis-tances and natural advantages. Le-noir is the northern terminus of the tailes and natural advantages. Lenoir is the northern terminus of the Csrolina and Northwestern Railway, and is distant from Blowing Rock, via the Caldwell and Watanga turopike, 20 miles, From Lesoir to Boeck's, two miles from Green Park postoffice, two miles from Lesoir to Collettaville, 10 miles, and a railroad of any Riod could be constructed with very easy grading. From Lesoir to Collettaville, 10 miles, there has been built a well-graded and splendidly ballasted and ironed track by the Caldwell & Northern Railway Company, which operates the road for the accommodation of passengers and the transportation of freight. The distance from Collettaville to Blowing Rock is practically within 18 miles of a railroad at Collettaville.

So, our friends at Blowing Rock

So, our friends at Blowing Rock seem not to be reaching out as far as some may think. They are really nearer to a railroad than most people who go to Blowing Rock think, and it is clear that, with all these advantages in their favor, they stated a good chance of making arrangements to have the line from Lanoir to Cullettsville, the Caldwell & Northern, bepart of line to bring them in connection with the regular trunk

lines. Whether the electric roads spoken of ever materialize or not, or whether Morganton, or Lenoir, or Collettaville. or other towns be on the line of their railroad, we think the Blowing Rook people have ample reason to hope that the small gay that exists between them and a railroad can be filled in with moderate area.

moderate ease.
The Carelina & Morthwestern railroad having well defined plans for the extension of their line scross the mountains, and being in a position to furnish the equipment and important material aid in construction, it would seem that the interests of Blowing Rock and intermediate points would dictate a combination with an organ ised railroad company as the sures and at the same time the best acheme and at the same time the best acheme for securing railroad connection for these points. The extension of the Carolina & Northwestern is suthorized by its charter, and the location of the line will, of course, depend on the inducements offered by the rival lines, one following John's river and the other the Yadkin river.

The economy of this plan will suggest itself to the most superficial observer. There would be few mites of track to be graded and irened. This done, the only additional expense to the Carolina & Korthwestern would be that of operating anywhere from 18 to

that of operating anywhere from 18 to 25 miles of new road. In addition to 25 miles of new road. In addition to this an independent company would be put to the additional expense of a full equipment of power of some kind, whether electricity or steam, a full complement of rolling stock, a full staff of employes to do the business of the short line, all of which could be attended to at much less expense by a company already companies and supcompany already organized and running 100 miles of road.

The Coming of Baby.

Whos a baby comes to the house real impulses cornes. The care and anxiety comes to the house real impulses cornes. The care and anxiety count for reabling against the clinating lough of the fittle haude and the stude of the little value. The indiverse is under the secretary of the proposition of the fittle value. The hardest input on the secretary the section of the secretary that the secretary the section of the section o

_ Granite Monuments.__

THE BEST OBTAINABLE. A granite monument of send material and well detected is the base of the care to obtained. He markle ensures half so interest is the base well policied. MY SPECIALTY

is monumental work in GRANTTH. About with an portence in realing grantly measurements I have a first machine, and also continually mattery improvements the quality of my work. Specimens may become in the and at my machine, I but now at work on a grantle in when firstend, will corpore anything of the little in our work Science and the continual machine, will corpore anything of the little in our continual machine.

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