Gastonia, N. C., September 23, 1897.

(Cost in Advance.)

No 38.

MAJOR JONES' COURTSHIP.

By Major Joseph Jones, of Pineville, Georgia.

LETTER XI.

PIMEVILLE, Dec. 20.—To Mr. Thompson: Dear Sir—It seems our folkes always is in a fuse. First it was movin, then it was bogkillin, and now every thing is topey-turry makin ready for Crismus. I do blieve the niggers is skowered every spot from the garret to the doresteps, and every time I come into the house they's all hollerin out, "that now, Mas Joe, jest look at your tracks!" and "don't you step on the heath, for it's jest redened," and "don't you spit agin the jam." and sich foolery, jest as if people's houses wasn't made for 'em to live in. It really puts me out of all patience to see sich nonsensical doins. And mother, she's had all the niggers choppin assage meat to make minospis, and poundin spice and ginger, and making marvels and all corts of making marvels and beatin egs to make pound-cake, and all sorts of sweet doins for Crismus; for when she takes anything into her head, she ain't se Grismus don't come but once a year now-a-days, and she's gwine to treat it hansum when it does cum she's gwine to show the Stallinses that used to as good livin as most of

Well, I glory in her spunk, but it's moustrons expensive to go things on the big figer that she's on now; it never ought to be done only for wed-ding, and it wouldn't do then whar ther was to be many wedding in the

ther was to be many wedding in the same family.

I tell you what, I was monstrous ried tother day when I got a letter from Crotchett callin me all sorts of hard names, and abusin me every thing he could thick of. I showed it to the Stallinses, and Miss Mary sed he was good for parhing wicked retent to go good for nothing wicked retch, to go and run off and leave his wife and children, and then when he was found out, to dare to go and write about a respec-

to dare to go and write about a respec-table gentleman in that way.

"That's jest the way with the world, my child," see old Miss Stallies, "the bigger rescal a man is the more insur-suce he's got. That's jest what put me agin him at fust. Whenever I see so much insurance I always suspect ther's some rescality with it."

And that's my blief, too, Mr. Thompson; I'll tell you how I judge fokes what I don't know much about. When I see anybody tryin right off to

When I see anybody tryin right off to show how smart they is, and takin all the conversation to themselves. I keep my eye on 'em. Cause when people is my eye on 'em. Cause when people is account they's got sense enough to know that other people will find it out; but when they really ain't nobody, and when they know they'd amount to less the more they's found out, then they try to make people blieve they's the mischlef and all, before they can have a chance to see into 'em. Hain't you never found it so? Insurance is like varnish: it makes the commonest kind varnish; it makes the commonest kind of yaller pine look zactly like mahogany, and insurance covers all the rutten places in the character of the worst kind of rascals and makes 'em appear

kind of rascals and makes 'em appear like gentlemen.

Do tell us what upon yeath all this talk means about the world to a cend next April. I've beard a great deal about Miller's doctrine, and bustles, and Bickens' Notes, lately in the papers. No other paper but the 'Miccellany' hain't got much else in 'em. Is it a April fool business, or is it a fact? If the world was to bust up bout that time, it would interfere with people's lations monstrous, specially married fokes. That was a man here last week from Augusty, and he sed it was a fact, that he seed it all sifered out on a plees of paper, and ther was no mis-take about it. He was collectin for a clock man in Boston, and he sed they was closin up bisness on that account. Now I don't like to blieve no sich non-troe, I sense; but if it was to come out true. I

wouldn't like to be so tuck in.

Mother and old Miss Stallins and Mother and old Miss Stallins and two or three more old ladies is in a mighty fidget about it, and old Miss Stallins dreamed she seed two moons tother night, and one of 'em was all blazin with fire and flyin about in the sky like all wrath. I don't zactly know what to think about it, but ther's one thing sartin, it's got to begin monatrons early in the morning or gin monetrous early in the morning on the third day of April if I a'n't up to set that woods after about Pineville, jest at that time. I wouldn't like to answer for the consequences among the old wimin.

But I'm not gwine to let sich matters interfere with my marrying spec-lation. I call it specelation, for, you know, ther's no tellin how these things is gwine to turn out. In the fust place, it's a chance if a body gits the gall he's courtin, and after he's got her all to himself, for better or for worse, it's a chauce again if she don't turn out a monstrous site worse nor he tuck her for. But I think mine's a pretty safe bisness, for Miss Mary is jest a leet's the smartest, and best, and the butfulest gall in Georgia. I've seed her two or three times sense the candy pullin, and I ain't more'n half so fraid of her as I used to be. I told her tother night I had a Crismus gift for her which I hoped she would take and

"What is it. Majer?" see she.
"Oh," see I, "it's something what I wouldn't give to nobody else in the

Well, but what is it?-do tell me. "Something," ses I, "what you stole from me a long time ago, and sense you've got it I want you to keep it, and give me one like it in return." "Well, do tell me what it is, fust,"
see she; and I seed her out her eye at
Miss Carline, and sort o' smile,
"But, will you give me one in return?" see I.
"What, Majer—tell me what?"

"l'il tell you Criscaus eve," ses I. "But will you give me yours in re-

'Yours! Oh, my-," then her face

got as red as a poppy, and she looked down.

"You know what, Miss Mary," ses ! "will you? She didn't say nothin, but blushed

She didn't say nothin, but business werse and worse.

"Now, mind," ses I, "I must have a answer Crismus Eve."

"Well," ses she--and then she looked up and laughed, and sed--"exchange is no robbery, is it, sister Carline?"

"No, sis," see she, "but I reckon Joseph got his pay bout the same time you stole his---" you stole his ____''
"S'op. stop, sister, Majer didn't say

his heart-" his heart—"
"There, there!" ses Miss Carlins and
Miss Kesiah. clappin ther hands and
laffin as loud as they could—"there,
there, little innocent sister has let the
cat out of the hag, at last. I told you
so, Majer."

cat out of the hag, at last. I told you so, Majer."

"I never feit so good afore in all my born days, and Miss Mary, pore gall, hid her face in her hands and begun to cry, she felt so about it. 'That's the way with the galla, you know, they always cry when they feel the happyest. But I soon got her in a good bumor, and then I went home.

I'm gwine to bring her right up to the scratch Chrismus, or I ain't here. It would take a barbers' ahop, full of Crotchetts to back me out now. I'll tell you how I come out in my next. No more from

No more from Your friend, till death,

LETTER XII.

The ville, Decomber 27.

To Mr. Thompson: Desr Sir—Crismus is over, and the thing is done did! You know I told you in my last letter I was gwine to bring Miss Mary up to the chalk on Crismus. Well, I done it, slick as a whistle, though it come mighty nigh bein a serious bisiness. But I'll tell you all about the whole circumstances.

come mighty nigh bein a serious bisiness. But I'll tell you all about the whole circumstances.

The fact is, I's made my mind up more'n twenty times to jest go and come right out with the whole bisiness; but whenever I got whar she was and whenever she looked at me with her witchin eyes, and kind o' blushed at me, I always felt sort o' skeered and fainty, and all what I made up to tell her was forgot, so I couldn't think of it to save me. But you's a married man, Mr. Thompson, so I couldn't tell you nothic about popis the question, as they call it. It's a mighty grate favor to ax of a pretty gall, and to people what ain't used to it, it goes monstrous hard, don't it? They say widders don't mind it no more'n nothin. But I'm makin a transgression, as the preacher ses.

Crismus eve I put on my new suit, and shaved my face as salick as a specific leave and effect to the suit and a supposition in the suit and effect at a supposition in the suit and effect as a supposition in the suppos

Crismus eve I put on my new suit, and shaved my face as a slick as a smoothin irou, and after tea went over to old Miss Stallinses. As soon as I went into the parler what they was all settin round the fire, Miss Carline and Miss Kessiah both laughed right out.

"There! there!" ses they, "I told you so. I know'd it would be Joseph."

"What's I done, Miss Carline?" ses I.

ses I.

"You come under little sister's chicken booe, and I do believe she anow'd you was comin when she put it over the dore."

"No I didn't—I didn't no such the now." ses Miss Mary, and her

thing, now," ses Miss Mary, and her face blushed red all over.
"Oh, you needn't deny it," ses Miss Kesiah, 'you belong to Joseph now, jest as sure as ther's any charm in

chicken bones."
I know'd that was a first rate chance to say something, but the dear little creeter looked so sorry and kep blushin so, I couldn't say nothin sactly to the plot! so I tuck a chair and reached up and tuck down the bone and put it in my pocket.
"What are you gwine to do with
Major?"

that old chicken bone now, Majer?"

see Miss Mary.

"I'm gwine to keep it as long as I live," ses I, "as a Crismus present from the bandsomest gall in Georgia.

When I sed that, she blushed worse

"Ain't you shamed, Majer?" see she,
"Ain't you shamed, Majer?" see she,
"Now you ought to give her a Crismus gift, Joseph, to keep all her life,"
sed Miss Carline.
"Men Ail Miss Stalling. "when "Ab," ses old Miss Stallins, "when

I was a gall we used to hang up our stockins..." "Why, mother!" ses all of 'era, "to say stuckins right before..." Then I felt a little streaked, too,

cause they was all bloshin' as hard as they could.

"Highty-tity!" see the old lady—
"what monstrous 'doement to be shore! I'd like to know what harm there is in stockin. People nowadays is gittin' so mealy mouthed they can't call nothin' by its right name, and I

call nothin' by its right name, and I don't see as they's any better than the old time people was. When I was a gall like you, child I use to hang up my stockies and git 'em full of presents.'

"Ob, that's the kind," ses she "But will you promise to keep it as long as you live ?" see I. "Certaloly I will, Majer."

"Monetrous 'finement now-a-days-old people don't know nothin' about perliteness," said old Miss Stallins, jest gwine to sleep with her nittin in

her lap.
"Mow you hear that, Miss Carline,"
ses I. "She ses she'll keep it all her

"Yes, I will," see Miss Mary-"but "Eaver mind," see I, "you hang

a bag big enough to held it and you'll find out what it is, when you see it in the mornin,' "
Miss Carline winked at Miss Kesish

Miss Carline winked at allse ansum and then whispered to her—then they both laughed and looked at me as mischlevous as they sould. They apletoned something.

"You'll be shere to give it to me now, if I hang up a bug," see Miss

how, if I hang up a bug," see Miss Mary.

'And promise to keep it," ses I.

'Well, I will, cause I know that you wouldn't give me nothin' that wasn't worth keepin.

They all agreed they would hang up a bag for me to put Miss Mary's Crismus present in, on the back porob, and about 10 o'clock I told 'em good avanin' and want home.

evenin' and went home.

I sot up till midnight, and when they was all gone to brd I went softly into the back gate and went up to the porch, and that, shore enough, was a great big meal-bag hasgin' to the jee. It was moustrous unbandy to git to it, but I was termined not to back out. but I was termined not to back out. So I sot some chairs on top of a bench and got hold of the rope and let myself down into the bag; but jest as I was gittin' in, it swung agin the chairs, and down they went with a terrible racket; but nobody didn't wake up but Miss Stalliness old cur dog, and here he come rippin and tearin through the yard like rath, and round and round he went tryin to find what was the matter. I serocohed down in the bag and didn't breathe louder nor a kitten, for fear he'd find me out and after a while he quit barkin. barkin.

louder nor a kitten, for fear he'd find me out and after a while he quit barkin.

The wind began to blow bominable cold, and the old bag kept turnin round and swingin's of it made me sea clok as the miachief. I was afraid to move for fear the rope would break and let me fail, and thar I sot with my teeth rattlin' like I had a ager. It seemed like it would never come daylight and I do believe if I didn't love Mias Mary so powerful I would frose to death; for my heart was the only spot that felt warm, and it didn't beat more'n two licks a minit, only when I thought how she would be supprised in the mornin,' and then it went in a canter. Bimeby the cussed old dog come up on the porch an' begun to smell about the bag, and then be barked like he thought he'd treed something. "Bow; wow! wow!" ses he. Then he'd smell agin and try to git up to the bag. "Git ont!" ses I, very low, for fear the gails mought hear me. "Bow, wow!" ses he. "He gone! you bominable fool," ses I, and I felt all over in spots, for I spected every minit he'd nip nie, and what made it worse, I didn't know whar abouts he'd take hold. "Bow! wow!" Then I tried counin'—"Come here, good feller," ses I, and whistled a little to him, but it was no use. Thar he stood and kep up his everlastin' whichin' and barkin,' all night. I couldn't teil when daylight was breakin', only by the chickens crowin,' and I was moustcous gind to hear 'em, for if I'd had to stay thar one hour more I don't believe I'd ever got out of that bag alive.

Old Miss Stallins come out fust, and as soon as she seed the bag, ses she.

"What upon yeath has Joseph went and put in that bag for Mary? !'!! lay it's a yearlin' or some live animal, or Bruin wouldn't bark at it so."

She went in to call the galls, and I sot thar, shiyerin' all over so I cyuldn't hardly speak if I tried to—but I didn't say nothin." Bismeby they all come running out on the porch.

"My goodoes! what is it ?" ses Miss Kesiah "I seed it move."

Mary.
"Oh, it's alive !" see Miss Kesiah "I

seed it move."
"Call Cate and make him cut the rope," ses Miss Carline, "and lets ses what it is. Come here, Uato, and git this bag down."

"Don't hurt it for the world," ses Miss Mary. Cato untied the rope that was round the jice and let the bag down easy on the floor, and I termoled out all covered

the floor, and I to maked out all covered with ourn meal, from head to foot.

"Goodness grootons i" see Mise Mary, "if it ain't the Majer himself!"

"Yes," see I, "and you know you promised to keep my Criamus present as long as you lived."

The galls laughed themselves almost to death, and went to brushin' off the

to death, and went to brushin' off the meal as fast as they could, sayin' they was gwine to hang that bag up every Orismus till they got husbands too. Miss Mary—bless her bright eyes—she blushed as beautiful as a morning giory, and sed she'd stick to her word. She was right out of bed, and her hair wasn't komed, and her dress wasn't fixed at all, but the way she looked pretty was real distrectin.' I do believe if I was froze stiff, one look at her awent fans, as she stood that lookin't her sweet face, as she stood thar lookin' down to the floor with hef rougish eyes and her bright curls fallin' all over her snowy neek, would have fotched me to. I tell you what, it was worth hangin' in a meal bag from one Orin-mus to snother to feel as happy as I

have ever sense. I went home after we had the laugh out and note by the fire till I got thawed In the formoon all the Stallinges come over to our house and we had one of the greatest Crismus dinners that ever the greatest Crismus dinners that ever was seed in Georgia, and I don't believe a happier company ever sot down to the same table. Old Miss Stalling and mother settled the match, and talked over everything that ever happened in their families, and laughed at me and Mary, and cried about their dead husbands, outse they wann't alive to see ther children married.

me and mary, and cried about ther deed husbands, cause they wann't alive to see ther children merried.

It's all settled now, 'cept we hain't sut the weddin day. I'd like to have it all over at once, but young gals always like to be engaged a while, you know, so I spose I must wait a month or so. Llary (she see I mustn't call her. Miss Mary now) has been a good deal of trouble and botheration to me; but if you could see her you wouldn't think I ought to grudge a little sufferin to git sich a sweet little wife.

You must come to the weddin if you possibly kin. I'll let you know when. No more from Your friend, till death

Jos. Jonms.

egnog when he heard of my ingage-ment, and he's been as meller as hose-apple ever sense.

LETTER XIII.

Pineville, Jan 5 .- To Mr. Thompson

Pineville, Jan 5.—To Mr. Thompson:
Dear Sir—There's been a swful catasterfy in Pineville sense I writ my
last letter to you. Little did I think
then what was a comin, though I always thought some cussed thing would
turn up jast to splie my happiness.
Last night I was over to old Miss
Stallinses, talkin long with Mary and
the galls, and makin calculations
about the weddin and bouse-keepin,
and sich things, when all at once ther
was a territie shakin and a rackin,
like the bouse was gwine to tumble
down on top of us. The galls all
squalled out as loud as they could holler, and cotched right hold of me, and
hugged close to me till they almost
choked the breath out me, and old
Miss Stallins fainted away into a fit of
the highstericks. The shakin didn't
last more'n a minit but it ised a monstrous curious feelin while it did last.
When it was over the galls fell to
rubbin the old woman's hands, and I
poured a gourd of water in her face to
bring her too, and blueby she got better.

But all Pinsville was abuck up as

political and gourn or water in her race to bring her too, and bimeby she got better.

But all Pinsville was shuck up as well as us, and everybody was runnin in every direction to find out what was the matter. Some of the niggers tuck to the woods as hard as they could run and some of the old once got dewn on ther knees and went to prayin like they was at a campineetin. For a while there was a general panick, but when Mr. Montgomery sed it was only a shock of a yeathquake, and the dengar was all over, the people got over ther scare. Mary was frightened dreadful at fust, but she soon got over it, and so did Miss Kesiah, and Mirs Carline. But pore old Miss Stallins—I do blieve the yeathquake has shuck all her senses out of her, for she hasn't talked about nothin else but the world comin to an eend ever sense. She ses she didn't dream about them two mouse for nothin, and that the yeath shakin that a way is a shore sign that something terrible is gwine to happen. But that ain't the worst of it. She says me and Mary mustn't git married not till after next April. She ses unbody ought to think nothin about soything else but gittin ready to die, and that it's wicked to think about weddins and sich like, now, I told her if the world was to come to a send, ses I, if we was married her daughter wouldn't be left a widder, and I never contented no way, without I was married fust.

But it ain't no use to argy with her, for she blieves in parson Miller now like a book, and wont listen to no sort of reasonin. She ses it was jest so when old Mr. Noah built the water mobody didn't bileve him till the water all my trouble, and jest when I thought I was gwine to be happiest man in Georgia, a yeathquake must come jest to upset my calculations. I haint no notion of puttin off the weddin so long, but I spose I must wait if I can't do no better. I'm in hopes though, old Miss Stallins will git over her skeer, and come to her senses long afora April. I'll be shore to let you know. No more from Your friend, till death.

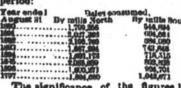
P. 8.—You noust e But all Pineville was shuck up as

they have in Egypt sometimes.

(To Be Continued Next Thursday.)

anufauturors' Heconi.

Augual cotton consumption in the South has for the first time passed the million-bale mark. The following agures for eight years, taken from the ore to feight years, taken from the report of Secretary Hester, of the Mew Orleans Cotton Exchange, show the growth of cotton manufacturing in eight years in the South, compared with that of the North in the same period:



The significance of the figures becomes greater when it is observed that while the consumption in Northern mills in 1807 was but 5422 more bales than that in 1891 and 1892, the consumption in Southern mills has in the eight years not become than the least le not been less than that of 1890, and to 1897 was nearly double that of 1890.

Bailey's Portinent Inquiry.

Menator Butler is shouting "Depose the commissioners!" Balley, of North Carolina, wants to know why, if there is such a row about the renting by Maj. Wilson to Otho Wilson of the Raund Knob enting house, it is not correct to ask if there is "undue in-Juence" in the leasing of Governor Russell's seaside villa to Senator Butler?

It is said further that the Governor has conferred several tistes with the Seenater as to the proper thing to do. He greatly values Senator Batler's opinion in all matters, and, as a republican put it to-day, "may be said to lean heavily upon the Senator."

Bloycle of Busine

Advertising is very much like riding a bicycle. If you don't keep moving the wheel you will fall off, and if you don't persist in advertising, your trade will fall off.

N. B.—I like to forgot to tell you bout cousin Pete. He got snapt on J. E. Curry & Co.

SQUAN CREEK FORKS.

Jep Jones Tells About Singing School and a Swelling-Rec.

M. Quad in M. Louis Republic.

One winter, when things was powerful slow at Squan Creak, and everybody was tired of spitting on the store and lying about dab and crabs and lobsters, Mosee Barber suggested that we git up a singin' school. It was a happy thought and ererbody took to it at once. We fixed up the old scopershop, put in atoves and benches, and sent over to Philadelphia for a teacher. There was over forty uf us in the class, and next to the teacher Moses sort o' bossed the jub. I sin't tellin' anything but the schem truth when I say that Moses Barber had a voice on him which would jump a cow off her feet. It was a mixture of fog-horn, hurriwhich would jump a cow off her feet. It was a mixture of fog-horn, hurricage, conch-shell, bray and growl. When he was out on the bay you could hear him two miles away. Some nights, sitting by his own fireside, he would sing, and when he did no the rest of Equan Creek would ate and ahiver. There wasn't a singin' voice in the built crowd, but that voice of Moses took the cake over all. The teacher asked him to sing sumthin', so as to git a line on his voice, and Moses drew a long breath and let 'er go. It accured as if every shingle on that old copper-shop fluttered, and the teacher turned pale and backed off as he asked:

"Mr. Barber, is that your own nateral voice?"

eral volos?" "Of course," said Moses. "How long have you had it?"
"Over forty years. What's the matter with my vouse?"
"I don't know, Did a building ever
fall on to it?"

courage you, but if I was you I wouldn't turn to singin'. Your voice is what they call 'not'."
"How set?" asks Moses.
"It's bin doin' bigness in one line

"It's bin doin' bizeess in one line fur forty years past, and it'll be powerful hard to make a change. If I had sich a voice as that I'd hire out fur a government fug-horn, or I'd walk around scarin' toughs and prize fighters to death."

"But I want to learn to sing soprano," says Moses, feelist hurt and mad.
"Then I'll be goin' back home," says the teacher. "Thar' ar' some things in this world which no man kin do, and one of them is to teach you to sing."

all my trouble, and jest when I thought I was gwine to be happiest man in Georgia, a yeathquake must come jest to upset my calculations. I haint no notion of puttle off the wedden so long, but I spose I must wait if I can't do no better. I'm in lopes I hough, old Miss Stailins will git over her skeer, and come to her senses long afora April. I'll be abore to let you know. No more from Your friend, till death.

Jos. Jones.

P. 8.—You must excuse mistakes and bad writin this time, for I am in a great hurry to send you this, as I know your readers will be glad to heart the dredful news of a yeathquake, even if ther ain't no lives leat. Everybody I've seed this mornin looks cort of skeery 'cept cousin Fete, and he to see that the property after the first of perfect of skeery 'cept cousin Fete, and he to see that the gang of us was in Furnam and the public geography as it they have in Egypt sometimes.

I was gwine to be happiest man in in Georgia, a yeathquake must come jest to upset my calculations. I haint no high in the loud of the intervent was a putting and one of their valuable Casar's Head property, conting the buildings of the fassous class. The teacher. "Than' ar' some bids, are in the said if she couldn't alog nobody elte and had writin this time, for I am in a great hurry to send you this, as I know your readers will be glad to heart the dredful news of a yeathquake, even if ther ain't no lives leat. Everybody I've seed this mornin looks cort of skeery 'cept cousin Fete, and he to couldn't slog nobody elte frame and shavin's few all over Squam Creek. Three or for the donors.

The to death, "Then I'll be goin' back home." The teacher. "That' ar' some didn't saing nobody elte frame and the first of send or a was a mustiy of \$900 and give them free board in the hotel, or one of the cottent of the form of the first of send or a week, and when he sot the property after the first of the donors.

The transaction of the buildings of the buildings Parker's grocery, sumthin' was said about how to spell 'whale,' and Moses rrs up and says:

"It don't make so much difference about singin', but we ofter know how to spell whatever comes along. I've bin ketchin' crabs and lobsters fur the bin ketchin' crabs and lobsters fur the last twenty-five years, but I couldn't spell one of 'em to save my neek. When I'm sendin' a box up to New York them fellers don't know what's in it 'till they rip the kivers off. 'Twent long ago that my crabs got mixed up with somebody's else's 'cause I couldn't spell 'em. What I says is fur Squan Creek to hev a spellin'-school.'

mixed up with somebody's else's 'cause I couldn't spell 'em. What I says is fur Squan Creek to hev a spellin'-school."

It 'peared to be a good idea, and we all went in fur it, and we repaired up the cooper-shop agin and turned out one evenin' to spell. Jason Spooner, the Town Clerk, was appointed to hold the spellin'-book and afore the performance started off, he says:

"We hey started in to boost Squan Creek out o' the quagmire of desolashun by learnin' to spell, and nobody must git med and distarb the meetin' 'cause be can't hit things the fust time. Nere couldn't spell 'pat' to the day of his death, and that pay him

"We hey started in to boost Rquan Creek out o' the quagmire of desolation by learnin' to spell, and nobody must git med and distarb the meetin' cause be can't hit things the fust time. Mere couldn't spell 'cat' to the day of be death, and there her bin kings and queens who was jest as bad off. The fust word out is 'clam,' and as Moses Barber is at the head of the line, and as he shipped over 400 bar's of clams to New York last sexun, he kin hav the fust go at it."
"What sort of a clam?" asked

Moses.

"Any sort."

"But that's varus sorts o' chums, you know, and I sin't tryin' to spell a hard-shell fur a soft-shell or a little

"That' may be varus sorts o' classe,"
says Jason, "but that' is only one way
to spell her. Jist draw a long breath
and start off."
"Tis spellin' it k-a-1-m, class."
"Which ain't right, and I'll pass to

the next, "

the next."

That word went to 'isven different men afore Isaac Harper spelled it right. He kinder thought it would be given out, and so be bought a can of clam-chowder in the afternoom to study up on it. Bimeby Moses was given a show on the word crab, and he says to Jason:

"You mixed them clams on me and put me out. Now I'm wantin' to knew if this is a bard-shell or soft-shell crab?"

"It's jiet erab." "A big one or a little one?"
"Can't say as to that. Thar' ain't

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L. L. JENETES, President.

nuthin' down in the book except

GIFF TO PURMAN UNIVERSITY.

A Aplendid Donation to a Noble Engli-

will delight them. The first known of this public spirited intention of Dr. and Mrs. Miles was last week, when

the Furman trustees met in Columbia to elect a president and were presented

Ba-Congressman Sower Limps

Congressman Linney said while over

Lincoin Journal.

The other day, Bellis Hamsner, colored, who lives in Freedmon, put her hedding out to sun. That swaning she took it is, made up her hed, retired and slumbered peacefully until morning. Soon after she arose the next morning, she was horrifled to see an enormous spreading adder crawl from out one of the pillow cases. It is supposed that the snake got into the pillow while it was being sunned the day hefore. Whenever the woman thinks of her night's sleep with the vendmous anake under her head, she almost turns white.

Wilkesboro Chronicia

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"I don't know. Did a building ever fall out to it?"
"Never."
"Ever hit on the chist by a cannon ball?"
"No. I've allus taken mighty good keer of my voice, and I've brung it here to be trained to sing. What I want to learn to aing is 'Yankee Doodle' and 'The Sweet Bimety.' I kin use 'Yankee Doodle' to rock the yungg 'uns to sleep, and the other to suften up the old woman when she gits mad. Lemme try agin."
He put on a leetle more power this time, and the lamps went out and the door busted wide open. If seventeen plainin'-mills had all started up at once the uoise couldn't hev bin wuss. It was two minits before the teacher got breath 'noff to say:
"Mr. Barber, I don't want to discourage you, but if I was you I wouldn't turn to singin'. Your voice is what they call 'ast'."
"How st?" asks Moses.
"It's bin doin' bigness in one line WM. H. LEWIS. -ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.-GASTONIA, N. C .th over Long Brothers mor store buildle W. H. HOFFMAN. -DENTIST-GASTONIA, - - - - M. C.

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