Gastonia, N. C., November 11, 1897.

Custs in Advance.

No 45.

MAJOR JONES' COURTSHIP.

By Major Joseph Jones, of Pineville, Georgia.

LETTER XXVII.

PINEVILLE, Ga., March 21.—To Mr. Thompson: Dear Sir — You must'nt think hard because I hain't writ you no letter for so long a time. writ you no letter for so long a time. Sense the arrival of the little atranger my time what I've had to spare from the plantation is been pretty much tuck up with nussin and gwine to town after stuff for it.

Habys is wonderful surprisin things, Mr. Thompson, as you know, and when one thinks how much trouble they give a body, we almost wonder what makes us so anylous to have been

what makes us so anxious to have 'em, 'You mustn't think 1'm beginnin to git tired of mine. No indeed, not by no means. I wouldn't give my little Harry Clay for all the niggers and plantations in Georgy, as much trouble and worryment as he gives me. Aint it curious what store we do set by the little croeters, even before we've had 'em long enough to know auxilion. by the little creeters, even before we've had 'em long enough to know anything about 'em. It seems like a new fountin of happiness is opened in our hearts, a new value given to every thing we've got and a new purpose to our lives, when for the fust time so look upon a little helpless bein that is born of our love, and is dependent on as for support and protection. How anxious we is to do every thing we can anxious we is to do every thing we can for 'em. What pleasure we find in the But you is a man of experience in these matters, Mr. Thompson, and I peedn't tell you nothin about it. I must tell you, though, what a terrible skeer we had t'other night with the baby.

baby.
I had been down to Tom Stallinges mill, to see about gettin some lumber to build me a new ginbouse, and had been ridin and workin hard all day in been ridin and workin hard all day in the wet, and come home monstrous tired, late in the evenin. Mary and the baby was all wet, and I went to bed pretty early, thinkin to git a good night's rest for the fust time in a month. Well, how long I'd been sleepin, I can't tell, but the fust thing I knowed was Mary pullin my hair to

I knowed was Mary pullin my mair to make we wake up.
"Joseph! Joseph!" see she."
"Ha; what's the matter?" see I, when I seed her leanin over in the bed with the lamp in her hand, and her face as pale as the gown she had on.
"Oh, Joseph, do git up," see she, "something's the matter with the halbe."

That was enough for me, and in twinklin I was settle np in the bed, as wide awake as if I hadn't been asleep

"Look at him, Joseph—he acts so curious," see she, as she tack the little feller out of the crib, and laid him

feller out of the crib, and laid him down in the bed between us.

For about two minits we both sot and looked at the baby, 'thout drawin a breath. That it lay on its back, with its little hands down by its side. Fust it would spread its mouth like it was laughin at something—then it would roll its eyes about in its head and wink 'em at us—then it would twitch all over, and ketch its breath—then it would lay right still and stop breathin for a second or two, and then it would twitch its little limbs again, and roll its eyes about the strangest I ever seed any thing in my life; and then it would coo, so pitiful, like a little dove, two or three times till it would kind of smother like, and stop breathin agin.

breathin agin. I could hear Mary's heart beat plain. to mine like a mill-tail. I looked at Mary, and she looked at me, and sich a expression as she had in her eyes I "Joseph!" ses she.
"Mary!" ses I.

"'Oh, dear!" see she, the big tears fills her butiful eyes. "'Oh, dear! the baby is dyin... I know it is. Oh, what shall we do?"

"Ob, no. Mary, don't git skeered," ses I, with what little brath 1 could mmons up for the effort.
'Oh, yes, I know it is. I know'd

something was gwine to happen I had sich a dreadful dream last night. Git up, Joseph, and call mother and the galls, quick as you can. Oh, dear me,

galla, quiok as you can. Oh, dear me, my pore little haby."
"Don't tuke on, Mary—maybe it ain't nothia bad," ses I, tryin to compose her all I could, though I was skeered as bad as she was, and put my trowsers on wrong side before in my hunymant. In a minit I had all the family up.

and by the time I got the fire kindled, here come old Miss Stallins and the galls, all in ther night clothen, akeered almost out of her senses.

"Dear me, what upon yeath's the matter?" see old Miss Stallins. "Oh, the baby! my pore little baby!" cried Mary.
"What is happened?" ses all of 'em

getherin round the bed. "I don't know what alls it," see Mary, but it acts so strange—like it was gwine to dia."

"Mercy on us!" see the galls.
"Don't take on so, my child," see old Miss Stallins. "It mought be very

bad for you." But pore Mary didn't think of any thing but the buby. "What's good for it, mother? what'll

cure it?" see she.

The old soman put on her specticles, and looked at it, and felt it all over, while Mary was holdin it in her

lep by the fire.
"Don't be skeered," see she. "Don't be sheared, my child, maybe its nothin but the hives, or the yaler thrash, or some other baby ailment what won't

'Oh, it'li die—I know it will," see

Mary.

"Maybe its only sick at its little stummick, mother," ses sister Carline, "and some sut tea is the best thing in the world for that, they say."

"And if it's the thrush, some catnip tea will drive it out in half a ower."

ses the old woman. "Printy, make some catalp tea, quick as you can."
"And have some water warmed to bathe its little fest in," ses Sister Kessiah,—"for maybe its spanny." "Oh. dear, see how it winks its eyes!" ses Mary.
"That sin's pothin uncommon,

"That ain't nothin uncommon, dear," see her mother.
"Now its twitching its little limbs again. Oh, it will die, I know it will."
"Wouldn't some maffon tea be good for it?" see Miss Carline. "Poor little dear!"
"Yes, and a mustard positice for its little bowels," see the old woman.
By this time all the niggers on the place was up gettin bot-baths, and yard-teas and mustard poultices, and incum-juice, and lord knows what all for the baby. Mother and the galls was flyin about like they was crazy, and I was so tarrified myself that I didn't know which cend I stood on. In the burryment and confusion, Aunt didn't know which cend I stood on. In the hurryment and confusion, Aunt Katy upsot the tea-kittle and scalded little Moses, and he sot up a yell in the kitchin loud enough to be heard a mile, and I knocked the lamp off the table, and spilled the oil all over every thing, tryin to turn around three ways at the same time. After break-in two or three cups and samers, and settle' Mary's night cap after with the candle, old Miss Stallins made out to git a teaspoonful of sut tea in the baby's mouth, hot enough to scald its er to-do as nobody ever did hear be

fore.
"Ws! - wa-ya! -ke-wa-ah!" went the baby.
Good gracious! mother, the tea

bilin hot!" ses sister Carline.
"My lord! Prissy, hain't you got no
better sense? What upon yeath did
you give it to me so hot for?" ses the
old woman, when she put her finger in

"Miss Kesiah tell me to pour bilin water on it," see Prissy, with her eyes as Mg as sassers.

as Mg as sassers.

'Wa-ya! ke-wa-ah! ke-wa!" ses
the baby, kickin and fistin away like all rath.
"Whar's the draps, Joseph ? Git
the draps, it must be collicky," ses old
Miss Stallins,
I got the parrygorick as quick as I
could, and tried to pour out five draps,
as she told me. But my hand trimbled
as I couldn't drapit to save me.

I couldn't drapit to save me. "Give it to me, Joseph," ses

And she tuck the vial and poured baif of it no her lap, tryin' to bit the spoon—the pord old woman's eyes is so bad. Then she told sister Caroline to bad. Then she told sister Caroline to drap it—but both the galls was 'fraid they mought pour too much. So Mary had to do it herself. Then the next difficulty was to git it in the baby's mouth, and when they did git it than it liked to choke it to death before it could swaller it.

could swaller it.

Pretty soon after that it got quiet and went sound to sleep in Mary's lap, and we all begun to feel a good deal better. Old Miss Stallins sed she knowed what it wanted as soon as she had time to think and she wondered she didn't think of it before. Lord only knows what mought happened if we hadn't had the parrygorick in the house. We all felt so good after we got over our skeer that we sot than and congratulated one another a little and congratulated one another a little while before gwine to bed agin.

we was all chattin' and old Miss Stallins was beginnin' to nod. I noticed Mary was watching the baby monstrous close, and her eyes was beginning to git bigger and bigger as she

ginning to git bigger and bigger as she looked at its face. Bimeby it grouned one of the longest kind of groans.

"Oh, dear i" ses Mary. "I do blieve it's dyin' agin !"

We sill jumped up and rou to her, and shore enough, it looked a heap worse than it did before, and kep all the time a moanin' like it was breathin' its last gasp,

"Oh, mother it's gwine! It's jest as limber as a rag, and it's sieh a terrible death look. Send for the doctor, quick," ses Mary, trimblin' all over, and lookin' as if she was gwine to faint in her cheer.

n her cheer.
Miss Carline tuck hold of its little hands, and moved 'em, but they was jest like a dead baby's, and staid any-

what she put 'em. Ned was sent to town for Doctor Med was sent to town for Doctor Uniter, as hard as the least could go—Mary and the galls all fell neryin' like they was at a funeral and I felt so fainty myself that I couldn't hardly stand on my feet. Old Miss Stallins stand on my feet. Old Miss Stallins would give it some ingin-juice, and have it put in a warm bath all over; but nothin' we could do for it done it any good, and we jest had to wait in a agony of suspense till the doctor come. It ain't only two miles to town, and Selim's one of the fastest hosses in

Georgia, but it seemed like the doctor "Pore little thing !" see Mary, "I anow'd my heart was sot on him too much—I know'd it was too pretty and sweet to live. Oh, dear!"
"How it does suffer—pore little an-gel," ses Miss Carline. "What kin all the child?" know'd my heart was sot on him

"I wish the doctor would come,' ses

all of 'em.
Sich thoughts as I had in that ower I never want to have agin as long as I live. A coffic, with a little baby in its shroud was all the time before my shroud was all the time before my eves, and a whole funeral procession was passin' through my head. The sermon was ringla in my ears, and I could almost hear the rumblin of the fust shovelful of yeath on the grave boards of my little boy, as I walted round and round the room, stoppin now and then to take a look at the pore little thing, and to speak a word of encouragement to Mary. It was a dredful feelin, Mr. Thompson, and I do believe I've felt 10 years older ever sense.

Bimeby we heard the hosses feet—all of us drawed a long breath, and every face brightened up at the sound. In a minit more the doctor laid his saddle-hags on the table.

"Good evenin, ladies," see be, jest as pleasin and peritts as if nothing wasn't the matter. "Good evening, Majer, how are you this—"

"The baby! The haby!" see all of 'em. "Doctor, can't you cure the baby?"

baby ?"
"Yos, doctor," ses Mary, "our only hope is in you, doctor."
"And Providence, my child," ses

"And Providence, my child," ses old Miss Stalling.
It seemed like the doctor would never git all his grate-coats, and gloves and hanksmohers off, though the wimmin was hurryin him and helpin him all they could. Bimeby, he drawed a cheer up to whar Mary was sittin, to look at the laby.

cheer up to whar Mary was sittin, to look at the baby.

"What's the matter with yer child, hirs. Jones?" see he, pullin away its gown and feelin its pulse.

"I don't know, ductor—but its dredful sick," see Mary.

"When was it tuck sick, and what was its simptons?" see the doctor, All of 'em begun to tell at once, till the doctor told 'em be could understand 'em better if they'd only talk one at a time, and then Mary told him all about it.

all about it. "And how much parrygorick did you give it?" see Dr. Gaiter.
"Five draps," see Miss Stallins; "I wanted to give it more, but the children was all so skeery."
"Let me see your parrygorick," see the doctor.

He tuck it and smelled it, and tasted

He tuck it and smelled it, and teasted it, and then, says he, "You're sure you didn't give it only five draps madam?"
"No, no more'n five," sea Mary, "for I poured it out myself."
Then the doctor looked monstress wise at the baby, for about a minit, and if you could jest seed the wimmin lookin at him. Nous of us breathed a single breath, and pore Mary looked right in the doctor's face, as if she wanted to see his very thoughts.
"Doc..."

"Doe-"Don't be allarmed, madam," ses he

"ther ain't no danger!"
Sich a charge as come over the whole of us. The room seemed to git lighter in a instant. It was like the sunlight breakin through a midnight sky. Mary oried like a child, and lingged her baby to her bussum and kissed it a dozen times and talked baby talk to it; and the galls begun puttin the room to right so it would be fit for the doctor to see it.

the doctor to see it.

"Is you shore ther ain't no danger, doctor?" see old Miss Stallina,
"None in the least, madam." see he "Ther's nothing in the world the matter of the child, only it had a little touch of the hives, what made it laugh and roll its eyes about in its sleep. In your fright you burnt its mouth with your hot tess, till it cried a little, and then you've doctored it with hot baths, onion juice, and parrygorick till you've stupyfied it a little. That's all madam By mornin it'll be well us ever it was, if you don't give it no more big doses of parrygorick."

of parrygorick."

"I sed so," sas old Miss Stallins. "I told Mary ther was no use takin on so bout the baby. But young people is so easily skeered, you know doctor.

"Yes, and old grandmothers too, sometimes," see he, laughin.

The baby suon quit meanin so bad and Mary laid it in the bed and kiver'd it over with kisses.

"Bless it, mudder's tweetest 'ittle darlin baby—its dittin well, so it is—and dey sant dive it no more natty flates, and burn its tweet 'ittle mout no more, so dy sant, ses she; and the galls got rous, and sich a everlastin gabblement as they did keep up. and after drinkin a cup of strong coffee what old Miss Stallins had made for him, and laughin at us for bein so skeered at nothing, the good old doctor bundled on his overcost and went tor bundled on his overcost and went home to charge me five dollars for routin him out of his bed and makin him ride four miles in the cold. But I aint sorry we sent for him, for I do believe if he hadn't come, we would have dosed pore little Harry dead as a door nail before mernin.

The little feller is doin prime now, and if he was to have another attach of hives, I'll take monstrous good care they don't give him no more dratted parrygorick. So no more from your

parrygorick. So no more from, your ill death. JOS JONES. (To Be Continued Next Thursday')

It is right hard on the cotton buyers that comparatively so little cotton buyers that comparatively so little cotton has been brought to market; but it is a good sign, nevertheless. It shows that many farmers are at least no loager at the mercy of their friends, the spring-time lien-takers. Time was, and is now with many, when if a farmer had cotton on October 1st he must fetch it to market and lay it at the feet of the merchant who supulied him with one to market and say it at the rest of the merchant who supplied him with provisions and fertilizers in the sowing season. That so much cotton is now in the farmers' hands, and that they express a resdinces to hold in hope of better prices, which we believe will be offered, indicates that the farmers are onserd, indicates that the farmers are more independent than they have been, which is as good a sign of the times as we have discovered in many a day. Let our farmer friends strive to be inlependent more and more.

When any part of the body isn'l doing the whole system out of time—out of harmony high routs in one part of the body is likely to run in all parse of the holy. When children stand a row of twints ou set, they kneet the while row while row down is upsetting one brice. That is attackly what happens to the health when the bowsts fast to perform there proper function. Constipation makes trouble sti sleng the impurit the liver out of order, is had for the kidneys—bad for the stomech, it holds in the body poleonious matter, and because it cannot go any place dise, it sets into the bloud. The floud carried it all over the green. That makes strayshmens, lansitude, bad brusth and foul taste in the mouth, file the stomech with gas and centees windy busining, slope dispetting in the stortach, causes sour stomach back in the stortach cause for the part of the content, the stortach cause sour stomach back trouble, for it. Proce's Plannant Palest curst constipation and is attendant or its.

Jone 31 courts in one-cent stamps to Dr. R. V. Planne, Buttale, N. Y., for his "dedical advisor, it is a book of 100 pages, profusely illustrated.

BILL ARP ON HARD WOOD,

THE PHILOSOPHER QUOTES PROM DR. PORCHER'S BOOK ON TREES.

He Puts His Plowers Away—The Bartow Man Writes of Pinnts and Trees That Thrive in the South.

Bill Arp in Atlanta Countitution. Somehow I don't like inslanations, A correspondent from Missimippi instanates that I don't know very much about blackgum and sugasfras and persimmon, or I wouldn't say that those woods were good for hubs and bows and gluts. Well, since I saw his "obligated that it was the same of saw his "obligated that it was the same of saw his "obligated that it was the same of saw his "obligated that it was the same of saw his "obligated the same of same of saw his "obligated the same of same o simmon, or I wouldn't may that those woods were good for hubs and bows and gluta. Well, since I saw his "oblice tor dicta" in your paper, I asked the foremen of our wagon factory, and he said: "We used to get all the black-gun we could for hubs, for it has no grain, and you can't split it, and it makes a very fine hub, but nowadays we buy all our hubs ready made, and they are of postcak," Dr. Porcher, who is the highest authority concerning the trees and herbs of the South, anys in his book: "The wood of black-gum is extremely difficult to split, and is much used for hubs of wheels."

The first real fine stringhow I ever had was bought from an Indian boy, and it was made of the heart of massafras. He taught me how to fasten the feathers in the arrows. That bow was the envy of my except the contract of contract

and it was made of the heart of massafras. He taught me how to fasten the feathers in the arrows. That how was the envy of my schoolmates, and could send an arrow out of sight.

A dead persimmon, or one cut down and seasoned, makes a very hard, durable glut or wedge. Dr. Porcher says that the grain is of such fine texture that he has used it for engraving. I used to saw my gluts and then bevel the edges, and round the top, and my boy Bob said "dem simmon gluts beat dogwood all to pieces."

This is a wonderful book of Dr. Porcher's—a book of 700 pages, containing a description of every true, plant and shrub in our Southers land, and their practical and medical uses. It was published in 1869, and its title is, "Resources of the Southern Fields and Forests," What patient and careful investigation was necessary to produce such a book. and Forests." What patient and careful investigation was necessary to produce such a book ! Twelve years were spent in the work, and the learned doctor became a second Linneds lu his devotion to it. And yet this book is hard to flod, and I suppose is out of

And now the time has come for me

print.

And now the time has come for me to put away the flowers and there's trouble on the old man's mind. I have cleaned out the pit and arranged the shelves to my wife's satisfaction, and am now engaged in taking up the geraniums and reporting the various plants. I have to go away down to the lower part of the cow lot, and where the rich earth had gathered, and spade it up and sift it into the wheelbarrow and roll it up the hill 'lat'. A ix or Samson. My wife has a great big round sifter like the plasterers use, and after I get a load of earth and turn it out in the broad walk mear the pit, then I have to haul a load of and and sift that, and then a load of wood ashes and sift that, and then mix all together. She told me how. She watches me from the window, where she is sewing, and encourages me by telling me not to work so hard, but to stop and rest awhits. Yesterday she came out to help me, and when she wanted me to change the paim to a larger pot, and the heliotrope to a smaller one. I rebelled a little and asked her if she had noticed that yaller jackets' nest under the stone step, not far from where she was standing. The little boogers were just pouring out and in, and as soon as she saw them she shook her skirts and departed those cousts with alacrity. She wants to know her skirts and departed thuse cousts with alacrity. She wants to know why I don't destroy their nest. Well, I have tried. Time was when we ichoolboys dident want any better fun schoolboys dident want any better fun than to break up a yaller jacket's next. We fought them with brush and brooms and dirt, and killed the last one before we quit. Of course we got stung sometimes, but there is where the beroism came is. But now I have no boys—they are all girls—and so I poured hot water in the hole where the jackets went in, and it killed a few, but there are over a thousand in the colony, and they all got mad with me and ran me into the house. Then I piled up dead grass and old papers over the grand entrance and poured kerosone on it and set it on fire and killed a few more, but still I couldn't miss them. Them I got stung no the ear and that made me mad and I mixed up a pan full of mortar and moused it down into the hole and all around, and I piled up a big lot of clay and gravel on top and was sure I had them fast and would starve them to death, but next morning they had a new hole and are attending to business at the same old stand. I have put a civile of smpty flower pots around the premises to warn the children away and now I am

warn the children away and now I am waiting for further instructions from my friend in Mississippi. When I was last in Florida I pulled up a little aprout of the opponax and brought it home and planted it. It grew off nicely and we kept it in the pit last winter and transferred it to the garden last spring. It is now a boautiful little tree about eight feet high with numerous branches and I think will bloom pext summer if we can save it. I belongs to the mimosa family and its delicate leaves are quite can save it. I belongs to the minose family and its delicate leaves are quits sensitive, though not so much so as its humble cousin, the sensitive plant. Like that plant, its blooms are round tuited balls of different colors, but and like that plant, these balls shed a delightful odor. When pressed into a lightful odor. When pressed into a principle of a lady's burean they will perfect it for years. I am going to winter it with a barrel and pinetops. Then there are lemma verbenas, or citradores, that are always refreshing and delightful to the olfsotorys. We put the small ones in the pit and leave the large ones out. Then there are a variety of pretty plants whose firmers will gladden us all the winter. A greenhouse eight by sixtuen feet on he built and glassed for ten or fifteen delicars and it is always pleasing and refining to the family, especially to the wife and daughters.

ife and daughters.

And now the chrysanthemums are

budding into beauty and filling the air with fragrance. There was a time when the flowers were all golden, and hence its name from cruees, golden, but the art of the first has developed acacly all the colors of the rainbow. Then there are the tall and gasdy Texas pinks, or comes, that, like the aundower and the morning glory, will spring up anywhere and everywhere whether you want them or not. There is nothing pretile than a hed of morning glories, their frail and beautiful howers resting upon the dewy grass at sunrise. We have had a wealth of lovely roses this summer and are still enjoying the exquisite beauty of La Prance. lovely roses this summer and are still enjoying the exquisite branty of La Frace, the bride, the meteor, her majesty, the American beauty and some others. How many pretty poems have been written about the flowers if forms and James Smith's ode to the flowers is sublime. Mrs. Herman's "Bring Flowers to the Fair Young Bride" is a gem. Then there is "The Last Bose of Summer," by Moore, and "The Rose of Summer," by Moore, and "The Rose That All Are Praising" and many others. Flowers adorn the wedding and the grave. They are skin to music, and both prove the love of God to his creatures.

CHAIRMAN MANLY'S IDNA.

Thinks The People are Understand The Situation Better.

Chairman Clement Mauly, of the Democratic State executive committee, telegraphs the New York World concerning the late election:

"The chief cause which brought about the Democratic triumph of Taseday is a fuller understanding which the people have of the Chicago platform of 1890, and all that it means for the preservation of individual rights and for a retarn to national prosperity was for the reason that a freer and unpurchased expression of the people's will was had on last Tuesday and that Republican promises are false and end only in the promise. Bryan is the embodiment of the leading features of Democratic faith and their coustant unyielding champion. If he lives and is in health he will be nominated by the Democratic party for I'resident in 1900."

AN "OFF YELR." SAYS HANNA.

Me in Not Sure of Min Me-Election

NEW YORK, Nov. 4-The Evening World prints the following telegram

"They tell me I am sure of a re-elec-tion. That is all I know about it. It is an off-day, and, compared with elec-tions that usually follow presidential elections in Ohio, I think there is noth-

ing to complain of.

The weather was against the Republicans this year, and good times have made them careless.

I do not think the result has any

significance as to silver. I don't see how the Democrate can reasonably bring silver up as an issue in this state again. They did not make an issue of it this year. I hardly think the money question ought to be considered as affected either way. The results all over the country show it was an off year.

(Signed) "MARCUS A. HANNA."

The Home Paper. oro Headlight, Only those who have lived in a small town can realize the power and fascing-tion of a home paper. It occupies a place that no other publication can fill. The home newspaper comes first, al-ways. Everybody looks through every the paper." Each bit of local gossip is read and discussed. Sometimes it is a birth, sometimes it is a death, somebirth, sometimes it is a death, some-times a marriage. No matter what it in, every name mentioned is familiar to all, and for this one reason alone the home paper is prized above and beyond anything the "literary fellows" in the cities can produce. It doesn't take a great while to read the news in the home papers; there's time to read the advertisaments and the adventisament. advert saments, and the advertisements are read, just the same es the news. Every business man in every town where a paper is printed should be represented in that paper. If he is not it is he, and not the publisher, who is

Why is It?

Chuthan Becord.

When the prior of cotton dropped down to about 5 cents during Cleve-land's administration all the blame was laid on him and the Democratic was faid on him and the Democratic party. Yes, many men hitterly denounced President Cleveland, and the Democratic party and held them responsible for the low price of colton, and yet, strange to say, those very men have not a word to say against President McKinlay when cotton to a colton. dent McKinley when cotton is again down to about 5 cents a pound. If Cleveland and the Democratic par-

If Cleveland and the Democratic par-ty were responsible and were de-nounced for the low prios of cotton in 1804, why are not McKinley and the Republican party responsible and de-nounced for the same thing in 1806?

Lucal Trade-Paymers Better Off.

Lentonia Grocor. The trade of Gastonia so far this fall is about what it usually is for this meason of the year, with perhaps some increase on some lines. The demands of our friends in the country for estaof our friends in the country for esta-bles are not so large as they were in years pust, for the farmers in this country are raising more "hog and hominy" now than ever before. This is a hopeful and encouraging sign, too, for so long as we keep our smoke house in the west we may expect to have empty postet books.

J. O. Berry, one of the best known orthogo, of speaker, No. leading that he cared himself of the work of the leading that he cared himself of the work of the lead to be the lead which Hannel delta. He has been broughed with piles for over (hirry years and had used many different kinds of so-selfed cares but Dawisto was the one that did the work and he will writerly this statement if any one wishes to will writerly the statement if any one wishes to will be the care that

A CHATHAM ROMANCE.

WEALTHY PARMER MAKES LOVE BY MAIL

Rim on Thursday -If the Likes St ton the Will Marry—If the is Not Plenser She Will Go Back And Hor Would-be Hosband Will Pay All Expenses of the Trip.

alcieb News and Observer, Sch.

"All the world loves a lover."
And when that lover is good-looking, atrong of arm, with courage enough to disregard the miserable little conventionalties of life to win the woman of his choice, the world loves him all the more—even though he ha a widower of 45.

more—even though he be a widower of 45.
Such a lover is James Gilliam, a well-to-do farmer in Chatham county. At least he was such a lover pesterday. This morning he is probably a husband—and let as hope still alover, too. His bride, if bride she be, is Miss Down, of New York city.

"Jim" Gilliam, as his friends femiliarly call him, is not a rich man, but among his neighbors he has always been con-idered as one who cought to be impay. It is true that sume seven years ago his good wife died, leaving him with half a dozon healthy children on his hands. But he had a paying farm of rich land sear Pittsboro, and as his little family grew up they were able to render him great assistance in the cultivation of his erops.

In due time two of the children married; and the farm grew and Jim was not only able to pay his taxes, but to put saids a few dollars here and there entil he has become known as a man of some wealth.

If you have the children, he loved his

antil he has become known as a man of some wealth.

He loved his children, he loved his farm, he loved his neighbors. But off times, after the day's toll, he would think of the good wife, whose companiouship he sorely missed, and he would yearn for that love and sympathy that children or neighbors or fields and forests cannot give. He needed it to complete his life, and wondered dimiy would such love ever some again to him.

It was about five months ago that there appeared in a matrimovial paper a "personal" comething after this fash-

ion:

"GENTLEMAN, forty, of good family, character, reputation, appearance, fond of home and its moral influence, man of means, desires to correspond with a lady about 25, medium size, good looking, refined and honorable; view: matrimony." In reply to this several answers came

Is reply to this several answers came—some well-written, some scarcely legible; some ungrammatical and hadly spelled. Of them all, that written by Miss Down, of New York, most satisfied Jim Gilliam's ideal, and pleased his facey. He sawered the letter at once. Then another came, and snother, and snother; and faully there was one with a schetograph in it.

or, and another: and flushly there was one with a photograph in it.

It was the portrait of a tall, graceful weman of twenty-five, perhaps thirty, with black eyes and hair, and the suggestion of a sweet smile about her mouth. Now the courtship progressed rapidly, for the man liked the picture—it became his ideal, the object of his adoration.

—it became his ideal, the elect of his adoration.

Often, after the day's hard toil, he would come home, take it out and gaze long upon it. Then he toid a few of his intimate friends, and they told others and the news of the romanos went flying ou gossip's hips, until the courtship of Jim Gilliam was a delight tempered with anxiety to the entire populartion of Pittsboro and the aurrounding community.

rounding community.

The sewing codeties in the little town never talked of anything else, the preacher's sermon at the country the preacher's sermon at the country meeting-house was forgotten the mutute he finished delivering it, in the all-absorbing topic of this wonderful love-making between New York city and Chatham county. As for the men, they perched themselves on fences or lounged on good's boxes and e-coult-ted as to what Jim Gilliam's children were going to any about all his "centre." were going to say about all his "entry-on"; and whether an old man in love is a bigger fool than a young man. None of these questions were ever

is a bigger fool than a young man.

None of these questions were ever satisfacterily decided, but yesterday about noon, when Mr. Gilliam and his affanced drave out from Moncura to his place, two miles northeast of Pittsboro, it was almost like some great event in the country's history. The news had gone before that they were coming, and everybody tried to see them. Half the people condemned and half approved them.

Now there were reasons—ales, conventional reasons—why Mr. Gilliam

Now there were reasons—also, conventional reasons—why Mr. Gilliam should go slowly in this matter of joining their destinies for life. Younger hearts and warmer hearts would have acted differently, of course. They would have said: "I love you, and you love me—how can anything also matter?"

And there would have been a marriage on the synthetic series matter?"

And there would have been a marriage on the synthetic s

to keep the gostleers from Rading out until the matter was satisfed.

Failing to come at the times agreed upon, Miss Downs wrote and as plained her felay, and said that she would arrive Thursday of this week. This time she kupt her promise. She pessed through here on the Sunboard truin from Weldon, and reached Moscule about 5 o'clock. Mr. Gilliam was three wilting for her, and—is case ide services should be needed—he ised a prescript with him.

The interested parties meet the evening talking the matter over, and yeterday morning they fact for Fittatore for the young lady to see the Gilliam home.

for the young lady to see the Gilberne.

A telegram from Mondours year afternoon said it we learned Pittshore that the matter would not led by the place than or never.

Mr. Gilliam is quife a generative man, tall and summair, with it little gray in his bair. Though man, tall and summair, with it little gray in his bair. Though man, he draws well, and is a market he draws well, and is a man, in quite good-looking, weight a 190 pouncie, and speaks with a chiling Yanbee housest.

Mixed Up in Trying to Get A New York Sun, 3rd,

New York San, Set.

Yellow journalisms made a mass of it in the Tenderloin district last night.

In the younger yellow journal's hasts to best its sider rivel on the nesset of the selection two sets of "extras" were run off. One set contained a fall-page picture of Bobert Van Wyck, over which was printed, "Van Wyck is Our Next Mayor." The other set contained a full-page picture of Seth Low, with this insurption, "Low is Our Next Mayor."

Hoth sets of "extras" were put on one wagen. The driver of the wagen was told to take his stand in Twenty-third street, near Breadway, and, when he received the word, to bustle and get rid of the edition which contained the winning candidate's picture. After a walt of two hours he received a message that Van Wyck was elected, and was ordered to turn loose the Van Wyck "extras." In his haste he opened a bundle of Low "artras," and before the mistake was discovered half a hundred newsboys were lowing on Breadway that Low was elected.

No one believed the "extras" of

No one bolieved the "extra," of source, but hundreds bought them as a measurement to the everteal entered of

MR. BRYAN'S STATEMENT.

Republican Politics Are Not Buing En dersed at the Pulls-Billyor Not Bond, Chartotte News, 4th.

Chartone News, sth.

Mr. William Junnings Bryan yesterday cays out the following statement:

"The returns are so incomplete that is
is impossible to disease yesterdays
election in detail. The Republican
everywhere endorsed the Republican
administration and in view of losses
sustained by them in almost every
State, it would seem that Republican
polities are not using endorsed at the
polia. The sentiment in favor of the
Chicago pistform shows a healthy
growth throughout the country. Perhaps our opposents will now adult
that aliver is not dead. The attempt
to secure international bi-medallism to scoure international bi-metallism has proved a failure and it is now more apparent than ever that the people of the United States must legislate for the United States must legislate for theoselyes on the faractal question. Free and unlimited coinage of silver at 16 to 1 is nearer now that it was a year ago. High tariff upon a gold basis has disappointed those Republicans who looked to it for relief. Taken as a whole the returns are very encouraging. I think I volce the mustiment of Democrate, Populists and Silver Republicans, when I may the fight will be continued with even more carnestness until the gold monopoly is broken and the money trust is eyestlerown. The fuctor forces increase therown. The fuctor forces increase therown. The fuctor forces increase their percentage in Helmanta and probabily their actual majority."

Contents Grover.

Our good friend the Gazarra in its tense of the 14th, makes a timely and etrong plea for us all to suil together for the upbuilding of Gastonia. We heartily endure all it mays. It is true that Gastonia's growth is largely due to "individual effort and enterprise," but the time has come in her history that these enterprises must get leasther for their own myteal benefit and for the good of the town. Without combined action we will not be able to me cure water-works, electric lights, graded schools and many other things that are very essential. Let us have them.