THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

Devoted to the Protection of Home and the Interests of the County.

Vol. XVIII. | W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor. | Gastonia, N. C., November 25, 1897. | $1.50 per Annum, Cash in Advance. | No 47.

BILL ARP ON A CIRCUS TRAIN.

THAT'S HOW HE GOT INTO CHARLOTTE.

He Came With the Animals and Three Nice Ladies and Some Gentlemen, from Monroe, and Walked Up from the Seaboard Station—Experiences at Salisbury and Marion.

Atlanta Constitution.

"Hard, hard, indeed, is the contest for freedom and the struggle for liberty." "There is no rest for the wicked." This world is all a fleeting show and Jordan is a hard road to travel, I believe! There are other ejaculations I might utter, for of late there has been trouble on the old man's mind. You see, I was invited over here to talk to these people in a humorous and philosophic way and my wife said as the larder was getting low and the girls needed some more winter clothes, and the tax man was bobbing around and the grandchildren would be expecting something for Christmas, she thought I had better go. So she packed my valise with my best clothes and fortified me with a little drug store of camphorated oil and flannel and liver medicine and paregoric and cough drops and quinine and headache powders, and so forth and so on. We kissed goodby all round and I departed feeling like I was being driven off from home by sad necessity. I took the Seaboard Air Line at Atlanta bound for Charlotte, via Monroe, but our engine broke down at Greensboro about dark and delayed us three long, dreary hours, and when we reached Monroe it was away after midnight and the Charlotte train had gone. There were three nice ladies aboard and several gentlemen, who were greatly disappointed, but the conductor was kind and sympathetic and said there was a circus train near by that was going to Charlotte right away and if we didn't mind riding thirty miles in a cab, he would get us the privilege. The ladies said yes, and we did, too, and we climbed in. It was as dark as Erebus. We felt our way to find seats but there was nothing but some long tool boxes whose lids were hard and cold. There was no fire and the wind blew through a broken glass on the back of my head. The ladies chatted away merrily, for they were going home, but I wasn't and I couldn't chat to save my life, for I was very tired and thought of that good, soft bed at home. By and by the conductor came in with a lantern and took up our tickets and left us in the dark again. About that time the animals got restless and the lion gave an unearthly howl. You see this was a menagerie train.

"The animals went in two by two,
The elephant and the kangaroo."

and every time the cars careened about or swung around a curve we could hear some devilish noise ahead of us. "Oh, mercy," said the youngest girl, "suppose they break out!" "They will will eat the sweetest and tenderest first," said I. "Lions always do." I pulled my cloak up over the back of my head and ruminated. For two long hours we jogged along, for the train was running slow to suit the wild beasts and we were of no consequence. It was near 3 o'clock when we got to the suburbs of Charlotte and stopped. Nobody was looking for us—nobody rushed forward to meet us, no hackman—no omnibus or street cars not even a wagon or an ox cart or a darkey. The moon had hid herself to keep from seeing our misery, but we seized our grips and wraps and satchels and made a march for the electric lights. My companions soon separated from me and I marched in single file with my big valise full of clothes and the drug store, and struggled for three quarters of a mile up the long and hard sidewalk. I am not used to arc lights, and the flickering shadow of every tree and telegraph pole looked like a man in ambush who was fixing to hold me up. I had forgotten where the hotels were, and unconsciously passed them, for the doors were all shut, and there was no sign. By and by I met a policeman and he conducted me back to the hotel, and I was as thankful as I was tired and humble. My pitiful tone of voice secured me kind attention and a bed. When a man is far away from home, his warmest welcome is an inn. But I did not rest well. A 10 o'clock supper, on fried sausage and scrambled eggs and stale oysters, disturbed my corporosity, and I dreamed that the tiger got loose and came prowling and howling around the car and somehow I got a hatchet out of the tool box and lifted the young lady through the port hole upon the roof, and volunteered to defend her with my life and my scared honor. The tiger made desperate leaps to get up there, but every time he got a paw on the eve, I cut it off and let him fall back again. I don't know what became of the other ladies, but think that other wild beasts got in and ate them up. The man had all fled prematurely, but I saved the pretty girl the sweetest and tenderest, before I woke up. Who wouldn't, in a dream? What curious things are dreams, anyhow! The next trouble on the old man's mind came over him at Salisbary, where I was billed to lecture that night. On my arrival I found that august body, the Presbyterian Synod in session. Preachers and elders innumerable were scattered among the good people all over town. They were holding night sessions, and wouldn't have adjourned for McKinley or Grover Cleveland or the yellow fever or a fire. But this was not all, the Episcopal bishop was to lecture on the Holy Land, where he had been recently, and I knew that I would fall between and get smothered. Mr Marsh seemed to feel very bad, and apologized by saying that when he booked me he did not know of these meetings. "Well," said I, "saints will all go to these meetings, but you have sinners in this town." He admitted there were some. And so I went ahead and lectured, and was surprised to see before me a select and cultured audience select, and I hope elect according to Presbyterian theology.

So all is well that ends well. The next evening found me at the live little town of Marion, in western North Carolina, away up in the land of the sky. They are good people there, I know, for they filled the court house that night and gave me an ovation. The old soldiers are thick in that region, and they came out to hear me, and some of us got together and talked of old Bob Lee and Joe Johnston and Generals Early and Pender and Whiting and Hoke and Ransom and Pettigrew and Clingman and others. Their eyes watered and their hearts burned within them, and they got closer and closer together. What a people these Tar Heels are—these descendants of the Scotch! About every other name is Scotch, a McLane or McLaurin or McArthur or McSomethingelse, and then there are Alexanders everywhere and Caldwells and Carlyes. After the lecture we had a musicale at the hotel by the gifted Gruber family, who keep the hotel, Mr. Gruber and Mrs. Gruber and their seven children. I have heard much during my long life, but I never heard any better anywhere. How the old man's fingers did dance upon the strings; how sweetly did the still handsome matron sing the "Last Rose of Summer" and other old-time songs of Scotland! What delightful chords came from the piano under the touch of the young ladies of only ten summers! And when they played "Home Sweet Home," with variations I could hardly restrain my tears. I felt like we all ought to hold a seance, if we could, with John Howard Payne and tell him how the world loved him for his song. I had sweet dreams that night. I am still on the ground rounds, talking to the unpretending people of this grand old State. It seems to have got out, however, that I had joined John Robinson's circus and gone off with it. Some of these mischievous drummers told that.

Yours on the wing.

BILL ARP.

SKIN GRAFTING AT ROCK HILL.

Difficult Operation Successfully Performed.

Rock Hill Herald.

On September 22nd Miss Ellen Outlaw was the victim of a horrible accident at the Manchester Mill, whereby, her hair having caught in the machinery, the greater part of her scalp was torn loose from her head, the inner lining destroyed, and the skull exposed.

For several weeks she has been recovering rapidly. In the majority of cases where the skull was exposed, the flesh has not grown back. On November 7th, her physician, Dr. J. E. Massey, assisted by Dr. W. G. Stevens, performed a very delicate operation to restore the scalp, and, unless some complications arise, the operation will be successful.

Small pieces of cuticle, not larger than a pin head, were clipped from her arm and grafted on the flesh on the spot where the lining of the scalp was destroyed. This spot is seven inches long, and six inches wide.

About thirty of these grafts were placed on the exposed place, in rows half an inch apart, being held in position by strips of rubber tissue.

The grafts were allowed to remain six days, when the bandages were removed. The physicians at first examination were not encouraged, as only three of the grafts seemed to be in a healthy state. The next day, however about five more grafts seemed to have taken. On the third day, all of the grafts seemed to be doing finely, and the physicians think that ere long the skin will have covered the place which heretofore has been unprotected. In a few small places the flesh had not covered the skull, and while examining one of these spots, Tuesday, Dr. Massey found that the bone exposed was loose, which proved to be merely a small sliver which had been torn away from the skull. Between the sliver and the skull bone proper he found the flesh had grown back. He removed several of these slivers of bone and made new grafts, this time using tissue from the back of her head, hoping in this way to get the hair started to growing on the place where the scalp was torn off.

BUTLER'S LITTLE BLUFF.

He Fooled Some of the People, But Not Quite All of Them.

Raleigh News and Observer, 17th.

Senator Butler yesterday worked a nice little bluff for the morning train. The Senator was going off on the eastbound Southern train. There had been much said about pass-toters and some people were wondering what the Senator was going to do about it. He came in hurriedly with his bag, stepped up in the Southern Railway ticket window, took out a roll of money, handed over a $5 bill to the agent with a request to change it. While the agent was doing this the Senator shifted some other change from one pocket to another; which to the crowd behind him, who could hear nothing of what passed looked like he was putting a ticket in his pocket. Then he raked in the $5 in change, picked up his bag and hurried toward the train.

"And so the Senator is buying a ticket," said several in the crowd—but he did nothing of the kind—he rode on his pass.

Who next?"

Loose clothes and downy cushions bring only a negative sort of comfort to the woman who is suffering with some disease or derangement of the organs distinctly feminine. Loose clothes and some positions make the pain and the discomfort seem less. Perhaps the nerves are most affected and this in turn disturbs the digestion. Nothing will prove completely relieve but a radical cure. The start of so-called "female complaints may be a very slight thing indeed. It may be that in the beginning some small hygienic measures would stop the trouble. Certainly at this time, a little bit of the right medicine would stop it. When the trouble becomes worse, it is harder to cure, but still it can be cured. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will positively cure any trouble of this character. It may be absolutely relied upon. It affords lasting relief to a woman whose natural modesty has kept her from consulting a physician.

Send 21 cents in one-cent stamps to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., and receive Dr. Pierce's 1000 page "Common Sense Medical Adviser," profusely illustrated.

BIG FIRE IN LONDON.

ABOUT $10,000,000 WORTH OF PROPERTY DESTROYED.

One Hundred and Fifty Warehouses Destroyed—One Hundred Fire Engines Unable to Check the Spread of the Flames for Several Hours—The Loss Estimated at Five Million Pounds Sterling—Historic St. Giles Church Barely Saved.

LONDON, November 20.—One of the most disastrous fires in London's history since the great fire of 1666 broke out in a large block of buildings lying eastward of Aldergate street and between that thoroughfare and Redcross street, just after 1 o'clock last afternoon. The flames were fanned by a strong wind and were fed by highly inflammable stocks of Christmas fancy goods and flimsy dress materials of all descriptions, that filled every floor of the six story building in the old street. Consequently the conflagration gained headway with surprising rapidity, and was soon far beyond the possibility of being checked by the few engines which were early on the spot. For four hours and a half the flames had their own way and it was only after more than a hundred engines had worked an hour that the chief of the fire brigades received the signal that the fire was under control.

At 11 o'clock tonight the fire is still the scene of great excitement. Fifty engines are playing upon the ruins, wagons are hurrying up coal and tons of water are pouring into the debris.

The scene must occupy the fire brigade for several days, especially in view of the grave danger of the collapse of shells of buildings which fall now and again with a loud report.

The latest accounts indicate that nearly 150 large warehouses have been destroyed; while the loss will probably exceed £2,000,000. The historic church of St. Giles has been badly damaged, the principal damage being to the roof the old windows, the Baptismal font and Milton's statue.

Hamlen street was the scene of the outbreak of the fire which was started by an explosion in connection with a gas engine on the premises of Walter Brown & Co., mantel manufacturers at No. 30 on the thoroughfare. Their factory was crowded with girls when the fire broke out. The frightened operatives rushed to the roof of the building, thence crossing to other buildings and so effecting their escape while the flames were pouring out of the basement. In less than a quarter of an hour the flames had enveloped the adjoining warehouse, and thence they leaped across the street to an enormous paper warehouse which was fully alight in less than ten minutes.

By this time, it was evident to the firemen that they were face to face with a great disaster and a general alarm was sent out. Policemen also gathered about the neighborhood in great numbers. This display of strength on the part of the police was required, as the crowd, swelling in size every moment, soon amounted to tens of thousands of people and the firemen required every possible freedom of action, as their fight was one of the greatest difficulty, owing to the narrowness of the old crooked streets which are the feature of that part of London, combined with the height of the warehouses which cut off the firemen from all fair chance of confining the outbreak. The excitement among the on-lookers who crowded every possible point of view, was very great, as may be judged from the fact that firemen had to be repeatedly rescued by their comrades, by the aid of the fire escapes, from buildings which had caught fire after the firemen had mounted to their roofs to fight the flames in adjoining buildings.

The rescue of operatives by the firemen; the hurrying of hosts of clerks who were trying to save books and valuable papers from the fire, and the rushing here and there of many employees who were attempting to carry to places of safety costly merchandise or other valuables, added to the confusion. Then again the heat was so intense that several firemen were obliged to direct their operations under showers of water poured upon them.

But in spite of the exertions of the firemen, the fire crept on very steadily until Nidholl square, which is situated at the far end of Hamsell street, was reached.

At a little after 2 o'clock a dozen hose pipes, each with a twelve foot spread pouring water into the blaze from an opposite roof, from the street below and from the burning premises themselves did not seem to have any effect. The water rushed out of the windows and from the ground floor like a water fall while the flames leaped higher and higher and as the floors fell in the place still blazed—a gigantic display of fire and smoke—till the building was completely gutted and the walls knocked over.

The confusion in the streets increased as the fire spread. Suddenly there was an explosion of gas meters, sounding like the reports of field guns, followed by a momentary hush. After that the wild rushing here and there was resumed with increasing energy. Men risked their lives in desperate efforts to save daybooks, ledgers, feathers, jewelry, valuable chinaware, etc. One man actually risked his life to fetch his hat and cane, 200 feet of stone work and glass falling at his heels as he emerged from the building.

Several firemen were almost buried in burning ruins, as front after front of the flaming warehouses fell in, hurling tons of brick and masonry into the streets, bursting and cutting the fire hose in all directions, while tons of fiery matter were falling in every direction, making it impossible to foresee where the conflagration would stop, as roof after roof caught fire and window frames all about the scene began to smoke. As the afternoon wore on, the dense crowds were still farther enlarged, until it was estimated that many hundreds of thousands of people surrounded the big fire. These excited masses of humanity had to be constantly pressed back by the police as the area of the fire-swept spot increased in size, an operation which became more and more difficult as the owners and employees of the warehouse adjacent to the scene began the work of saving the most valuable portions of their portable belongings.

By dusk the picture presented was extremely brilliant. Four streets were blazing on both sides and there was plenty to interest the gambling spirit of the on-lookers, in betting as to whether or not the venerable tower of St. Giles church could stand the hail of sparks and burning fragments with which it was enveloped.

AFTER THE GREAT LONDON FIRE.

The Direct Loss Will be Under $10,000,000—Only Two Firemen Injured, and They Slightly.

LONDON, Nov. 20.—It is impossible to accurately estimate the damage done by the great conflagration yesterday, but the direct loss will probably be below $10,000,000.

Consols and India 3 per cents have fallen heavily on the belief that the losses will necessitate heavy sales by insurance companies, and most of the insurance shares have dropped 10 to 30 shillings. The Evening Standard in its financial article this afternoon says it is believed that the bulk of the fire losses will fall upon American insurance companies.

In spite of the magnitude of the disaster only two firemen were slightly injured during the work of extinguishing the flames. About 300 firms are seeking for new offices. The official reports say the cause of the fire is unknown. A large number of warehouses from five to six stories high have been burned and have partly fallen, the whole covering an area of 200 to 300 yards, bounded by Nichols square, Edmunds place, Jewin crescent, Australian avenue, Paul's Alley and Red Cross street.

The insurance agents take an optimistic view of the losses, their estimates ranging from $1,500,000 to $4,000,000. It is a fact that dozens of the burned-out firms were not insured, in some cases because they were considered to be undesirable customers, and in others because the locality has long been considered dangerous by the insurance companies. The latter assert that the sensational rumors regarding the losses have been promoted on the stock exchange in order to influence stocks.

All the historic treasures of Cripple Gate church were removed, including the records of Oliver Cromwell's marriage, Milton's burial and the deaths from the plague in 1665.

GETTING A HORSE OUT OF A WELL.

The Water Was Turned in and He Was Floated to the Top.

Hendorson Gold Leaf.

Tony Perry, a negro man living on the northern edge of town, had a peculiar and exciting experience with his horse Friday. The animal fell in a well and in rescuing him "they had a time," to borrow an expression from one who was there. It was a very large well, broad across, which no doubt accounts for the fact that the animal was not seriously hurt. And the size of it had much to do with his rescue in the way it was accomplished. As it was he fell right side up and and when discovered might have been leisurely grazing instead of walking about in the water had the pasturage been good. How to get him out was a problem. Some suggested one plan and some another. None of them seemed practical. "Dig down the side of the well," said one; "throw dirt under him, fill it up and raise him that way," another said. Finally Mr. W. W. Reavis appeared on the scene. His plan was to flood the well with water and float the animal out.

That one who knows as much about horses as Mr. Reavis does ought to know the best way to get one out of a well was conceded by all and his plan was adopted. The hose reel was sent for and a connection was made with the nearest hydrant. The nozzle was put down under the side of the animal and the water turned on. Gradually the well began to fill. The water rose to the horse's sides. Steadily the stream poured in until he was taken off his feet. He begins to float. Higher and higher he rises; up, he comes bearer the top. A shout goes up, the scheme works perfectly. A little later and the shivering, excited beast stands on terra firma, apparently none the worse for his novel experience.

While he was being led away the question was asked: "Was ever water works put to such use before?" The reply came quick: "I never heard of it if it was, but who would ever have thought of such a thing but Mr. Reavis?"

Farm Methods of Abraham in Burke.

Morganton Herald.

Within full view of the streets of Morganton and not sight miles away as the crow flies is a country where some of the farming methods are identical with those in vogue in the time of Abraham. On the top of Kaylor's Knob, one of the highest peaks of the South Mountain, is a wheat field containing nearly a hundred acres, comparatively level and of remarkable fertility. In this field on the side next to Morganton is a great flat rock which has been used time out of mind as a threshing floor. Here the wheat and rye is brought and threshed with flails, and winnowed just as Boaz winnowed his barley at his threshing floor near Bethlehem centuries ago.

The Wilkesboro *Chronicle* says Miss Minnie Parlier killed a hawk with a stick while a fight was going on in the yard between the hawk and an old hen.

Disfigurement for life by burns or scalds may be avoided by using DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, the great remedy for piles and for all kinds of sores and skin troubles. PARKER TORRENCE & CO.

"MARY ANN" BUTLER.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? ASKS TOM WATSON.

Calls Butler an Eminent Fraud—Wants to Know What Has Become of his Beloved Party.

Atlanta Journal, 18th.

Tom Watson furnished a spicy signed editorial in this week's issue of the People's Party Paper, issued to-day. The Populist leader rises to inquire what has become of his party. He says, in part:

Will some zealous believer in Mary Ann Butler tells us what that eminent fraud has done with the People's Party?

Where was it during the recent election? What figure did it cut? What was its vote?

In the off-year elections after the presidential year of 1892, the People's Party was intact, well organized, aggressive, coherent and effective. It polled nearly two million Populist votes, cast for Populist candidates running upon Populist platforms.

From north to south it was united; from east to west it knew but one doctrine and followed but one flag.

Where is the party now?

Where was it during the recent elections?

Who can say it is intact, well organized, aggressive, coherent and effective?

Who can say it cast two million votes? Who can say that it is united, that it has but one doctrine and follows but one flag?

Was it a Populist victory in Nebraska? By no means. The Democratic name covered the whole thing; the Democratic colors waved over all the troops; and a Democratic politician got the only office that was at stake—the supreme judgeship. The Pops got two miserable little college regencies that would not be called offices anywhere else on earth except in a convention where fusion tactics had made lunatics out of sensible men.

Did the Populists win any glory in Kansas? By no means. They went down in the slime of a common defeat with the Democrats—a disgraceful defeat because the fusion between Democrats and Populists was a mere corrupt bargain for the spoils of office.

"OUR PARTY GONE."

In Colorado how was it—Colorado, where a few years ago a Populist governor ruled triumphant? Democrats and Republicans united and routed the Populists who had been torn into factions by the fusion of 1896.

Our party in 1892-4-6 was growing in Virginia and Maryland. Where is it now? Gone!

Not a grease spot left in the pan.

In Kentucky how was it? Brave Joe Parker led the middle of the road fight and did it brilliantly, but with Butler knifing him all the time, he was powerless to make headway.

In Iowa how is it—the home of James B. Weaver? Less than six thousand Populist voters remain; the others are Democrats in name, in policy, in principle and in organization. As Populists they have absolutely no separate existence. The Democrats have swallowed them "bodaciously."

So it is all around. A magnificent party of two million men has disappeared. It has been swallowed up as though the earth had opened and taken it in. Such annihilation has not been known since the earthquake of Lisbon.

Will some zealous Butlerite please tell us what that eminent fraud has done with the People's Party? Has he lost it? Has he hid it? Has he loaned it out?

We trusted him with it; it was in good condition when he took it, and now we ask him:

"WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?"

What have you done with it?

You are the last one that had it. We want you to account for it.

In 1892 and 1894 we could turn to the official returns of the elections and tell to a man how many Populists voted.

Can you do it now? How many Populists voted in Nebraska to give that supreme court judgeship to a Democrat?

You don't know, and nobody on earth does know.

How many Pops voted in Kansas?

You can't tell, and nobody else can.

How many Pops voted in Ohio, in Kentucky, in Iowa, in Virginia?

You don't know, and nobody else does.

You are chairman of a once great party, are you not?

How many voters are in your party now?

You can't answer.

You miserable failure and fraud, you must go back to the tables of 1892 and 1894 before you can even guess at the Populist vote. You can't, to save your worthless life, tell what the strength of your party is to-day.

You are a nice fellow for chairman, ain't you? You're a good pallbearer—that's about what you are.

FREE SILVER NOT EXACTLY DEAD.

Bryan editors tells us that free silver is not dead yet. No, not exactly; but if it has to swallow much more medicine of the kind administered to it by the Democratic politicians in the last campaign, it's a gone goosing. The success of Democratic candidates who are gold bugs, of those who "waive" the silver question, would probably be fatal to the silver question if it did'nt have more lives than a cat.

The fact of the business is that the Democratic bosses have got about all they wanted out of the silver question They took hold of it for the purpose of destroying the People's Party with it, and with Butler's help and Allen's aid they have pretty well done it.

We look to see both wings of the Democratic party come together, and free silver the peace offering decorating the altar.

HOW TO RESURRECT PARTY.

There's just one way to resurrect the People's Party: reorganize from the ground up, and rigidly exclude from control every leader tainted with fusion—the people are all right; it's the corrupt leadership which has hurt us.

There was no abatement of the blaze before 8:30 p. m. The fire check came in Jewin street and in Wall street, where the collapse of a wall on the side of that thoroughfare was the means of saving the last building in the street. The width of Redcross street, a comparatively broad thoroughfare also found a barrier there.

At 4 a. m., a very large force of firemen and about twenty engines have been working at high pressure all night.

The constable who first detected the flames blew his whistle loudly for assistance, but several minutes elapsed before the alarm was heard by any of his comrades. So soon as assistance reached him, the officer was dispatched to summon the fire brigade. But here again there was an unaccountable delay of twenty minutes before the first engine appeared. Then the fearful dimensions of the fire were apparent and it was decided to circulate a call throughout the whole metropolitan district.

Nearly three hundred telephone wires have been cut, thus interrupting communication with many of the provincial towns. The fire will cause an enormous advance in the price of ostrich feathers, which rose thirty per cent. last evening (Friday). Two feather firms alone have lost £15,000 ($75,000.)

SHARP LETTER TO JUDGE DICK.

A Victim of the Wrecked Bank at Asheville is Embittered by Robbery and the Law's Delay—He Writes an Anonymous Letter to the Judge, and Makes Ugly Threats of Lynching.

When the case against the officers of the wrecked First National Bank came up before Judge Dick in Asheville he reduced bail and continued the case. His reason for the first was that he thought the bail excessive. The case was continued because, he said, he was unable on account of the condition of his health to try the case at the present term of court.

This action evidently failed to meet the approbation of at least one of the victim's, who wrote Judge Dick the following anonymous, letter which was given by him to the Asheville *Citizen*:

COPY OF THE LETTER.

Asheville, N. C., Nov. 8, 1897.

Robert P. Dick, Judge.

Sir:—When you had such grand conception of mercy for the families of Breese, Penland & Dickerson, the First Nat. Bank Robbers, by not only delaying their trial six months longer, and reducing their bonds to less than one-half the original amt, did it at that time once occur to your mind that many families had come to want, and that little children were going half clad, & with no shoes on their feet, all brought about by their stealing & knavery. As you have such a high sense of justice & mercy why did you not enquire into these facts. These Robbers' families are well fed & clothed & their children are attending college on their ill-gotten gains, while the poor ill-fated victims' children have to go to a free school, barefooted.

It is the same old story. If a man comes before you for making one gal. of corn whiskey he goes up in a felion's cell, while the three Bank Robber gentlemen are allowed to have freedom and liberty, enjoying the poor depositor's money. Ah, my Christian brother, this is what makes Lincolnys in our country & that is just what is going to happen in this case. If you don't before you leave the bench in Asheville, raise their bonds & set a special term of the court for a speedy trial, you will be a party to the crime by your unjust leniancy to these criminals, whose very books in their own writing will prove their guilt beyond any question of doubt. What the victims of these villians want is a speedy trial & swift justice meeted out to them, or we will take the law in our own hands & meet it at the end of a rope.

You asked if these men were poor, why, my dear sir, Joe. E. Dickerson alone has made over to his sister-in-law (Mrs. Alvey) over $35,000 worth of property & she has gone on his bond with this property, & all you need to do is to bring in her & other witnesses to prove it. Penland & Breese have theirs hid away in like manner,—besides all this money could be found if proper search was made. When you get through clearing all clouds away from their criminal sky, all their property will be turned back to them, & our money dug up from its hiding place for them & theirs to enjoy. I am one of the 500 victims who intend to have speedy justice if we are forced to take the law in our own hands.

Every penny I have ever saved has been stolen by this infamous gang, worse than highway robbers.

JUSTICE.

We victiems have but one hope and that is that you may never be permitted to cross the blue ridge again when you return home if these fellows are to have justice.

The Judge referred to the matter in court and suggested to the counsel for the defendants that if they discovered that the spirit indicated by this letter prevails in the community there had better be a change of venue, saying that "the law does not know speed in its method,—justice is strived for."

Liverpool operators are figuring that this year's cotton crop will amount to 10,500,000 bales. A representative of a Liverpool house tells the Charlotte *News* that he expects to see cotton even lower than it now is before the end of the year.

J. C. Berry, one of the best known citizens of Spencer, Va., testifies that he cured himself of the worst kind of piles by using a few boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. He has been troubled with them for over thirty years and had used many different kinds of so-called cures but "DeWitt's was the one that did the work and we will verify this statement if any one wishes to write him. PARKER TORRENCE & CO.

LETTER FROM LOUISVILLE.

A Gaston Student at the Medical College Tells of the Tribulations of the Principal of the Girls' High School—Something About the City.

To the Editor of the Gazette:

There are about 250 students at the Louisville medical college, only four of whom are from North Carolina; and we like "birds of a feather flock together."

We get anything else here but our titles. It's usually, "Ah there! you bone-scraper!" Not there'll come a time some day.

Among those who most despise us is the principal of a girls' high school near the college. Oh, the trials and tribulations of these teachers, the sorrows and worries of the faithful watchers of the lovely flock of ruschuds that pass the Medical College on their way to and from school! We are so sorry for them (?!!). The young medical students, according to the girl's statements, are bashfulness itself and would shriek if they caught any bold girl even looking at them. No sensitive plants are any more shrinking, and proprietors of dime museums are making active, nay frantic efforts to secure this rare attraction in the medical student line.

But alas, the principal of the school where the pretty girls study has a terror of young men. Every day when the girls file out of the school a stern, eagle-eyed janitor stands at the gate and keeps them in view until they get past the college. One day as the girls passed the janitor and started up the street, they were amazed to see the students seated at the side entrance of the college with their backs turned toward the street and their feet elevated against the walls of the building. Actually, they had planted themselves in this position of scorn and the girls were dumb with wonder. Naturally enough they surmised that there was an excuse for such conduct and glancing toward the corner near by they found it. There stood the principal (Prof. Bartholomew) with his arms folded like Napoleon's at the battle of Waterloo, and his eagle eye glued upon them. The students had seen him and indignant at the imputation that they would flirt with a giddy high school girl had risen and turned their backs to the street. The girls declare any suspicion directed toward these knights of the skull and crossbones is most unjust, and I fear history will soon repeat itself and we will have another massacre of "St. Bartholomew."

Louisville is strictly an up-to-date city. One frequently sees here the horseless carriages, and bicycles built for from two to ten. It has a little of almost anything any city has, I think, except yellow fever. One thing she is proud of—she elected a democratic mayor last week to succeed a republican.

One of the most exciting scenes I have witnessed in Louisville was the jump of a man from a railroad bridge into the Ohio river, a distance of 92 feet, without sustaining the slightest injury. E. E. J.

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 9, 1897.

THE COTTON PICKING MACHINE.

A Large Party of Men Witness a Test on Capt. Alexander's Farm.

Charlotte Observer, 18th.

It begins to look like the cotton picking machine is a sure enough thing. That, at least, is the opinion of a number of people who saw it picking cotton in a field on Capt. S. B. Alexander's farm to the west of the city yesterday. The visiting Elks were there in the tally-ho, and fifteen or twenty practical and successful farmers were present to pass on the merits or demerits of the picker.

The machine is drawn by four horses. One man is required to drive and the services of two men are needed on the machine. It is drawn along at faster than a ploughman's pace, and as it goes, the cotton is twisted from the open bolls and drawn into the machine, being deposited in bags. The rows, as the machine passes, are left barren of open cotton, but the green bolls are not injured.

Each test of the machine has resulted in improvements made to it, and it has now been brought to such a stage of perfection as to remove the doubts of many in the ultimate success of the picker. The owners are not yet entirely satisfied with the working of the machine, but they are satisfied that success is before them and that they will shortly put a practical and successful cotton picking machine on the market. The machine in its present stage picks cotton at a rate to beat a squad of negroes—the perfected machine will be the thing that the farmers of the South have been looking forward to.

The Encore Nuisance.

Indianapolis News.

A decided opposition is arising in musical circles to encores. It is held, and rightly, that, as a rule, they are out of place. So frequently do some people demand that the compliment they would otherwise convey is lost, while programs are greatly lengthened, to the detriment of their artistic balance and the weariness of the normal part of the audience. Some people seem to feel that they have a right to demand encores of an artist that pleases them, whereas they have got all they are entitled to when the program announced is carried out. Artists have a perfect right to refuse to grant encores, and they ought not to be considered ungracious if they do.

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