

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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

Vol. XX.

W. F. MARSHALL,
Editor and Proprietor.

Gastonia, N. C., June 22, 1899.

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Cash in Advance.)

No. 25.

A PICTURE OF PEACE.

PAINTED BY BILL ARP AS HE SITS AT HOME.

Looks at Flowers and Birds—Agrees With Bishop Heber in Saying That "Only Man is Vile"—A Plea for Orphanage.

Last midnight that same mocking bird was singing—making sweet music to comfort his mate who was brooding on her nest. This morning he is singing again and seems supremely happy as he makes his little flights upward and returns to his perch without a break in his song. There is a tiny wren not far away whose song is very short, but just as sweet, and he, too, is comforting his mate.

Down in the pasture that fronts our grove I see the milch cows grazing peacefully. In our front yard there is a hydrant and the crystal water is allowed to leak just enough to keep a little basin full and it overflowing to the grass-bidden pool where the pigeons drink and bathe, and where the jay birds and thrushes and English sparrows come and sip and go, and never contend. Sometimes the peacock wants a drink and the birds retire from his magnificent presence and await his lordship's pleasure. A neighbor's parrot has left his cage and is cawing in one of the tops. A neighbor's chickens are scratching in the leaves nearby. Freely clouds are passing overhead and give us alternate sun and shade. I hear the distant whistle of a locomotive and the trembling, rumbling sound of the train as it crosses the river bridge. I see children dressed in their Sunday clothes going happily to the city hall to take their part in the commencement exercises. Along our garden fence the variegated clematis fits their proud heads in peaceful beauty, and not far away in a row of flowering peas arrayed in rainbow colors and exhaling sweet odors to the air.

Apple, geranium and lemon verbenas sweeten the breezes at our window. Looking northward from the veranda where I sit, the distant hills are piled upon each other in regular irregularity, while more distant mountains give a background of cerulean blue to the beautiful picture. Here I am rural, and not far away in the big city, a hundred magnificent oaks stand like God's sentinels in the grove before me lifting their leafy branches toward the sky in adoration of their creator. The twining madra vine and Virginia creeper interlace the trellis at my hand and shelter me from the sun, while two dear little grandchildren are merrily swinging in the hammock not far away. There is nothing in sight this morning but peace and beauty. Innocence in the air, the sky, the fields, the trees, the birds, and flowers and children—as the good Bishop Heber wrote:

"Here every prospect pleases
And only man is vile."

Only man; not women or children, or beast or birds or flowers—only man is vile. What a contrast to the view before me is found in the columns of the morning paper, which has just been handed to me. How shocking are the big headlines that tell of a single day's misery and disaster! When, oh, when, will all these horrible things cease to be? Only man is vile. If he was made in the image of God, why should he be doing the deeds of the devil? The cost of crime is money in fearful sum. The cost of opium and prison guards and police; the cost in loss of time and labor; but this is nothing compared with the cost in grief and misery. Here is a letter that is but a sample of what comes to me in my daily mail, for the poor creatures think that I can do something.

"Lebanon, Fla.—My Dear Sir: Will you please give the name and address of some orphan asylum in Georgia that would probably take three poor little orphan girls into their home.
"Their mother is dead (died of a broken heart) and the father is in jail and has been sentenced to be hanged.
"He is much distressed about his helpless children, and begs that you get them into some orphan home. The family are of no kin to me, but I sympathize with the poor little orphan girls in their very sad condition.
"Please answer me very soon and let me know if that will be about out because they live out of my State."
"C. C. GAINES."
"Postmaster at Lebanon."
Now, Mr. Hemphill and Mr. Crumley, can't you make room for these children? May the good Lord have mercy upon them!

"What is the world coming to? The old Moral law was: 'I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children,' but the new law is: 'Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Sometimes I sigh like the poet, Geopner, and say: 'Oh, for a home in some vast wilderness, where rumor of oppression and deceit might never reach me.' When I read of murder and suicide and burglaries and arson and horrible outrages it makes me sad and then there is always something in the same paper to make me mad—some lies and slander or some northern devilment.

Governor Northern made a great speech in Boston, and I am glad it has been printed in pamphlet form, and if I was the State I would order enough of them to give a copy to every child in the State that negro school teacher in the State read a page aloud every day to his pupils until he had read it all and if he didn't read it to them and read it well and tell them that it was the truth, I would turn them out—dog on him, confound him—I am tired paying tax money to educate negroes to hate people. I don't believe there is a negro teacher in the State who tries to train the negro children in these things. Nor do I believe negro preachers are any better. A most excellent Christian lady of our town asked her colored maid the other day if her preacher ever preached about these horrible crimes that are now

shocking the good people of the State, and she said, "No ma'am; he never says anything about it." The unwilling fact is that the negroes do not think it much of a crime. And they believe the other side just as the yankees do.

Ida Wells made big money out of her lies years ago, and now she and her partners have got another speculation on the Sam Hose case, and have had hundreds of thousands of pamphlets printed that contain that lying detective story, and are selling them all over the North. They don't care a cent if it does cause more lynchings.

And this thing has got all over England. A friend of mine who lives near London, sent me a late copy of The London Chronicle, a paper as influential as The Times, and the editor copies a batch of lies taken from the late United States Howard Association report which says that slavery has been virtually re-established in the Southern States, especially in Georgia and Florida, and that all the horrors pictured in Uncle Tom's Cabin have been revived.

That the illegitimate children born in the convict camps are kept in perpetual slavery, and the female convicts are outraged by the camp officers at pleasure, and that a girl of seventeen, who ran away to avoid it, was caught by bloodhounds and stripped and flogged amid jeers. The report says there were 286 lynchings of negroes last year, and forty-seven up to April of this year, of whom all were negroes but eight. Of all these, thirty-two were accused of murder, six-teen as assault on white women, four-teen for defending themselves, two for impudence, and thirty-seven for no crime, and twenty-three for being troublesome.

The editor then says that the future of the colored race is the greatest problem that America has to face, certainly as grave as the extension of her empire over Cuba and the Philippines, and that the United States is paying a heavy debt for the sins of her fathers.

The Howard Association appeals to humanity to avert the solution by natural disaster, and says the negro trouble has become so great that it is feared the difficulty cannot be settled but with blood. Well, now let's pause awhile—I must go out into my garden and let my oholer down—I will pick beans for dinner; I will throw rocks at my neighbors chickens; I will hire a cussin man. Of all the fools upon earth an English fool is the biggest. Whose fault is that fool editor talking about? England never freed her own slaves until 1845, but that editor doesn't know they ever had any. Our southern fathers never imported any; they bought them from the yankees. Traders from England and Massachusetts, who kept up the slave trade in partnership until 1867. The last slave bought was an American vessel with a mixed crew on the coast of Madagascar.

A man told me he heard a Chicago drummer say, not long ago, that another drummer told him he heard of a Boston banker who wrote to a Chicago broker and asked him if he didn't want to put some more money in New England rum to ship to Africa. I expect they are at it yet. Why, was a very respectable business both in England and Massachusetts just as long as they could find a market for the slaves. John Newton, the poet, the sweetest of all composers of hymns the man who wrote:

"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me."

was a slave trader, and made big money out of it. One thing is certain, New England rum is still made in Boston from Cuba molasses in large quantities, and I would like to know where they ship it to and for. South America is still buying slaves from somebody. But paw, we are all brothers now, and sectional lines are blotted out! Just so—let us have peace. How sweet and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity—I'm loving everybody now—except some—I'm going to love that fellow Dammers and French and old mother Julia Ward Howe by proxy if I can find the proxy. Maybe Joe Wheeler will take the job.

Advantages Not Exhausted.

New York Journal of Commerce.

Within the first five months of 1899 definite arrangements have been made, and in many cases the execution is completed, or far advanced, for the purchase of 1,000,000 spindles and \$17,000,000 capital to the cotton mills of the South that are producing yarn and piece goods. Comprised in this are fifty new mills now in process of construction, or the capital for which has been raised, which will involve an investment of \$11,500,000 and contain about 700,000 spindles, and thirty-nine mills are adding about \$5,000,000 to their capital and 400,000 spindles to their means of production.

From 1890 to 1899 the increase in the number of spindles in Southern mills was less than 2,000,000. The greatest increase in one year was 373,000 spindles in twelve months ending August, 1896. It is evident, therefore, that even if changes of plans or other circumstances should materially curtail the present apparent increase since the first of January, the increase in the number of spindles in the past five months will still be far greater than in any preceding year and will equal a large percentage of the increase of eight years. These mills represent the production of fine as well as coarse goods, and some of them are particularly designed to produce for export. If the profits of Southern cotton mills are not what they were at first, when, perhaps, the dividend included money that should have been set apart for depreciation and renewal, and if the mills around Greenville, S. C., whose profits were referred to recently, are more prosperous than many others, it remains evident that the profits of Southern cotton mills are tempering to capital, and that the advantages of spinning the cotton near the field where it was plucked have not been exhausted. Most of these extensions of the cotton industry are in the two Carolinas.

EIGHT DAY BARGAIN SALE

AT THE

NEW YORK RACKET.

From June 22nd to July 1st,

We Offer Some Special Bargains:

In Men's unlaundered White Shirts 50 cent kind for 35 cents.
In Men's unlaundered White Shirts 75 cent kind for 48 cents.
Very good 3-4 Bleaching at 3 cents.
Some nice Colored Dress Lawns 2 1/2 cents.
5 cent Dress Lawns during this sale 3 1/2 cents.
Special cut prices on all other Lawns etc.
Some bargains in Knives and Forks, 35 cents to \$1.25

Will Have a Special Sale of Embroideries

in short lengths from one and a half to five yards. Don't miss this sale.
Big line of Table Linens from 18 to 48 cents.
Large assortment of Doilies from 25 cents dozen up.
White Linen Doilies from 60 cents dozen up.

Twenty Per Cent. Off.

20 per cent. discount will be given on all Clothing and Low Cut Shoes sold during this 10 Days Sale.
This is the time to buy your suit.
Ask to see our line of Men's and Boys 25 and 50 cent Straw Hats.

A Sacrifice Sale of Men's and Ladies' Shoes.

We have 387 pairs to go at cut price.
LOT No. ONE. Ladies Lace and Button Shoes worth 95 cents to \$1.10. We now say your choice for 75 cents.
LOT No. TWO. Ladies common sense, Coin and Sharp Toe Dress Shoes, Lace and Button all sizes 3 to 8, worth \$1.25 to \$1.40, now 98 cents.
LOT No. THREE. Ladies fine Dress Shoes in Lace and Button, Tan and Black. Regular price \$1.50 to \$1.75, now \$1.25.
LOT No. FOUR. Ladies very fine Shoes mostly small numbers, regular price \$2.00 to \$2.50, now \$1.50.
Special cut prices on Men's Fine Dress Shoes, worth \$3.00 to \$4.00; for TEN DAYS we say \$2.50.

We have a few pairs left and offer \$2.50 CHENILLE Curtains for \$2.00. Some \$2.00 TAPESTRY Curtains to go for \$1.50.

Checked Cotton Towels worth 10 cents go now for 5 cents per pair.
Ladies Taped Neck Undervests 10 cent kind for 5 cents.

We have many other bargains to offer during this sale but space will not allow us to mention.

DON'T MISS THIS SALE FOR EIGHT DAYS ONLY!

Yours For Business,

THE NEW YORK RACKET.

GASTONIA, N. C.

Shutting Out Slaves.

Money-Maker Magazine.

"Shall we stop advertising for a while now?"
This is a question that some business men are apt to ask themselves, particularly in the summer, or during what they regard as their "dull season."
Suppose your engineer asked you; "Shall I stop putting coal on my fire now?"
What would you reply?
"Why no—unless you want the engine to stop."
The advertiser who thinks of discontinuing may argue, "We have been advertising so long and so steadily that our name and specialties are well known, and we intend to advertise again when business is better in our line than it appears to be now; in the meantime our business won't stop."
No; neither will the engine stop the minute the men suspend shoveling in 1899. The point is, however, that when the engine is started again, ten times as much will have been lost in power as has been saved in fuel or feed.

Using up reserve forces never pays. It is a loss, however, it may be looked at. The buying public is prone to forget. It is, moreover, much more difficult and much more expensive to regain a lost customer than to prevent his straying away.

Last fall I sprained my left hip while handling some heavy boxes. The doctor I called on said at first it was a slight strain and would soon be well, but it soon grew worse and the doctor then said I had rheumatism. It continued to grow worse and I could hardly get around to work. I went to a drug store and the druggist recommended me to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I tried it and one-half of a 30 cent bottle cured me entirely. I now recommend it to all my friends.—F. A. BARCOCK, Erie, Pa. It is for sale by J. E. Curry & Co.

Franklin Times.
Useless tricks of moving fingers and feet when the body should be quiet are all exhausting, partly because the disposition that prompts them proceeds from wrong physical conditions. A perfectly healthy and phlegmatic person has no desire to rock ferociously or pace erratically during the execution of some small task that should bring into play his muscles save those of the hands. You often see the muscles of the feet, moved most likely, to the time of a race which is running in the mind. To condemn the slogger in toto has too long been the fashion. He has one trick that the nervously energetic might with profit emulate—that of relaxation. When you rest do it as absolutely as he.

New Receipts Worked in Boston.

Whitney Democrat.

The hands are warned out again to work on the side walks and streets in Boston on Friday and Saturday and Street Supervisor Blackburn asks us to say that all hands who are bidden on the work will be allowed to make it up on these days and those falling so do, will be dealt with as the law directs at once.

Don't Fidget.

Franklin Times.

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The Week's Hindrance.

Dun's Saturday Review.

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For Coughs, Croup, Hoarseness, La Grippe, Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, and Tar

IT IS THE GREAT THROAT AND LUNG REMEDY.

For sale by J. H. KENNEDY & COMPANY.

the new substitute for rubber. Corn rubber has almost the same appearance as the ordinary India rubber. Unlike rubber, Oil of corn, from which principally the rubber is made, does not oxidize readily. Its tendency toward oxidation is one of the principal defects of India rubber. The chemists who have been working on the corn rubber declare this to be an enormous advantage for the new product. Articles manufactured from it will always remain pliable and not crack. It is contended that corn rubber can be sold at 6 cents a pound. It can be adapted to nearly all the uses to which ordinary rubber is put, from bicycle tires to linoleum.

A Trust Highwaysman.
St. Louis Republic.
Another conspicuous example showing that the motive and purpose of trusts are not, as their apologists and dependents affirm, to reduce the prices of products to the consumer by systematizing and improving the economic production, is furnished by the tin-plate trust.

Before the highly protected manufacturing plants in the industry of making tin-plate, were merged in a trust organization, the price of their product was \$2.50 a box. Now it is \$4 a box.

Making a fair allowance for the portion of the increased price due to the rise in the cost of steel, pig iron and labor, it can be demonstrated that from 60 to 70 cents of it is increased profit to the manufacturer.

Here the article is considerably higher than it is in foreign countries. The duty is \$1.50 on tin-plate. No far from the protectionist papers that there was a loss in tin-plate production under the old price, they were filled with boasts right after McKimley's election about the revival and profitability of the industry.

The present extortionist prices extorted by the tin-plate trust are an illustration of how an "infant industry" can, under touch of the magic wand of a Republican tariff, become a trust highwaysman in a few years.

If some of the Republican papers who favor a removal of duty from articles which become the subject of monopoly by automatic rubber combine desire to prove the sincerity, let them demand that the tin-plate trust shall be included in the first edition of reform legislation.

Last week Dr. B. H. Palmer had a fine case; this week he has none. It all occurred by his owning a mortgage note. The mortgage was given 3 years ago by F. G. Briscoe, of Rutherford county, to W. B. Dillingham, of Spartanburg county, S. C., and in the mean time the note has been handed several times, finally becoming in the hands of Dr. B. H. Palmer. Briscoe alleges that Dillingham accepted a note in settlement of the mortgage, but that he failed to have it canceled. Dr. Palmer went to Rutherford to see Briscoe and while there Dillingham gave bond and took out claim and delivery papers and got the horse and sent away to South Carolina. Had he not hurried off Dr. Palmer would have notified the bond and recovered the horse. The way the matter stands it will come up for trial at the next term of Rutherford Superior Court and Dr. Palmer may be able to recover the horse or its equivalent in cash.

I awoke last night with severe pains in my stomach. I never felt so badly in all my life. When I came down to work this morning I felt so weak I could hardly walk. I went to Miller & McCord's drug store and they recommended Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It worked like magic and one dose freed me all right. It certainly is the finest thing I ever used for stomach trouble. I shall not be without it in my home hereafter, for I should not care to endure the sufferings of last night again for fifty times its price.—G. H. WILSON, Liverman, Bargettsville, Washington Co., Pa. This remedy is for sale by J. E. Curry & Co.

Probably the most important in the above list of products is rubber substitute, the substance which Chicago chemists have recently brought to perfection. This new rubber, made from the waste of ordinary yellow goods, will cheapen the price of rubber goods 25 per cent. Corn rubber must be combined with an equal quantity of Para rubber to give it general utility. Twenty chemists have been employed at the Chicago refinery for a year bringing this new rubber to perfection. The greatest difficulty has been to make a product that would resist heat. At last the chemists have developed a quality of corn rubber that will bend, stretch, and show all the resiliency of the best Para, which is the standard of commerce. In the manufacture of glassware parts of the corn, about 3 per cent, cannot be utilized. This waste is what will be transformed into

A Cord of Thanks.
I wish to say that I feel under obligations for what Chamberlain's Corn Rubbing Remedy has done for our family. We have used it in so many cases of coughs, lung troubles and whooping cough, and it has always given the most perfect satisfaction. We feel greatly indebted to the manufacturers of this remedy and wish them to please accept our hearty thanks.—Raevelt, Mrs. S. Dorry, Dan Moore, Iowa. For sale by J. E. Curry & Co.

Across the board she looks at me—
My soul responds obediently,
She is my wife, and with her eye
She tells me there is no more plea.

Wireless Telegraphy.
Detroit Free Press.
The Atlanta Journal does a little figuring on the cost of the Philippine war. We have 24,000 troops in the island, out of our standing army of 65,000. The Journal calculates that we are spending \$3,000,000 a month, or at a rate of \$40,000,000 a year to hold the territory that we paid Spain \$20,000,000 for the privilege of scrapping in. And Gen. Chas. King, who has just come back, says a much larger army than we now have is necessary to hold the islands.

Costly Investment.
Kinston Free Press.
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