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MIND DOESN'T NEED REST.

A CHANGE OF MENTAL FOOD IS WHAT IS REQUIRED, SAYS ARP.

The Barrow Philosophical Tests Show How Secure Mental Rest When We Grow Weary With Study—His Experiments.

The mind doesn't need rest, for it will not rest, but it needs a change of mental food. We cannot at will, stop thinking, but we can give our thoughts a more pleasing direction, and that is rest. And so, when I got tired and perplexed reading and ruminating about the war and the negroes and political corruption, I take a day off and commune with nature and her wonderful works, which are ever before us and around us. It is even a rest to bear it through, and to watch the gathering of the big clouds and see the big drops of rain that fall upon the steps. When the lightning flashes and the thunder stroke comes quick and sharp and near, we retire from the veranda and for a little while humbly ourselves under the mighty hand of God, and that is rest. Then let us not worry and perplex our selves all of our waking hour about things which are far off, but take shelter and comfort at home. Let us change the diet and it will rest us mentally and physically. My good father was a philosopher, and would say to me, "Now, my son I want you to hoe these potatoes, and when you get tired you can weed the onions for a rest." Prof. Mitchell, the great astronomer, told me that when his mind was weary with long and perplexing calculations and his eyes were tired of figures, nothing relieved him more than a game of whist with his wife and children. It was a delightful rest.

But my sweetest rest is a frolic with the little grandchild and listening to their innocent discourse. There are two little girls of three and five years, who visit me almost every day and climb my knees and kiss my old rough cheeks and say that I am not old nor ugly and every night I help their mother put them to bed and tell them the same old stories about Jack the Giant Killer, and the bean vine, and the wolf and the pig and the little Red Riding Hood, and what I did when I was a little boy. By and by the monotony of my voice becomes their lullaby and the little eyes close and the little heads fall over on my shoulder and they are off for the land of dreams. When the father has to go to his drug-store every night an old grandpa is a help to their tired mother, and I am thankful that I am fit for that.

I saw a pair of old-fashioned blue birds to-day, and felt like the friends of my youth, had come back. Some years ago they disappeared, and I have wondered what became of them. A jaybird with only one leg comes every day to the fountain to drink. I am trying to make a friend of him, but he is very shy and suspicious. Some cruel boy hit him with a sling shot, I reckon, for I see them sometimes in the back alley trying to get a shot at my expense. Maybe that jaybird will mean that boy in fantasy. Boys are as mean about birds as our government is about the negro. But this is a Christian country and I reckon it is all right. These pigeons that have a happy home at my house are an interesting study for the young people. We have about a hundred of them, and some of them are ever before us as we sit on the veranda. They are of many colors, from almost black to a pure snow white, and at all hours of the day they gather at the little hydrant fountain in the front yard and drink and then fly. The pigeon is the only bird that drinks in the morning or section as we do. All the other birds raise their heads and let the water run down by gravity and then dip the bill down for another drop. Pigeons do not feed their young with worms and bugs, but the old birds digest their food in their own crops into a curd and spit it into the mouths of their young. Hence it is that very young pigeons or squabs generally die when they are given away. Pigeons are not exactly polygamists, but the males have not peculiar mates and they will feed the young of any mother. In deed, they do most of the feeding. They are not gregarious. Now, let the young people hunt up this big word. They can walk, but cannot hop. Most other birds can hop but cannot walk. Of course pigeons are pigeon-toed, and so are those folks we know. A pigeon-toed girl generally wears long dresses. Then there is a language called pigeon English. It is really pidgin English, for pidgin is a Chinese word and means a mixture of English and English and of signs by which business is transacted in the ports between natives and foreigners.

The migrating butterfly is moving southward. For two weeks past one or more have been seen at all hours of the day on the wing passing through our grove. My neighbors far and near tell me they are passing their homes. It is a good, large yellow butterfly of uniform size and shape and color. They don't come in pairs or flocks, but singly and not in sight of each other. They will come and stop in the same direction and not stop a moment nor pause to suck the honey from a flower, nor I have counted them by the clock as they passed and made five in a minute through my five acre grove. That makes 300 in an hour or 3,000 in a day. If, then, we count 600 to an acre in a day 100 acres would make 60,000. Ten thousand acres would make 6,000,000 for a single day. How many more acres do they pass over and how many more days? Think of it, and the books say they are going south to winter and die. They had their eggs up north before they began their long journey. From observation I should say they average forty miles a day. It is not a rapid flight, but is unbroken. What a singular creation is this and who can tell why and the wherefore. Nature is full of mysteries and wonders.

ROBT. E. LEE'S RESIGNATION.

Full Text of His Letter to President Davis After the Battle of Gettysburg.

A volume of war records now in course of preparation at the war department will settle the controversy whether General Robert E. Lee tendered his resignation after the battle of Gettysburg. The reply of Jefferson Davis declining to accept the resignation has been a matter of common information, but the character of the letter in detail which called out this reply has been a matter of inference only until recently.

The letter of resignation of General Lee will be first printed officially in a supplemental volume of the war records which is now being prepared. It is given herewith in its entirety:

Camp Orange, Aug. 3, 1863.

"His Excellency Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States:

"Mr. President—Your letters of July 28 and August 2 have been received, and I have waited for a leisure hour to reply, but I fear that will never come. I am extremely obliged to you for the attention given to the wants of this army and the effort made to supply them. Our absence is returning, and I hope the earnest and beautiful appeal made to the country in your proclamation may stir up the whole people, and that they may see their duty and perform it. Nothing is wanted but that their fortitude should equal their bravery to insure the success of our cause. We must expect reverses, even defeats. They are sent to teach us wisdom and prudence to call forth greater energies and to prevent our falling into greater disasters. Our people have only to be true and united, to bear manfully the misfortunes incident to war, and all will come out right in the end.

"I know how prone we are to ease, and how ready to blame others for the non-fulfillment of our expectations. This is unbecoming in a generous people, and I grieve to see its expression. The general ready to see the want of success in a military commander in any removal. This is natural and in many instances proper. For, no matter what may be the ability of the officer, if he loses the confidence of his troops, disaster must sooner or later ensue.

"I have been promoted by these reflections more than once since my return from Pennsylvania to propose to your excellency the propriety of selecting another commander for this army. I have seen and heard expressions of discontent in the public journals at the result of the expedition. I do not know how far this feeling extends in the army. My brother officers have been too kind to report it, and so far the troops have been too generous to exhibit it. It is fair, however, to suppose that it does exist, and success is so necessary to us that nothing should be taken to secure it. Therefore, in all slowness, I request your excellency to take measures to apply my piece. I do this with the more earnestness because no one is more aware than myself of my ability for the duties of my position. I cannot ever accomplish what I myself desire. How can I fulfill the expectations of others? In addition I sensibly feel the growing failure of my bodily strength. I have not yet recovered from the attack I experienced the past spring. I am unable to exert more and more incapable of making the personal supervision and giving the personal supervision to my operations in the field which I feel to be necessary. I am so dull that in making use of the eyes of others I am frequently misled. Everything, therefore, points to the advantages to be derived from a new commander, and I the more anxiously urge the matter upon your excellency from my belief that I am ready to be replaced. I know that he will have as patient and brave an army as ever existed to second his efforts, and it would be the happy day of my life to see at his head a worthy leader—one that would accomplish more than I could perform and all that I have wished. I hope your excellency will attribute my request to the true reason, the desire to serve my country and to do all in my power to insure the success of her righteous cause.

"I have no complaint to make of any one but myself. I have received nothing but kindness from those above me, and the most considered attention from my comrades and compatriots in arms. To your excellency I am especially indebted for uniform kindness and consideration. You have done everything in your power to aid me in the work committed to my charge, without omitting anything to promote the general welfare. I pray that your efforts may at length be crowned with success and that you may long live to enjoy the thanks of a grateful people.

"With sentiments of great esteem, I am, very respectfully and truly yours, "ROBERT E. LEE, General."

Mr. Davis wrote, declining to accept the resignation, and General Lee remained in command until Appomattox.

A WONDERFUL CURE OF DIARRHOEA.

A Prominent Virginia Editor Had Almost Given Up, but Was Brought Back to Perfect Health by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

From the Times, Henric, Va.

I suffered with diarrhoea for a long time and thought that I was past being cured. I had spent much time and money and suffered so much misery that I had almost decided to give up all hope of recovery and await the result, but noticing the advertisement of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and also some testimonials stating that some wonderful cures had been wrought by this remedy, I decided to try it. After taking a few doses I was entirely well of that trouble, and I wish to say further to my readers and fellow sufferers that I am a hale and hearty man to-day and feel as well as I ever did in my life. O. R. MOORE. Sold by J. E. Curry and Company, Druggists.

THE SOUTH IN 1900.

The Next Century Will Place the South in Advance of Any Country on Earth, Says South.

It requires no especial ken to see a complete victory for the south by 1900. A people able to maintain itself against avicious encroachments for nearly a hundred years, is too powerful to weaken in the home stretch, as it were.

The south lacks only the element of adversity, unaccountably; and if her press will devote its powerful influence in behalf of unity of her people, no possible task will be too great for her. What may be achieved by her people if they unite is only limited by the capacity of her resources, which all confess are unequalled by any portion of the globe. A few figures will serve to show something of her ability to accomplish vast results. By the south I mean the eleven states, Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia; bordering territory, Maryland, Missouri, Kentucky, and West Virginia, seems to have taken somewhat a mixed sentiment lately.

Recently the Texas papers estimate the annual production of wealth of that state at about three hundred millions of dollars, and that by other ten states one hundred millions per year each, and we have ten hundred millions to add, or thirteen hundred millions of dollars per year for the south. The south has about fifteen million population, therefore, its wealth production is about eighty dollars per capita per year.

This great wealth is derived from cotton and its products, grain and its products, rice, sugar, tobacco, fruit, vegetables, etc.; stock farm products, lumber, mining minerals and manufactures; merchandising, transportation, etc. is not counted, nor is the master of internal improvements, buildings, etc., counted.

Here is the south's weak point—her infidelity fully. She lyses her wealth upon others. Let us consider what the south spends annually. For her fifteen millions she requires (or rather spends on an average per year) a hundred million pairs of shoes and hosiery, five hundred millions of caps, three to five hundred million yards of dress goods, four to five million yards of clothing per yard, twenty-five million suits of clothes, hundreds of millions of yards of white goods, woolen clothes, flannels, etc., millions of buttons, needles, thread, etc., millions of toilet articles, millions of gloves, ribbons and long line of "shopping"; our farmers use in agricultural implements, tools, wagons, gear, etc., millions of articles; our factories consume in various appliances, supplies, etc., millions.

We use millions of gallons of paints, oils, driers, etc.; thousands of pieces of jewelry, clocks, watches, etc.; tens of millions of cigars, harness and stable fixtures; in our homes millions of dollars are spent in china, glass, plate, cutlery, etc.; besides supplies of linen, curtains, carpets, tapestries, stoves, etc.; we buy millions of dollars of furniture generally; our municipal governments are constantly increasing expenditures for waterworks, fire apparatus, transportation, etc.; engines, boilers, electric apparatus, etc.; hotels, churches and amusements are being demanded millions of building material, our railroads and transportation lines consume millions in construction materials, equipment and operation; our universities, schools, colleges, etc.; consume millions of books annually for which fabulous prices are paid to alien publishers and the books are written by aliens; we pay millions of dollars for insurance, life and fire, to alien companies, and do not receive any appreciable return. The wealthiest portion of the Union is the south, pays the premiums on life insurance, high and precarious. We pay millions of dollars for table supplies, nearly all of which could be produced south.

Thus is shown what becomes of the money annually earned in the south, and of these enormous purchases it is safe to say the south produces scarcely one per cent as a whole, whereas, she could produce and manufacture nearly every article she consumes and thus keep the millions of money at home.

The south lyses her wealth on others every other portion of the Union. The south has built the Union's wealth in a great measure.

The agriculture of the south has been the mark and target for the avarice of the world. The south has built the northern cities, factories and schools; she pays tribute to every portion of the Union. The grandeur of Fifth Avenue and the "Back Bay" district, the splendid array of hostilities throughout the cities, the bill and slouch of Wall Street, and a hundred other shining results of money, obtained from the broad, sunny acres of the south.

The situation is not pleasant to contemplate, and to correct the fast encroaching avarice is a problem only answerable in one possible manner and argument.

The south must combine and manufacture her supplies from her exhausted natural resources and raw materials. She must handle her crops—more her terminals from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, etc., and establish communication with foreign countries direct from her ports.

She must open wholesale establishments in Atlanta, Galveston, New Orleans, Mobile, Norfolk, Savannah, Charleston, Wilmington, Jacksonville, Vicksburg, Montgomery, Nashville, Richmond, Memphis, Little Rock, Dallas, etc. What we mean by wholesale is wholesale on a broad scale. She must deal at home. She must move her goods in the south from a pin to an iron steamer. She must resolve to hold her family of slaves united, not as against the world,

BEST GUN WORK OF THE WAR.

Blattens Held Their South White Victory Blue Redoubtable Frontier.

Perhaps the best bit of gun work of the war was executed by Lieutenant Victor Blue of the Swamuck. It was at Aguduros one morning in June. Half a dozen Yankee ships, including the USS, Admiral Sampson's flagship, had been bombarding the Spanish positions in the hills, which fringed the shore, without any other result than to smother the enemy's fire, when the signal "come firing" sounded from the New York. The position of one of the Spanish batteries which had been successfully active in replying to the Yankee volleys, though without doing any damage, was marked by a red and yellow flag, which would easily be seen in the clear morning atmosphere. The staff from which this flag floated was fixed in a solid pier of masonry, the top of which showed above the ridges that protected the Spanish guns and gunners. Blue was preparing to take a canoe as the flag with the order came. He stepped to Lieutenant Commander DeLahanty, who was in command of the Swamuck, to let him go on and cut the flag down. DeLahanty's desire to see the thing done was as true as Blue's desire to do it. He asked permission of the flagship to go ahead.

"Come firing," was the necessary signal repeated from the flagship. "The gaffer's no go," he said to him. "The admiral says we can't do any more shooting."

"But I can cut it in three shots," protested Blue.

DeLahanty pursed his lips and squinted wisely at the fainting red and yellow bunting. "I hate like the devil to see you go," he said half to himself, "but I'll do it." Back flattered this signal to the flagship:

"Cut out the flag down in three shots."

For several moments there was no reply. The admiral seemed to be considering the Swamuck's proposition. Every eye from the Swamuck and from the other ships, which had seen the exchange of signals, was fixed on the flagship. Finally the admiral's signal, "All right, if you can cut it down in three shots, go ahead," was displayed.

The signal was received with a cheer on the Swamuck which several of the boats echoed. Then the attention of the fleet became riveted on the Spanish flag. Blue bent over his gun, adjusted the sights, shoved a charge ridge into the chamber, and closed his breach. For the fraction of a second he glanced down the barrel. Then there was a sharp report. The faraway flag suddenly twisted around the staff. Then it slowly unwound and two yellow pennants fluttered in the breeze. Blue's shot had cut the top of the pole in the center which bore the Spanish coat of arms.

"A corker, Blue," shouted DeLahanty from the bridge. "Try again; but remember that you were a little high that time. Dress up your piece a bit."

Blue readjusted his sights, and again his gun spoke. This time a cloud of dust rose from the base of the flagstaff, which issued over. It was quickly righted by one of the Spanish gunners.

"Bit low and too far to the left that time," said DeLahanty, examining the effect of the shot carefully through his glasses. "You knocked a corner of the pillar the staff is fixed on. Take more time with your next shot. It's the last, you know."

Blue was fully a minute arranging for the next shot. Every man on the Swamuck held breath, and every eye was fixed intently on the faraway yellow streamer which still fluttered defiantly. Blue fired and down came the staff, clean in two at the middle.

DeLahanty started to say something commendatory; but his voice was drowned in the deafening yell which arose from the Swamuck's crew. The yell was caught up on the other vessels one by one, the crew of the New York finally joined the chorus. As the cheering died away the signal, "Well done, Swamuck," fluttered from the admiral's flagship and the incident was closed. The range at which Blue did this bit of shooting was 2,600 yards.

Mr. DeLahanty, however, Mr. DeLahanty announced from the pulpit that Mr. Gray and Mr. Davis had given these claims to the Church, and had surrendered the papers, to which he touched a match while the congregation sang the doxology.

The Oakland High School finished its most successful year in June, and the present session opened on last Monday with an attendance of 110. Mr. J. H. Spurr, the Principal of the school, and his assistants of last year, Mrs. Fleming, Miss Handriess, Mrs. Little and Miss Shuford, were all retained, at increased salaries, for this year's work by the official board of the Church. The board thought that this faculty could hardly be improved upon, and in that opinion the Church most heartily and unanimously concurs.

TOBACCO—A FABLE.

The Gaily Man finally accented the Other Man.

"How long have you been addicted to the tobacco habit?" the Gaily Man demanded, with brusquerie, hitting his sense of retribution.

"Forty-six years," answered the Other Man, heavily.

"Do you see that twenty-story building?" asked the Gaily Man.

"Yes, sir," the Other Man replied.

"If I had saved the money I have spent for tobacco, I might own that building, merely, or two or three like it, at most. But, fortunately, I learned to use tobacco, so that now I have but to stoke a 10-cent pipe in my face and I own the earth!"

This false teacher—but that is another story.

HAZARD COLLECTIONS.

A News Model That Shows How Many in Danger to Their Lives go to Those With Bills.

The habit of making collections is the title of a courageous and timely editorial from the Petersburg Independent, which we deem worthy of reproduction in full. It is a presentation of a matter that concerns every business man, and we call on him to think in future. Not only do men in every walk of life criticise and treat rudely an agent or employe who is merely discharging an honorable duty for which he is employed, but in most cases the nagging individual would not dare to talk so rudely or disrespectfully to the principal. If he did he might forfeit his credit with the firm. It is not only rude, but it is cowardly to abuse a wrong man who has merely conscientiously discharged a bill. Another children, diametrically opposed to some people to whom a bill is presented is to find fault with the goods purchased, not to the dealer from whom they were bought, but the collector. One would suppose that the obligation was on the side of the merchant presenting the bill, judging by the conduct of the creditor. The Independent is in fact, which we commend to all eyes.

"That vicious habit of nagging collector who present bills for settlement is much more prevalent in the business world than is generally supposed. There are some unfortunate individuals who seem to be incapable of paying a bill without indulging in some scolding and offensive remark, not always directed at the collector personally, but nevertheless the collector has to feel with every question on his own merits, and not to vent his spleen on one person to gratify his resentment against another. Such men will never succeed, and their efforts will only bring them an outcast of hell on the earth with a fraction of it perhaps hereafter."

"Collections are a very important part of the complicated mechanism of business. They are generally young men who are making their way up the stage of life. They have come in to the business world from a social atmosphere of refinement and courtesy, and are naturally shrewd and somewhat times perturbed by exhibitions of beastliness where they should find gentility and meekness. Their institutions are as quick as their consciences, and they rarely fail to size men up for what they are worth. They see the coming man of the mart, destined to be successful, and they will not let a business manager miss a chance to see the purports of the business world and they never forget the first impression you made on them and that first impression may cost you many a good turn before you get over to the great majority."

"Now there is another thing that should be remembered in this collection. The man that pays the collector's bill is the man that has restored the favor. According to any proper rule of business ethics, or common justice, he should have received the money himself or sent it to his creditor. But when the creditor needs a police and well-dressed young man to collect the bill, especially after he has previously delivered the goods to the debtor's door, it would seem to be a matter of the highest obligation on the debtor's part to pay his bill firmly on whatever the price that may be charged by the collector. It is doing him the favor of bringing his money to him, and he should have received it. It is in good policy, prudence and progressive to do so. If you have a grievance, real or fancied, and if you must make an admission of yourself, and see the man and have it out with him. Maybe he is the same sort of fellow you are, and then it will be Greek meet Greek. But remember that the collector is a gentleman, and deserves consideration as such."

Washington News.

It is the things we do not do that make us weary of life. Nearly anybody is at ease of himself as he reads these people's letters. A singular disposition is seen in those who can continue to hope for something which it knows won't happen.

Sometimes when we are most puffed up over the idea of our shadow we are standing in our own light. Whether a man is a drunk or eccentric depends much on his importance as a part of the social machine. When a man becomes possessed of the idea that he is a philosopher, it is pretty hard to get him to think to advance his own interests.

Are grand, but this fragments and bits of his, Old's Armory Salvage Company, also Old's Armory and Seven Stars, Ulster, Berlin, Felsen, Crown, Warts, Oaks, Brazos, Burns, South, Chapped Hands, Chubbins, Best Pills cure on earth. Drive on Pains and Aches. Only 25 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by J. E. Curry and Company, Druggists.

If you are pleased with Ten Gallons tell others, if not tell us.

The great success of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in the treatment of these complaints has made it stand out as the greatest part of the civilized world. For sale by J. E. Curry and Company, Druggists.