

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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W. M. GIBB,
Editor and Proprietor.

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No. 48

KNOXVILLE CITY MILLS FLOUR.

The following Stores in Gastonia sell Knoxville City Mills Flour under the brands opposite their names:

GRAY & LOVE
ELITE GROCERY
T A HENRY
R C McLEAN
V G GRIER & CO
REID & HOOD
McDILL & MILLER
S E McARTHUR
EDWARDS BROS.
RANKIN BROS.
RANKIN & CRAIG
B G RHYNE
W T STORY
I L SMITH
S M PEARSON

ROLLER KING
NEW SOUTH
" "
WHITE ROSE
NEW SOUTH
DIADEM
NEW SOUTH
" "
" "
MAJESTIC
DIADEM
NEW SOUTH
SUNBEAM
MAJESTIC
NEW SOUTH

Ask for one of these brands. Insist on getting it. It is the best.

--"Every sack warranted."--

J. FLEM JOHNSON & CO., Agts.

ARP ON OLD ROAD.

BILL TAKES TRIP FROM ATLANTA TO AUGUSTA.

Brings up Some Memories—Georgia Was the First Road He Ever Traveled Over—Arp's Father Helped Build It. Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

Some sad and some sweet memories came over me as I journeyed on the old Georgia Railroad from Atlanta to Augusta. It was the first railroad I ever saw and traveled on. My good old father was one of the original stockholders. He subscribed \$5,000 and paid it as it was called for. In those days roads were not built on bonds or questionable, mysterious schemes. There was no preferred stock or income bonds or first and second mortgages, but everything was simple plain and honest. I have great reverence for road. I lived in Lawrenceville while it was being built. Stone Mountain was our nearest depot, and it was there I first ventured to board a train as I journeyed to Athens. How solemn, how inspiring, was that ride. I remember that it seemed to me that the trees and forests and farms and habitations were all moving swiftly backward, while the train seemed to be still and quivering on its track. I had the same feeling the first time I ever went up in an elevator. It was at the Olney House. In New York and I was not conscious of going up, but thought the hotel was rapidly descending into some subterranean cavity. Young people nowadays have no such experience. They do not remember the time when there were no railroads or telegraphs, crossing machines or cooking stoves, or matches or steel pens, or therefore they cannot appreciate or be grateful for the blessings they enjoy.

As we neared Stone Mountain and I looked upon its bald majestic summit I was carried back in memory to the delightful days of my youth, when nearly sixty years ago the mountain was our trysting place and boys and girls journeyed there sixteen miles from Lawrenceville and spent a happy day and while there and on the way we revelled in love's young dream and eyes looked love to eyes that spoke again. I remember when there was a tower on that mountain top—a tower 180 feet high, whose slender top did sometimes touch the clouds, and it was built by Aaron Child whose very name made him a fitting architect. It was the first skyscraper ever built in Georgia. I re-

member the delightful day when a brunette lassie with hazel eyes and Indian hair ascended those winding stairs with me and as we sat together on its dizzy pinnacle I thought I was a little peerless heaven than I had ever been before. Under pretense of shielding her from harm, I half enclosed her with my arm and the palpitating lace upon her bosom told me how fast her heart was beating and there almost in the clouds we kissed. I remember when one winter night the storm came and the rain descended and the winds blew, and that tower fell and great was the fall of it. I remember when there was a fine hotel at the base of that mountain and one night there was a ball on the spacious dining room and "bright the lights shone, o'er fair women and brave men" and for the first time I saw that queenly girl whom the boys called Becky Lattimer and whose dashing beauty drew them to her as molasses draws flies. Her father lived not far away, a substantial farmer, and a few years later "our Becky" Mrs. Babcock Felton, the wife of the learned and eloquent doctor of Cartersville. I remember when that great solid mountain of granite seemed larger—yes much larger—than it looks to be now, for I was young then and nature had not begun to shrink with me. Everything is smaller now and every year gets smaller still. As Pope says of the dying Christian, "The world recedes—it disappears," and so it will to those who die of old age. Tom Hood expressed it beautifully and pathetically when he said:

I remember, I remember the fir trees dark and high,
I used to think their slender tops were
clones against the sky.
But now I'm growing older and find it
little joy

To know I'm farther off from heaven
than when I was a boy.

I remember that historical town called Madison, where many of my college mates lived. They were all gone now, not one is left to comfort me in my declining years. It was here I saw this railroad when I was a boy of fourteen and it was completed to Madison. What a sensation of wonder and alarm as I looked at the huge levitator that came puffing down the track with a train behind it. My father had to hold my hand for I trembled lest it should jump the track and kill us all. My father was proud of that road—proud because he helped to build it. He kept that stock for twelve years without receiving a dividend. The stock went down, down, down, till it reached its lowest point in 1869. It

was then worth only 37 cents on the dollar but he had faith and clung to it with hope. About that time a commercial revolution—a crisis—a panic—came over the country and to save his mercantile credit he was forced to sell his stock. It distressed him and grieved my mother, but he said there was no help for it. The stock must go. I remember the night he came home and told my mother that the stock was gone—he had sold it to Judge Hutchins for 37 cents on the dollar—the stock that he had paid 100 cents for twelve years before. Father was sad and the tears fell on mother's cheek and none of us cared for supper that night I sat down by mother's side and took her hand in mine. "Mother," said I, "you must not feel so bad about that stock. Let me tell you a secret. Last night I proposed to Octavia Hutchins. I asked her to marry me and she said she would and we have lived the time—the 7th of March—and in less than three months I'll get that stock back and it will be in the family again. Now don't you tell, but you mustn't cry any more," and I kissed her on the cheek and said, "Mother, Mr. Shakespeare says, 'All's well that ends well.'" But my dear mother was a woman and women like to tell an intimate friend what I said about getting the stock back and that friend told another woman in confidence and the confidence kept spreading and spreading until the engagement and the stock matter got out the village and at last to Judge Hutchins. I was mortified and alarmed, but my affianced stuck close to me for she was dreadfully in love, though she dotes it to this day. In due time we were married and were so happy we didn't want any stock or anything else hardly. A few days after our marriage, as I was passing his office the stern old judge called me in. He unlocked his iron safe and taking out a paper, said to me, "I heard that you told your good mother that you were going to marry Octavia and get that stock back. Did you tell her that?" I was intensely alarmed, but the George Washington I would not tell a lie. "Yes judge, I did," said I, "but I didn't mean it." "Well," said he, "I thought that if you were determined to have it I had best hand-give it to you now," and he handed me the certificate with the transfer already written. I don't know what I said, but he enjoyed my embarrassment. What a consideration man he was. I remember that a few months after he sent six of the family across up to our house one morning before we got up. We heard them talking on the

front steps and my wife asked me to get up and see what they wanted. They informed me that old master told them he had given them to us for when Miss Octavia got married they were wise to live with her. That was the usual patrimony of slave owners to their children. We had no use for them and sent them back with a kind note begging the judge to keep them for us a while longer. Some years after that Mr. Lincoln set them free and to tell the truth I am glad of it for they were always a care and an expense.

Now, while I write our train has reached Union Point and I remember when we college boys used to tandem male train from here to Athens. It was an all day journey, for it took us eight hours to make the forty miles but we rode on top and had lots of fun and plenty of good things to eat that our mothers had provided. Yes, I love to reminisce about those good old times when everything had a rosy hue and we wrote love letters to our sweethearts and revelled in love's young dream.

There seems to be a campaign just now against the pretty girl, and we're bound to have our say in the business if the roof drops. The pretty girl, as a rule, is just a dressed-up signboard that will flirt for hours with an addle-pated member in a clean paper collar, but if a young man with a solid lining to his head starts talking she'll give about two square inches of yawn every five minutes. Of course, we only write this out of spite, because we are as honestly as a used up bath brick, and the last time we engaged a pretty girl with our well-known brilliancy of wit and conversation, she had to own that if she hadn't had her pug dog with her she'd have felt quite lonely.

EDUCATING A HORSE.

Patience and Skill Required to Train Him For The Saddle.

New York Mail and Express.

The approach of the National Horse Show at Madison Square Garden has once more centered society's somewhat feeble interest on the horse, and the snobishness are now busy putting the finishing touches on their prospective winners. In this connection a few words to the advantage of a well-trained saddle horse over a green one and the methods employed in training, may not prove amiss.

The printed considerations by which awards are to be made at the coming National Horse Show read: "Saddle horses (must be practically sound) to be judged by their quality, manners, and ability to carry the weight specified in their respective classes; manners to count 50 per cent. The required pace are a free, open walk, square trot and an easy canter. Nothing is demanded of form, or correct way of going, and in this respect only an objection be made to the list of requirements.

The National Horse Show Association has so advanced the type of saddle horse in education and individuality that the "eye and jaw" animal which required a quarter of an acre on which to turn, is no longer dignified by the name. Now a saddle horse is one that can be ridden with a light hand on either the curb or snaffle, or both. He should guide by the seat, be responsive to heel and hand, so that he can be readily collected and made to go in form. A well-trained horse goes without pulling or yawning his head, and can walk well and fast, trot handily, fling both knees and hocks at equal height, thus giving ease in posting and not tiring the back. The horse should sit off on a quiet, easy canter when asked—any horse can gallop—and lead with either foot at the will of the rider. If these characteristics can be found in connection with a finished conformation, one might say that he owned a typical saddle horse.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE MOUNTAIN AND THE HILLS.

The Difference Between the Mountain and the Hills.

The difference between the mountain and the hills is a matter of degree. The mountain is a high, rugged peak, while the hills are low, rolling slopes.

Both had chosen a point of vantage at the still counter, where they could see every one who entered, and from five minutes before twelve to ten minutes after, Mr. Marshall was every one's center of gravity. He was married by his profession—looked at his watch on an average of twice a minute and knewed his minutes continuously and so arranged that the clockwork in his immediate vicinity edged away and watched events curiously.

It is a well-known fact that horses which have always been mounted from the left, or usual side, become very frightened when mounted from the right side. To offset this the horse is taught to stand while being mounted from either side. He is also familiarized with the entrance, an object he is sure to see, and at which many horses become alarmed.

A woman's saddle horse is the most difficult to obtain, however great a price one may be willing to pay, because the horse must approximate perfection. Not only is the side seat and her comparative lack of strength, a woman has but little control over a horse, thus rendering it imperative that her horse should be of even temper, with great courage and patient manners, a light mouth and a true and level trot, so that she can post easily or sit alone, as she may choose.

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