

# THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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

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(Six Columns)

No. 1

## ARP AND CHILDREN.

### BILL LIKES TO SEE THE LITTLE ONES AT PLAY.

All Love Their Grandpa—Ary Goes a Great Many Wonderful Things in Life, and Does Not Rest for a Moment.

Bill Ary in Atlanta Constitution.

These little chaps alarm me—alarm me with their innocence, their happleness, their love, for I have a foreboding that it cannot last. Life is full of sorrows and they will have their share. It is the common lot. One melancholy poet says: "Man was made to mourn."

Another says: "I would not live always, but I like that one better who wroth." The words are very quaint. Oh, My God, I thank thee that I live!

From my window almost every day I see two little girls, only four and six years old, turning the corner and coming up through the grove to see grandpa and grandpa and be petted and of course, be treated with biscuit and jelly and apples and to nurse the oat and play with their little cousin's five Paris doll.

They always come hand in hand and with clean faces and ribbed hair and we meet them at the door, for they bring subsides to our hearts and home. I love to have them climb into the trunk of my big chair and tuck me while I write, and I have to stop and draw pictures for them and to bear the little one call me her good old for nothing grandpa. The other day I met them going another way and they said they were going to see their father's grandma. "Yes," said I, "you have two grandmas, but you haven't got but one grandpa." The little one looked up lovingly to me and said: "We don't need any more." I bought a fine turkey for the boys who are coming and the little girl surveyed him and said: "Grandpa, is he running at the nose and it's bloody?" It was the older one who made the turkey is sick. I reckon, for she keeps saying.

Deus Sicut was a cry and had no love for children. He said that an author who talked about his own books was as silly as a mule who was ever telling something smart about her children. I reckon he would say that grand parents were more silly than mothers. I confess that it is a good part of my happiness now to mingle with and to pet the little grand children and that is why I feel alarmed for anything that would deprive me of them before I die or that I will die before they get old enough to love me with a love that will not forget, and I think of Tom Moore and his gentle that died. I don't know where my spirit will be but it seems to me now that I would like to have these little ones bring flowers to my grave sometimes and talk about me. What would the world be without children, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. Not imagining for a moment the demolition, the despair that would pervade the home and society and trade and commerce—not a day school in all the land nor a Sunday school, nor a little shoe or stock, nor a little hat, nor a doll or toy in any store; no castoria or soothing syrup or other infantile medicines; no fireworks, no Christmas, nor Santa Claus, no nothing, hardly, for it is a fact that the world is nothing for children. The cry that this is many a failure. Suppose it is in many cases. Children are not failures. Divorces may stifle the love of man and wife, but they still love the children and contend for the possession of them.

Good schools build up towns and communities and the children make the schools. Country people move to towns to educate them. What would become of the 4,000 teachers in the state of Georgia? What would the publishers do with all the school books and picture books? Who would go to a picnic or a monkey show? What excuse would men folks have for going to the circus? What would it be a lonesome, no account world?

But marriage is not a failure. It could not be, for it was ordained by God. One or two unhappy marriages is a community and all the dogs barking. Divorces are multiplying, but only among the very rich or the drunk on one. Money and whiskey are the cause of most of them and in some cases out of ten the man is to blame. There is but one scriptural ground for divorce and nine men are guilty of that to one woman. Poor, long suffering woman! How silently, secretly and sadly you have to endure what you know, but cannot tell, and all you can do is to try your children all the blame to your bosom and trunk in God.

I am running about children because I am away from my home and on my way here I passed a country school house just as the children were pilling out for recess and they came like bees out of a hive. As long as the train stopped at that station I watched them at their merry plays and sports in the pretty grove near by and I almost wished that I was a boy again so that I might join them. God gracious, how I could run and jump and climb and shout; how long and happy was the day.

"The sun 'n' rose a wink too soon, 'Tis brought too long a day, But now I oft wish the night had had home my breath away!"

Tom Hood wrote that; now follow. I do not say it, for I love to live, but how good regrets to distress me. I am here in Gastonia, a pretty town with a pretty name. This good old state, a daughter of Georgia, is full of Indian names of towns and counties and river names are all that is left of the tribes—the Chickasaws and Choctaws and Creeks and Ketches. They were a proud and happy people, but had to vanish when the pale faces came and covered their lands. General Gordon a chivalrous warrior, lives here and interested greatly in the history of Indians, for he and his father before him could say "cassas" years ago—"a good part of it was." He gave me the origin and meaning of many of these Indian names, such as Fontaine and Tupelo and Oklawaha, and also of Aberdeen, which his father who was a

## DEVOURED BY WILD BEASTS.

### The Fate of a Boy Who Ran Away from His Adopted Home.

Washington Post, Dec. 28, 1900.

In true Sunday school story style the wild beast devoured little Willie Courtney, of Ballington, who ran away from his home and was lost in the woods two weeks ago. Search was made for him at the time, but no trace of him was found until yesterday, when a party of hunters found what was left of his little body at the top of the Laurel Mountains, where it had evidently been carried by the beasts. His clothing was torn by the animal's claws, his face was almost eaten away and the eyes had been torn out of the sockets. He was recognized by the clothing and the contents of the pockets and was carried back to the town. Willie Courtney had no parents. He was taken from the poor house in Randolph county several months ago by Benjamin Ozzie, who took him into his family as a child of his own. He was well cared for, but, boy like, longed for a wider experience and ran away from his home to see the world; he was probably hiding in the woods to avoid pursuit when he became lost and was attacked by some wild animal and killed.

He was a Victim of Neglect.

Washington Post, Dec. 28, 1900.

Under the solemn but really skillful manipulation of the Brooke board, it is rapidly becoming manifest that the dead end, Bona, was about the only place at West Point during 1898 who was not held at all Almoses without ever being sent to the penitentiary. A young gentleman who has been selected to testify before Gen. Brooke and his intelligent associates declares that they themselves were based, but so far not one of them can remember that Bona was. He may have been there all admit, but never saw; did any one of them hear of it. It begins to dawn upon us that every "pibe" in Brooke's years was based—excepting only Bona himself. They all grew fat and "wassy" on the penitentiary. They describe it, under the piercing eye of Chairman Brooke, as a wholesome and invigorating process. The infirmary is patent—Bona died of neglect on the part of the nurses. Had the latter medicine swallow a few pounds of soap, doosed him in freezing water, compelled him to pass around the main building on all fours, naked, doing a snowstorm, and otherwise looking after his moral and material comfort, he would no doubt be alive to-day a splendid specimen of vitality and physical perfection. As it is, having been sternly deprived of these advantages, he is dead.

The inquiry conducted by Gen. Brooke is fraught with interest. We fully expected that it would be. Recalling Gen. Brooke's enlightened grasp of the situation in Cuba, and the fact and convincing manner in which he imparts to his hearers the fruits of his profound and comprehensive knowledge, we felt sure that his conduct of this investigation would be productive beyond the dreams of curiosity. We now know that new boys just entering the Military Academy are called "banes," and treated accordingly. We know, moreover, that they deserve all the contempt and brutal treatment they encounter. It is a notorious fact that they follow fresh from home, without experience or guidance, and suddenly plunged into a novel and hostile environment, at once assume an aggressive and hostile attitude toward the older boys, and behave themselves with such intolerable violence that the latter, in self-defense, are compelled to adopt the very severest measures. The staff signs of these martyrs in the higher classes are always endured with Christian meekness, but of course there is a limit, and when that limit is reached the big boys must do something to check the ruffianly tyranny of the little ones. And that explains everything.

The only deduction we can draw is that West Point needs for its honor and credit a fresh infusion of such spirit as, years ago, was manifested by Odet Bona, of Texas. The country will remember that he refused to be "disciplined" according to West Point traditions, and, conscious of his dignity and good breeding, shot the ruffian who headed the hoodlum gang intent upon his persecution and humiliation. He was a far better representative of American manhood than the cowardly ruffian who sought to torture and disgrace a boy they thought to be defenseless.

Found No Indian Murders.

Indian Agent Myton, of the Utah and Oregon Agency, reports to the Indian Bureau that the search of Western Colorado by the State officials for Indians hunting in the State has resulted in a failure to find any Indians.

Wheat Seed Done.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

"Here," said the reporter who had an ambition to become a special writer, "is an article that I have prepared for you. It is entitled 'What We Do with Our Ex-Presidents.'"

"Oh!" the city editor answered as he glanced at the copy. "I'm afraid you've wasted a lot of time on the thing. This article is a column and a half long, at least. The subject can be covered in two words."

"How?"

"Interview them."

The End of the Phrase.

From the Cincinnati Tribune.

We do not know how to pronounce it as do die, but, anyhow, we have no use for it hereafter.

A Rejected Southerner.

From the Kansas City Journal.

It seems that Secretary Hay has decided to accept the resignation which the yellow journals tendered for him.

## KIDNAPPERS GET \$30,000.

### OUDDARY'S SON RESTORED SAFELY.

Young Oudary Tells the Story of His Abduction—Was Seized on Street, Bound, and Taken to South Omaha—Chained to the Floor of an Empty Room—Released Without an Explanation—The Followed Letter of the Kidnappers Demanding a Ransom.

From Dispatch from Omaha, Neb., Dec. 30, 1900.

There is rejoicing in the home of Edward Oudary, the wealthy packing house owner of this city, Edward Oudary Jr., who was kidnaped Tuesday evening, after being held thirty-three hours for a ransom of \$35,000 in gold which the young man's father unhesitatingly paid, has been returned to his family and to-night the boy and his parents are receiving congratulations from relatives and friends throughout the country.

Mr. and Mrs. Oudary feel that they have cause for relief not only over the return of their youthful son, but also because one or possibly more of their daughters were not included in the conspiracy which has caused them so much anxiety and grief, as a statement of the conspirators, overheard by the lad while he was in the power, indicates that they had been attempting for a month to secure possession of one of his sisters.

Mr. Oudary had been very reticent throughout the affair and up to this afternoon refused absolutely to talk, either of the kidnaping or the payment of the ransom and return of his son. All information given to the public has come through the attorney, Melville Sears, and the statements of the latter have been very guarded.

Before the real truth of the kidnaping, the return of the boy, and expenses of the latter had been given to the public at noon, today the police were inclined to doubt the story that the boy had been spirited away. This skepticism, however, melted away when young Oudary related the story which overpowered them. In a closed carriage, blindfolded and hooded, and carried many miles from the city to a place the location of which he cannot identify and then his father made known the details of a long ride into the country to deposit a bag containing \$35,000 in gold in a place indicated in a letter written Wednesday to Mr. Oudary by the outlaw, naming this condition as a surety for the return of the boy.

Yesterday about noon and several hours after a letter had been left on the lawn of the Oudary residence, another message was delivered to Mr. Oudary at his residence. It came through the mails and contained a proposition to return the boy safe and unharmed, provided the sum of \$35,000 was paid that night.

Following is a copy of the second letter:

"Omaha, Neb., Dec. 19.—Mr. Oudary: We have kidnaped your child and demand \$35,000 (twenty five thousand dollars) for his safe return. If you give us the money the child will be returned as safe as when you last saw him, but if you refuse we will put acid in his eyes and blind him; then we will immediately kidnap another million aire's child that we have spotted and demand \$100,000, and we will get it for you. We will not let you know the location of your child until we realize the fact that you mean business, and will not be monkeyed with or captured.

"Get the money all in gold, five ten and twenty dollar pieces; put it in a white wheat sack; get in your buggy alone on the night of December 19, at 7 o'clock p. m., and drive south from your house to Center street, turn west on Center and drive back to Ruser's park and follow the paved road toward Frankfort. When you come to a lantern that is lighted by the side of the road, place the money by the lantern and immediately turn your horse around and return home.

"You will know our letter, for it will have two ribbons, black and white tied on the handle. You must place a red lantern on your buggy where it can be plainly seen so we will know you a mile away.

"This letter and every part of it must be returned with the money, and any attempt at capture will be considered thing you ever done. If you remember twenty years ago Charley Ross was kidnaped in New York City and \$30,000 asked. Old Jim Ross was willing to give up the money, but Burns the great detective with them, persuaded the old man not to give up the money, assuring him that the thieves would be captured. Ross died of a broken heart when he allowed the detectives to disclose to him.

"This letter must not be open by any one but you. If the police or some stranger know of its contents, they might attempt to capture you although against your wish, or some one might use a lantern and report us, thus wrong party securing the money and this would be fatal to you as if you refused to give up the money. So you see the danger if you let the letter be seen.

"Mr. Oudary, you are up against it, and there is only one way out. Give up the coin. Money is spent and money we will get, if you don't give up, the next man will, for he will see that we mean business, and you can lead your boy around blind the rest of your days and all you will have is the copper sympathy. Do the right thing by us, and we will do the same by you. If you refuse you will soon see the saddest sight you ever seen. Wednesday, December 19. This night never.

"Follow these instructions and no harm will befall you or yours."

FATHER KEEPS FAITH WITH KIDNAPPERS.

A consultation was held and the matter none over in detail. Plans were discussed for capturing the bandits even though they should make appearances at the residence which had been designated.

## NEW BICYCLE BRAKE.

### English Invention Which is Said to Be Superior to Others.

A new brake for bicycles which has been invented in England, and models of it have been sent to the United States. Several manufacturers here have begun negotiations for securing the American rights of the invention, says the Chicago Inter Ocean.

This brake was designed so that it could be adjusted to suit any size of tire and be equally effective on any of them. The brake shoes are supported by a horizontal elongated frame, which is joined at its top to the operating mechanism, which is the end of the front wheel brake cable from a handle for actuating the mechanism to the front fork crown, a coil spring to return the handle to its normal position after application and a cord which holds the handle in its normal position from the handle bar lever for the purpose of raising the horizontal frame that the brake shoes may be brought into frictional contact with the rim.

At the extremity of each arm of the elongated shaped frame is a latently disposed bent, which is bent through and tapered out to receive the upper flange of the rim of the wheel. This bent is split and has been made to receive a screw whose purpose is to tighten the bent upon the brake cable when the latter has been adjusted to a suitable position for correct operation. The brake shoes comprise a metal trough which retains the rubber brake block. On each block is attached a pin opposite to the extremity of the elongated brake frame arm is a light clamp, upon whose leading end is hinged a link, the forward end of which engages the outer end of the brake shoe rim. This link operates the movement of the brake frame and of the mechanism when the device is being actuated and also prevents the frictional contact between the brake shoes and the rotating wheel rim from dragging the shoes and the brake frame forward.

NOVEL ROAD BUILDING.

Business Farmers Meeting Held at St. Louis to Discuss Road Building.

The farmers of Fulton county, according to a Rochester (Ind.) dispatch to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, are preparing for the annual gravel road convention. Almost every agricultural road now has its own company of men, and a direct result of the industry of the farmers. With the gravel the farmers use takes but a few weeks to grade a road and make it a good one for the gravel. The gravel is obtained from the nearest pit and is paid for by the township trustees.

As soon as everything is in readiness for the work to begin some one is appointed to direct it. Subscriptions are prepared, one asking for such and others for donations of labor. The time for the labor is fixed for a period of open weather during the winter. It is common for the farmers to build a mile of road during one season, and the completion of each section seems to make the people more anxious to build another. Often the business men of towns on a road contribute to the cause. This county now has some of the best permanent roads in the state, and they have all been built under this plan.

News from Australia without wires.

It is reported, according to a London cable dispatch to the New York Times, that the Hon. Mr. Keating is preparing to visit Australia to enable himself to see all the revenue stations daily throughout the trip. It is stated that negotiations are proceeding for the necessary rights of travel from Perth, the London, Perth, Cape Town, Durban, Natal, Agnes, Berkhart, Bells, Green, Albert, and other stations. The promoter predicts that they will be able to transmit telegrams at the rate of tenpence a word.

News from New York.

If the average colored man was aware of the fact that thousands of white men are being sent to the penitentiary, he would not be so sure that he is doing wrong. He would not be so sure that he is doing wrong. He would not be so sure that he is doing wrong. He would not be so sure that he is doing wrong.

## YOUNG OUDARY'S STORY.

### When Young Edward Oudary Was Questioned Concerning the Circumstances of his Kidnaping, he Told the Following:

He said that he was in front of Gen. Oudary's house, just across the street from his own home, on his way back from the Ruser residence Tuesday evening when two men approached him and he went to them and said to him and said: "We are looking for you, Oudary, and are very anxious to see you. There is a man who knows me and can identify me."

They placed him in a buggy and drove to Thirty-sixth street, and thence south to Leavenworth street. As they approached Leavenworth street a man in a suit and hat stepped to him and said: "We are looking for you, Oudary, and are very anxious to see you. There is a man who knows me and can identify me."

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## HAD PLANNED TO KIDNAP DAUGHTER.

### After the mysterious house was reached one man guarded him during a greater portion of the day.

After the mysterious house was reached one man guarded him during a greater portion of the day. The second man was in and out of the room at intervals. From a conversation between the abductors and himself the young man learned that the abductors had been seeking to abduct one of the girls of the family, and had been planning this for some time. As night fell the young man saw the two men. Young Oudary from his situation said: "We are going to take you home."

Then they led him to a bank. He was driven rapidly through the darkness to Thirty-sixth and Leavenworth streets, where he was allowed to leave the carriage. From there he walked home arriving there shortly after 1 o'clock in the morning. The middle man made no explanation to him when he gave him his freedom.

Speaking of his experience while in the power of the kidnapers, young Oudary gave the following account of his surroundings and what occurred, and of the man who guarded him.

"I could tell by the way the man's footsteps resounded throughout the house that he was vacant and stripped of furniture. I observed also that they made use of a sense of light but they made use for the kidnappers could not have included all the traps. The man still moved about in absolute silence, exchanging no word. One of them found an old rickety chair in some place and pushed me down on it. Then he removed the cords from around my wrists and substituted a pair of handcuffs, with chains attached, and made the latter fast to the range of the chair. A pair of leg irons were clamped upon my ankles, and the chains of these were also locked about legs of the chair.

"SEVEN COFFERS AND CRACKERS.

"In this uncomfortable position I spent most of the twenty-four hours of my incarceration, though at one time for a period of about five hours, I should judge, the chains from my wrists were removed and I was permitted to lie down on the floor. One of my captors kindly provided a coat, which served as a pillow. I tried to sleep but my nerves were so badly affected to permit of it. During all this time I partook of nourishment but once though the man who watched me asked me if I wanted anything. Once I said I did, and he went and got me a cup of coffee and crackers.

"As soon as I was chained to the