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Editor and Proprietor.

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DEED OF SUICIDE.

Barrow Philosopher Finds Unhealthy Condition of Mind.

Will Arrive in Atlanta Construction.

The increasing prevalence of suicide indicates an unhealthy condition of mind and body and I have thought that if the man would quit thinking about his troubles and go to chopping wood or digging in the garden, or even go hunting and get up a good circulation he would feel better and conclude to live on a while longer. The body affects the mind and when the blood in the veins get thick and sluggish and the secretions become stagnant, the mind gets diseased and morbid, the emotions are out of tune and the man actually believes he would find rest and peace in death. It is strange that any man of education or refinement would entertain such an unreasonable hope. What did the teacher of D. H. do to accomplish by killing Dr. McNeil and himself? Where is the school teacher now? When two enemies fight a duel and both are killed, how do their spirits meet in the other world? Do they shake hands or renew the fight, for, of course, they are not in heaven? What does the young man accomplish by killing his sister-in-law? Do they meet in the other world? As Hamlet says: "Is it not better to bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of?" Run to the woods—keep on running—jump the branches, swim the rivers, get wet, get tired—work in the garden, dig holes, chop wood, amount a homo and ride furiously—anything to divert the diseased mind from its train of thought. My good old father was afflicted with rheumatism and when he felt the acute, agonizing pains coming on he would rouse up and limp away and make for the farm, and walk faster and faster as the pains increased, and would actually make them ashamed and they would leave him for a day or two. To keep the mind in a good normal condition the body must be exercised. Sedentary occupations are not healthy for men and even women should fly around the house with a broom or wash the windows occasionally, or dig among the flowers. It will not do for them to sit and sew all the time. I am sorry for these unmarried girls who run the machine all the day long and get no healthy exercise except for the ankle bones. When they get married and the babies come along they are pretty safe, for little children give a mother diversion enough. A mother with a babe in her arms never thinks of suicide. Even if her husband is cruel to her or is a drunkard, she will live on and on for the sake of the child. We note that most of the suicides occur among the young men and are caused from intemperance or disappointed love or failure to make money or being convicted in an infamy (alias stealing). Othello killed himself because he found out that he had wrongfully killed his wife, and Shakespeare says "he was great of heart." I reckon he was considering that he was a Moor and did not believe in a barometer. It was the best thing and the most heroic thing that he could do. It was very intensely of the old school and has no parallel in modern suicides, for most of them are selfish or revengeful.

The most alarming feature about these suicides of our young men is the indication that they are not believers in the Christian religion. No sane man will take his own life if he believes in heaven and hell and a future state of rewards and punishments, he will be afraid to. The influence of an infidelity on the youthful minds has much to do with it, for a great deal of it is tainted with atheism and infidelity. Even some of the standard writers, such as Hume and Diderot had left their tad impression. The latter threw a dark shadow over life and says that "youth is a blunder, manhood a struggle and old age a regret."

It is not far better to take a more hopeful view of life and say like the poet, Horace Smith: "This world is very lively! Oh, my God, I thank Thee that I live!" "Or to say like Longfellow— "Life is real—life is earnest, And the grave is not its goal."

It is easy to diagnose a poet's temperament or a philosopher's by his writings—some are gloomy and some are bright and cheerful. I am reminding about these young men who have just graduated at my alma mater and the other home colleges, and wondering how many of them would prove a success in life and twenty years hence exclaim with the poet, "Oh, my God, I thank Thee that I live." Fifty-four years ago I was at Asheville, in the class of '47, and of the forty-two then living there are now but half a dozen left. Many of them lived and died, and trouble no signs. Some of them were trouble and some made good citizens, good husbands and fathers; and just as history repeats itself all along the generations. It grieved me that I could not attend the centennial and commune with the alumni and rejoice with the young and feel lonely with the old. Then there is old college, and the chapel and the campus and the 170 halls that are still unoccupied. I wonder how many boys have occupied the old room at Duke and I lived in for two long years? I saw it in the picture and felt like it was still my room. The alienated trees (by a misnomer called the tree of heaven) grow close to our windows and extended their nauseating odors to the dormitory where we slept, and the boys along the line complained, but the faculty said it would soon pass away, and the trees were imported from China, the Celestial Empire, and they were called the tree of heaven. So one dark night the boys (hey!) got axes and felled them and they died and went to heaven in China, where they came from. For some months I roomed in new college, and so did our tutor, who was cross and never smiled, for he was an old bachelor—peace to his ashes. He wouldn't let me nor Chess Howard play on the flote after study hours at night, nor let Ben Moody nor Dick Farmer play on the flote. Said he snored him, and so

some of the boys (not I) got some old cannon balls from the armory and away in the dead hours of night, when deep in sleep fallen upon a man or a tutor, they rolled a six-pounder along the long hall 200 feet right by his door, which was about midway. When it got to the other end another boy slipped out and rolled it back again, and this rolling and rambling was kept up for a time until there happened just what they thought would happen. The tutor had opened a creak in his door, and when he heard the ball coming for the fifth time he slipped out suddenly and stopped it with his foot and plucked it up and took it in his room. That was just what the boys (not I) wanted, for they had another one in the fire getting but. In due time they took it to the shovel and sent it slowly down the hallway, and it stopped not far from his door. Quickly he stepped out and the light from his room showed him the ball. He seized it with his right hand and straightaway dropped it and used some language that was unbecoming, and retreated to his room. The next day his door was fired up and a handkerchief which was a kind of flag of truce, for he was much more considerate to us and seemed to like music. I never perpetrated much mischief while in college, but I was an apt scholar to look on and enjoy all the fun. Chess Howard was an expert, and could play ball better than anybody especially a hot cannon ball. Chess was a great university man, and after a while asked me and my wife to give him some music. And so she seated herself at the piano and I took my flute and asked what he would like. And he said play that good old piece that we used to call "Sally Baxter" when we went serenading in Athens. So we played it, and before we were aware of it Chess had slipped his own flute out of his pocket and was tooting along behind me. Sally was our college sweetheart, but we didn't get her, for a Bird flew there and she followed him off to Battimore and is living there yet. But we never thought of suicide.

But I forbear. It is sweet and it's sad to recall the memories of '45, '46 and '47, and I would have felt lost and lonely in Athens, as was a college boy. It is a great university and many changes have come over it and we old veterans had to keep up with the procession whether we like the modern methods or not. They have got intercollegiate baseball in the curriculum now and I reckon it is to keep the boys from committing suicide. It diverts their minds from the strain of trigonometry and calculus and conic sections. Progress in the order of the day in colleges as in everything else. One hundred and fifty years ago old Dr. Johnson said to Boswell, "In our great school there is less flogging than formerly. Consequently, less is learned there. So what the boys get at one end they lose at the other." Now there is no flogging anywhere, and the teachers and professors are thankful if they escape it from the boys.

NEWTON COUNTY CHIPPING.

Newton Enterprise.

The Newton market has been flooded with beans and cabbage for the past week. The price has gone down to almost nothing. The stores are so full that often there is no sale for vegetables at this price.

The market crash in the almost becomes a relic of the past in this county. There have been more binders sold in Newton this year than ever before. They are being used in fields which a few years ago were considered altogether too rough.

Mr. Sanford Cline was in Saturday and told us that he is now at work on an invention which will carry all kinds of machines on wheels. He is confident that the attempt will be successful and says that when completed, the machine can be put in operation in towns for about \$10.

What was damaged considerably by the heavy rains last week. The great-est damage was done to the standing wheat. It was blown down and covered with mud. Some of the farmers saved their crop by hitching five horses to the reapers and driving through mud half way up to the hub.

Capt J. B. Gaither will resume work at his gold mine east of Newton next week. This is one of the richest mines in Western North Carolina. He showed us a few days ago two oyster cans full of ore that had been broken up in small pieces with a hammer, that fairly glittered with the yellow metal. There is about \$5.00 worth of gold in the two cans.

Last Saturday the county pension board met in the courthouse to pass on the application for pensions. The group that collected around the courthouse made a pathetic scene. Gray headed men, bowed with physical infirmities or carrying an empty sleeve or a wooden leg and widows who have worn their weeds near forty years, were there to prove their right to the small pension provided by the State. The only regret is that the State is not able to make the allowance to each one much larger.

General Disinfectant at Yorkville, Yorkville Times.

There are at least two cases of diphtheria, of the hoarse kind in town. One is at the house of Mollie Hynes, a colored woman living near the narrow gauge railroad on East Jefferson street. The other is in a white family on the Fred Adkins place on King's Mountain road. The antitoxine treatment is being used, and it is not thought that there is much danger of a spread of the disease.

A News Suggestion.

Yorkville Times.

Nineteen jugs, twenty-eight gallons, of whiskey arrived in Yorkville on one train Wednesday. As this is a Prohibition community, one is at a loss to know what it was to be used for. That all came on one train; what came on other trains was not added to it. As the men around here do not drink anything, we suppose it was to put in smelling salts for the ladies.

Big Reduction Sale.

A sale that offers our customers unusual advantages is now going on at our store in

All-Over Embroideries,
Lawns, Dimities,
All Sheer Fabrics in
Colors, and Ready-Made
Wrappers,



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CARLETONS WITH POISONS.

A Woman Has a Close Call With Arsenic and a Baby is Killed With Strychnine.

Mr. Geo. W. Anthony came very near losing her life one day last week by taking a dose of arsenic. There were two bottles on the table, one bottle contained arsenic, 3 drops of which is a dose. The other contained a medicine of which she was taking a teaspoonful at a dose. Being in a hurry she poured out a teaspoonful of what she supposed was her medicine and started to drink it down when she fortunately discovered that the dose was taken from the arsenic bottle.

The little two-year old child of Mr. Ferny Stewart who lives near Wiggins died from poisoning Thursday.

An older sister of the girl made some arsenic and poured into a glass that contained several strychnine tablets, either without seeing them or not knowing what they were. The child drank the water from the half dissolved poison with the result as about the sister also drank some of the stuff but detecting that the taste was not right did not drink enough to hurt her. It is a sad affair and the family have our sympathy in their grief.

Vanished Coins.

The Bankers' Monthly asks, What becomes of all the cents coined in the United States? Last year, alone, about 67,000,000 of the pieces, or nearly enough to give one to every inhabitant of the country were turned out, being the highest record ever made by the mints. The demand grows steadily. In 1890 the coinage of such pieces was 22,000,000; in 1891, 29,000,000; in 1892, 50,000,000; in 1893, 45,000,000, and in 1899, 67,000,000.

The magazine notes that the cents which are in circulation seldom are much worn, certainly not nearly so much as the 5 cent pieces, showing that they do not circulate very rapidly, and they all seem to disappear before they suffer much abrasion. "Hick" says they are common; they turn up daily, a smooth one-cent piece is a rarity. With nearly 600,000,000 such pieces coined in the last five years, there is still a heavy demand for more, and the question, What becomes of the cents? is really, therefore, as much of a mystery as the old one, as to the fate of all the pies.

It is easy to answer, of course, that the small pieces go into the various "mission" boxes, and to children for candy and lunch, and over the stamp counters of the postoffice, and drug stores, etc. but that is only half the answer. The question remains, where do they go from these rallying places? They are not hoarded. They are not thrown away. They are not lost. Millions and millions are made every year, yet the supply never appears to increase. What becomes of them?

Incidentally, it may be remarked, another interesting question is, What becomes of all the dollars? They are right scarce, too, in places.

A Pleasant Greeting.

As Atchison man came home to day who hadn't seen his wife in four months, and as he opened the door, his heart beating high, his wife greeted him with: "Don't hold the screen door open so long! You're letting in the flies."

Job Gooden's River Stand St.

If he'd had itching piles. They're terribly annoying; but Becken's Anion Salve will cure the worst case of piles on earth. It has cured thousands. For injuries, Pains or Bored Brackets it's the best salve in the world. Price 50c a box. Guaranteed. Sold at J. R. Curry & Co's drug store.

TRAGEDY AT NEWBURN.

Senator W. E. Clark and 3 Children Drowned.

Newburn Dispatch to Charlotte Observer, 28—Wm. E. Clark, his two daughters, Mary aged 12, and Francis D., aged 8, and George B. Bryan, the 10 year-old son of George Bryan, were drowned here to-night. The party was out rowing opposite the water works when the boat was swamped by the waves. Mr. Clark's little son, Wm. E., Jr., was the only one of the party saved, he clinging to the boat until rescued. The bodies of the two young women have been recovered. Mr. Clark was a Republican and had at different times been State Senator, Representative, deputy collector of customs and postmaster of Newburn.

CADETS ON WOOD CHOPPERS.

Mont Hill, S. C., Herald.

A party of ten cadets of Clemson College started home with their tickets by way of Blackburg. When they reached the city, the train on the S. C. & G. road had left, so they had to spend the day in Blackburg. There was not a dollar in the whole party, but nothing daunted, the boys divided into squads of four or five each, and with their coats off applied for work at different homes in order to pay for their dinner. That in the city of Blackburg there is now a fine lot of stove wood, cut after the most improved teaching of U. A. C. Finally one of the boys communicated with Gastonia and arranged the finances for the crowd. This is a good story of the manhood of the students of Clemson.

NERVOUS RAILWAY SPEED.

Baltimore Sun.

Now that Parliament has consented to franchises for the Behr north-railroad to be worked by electricity, between Manchester and Liverpool, the world will have an opportunity of seeing what can be done in fast speeds. There is a short overhead one-rail road in Germany which is operated with some success, but the English project calls for speed ranging from 100 to 160 miles an hour. This looks fast for the motor country. Yet it will not do to say that 160 miles an hour is impracticable. Reputable engineers testified before a committee of Parliament in favor of the scheme. We are now familiar with speeds of 80 and 90 miles an hour, though 50 miles was formerly deemed impracticable. An unobstructed overhead train has a fairer chance to realize high speeds than has a heavy surface train.

A Fine Photo.

Richmond Leader.

A young woman school teacher of Kansas on her way to the Philippines where she is to teach, writes thus to a friend: "Dear Maie: Yes, it is true that I have signed a contract to teach three years in the Philippines, and that contract looks pretty big and hard to me now, for papa says the government will hold me to it, whatever happens. But I don't believe the government would force a girl to keep on teaching if one of those brave noble colonels or captains asked it to let her off so he could—oh, you sly thing! I know what we talked about. Anyway I am going, and if I come back with a military title to my name won't you pokey things envy me? Your own Gaily."

The Phillippines are a fine field for exploitation.

Yorkville Register.

The carpenters have about gotten the new Cliffs hotel ready for the painters, and the painters are at work getting it ready for the public. The new building is not quite so large as that which was washed away by the recent freshet; but it is large enough probably for the present requirements.

What's Your Face Weather?

Sometimes a fortune, but never, if you have a mallow complexion, a jaundiced look, skin patches and blotches on the skin, all signs of Liver Trouble. Dr. King's New Life Pills give Clear Skin, Rosy Cheeks, Rich Complexion, Only 50c. At J. R. Curry & Co's Drug Store.

The South of the Negro Question.

Washington Post.

There is no negro question of any great importance that cannot be solved by the very simplest of processes. We have only to treat the negroes under general rules applying alike to all other classes of our heterogeneous population and pay no further attention to them as negroes. Why should we concern ourselves about the negro any more than about the Sicilian, the Malay, the German, the Russian, or the Portuguese? Why should they be segregated and set apart as a specially favored people? It is true that for two or three centuries they have been slaves, but they have been free for forty years, and during that period they have enjoyed the same advantages of education and opportunities of improvement that have been offered the whites. It is a fact, indeed that nine-tenths of the complaint and agitation proceed from negroes who were born free, while the few survivors of slavery are as a rule well contented with their lot. The truth is that a diplomatic examination of all their present attitudes reveals more of a pretense of superiority than a petition for equality. They make the negro question themselves with an impudent and clamorous demand for what they call "recognition."

The state owes nothing to the negro more than to any other citizen—that is to say, it owes protection of his life and property, equal rights before the law, equal facilities of education. We do not approve—on the contrary, we deplore and denounce—the exclusion of the negro from the ballot-box merely because of his race and color. In our opinion, the illiterate, shiftless, and irresponsible white make just as bad citizens as do negroes of the same kind. Suffrage laws should not discriminate. They should take note of all disqualifications, mental, moral or material, and apply them to whites and blacks alike. Under that arrangement—and it prevails in nearly every part of the country—the negro has no excuse for annoying his neighbors with childish reproaches and recriminations. If he wants to become a capitalist, let him set about it as white men have been free to do. If he wants to get into society, let him make himself eligible and acceptable to those who control its entrance. He will never become rich by loafing about and living on the wages of confiding cooks and chambermaids, nor will he endear himself to society by sticking out his under lip and looking for a case bill every hour of the day.

Kings of this applies to the honest, industrious, and self-respecting colored people, who can be found in hundreds of thousands between the Potomac and the Gulf of Mexico. It applies to the patient, impartial, half-educated and wholly futile negroes who are making all this tiresome noise.

Any one who has read history knows that there is no royal road to wealth, power, greatness, influence for any race or class. The race that rules more than half the civilized world today lived in caves. The bears 2,000 years ago. The Latins who rule the rest of it knew the meaning of civilization only a few centuries earlier. Egypt was the exemplar of culture, the arts and science when all the Caucasian races were steeped in a hideous and appalling barbarism. But none of these races rose to eminence and domination by complaining of injustices and persecution. What they got they earned. What they received they were entitled to. Millions, people, individuals stand or fall upon their merits. Social evolution is not affected by sly outcry and peevish lamentation. We are weary of this "negro question." It is nonsense.

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