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W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE HOT WEATHER CAUSED IT—NAGO OF BARROW HAS A NEILING COLLAR AND IS NOT AS ALL FLEeced WITH IT—NAGO REMARKS.

Barrow in Atlanta Constitution.

The horrid, torrid weather reminds me of that Henry Ward Beecher said in his church one sweltering day in July. He took to text: "He who is persecuted from his brow and looking solemnly at the large congregation, said: 'It is hot to-day. It is damned hot. It is as hot as hell!' Everybody was amazed and shocked until he added: 'That is the language I heard two young men use at the door of the church as I passed them. My young friends, it is not as hot as hell!'"

There is a low, calm tone in the persecution from his brow and looking solemnly at the large congregation of the church seemed to be cool and pleasant in comparison. The ladies ceased to move their fans and everybody was as still and solemn as a funeral. It was something like Jonathan Edwards at Northampton when he got his hours of preaching and returned to the church groined in fear and grasped the posts and braces to keep from sinking into hell, and another preacher in the pulpit begged Mr. Edwards to stop. "Stop Mr. Edwards; stop now and tell them of the mercy and love of God. What wonderful power is in the words of an eloquent, earnest man. Mr. Beecher was all of that—a gifted, eloquent man. I heard him preach twice before the war and was profoundly impressed. I looked upon him as the impersonation of the man of God. Later on, when he began his vindictive war upon the south and said that sharp's rifles were better than Bibles for John Brown in Kansas and it was a crime to shoot at a slave-holder and miss him, I wondered at my infatuation with the man and exclaimed with Isaiah: "How are the mighty fallen!"

And still later when Wilson charged him with alienating and seducing his wife and took two months to try the case and the jury two days to make up a verdict, which virtually said, "He is not guilty, but he must not do so any more." I was mortified at my own weakness in becoming his idolater and resolved to worship no man again while he lived. A great man's character cannot be made up until after he is dead.

But I was ruminating how easy it is for a young man to say "damn" to take the name of God in vain. Damn is a more convenient and expressive word than dogon or dignation or blamed and it shows a defiance of the devil and a self-coincidence in the man who uses it. But it is a very handy expletive and when a young man gets into the habit of using it he rarely reforms. He knows that it is not good manners, for he does not use it in the presence of ladies or preachers or his parents. Nevertheless there are some good people who think damn it without saying it. I heard a good story the other day on Colonel Livingston, our member of congress from the Atlanta district. Last summer he was sent over to West Virginia to speak and help the democrats in their canvass. He ventured into a pretty hot republican town and was hanging and electing a large audience, and while scarilying the audience and this fighting administration, a soft, half done Irish potato took him kerpil right between the eyes. It knocked off his spectacles and flattened into mush all over his classic countenance. It surprised and shocked him of course. Recovering his glasses he wiped the sticky stuff from his face and said with excited tone, "My friends, I have been—I have been a consistent—a consistent member of the Presbyterian church—the Presbyterian church I say for more than—more than fifty years—yes, fifty odd years, and have tried to live—tried to live in harm any with all men—with all men, but if the dirty, dogon, daddled puppy who threw that potato will stand up or raise his right hand I'll be—I'll be daddled—ad if I don't stop speaking long enough to come down and lick the hair and hide off of him in two minutes by the clock." As nobody raised a hand the colonel resumed his broken remarks, but declares that he never came as near cursing since he joined the church.

This thing of cursing is of very ancient origin. Sometimes it was done by proxy. Hahak, the king of Moab, hired Balaam to curse Israel, and some of our veterans remember when we, too, used to curse our enemies and say "damn" upon the yankees. Peter cursed and swore when accused of being one of the disciples. It is probable that he said "I'll be damned if I am," or perhaps worse. Soldiers and sailors have in all ages been profane—the very class that are in greatest peril and should have the greatest reverence for their maker. Uncle Toby says, "Our army swore terribly in Flanders." And Uncle Toby himself swears an oath when he found the sick soldiers lying and dying at his feet. He shall not die, by God," he said, and the accusing spirit flew up to heaven with the oak and blushed as he gave it in. The recording angel as he wrote it down dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever. "That is beautiful, isn't it? Verily, charity hideth a multitude of sins.

But this is enough on this subject. It is too hot to work in the garden and so I get in the shade of the vices of my verandah and ruminates. Judge Green, our honored member of congress, tells the story of Colonel Livingston and he tells another that will make the old man forget that it is hot, for they never get too old to enjoy any story that has a pretty woman in it. One of the last cases brought before the judge was a young unsophisticated country boy who was charged with an assault upon a female country girl in that he had caught her at the spring and hugged and kissed her against her will. Her mother saw it from her piazza and heard her screams and saw him run away to the field where he was plowing. She was very indignant, and presented him. She was the witness and so was the girl, but the girl didn't

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A WONDERFUL SPRING.

Nature's Remedy—Vade Mecum Mineral Water.

We are pleased to give the readers of THE GAZETTE this week some points about the new mineral spring in Stokes county, N. C. Stokes is rich in mineral and agricultural resources. There is "wealth in her bosom and life in her fountains." Perhaps no mineral spring has ever been discovered in the State that has gained such notoriety within the same period of time as the Vade Mecum. It has passed into fame as a curative agent within the last year or two and gained a place in the estimation of the medical fraternity and public that proves it to be a marvelous water.

This great magnesia spring, affording a flow of 25,000 gallons per day, was discovered by Prof. S. W. Dewey, a relative of the famous Admiral. He was prospecting in the Sauratown mountains for minerals; it is believed he was sent out by the State for general prospecting, to whom the State had granted 10,000 acres of the same wild lands in recognition of his services in the cause of liberty. He was the first to discover the great deposits of italcumite or flexible sandstone which abounds in that section and nowhere else on the American continent.

The spring originally flowed up out of the bed rock of a large creek and was not accessible until safeguarded by masonry and the course of the stream changed. Nature gives out her secrets very slowly and it took a Dewey to discover this fount of healing. Now everybody in that section is wondering how it is that they had eyes to see but saw not. In 1890-91 W. H. Vaden, the owner, reported such wonderful results from the use of this water that its analysis and sale followed at once. There is nothing in North Carolina to compare with it, and it is destined to take its place with the very best waters of the world. It is a self-preserving saline water and can be shipped in perfect condition. It is being shipped to most North Carolina cities and towns already and is fast making its way everywhere.

The spring is just 10 miles east of the C. R. & Y. V. railroad, near the Dan river and under the very crest of Sauratown's celebrated 3,000 feet elevation. A strong company is being organized to develop the spring and it will make a great resort at the place. Thirty cottages, a large hotel, packing house, barrel factory, good roads, telephone lines, livery stables, lakes, and various means of entertainment and amusement are nearing completion. The place will open regularly about July 15. Rural Hall is the railway station.

The scenery is very beautiful and there are many points of interest near by such as the famous old rock house of Col. Jack Martin, the Revolutionary hero and Indian fighter, Turley's Dam, Cascade, Iron Banks, Ironcolomite quarries, etc. The Rocky Mountain burro has been introduced to climb these precipitous heights in safety and ease.

The Italcumite itself affords more than a suspicion that diamonds or other jewels abound. As the other deposits of this rare stone in Brazil, at Kimberley, in the Uralis in the Himalayas and near Melbourne, diamonds have been found in abundance. The proprietors, Vade Mecum Springs Co., have adopted as its trade-mark the "diamond" and the watchword is "Look for the diamond."

It was simply marvelous to look over the book of testimonials and see what astonishing results have been reported. "The medicine of our household." "A gift from mother Nature to heal the people." "I carry it with me wherever I travel." "It saved my life." "I eat more, sleep more, work more, and am in every way stronger than I was."

THE PREACHER'S DOG STORY.

Coming From a Good Man of Revered Memory, It Requires no Voucher.

Nashville Banner.

State Senator John Thompson is about one of the best storytellers in this part, and his repertoire includes a lot of good ones, fish and otherwise. On the truthfulness of some he will state his reputation for veracity, but he tells one which he always prizes with the statement that it was told him by a minister of the gospel, Dr. Bardwell, who will be remembered here by the older inhabitants as the assistant of Dr. Edgar, of revered memory, who was pastor of the First Presbyterian church during the latter years of General Andrew Jackson's life, and attended the old hero in his last illness.

Senator Thompson said:

"Dr. Bardwell used to visit my father's house when I was a boy and the story I am about to tell you was related to me on the occasion of one of these visits. We were out on the veranda smoking one evening after supper. The doctor was fond of dogs and was a pretty good sportsman, and naturally the conversation turned on this subject.

"Speaking of dogs, said Dr. Bardwell, reminds me of a dog which belonged to a friend of mine in Mississippi. I had been invited to hold services at a church near this friend's house and wrote him to meet me at the station, some six miles from his house, on the Saturday afternoon before Sunday, the day of the appointment.

"He was on time with horses and we started to his home. I noticed a very handsome bird dog followed us, and having heard that some one in that neighborhood owned an especially well trained trick dog, I asked my friend about it.

"That's the dog," at the same time pointing to his dog which had run ahead of us and was waiting at the forks of the road.

"I asked him to make his perform a trick. He got down from his horse called the dog, and taking out his pocketbook held it to the dog's nose. He then took out a silver half dollar and walking some distance into the woods raised up a large rock and put the money under it. We then resumed our journey, and when probably half a mile away, my friend called his dog and told him to go back and get the money.

"The dog, without the least hesitation, started back on a run, and my friend explained to me that the dog would have scratched under it so he would have scratched under it to reach the piece of money and he would not probably reach home before we reached there it then being about three miles further on to his house.

"However when we reached home the dog was not there. We ate supper and still the dog did not come, nor had he in appearance when we retired about 10 o'clock.

"The next morning we got up about daylight and hearing a noise outside my friend opened the door and he dog

CONVICTS CAPTURED.

Yesterday afternoon a negro's house in Under Creek was entered by two young white men and robbed of a lot of provisions. The negro saw them all the time, but was not able to cope with them. When they had gone, he alarmed the neighborhood and a posse was organized with township constable J. W. Carter at the head. The men were soon run down and captured. When they were brought to jail here last night they both confessed to being escaped convicts. One gave his name as Charles Hair, from Wilkes county, and the other as F. M. Fadder, of Mitchell county. Both are young, hardy looking mountaineers, and both were sent to the penitentiary for murder. One shot and killed his rival in love during a quarrel and the other shot and killed a young man during a dispute over a game of craps.

Hair was serving a ten year sentence and had only 11 months longer to stay. Fadder was just entering on a five year sentence. They said that they escaped last Wednesday from the chain gang at Goldsboro.

Sheriff Burns communicated with the penitentiary authorities at Raleigh at once, and they wired back to send the men on at once, so officer Carter left for Raleigh at noon with the men.

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might not afford much pleasure, but if you want an ink that will give you pleasure in writing, come to us for it, and you will soon be swimming in satisfaction. Whether you want ink that is black, blue-black, red or white, copying ink, or indelible ink, an ink for book-keeping, or for legal documents, for fountain pen or steel pen, for commercial use or school use—come to us for it. We have the various kinds. If you want to swim in ink, we have the quantity; if you want to swim in satisfaction we have the quality. Tell us your ink troubles and get rid of them.

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