

ARP ON OLD FRIENDS.

RECEIVES LETTERS FROM OLD MEN

Know Each Other Long Ago—Like the Letters and Try to Answer Them—Benevolence in Arm Tramps His Replies.

Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

They are not all dead. In fact, they seem to multiply as the years roll on—my contemporaries. I mean, I receive more letters from old men than I ever did, and they write well and give long epistles. When a man gets along in the seventies he feels lonesome, notwithstanding the near presence of children and grandchildren. The companionship of his youth are gone, and so some of these old men unknown themselves to me for sympathy. I like such letters and try to answer them all, but rheumatism in my arms and hands and my replies. One old gentleman from Alabama says he feels better after he has written, for he is a native Georgian and loves her people and her old red hills and the sweet memories of Emory college and his visits to Athens, where his uncle Eliza Newton lived, and he met me there in the forties, and John Grant and Dan Hughes and Jack Brown and Billy Williams, who married my friend's cousin and took charge of the blind asylum—and how he heard Dr. Church preach and was charmed with the music of the choir where Miss Ann Waddell and Rosa Pringle and other pretty girls sang, and how a tall, long, high man, with a big hooked nose and a huge "ponam Adamus" on his throat, sang bass, and how he was a roommate of Tom Norwood at Emory and a classmate of Bishop Key and Judge A. B. Longstreet, the author of "George Scopes," was the president; and how he removed to Alabama in 1849 and married and has seven daughters and no sons and has two orphan grandchildren, and has to work early and late to support and educate them, but never sees and rarely hears from any friend of his youth and is in the greatest need of sympathy. Poor old man. I wish that he lived near me, for I would visit him and cheer him up, and tell him anecdotes and antiques, and we would talk over the times and swap college stories and brag about the good old days when there were no telegraphs or telephones or bicycles, and we did not want any; no sewing machines or stove clothes, and we didn't need any; no football, or baseball, or swimming, or suicides or appendicitis. And in those days came Tompkins and Stephens and Judge Dougherty and Howell Cobb and Walter Colquitt and spoke to the people face to face, and such eloquent men as George Pearce and Jesse Mercer and Dr. Hoyt and Goulding and Ingles preached to them. Yes, we would talk about the days of our boyhood, when there was no gas or kerosene or friction matches—nothing but candles to give us light, and to Prometheus to steal fire from heaven to light them with. Shakespeare knew how it was, for he wrote:

"How far that little candle throws his beam! No oil is it, and it is a merry world."

If Shakespeare wrote by candle light, why shouldn't we? And he, too, used the flint and steel to make a spark to light them. "Pick your flint and keep your powder dry" was General Jackson's order to New Orleans. When I was a young merchant gun-fighter as common as marbles, and I sold them at the same price—10 cents a dozen, Woodruff, wonderful are the changes, and we old people fall in with them, and we adapt them to our use and our comfort. I wouldn't be set back to the good old times, if I could, but I would enjoy seeing this generation all set back about seventy years, just for about a week. My Alabama friend and other veterans would be tickled to death to see the "universal disarmament" or telegraph, no mail but once a week, and 25 cents for a single letter. No daily newspapers in the state and only four weeklies, with no sensations, no suicides or lynchings. There would be no cooking stoves, no coal, no steel pens or envelopes, no cigarettes. No millionaires or free niggers. I remember when cotton was packed in round bales with a crowbar. The long bag was made first and was suspended from a hole in the gin house floor and Uncle Jack got down in it and packed the cotton and it was thrown to him. He weighed two bales a day and they weighed 400 pounds each. Two of them filled the bed of the big wagon and five more crossed on top and fastened down with a long pole. All the little spaces were filled with corn and fodder, the big cover put on and with a four or six horse team we were off for Augusta. It was a ten day's trip and we boys were happy to go along and camp out all night and listen to the nigger drivers tell about ghosts and Jack-o'-Lanterns and witches and new lands and bloody bones. It was great fun. We brought back sugar and molasses in great hogsheads. It was brown sugar, for white sugar wasn't invented, except a kind called loaf sugar which was put up in five-pound cakes and covered with blue paper. That kind was for rich folks and was very precious. It was crystallized like these little square lumps that are common now. When our mother would gnaw the loaf she would let our children lick the sweet. It was good. Most anything was good then. A stick of striped candy was a rare treat. So was half an orange, or a bunch of "raisins," as the niggers called them. Most anything was good then, for our appetite had not been turfed with cakes and sweetmeats, as they are now. We loved sassafras root and angelica and sugar berries and licorice and wild cherries and the lusks bark of chestnut trees and slippery elm. We were always hungry and drinking for something. My Alabama friend is not only because he has lost his youthful companions, but his youthful appetite. Even ginger cakes have lost their relish and a game of sweetmeats and town ball and bull-pen their fascina-

tion. I envy the happy children as they play around me, but I am happy, too, in trying to make them happy, for I know that there is trouble enough ahead of them, for man that is born of a woman is of five days and full of troubles. The best we can do is to do the best we can to fortify against it and take the lead with the good. Try to be calm and serene, for life is full of blessings and we should school ourselves to magnify them and be thankful. I have not forgotten the poor little boy who slept under the straw, and one cold windy night his mother laid an old door on the straw to hold it down, and he said, "Mother, I know there are some little boys who haven't got any door to put over them." It is a good way for us to think about those who are worse off than we are, and my Alabama friend knows there are thousands of them.

But I must stop, for it is hard to write a cheerful letter these gloomy days. The weather is depressing and it takes my Alabama friend to feel sad. Cole says that a long wet rain is worse on a man than a long dry drought. We have not seen the blessed sunshine for four long days and the wind has blown down my pretty butter bean barter flat to the ground.

Drowned While Retiring.

King's Mountain Democrat.

On Monday afternoon a party from Patterson Springs went to Beasly and was in sailing just below Graham's bridge. The water was deep and there was a such hole, but it was not considered dangerous. They made ready with the sun and when they started out it was with difficulty that some of them managed to come up and soon it was noticed that Mr. Buford Ellis, one of the wisest and ablest to get out. Mr. Edgar McSwain, one of the young men immediately swam to him and tried to get him to the shore, but Mr. Ellis then almost unconsciously, clung to him and both of them went under. Mr. McSwain then got loose and was so exhausted he could scarcely get to the shore. In the meantime Mr. Lester Harbin, a member of the party, came to the rescue and attempted to assist in getting Mr. Ellis out, but got so exhausted that it was with difficulty that he was rescued by the others. All present did everything they could, Mr. Ellis seemed to have lost the use of his limbs and their efforts to rescue him were in vain.

The body was recovered just before dark. Mr. Buford Ellis was over 40 years old, but was a single man, living with his aged father, Mr. Alford Ellis, on the plantation near Patterson Springs. Deceased was a member of Pleasant Hill Baptist church and a good, quiet, peaceable and law abiding citizen, who was highly esteemed by his neighbors and acquaintances. The body was buried in the graveyard at Patterson Springs Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, Rev. D. G. Washburn conducting the funeral services.

Twice Widowed by Railroad.

News and Observer.

There is a singular coincidence in the death of Mr. John Rosemond, the engineer who was killed Saturday night in the wreck on the S. A. L. near Oberlin.

Mrs. Rosemond, his wife, is a native of Danville, her maiden name being Lemmie Abbott. She was a widow when she married Mr. Rosemond, her first husband, Mr. Briggs, being an engineer who was killed seven years ago. He stepped from his engine and was struck by a passing train. Mrs. Briggs was left a widow with a two-year-old child. This time her second husband was killed in a railroad wreck, leaving her again with a two-year-old child.

Yesterday morning Mrs. Rosemond left for Danville, accompanied by the remains of her husband, which reached here Sunday night. She had just arrived in Raleigh to make this her home when the wreck occurred and was boarding at Mrs. John Beckham's. The body of Mr. Rosemond was so mangled that the casket was not open.

The North's Greatest Love (?) for the

News.

Indianaapolis Post-Intelligencer.

When Governor Beckham of Kentucky objected to the erection of a colored church near the capitol in Frankfort the northern press condemned the young official with all severity. The South has waited one month and been given an opportunity to retaliate. In Brooklyn, N. Y., a colored minister recently moved into a new place and he had a peaceful moment since. Night and day his white neighbors, who denounced the objection of Beckham, gather in front of the preacher's home and sing:

Coon, coon, coon, I wish my color would fade;
Coon, coon, coon, I wish I was a different shade.
Coon, coon, coon—morning, night and noon,
I wish I was a white man instead of a coon, coon, coon.

Of course there is no comparison between the Kentucky and New York incidents. One is in the North, the other in the South; one is in a republic and the other in a democracy.

The first bale of new cotton to come to the Charlotte market arrived on the 29th from Monroe, says the Charlotte News.

The Cotton Right Above.

"One night my brother's baby was taken with Croup," writes Mrs. J. C. Seider, of Crittendon, Ky., "it seemed it would strangle before we could get a doctor, so we gave it Dr. King's New Discovery, which gave quick relief and permanently cured it. We always keep it in the house to protect our children from Croup and Whooping Cough. It cured me of a chronic bronchial trouble that no other remedy would relieve." Infants for Coughs, Colic, Troust and Lung troubles. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at J. R. Curry & Co's.

Old Soldier's Experience.

M. M. Austin, a civil war veteran, of Winchester, Ind., writes: "My wife was sick a long time in spite of good doctor's treatment, but was wholly cured by Dr. King's New Life Pills, which worked wonders for her health." They always do. Try them. Only 50c at J. R. Curry & Co's drug store.

REAPING THE HARVEST.

WHETHER you reap a harvest or not in your buying, depends largely upon the quality of merchandise you get for your money. Our goods are known to be a strong factor in holding trade. They are carefully selected for this very purpose from the choice displays in the great centres of fashion. There is in them the combination of material and stylish make-up which is bound to bring satisfaction and best results to the buyer.

If you are not already a customer of ours, why not test the advantages we offer in

MILLINERY, DRESS GOODS, NOVELTIES AND TRIMMINGS, COATS, JACKETS, AND WALKING SKIRTS, FOR LADIES, MISSES, AND CHILDREN.

We have just returned from the fashionable centres, where we selected the latest styles, shapes and designs. These new goods are arriving every day - fresh, new, and beautiful.

Come to see us, and let these goods and our prices tell their own engaging story.

JAMES F. YEAGER, Ladies' Furnishings a Specialty.

THE SOUTHERN BOY.

The Chicken Law and Some Other Queer Acts.

News and Observer.

The town of Concord walks proudly of the retrium wearing the honor of the first trial and conviction under what is known as the "chicken law." This law was passed by the last Legislature and is one of the most remarkable in the history of local statehood. It makes it a misdemeanor to allow your chickens to trespass on the property of others. Under this law Miss Mollie Brashear, of Concord, wrote out a warrant against her fellow townsmen, Will Farris, and he was convicted, and the magistrate fined him a penny and costs.

Simultaneously with the news of this trial and conviction comes sensational reports from Cleveland county of a most ingenious and the general and jovial Lawrence depot agent, the inventor of the Bone Comb White Leg worm and a fancier of the White Leg variety. His intention is described as consisting of a device which is attached to the leg of a chicken so that when it goes into the garden and begins to scratch it will gradually scratch itself out of the garden. It is positively stated that with this appliance on a chicken it is utterly impossible for it to remain in a garden if it makes any attempt to scratch.

Of course such an invention, if successful, will knock the old Plymouth Rock rooster law higher than a kite, and therefore ought not to be encouraged.

We should view with genuine alarm any attempt to have a gun like our chicken law enacted from the statute books.

There were a number of others like unto the Chicken Law passed by the last Legislature, but not quite equal to it. We might for instance, here mention the following notes selected from the books at random:

Chapter 422, requiring the county physician in Macon to test all liquor drunk in that county, and if the judge "is found not absolutely pure shall be refused, and not paid for." Though no salary or fee is proscribed for this duty, it is believed that it will, in the near future, make the office of county physician for Macon one of the most desirable in that part of the State.

Chapter 439 which provides that no liquor shall be shipped into Clay county and if any is brought in any part of the State and so shipped "said wine shall be held and constrained to take place within said county of Clay, and said common carrier shall be liable for the same in said misdemeanor." It is worthy of note in this connection that there is not a railroad in Clay county or in forty miles thereof.

The Chicken Law and Some Other Queer Acts.

News and Observer.

The town of Concord walks proudly of the retrium wearing the honor of the first trial and conviction under what is known as the "chicken law." This law was passed by the last Legislature and is one of the most remarkable in the history of local statehood. It makes it a misdemeanor to allow your chickens to trespass on the property of others. Under this law Miss Mollie Brashear, of Concord, wrote out a warrant against her fellow townsmen, Will Farris, and he was convicted, and the magistrate fined him a penny and costs.

Simultaneously with the news of this trial and conviction comes sensational reports from Cleveland county of a most ingenious and the general and jovial Lawrence depot agent, the inventor of the Bone Comb White Leg worm and a fancier of the White Leg variety. His intention is described as consisting of a device which is attached to the leg of a chicken so that when it goes into the garden and begins to scratch it will gradually scratch itself out of the garden. It is positively stated that with this appliance on a chicken it is utterly impossible for it to remain in a garden if it makes any attempt to scratch.

Of course such an invention, if successful, will knock the old Plymouth Rock rooster law higher than a kite, and therefore ought not to be encouraged.

We should view with genuine alarm any attempt to have a gun like our chicken law enacted from the statute books.

There were a number of others like unto the Chicken Law passed by the last Legislature, but not quite equal to it. We might for instance, here mention the following notes selected from the books at random:

Chapter 422, requiring the county physician in Macon to test all liquor drunk in that county, and if the judge "is found not absolutely pure shall be refused, and not paid for." Though no salary or fee is proscribed for this duty, it is believed that it will, in the near future, make the office of county physician for Macon one of the most desirable in that part of the State.

Chapter 439 which provides that no liquor shall be shipped into Clay county and if any is brought in any part of the State and so shipped "said wine shall be held and constrained to take place within said county of Clay, and said common carrier shall be liable for the same in said misdemeanor." It is worthy of note in this connection that there is not a railroad in Clay county or in forty miles thereof.

There is then chapter 484 making it unlawful to eat sherry timber in Graham county during the season of the year when the leaves are on the timber, and all persons who commit such an offense shall be guilty of a misdemeanor." Chapter 496 makes it a misdemeanor to leave "Mad Castle" gate open, while chapter 548 gives you free and unlimited permission to throw sawdust in any of the streams of Swain county. Chapter 573 prohibits fishing in certain streams of Bladen and Columbus counties, "except with a rod and line, and not more than six hooks shall be attached to any line." Chapter 696 makes Thomas Woodall, of Johnson county, a citizen and tax-payer of one township and a resident of another township.

But even more interesting than any of these, perhaps, is chapter 604, which is the point of parsimony and status-ship, is a real gem. It makes it "unlawful for any person or persons to join in and bark dogs on a being deer, or the trail thereof, being

The Chicken Law and Some Other Queer Acts.

News and Observer.

The town of Concord walks proudly of the retrium wearing the honor of the first trial and conviction under what is known as the "chicken law." This law was passed by the last Legislature and is one of the most remarkable in the history of local statehood. It makes it a misdemeanor to allow your chickens to trespass on the property of others. Under this law Miss Mollie Brashear, of Concord, wrote out a warrant against her fellow townsmen, Will Farris, and he was convicted, and the magistrate fined him a penny and costs.

Simultaneously with the news of this trial and conviction comes sensational reports from Cleveland county of a most ingenious and the general and jovial Lawrence depot agent, the inventor of the Bone Comb White Leg worm and a fancier of the White Leg variety. His intention is described as consisting of a device which is attached to the leg of a chicken so that when it goes into the garden and begins to scratch it will gradually scratch itself out of the garden. It is positively stated that with this appliance on a chicken it is utterly impossible for it to remain in a garden if it makes any attempt to scratch.

Of course such an invention, if successful, will knock the old Plymouth Rock rooster law higher than a kite, and therefore ought not to be encouraged.

We should view with genuine alarm any attempt to have a gun like our chicken law enacted from the statute books.

There were a number of others like unto the Chicken Law passed by the last Legislature, but not quite equal to it. We might for instance, here mention the following notes selected from the books at random:

Chapter 422, requiring the county physician in Macon to test all liquor drunk in that county, and if the judge "is found not absolutely pure shall be refused, and not paid for." Though no salary or fee is proscribed for this duty, it is believed that it will, in the near future, make the office of county physician for Macon one of the most desirable in that part of the State.

Chapter 439 which provides that no liquor shall be shipped into Clay county and if any is brought in any part of the State and so shipped "said wine shall be held and constrained to take place within said county of Clay, and said common carrier shall be liable for the same in said misdemeanor." It is worthy of note in this connection that there is not a railroad in Clay county or in forty miles thereof.

There is then chapter 484 making it unlawful to eat sherry timber in Graham county during the season of the year when the leaves are on the timber, and all persons who commit such an offense shall be guilty of a misdemeanor." Chapter 496 makes it a misdemeanor to leave "Mad Castle" gate open, while chapter 548 gives you free and unlimited permission to throw sawdust in any of the streams of Swain county. Chapter 573 prohibits fishing in certain streams of Bladen and Columbus counties, "except with a rod and line, and not more than six hooks shall be attached to any line." Chapter 696 makes Thomas Woodall, of Johnson county, a citizen and tax-payer of one township and a resident of another township.


But her beauty was completely hidden by sores, blotches and pimples till she used Doan's Arsenic Skin. Then they vanished as will all eruptions, Fever Sores, Boils, Ulcers, Carbuncles and Felsons from its use. Infallible for Oute, Corns, Burns, Scalds and Pits. Ours guaranteed. 25c at J. E. Curry & Co's.

.....65,000 Copies Sold Before Publication.....

D'RI AND I.

By IRVING BACHELLE,
Author of EBEN HOLDEN.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. C. VONN.



A Border Tale of 1812 A Book of EXQUISITE Beauty

D'RI AND I is declared by competent critics a story of MASTERLY strength and ANOTHER TRIBUTE to the AMERICAN character and people. It is a worthy successor to "Eben Holden," the first great character creation of this Author.

Red Silk Cloth, Illustrated Cover, Gilt Top. \$1.35, Postpaid \$1.60.

GASTONIA BOOK STORE.

HAVE YOU A PICTURE YOU WANT FRAMED?

BRING IT TO US.

...We Make Picture Frames...
Our mouldings are all new and of the latest patterns. Our prices are right too. All work guaranteed at ...

VALE'S STUDIO,

GASTONIA, N. C.

"The Medicine of My Household."

From the President of the North Carolina Railroad Co.

ELKIN, N. C., May 15th, 1901.

VADK MECUM SPRING COMPANY,

Gentlemen.—You will please ship another barrel of Vade Mecum water at once and ship also a barrel to my brother at Charlotte. We have all derived so much benefit from drinking the water that we do not like to be without it. It is the BEST medicine ever used in my family.

Yours truly,
H. G. CHATHAM.

On Sale by J. H. KENNEDY & COMPANY, Druggists,
GASTONIA, NORTH CAROLINA.

Due West Female College

In thorough scholarship, in moral and religious influences, in social advantages, in healthfulness, in simple refined manners, in motherly oversight of individual pupils, in Southern ideals and conservatism, offers the best at the lowest cost. In addition to full college courses, offers fine opportunities in Music, Art, Expression, Stringed Instruments and Business.

Rev. JAMES BOYCE, President,
DUE WEST, ABBEVILLE COUNTY, S. C.

Bread and Cakes.

Having arranged with the Gastonia Bakery to furnish us with fresh Bread and Cakes daily, we will from now on have a choice supply always on hand.

Your orders for any bread or cakes in stock will be filled promptly, and we will also take orders for any large fruit cakes or other specialties our customers may want.

Let us serve you,
Morris & Jenkins.

JONES SEMINARY, FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Opens September 17th.

Full corps of teachers. Music, Art and Recitation Specials. No extra charges for Latin, French or Book-Keeping. Climate and water healthful.

Board and Tuition per term of nine months, \$75.

For catalogue address,
REV. A. G. KIRKPATRICK,
ALL HEALING, N.C.