

# THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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

VOL. XXII.

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[Editor and Proprietor.]

GASTONIA, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1901.

(No. 52 per Annum.)  
(Half for Advance.)

NO. 46

## IN DEFENCE OF SCHLEY.

### RAYNER'S FINE IMPRESSION.

The Spoil of his Country Moved his  
Hearts to Tears—A Loud Burst of  
Applause Followed—A Dramatic  
Scene in the Court Room.

Washington, November 6.—The climax of the Schley court of inquiry came this afternoon when Mr. Rayner, the chief counsel for Admiral Schley, concluded a brilliant argument of over three hours with a oration of eloquent and impassioned that all with in the sound of his voice were profoundly touched. As Mr. Rayner began his eulogy of Admiral Schley those in the audience, many of whom were ladies, leaned forward in their seats. The spell of his oratory was over them and when he described the admiral's gallant deeds and the long persecution to which he had been subjected many of them broke down and wept. The members of the court displayed evidences of emotion and Admiral Schley himself was plainly moved. He sat, leaning back with his hands behind his head. His chin twitched and as his counsel said he could afford to wait the verdict of posterity, two big tears rolled down his cheeks. At a moment after the court adjourned, the judge advocate pleading that he could not well go on to-day. Then another remarkable thing happened. As soon as the gavel fell the entire audience surged forward to shake the hands of Admiral Schley and Mr. Rayner. But the oncoming spectators fell back a moment as they saw Admiral Dewey and his two associates move around the table as if they by a common impulse would congratulate Admiral Schley and his counsel. Even Captain Lemly, the judge advocate, came forward to join in the congratulations. Then the public held its breath for fifteen minutes after the court adjourned. Admiral Schley and Mr. Rayner were kept busy shaking hands.

Mr. Rayner made a plea for the consideration of questions from what was at that time Admiral Dewey and his two associates move around the table as if they by a common impulse would congratulate Admiral Schley and his counsel. Even Captain Lemly, the judge advocate, came forward to join in the congratulations. Then the public held its breath for fifteen minutes after the court adjourned. Admiral Schley and Mr. Rayner were kept busy shaking hands.

After reading the testimony of several officers as to the splendid bearing of Admiral Schley, Mr. Rayner read the testimony of Mr. Potts to the effect that the admiral appeared nervous—"that he got up and sat down."

At this point Captain Lemly protested and his protest led to a dramatic scene in the court room.

Admiral Dewey—"The court of course will read all the testimony that has been given. We will be governed by the testimony. We know exactly what Lieutenant Commander Potts said. He said he was scared, but counsel did enlarge a little upon it." Mr. Rayner—"Yes I probably did enlarge."

Captain Lemly—"And that said, I am sorry I made the remark."

Admiral Dewey—"It is only one day more and I think we ought to get along peacefully."

Mr. Rayner closed as follows: "I have now briefly presented this case as it appears in its general outline. Such a trial as this has never to my knowledge taken place in the history of the world. It seemed to my mind that this case had hardly opened with the testimony of Captain Higginson before it commenced to totter, and from day to day its visionary fabric dissolved from view. When Captain Cook, their last witness, was put upon the stand the entire structure collapsed, and now when the witnesses from our own ships and the gallant captain and crew of the Oregon and Admiral Schley have narrated their unvarnished tale, the whole tenement, with all its compartments, from its foundation to its turret, has disappeared and here lies a mass of blighted ruins."

"It has taken three years to reveal the truth. There is not a single witness, friend or foe that casts the shadow of a reflection upon the honored name of the hero of Santiago. He has never claimed the glory of that day. No word to this effect has ever gone from him to the American people. The valiant Cook, the heroic Clark, the lamented Phillips, the interred and undaunted Vainwright, and all the other captains, and every man at every gun and every soul on board every ship are equal participants with Admiral Schley in the honor wrought upon that immortal day. We cannot strike down his figure standing upon the bridge of the Brooklyn. There he stands upon the bridge of the Brooklyn, his ship almost alone receiving the entire fire of the Spanish fleet, when the Oregon was the wings of lightning sped into the thickness of this mortal carnage 'God bless the Oregon' was the cheer that rang from deck to deck. And you went as twin brothers in the chase until the sea gun was fired from the Cristobal Colon and the despoiled colors of Spain were swept from the face of her ancient possession. All done, congratulate you on the victory, was the answer that he heard from the halcyon of the Brooklyn, and from that day to this no man has ever heard from Admiral Schley the slightest whisper or intimation that he has usurped the glory of that imperishable hour. The thunders of the Brooklyn as she trembled on the waves have been discordant music to the ears of envious foes, but they have pierced a rugged wood nearby with a swing to his countrymen and struck a responsive chord at the breast of every American home. And what is more than all which has been revealed in this case, as matchless as his courage and as unassailable as his honor, is the beautiful character and the generous spirit that animates his soul, and the forgiving heart that beats within his bosom. Yet, we cannot resist the urge. We must, as the attorney general said, step upon his native heath and see his eye as on the peak of Mt. Lebanon. His country does not want to strike him dead, nor cast a slur upon the pure scutcheon of his honored name."

"For three long years he has suffered and now, thank God, the hour of his vindication has come. With composure, with resignation, with supreme and unflinching fortitude, he awaits the judgment of the nation's tribunal, and when that deliverance comes he rises from the high and exalted position that he occupies, look down upon his traducers and maligners and with pride exclaim: 'I care not for the venomous gossip of clubs and of drawing-rooms and cliques and cabals and the poisoned shafts of envy and of malice; I await under the guidance of Divine Providence, the verdict of posterity.'"

Mr. Rayner closed at 3:30 o'clock, having spoken about three hours. The court adjourned until 2 P. M. tomorrow, when Captain Lemly will deliver the closing argument.

By aid of the industry and lies at La Patrie a correspondent of a contemporary has obtained some interesting statistics of the war in South Africa. During the last two years the Boers have lost 151 men killed and 300 men and 17 officers captured, while among the British losses have been 3,190,190 men killed, which includes 60,000 officers and 190,000 men, and 8,000 officers captured. The British have captured 14 guns, while the Boers have retailed by taking 3,180 from the British. Of the 1,101 battles 1,004 have proved decisive victories for the Boers. The British generals have been generally unfortunate. No fewer than seventy-one have been killed. Gen. Methuen was so ill-fated as to be killed seven times in four months. Gen. Kelly-Kenny has had his head blown off three times, while "Bobs" has lost five legs and nine right arms. If it be true that necessarily is the mother of invention, the special correspondent of La Patrie must have seen pretty hard times.

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Specials in DRESS GOODS.

WE CONTINUE THIS WEEK OUR SPECIAL OFFERING OF Ladies' combination Suits, Misses' combination Suits, Ladies', Misses', and Children's Wool and cotton Vests at prices lower than ever known before for the quality of goods offered.

WALKING SKIRTS. A new lot just arrived in Black and Grey.

CORSETS always on hand. A full stock of the latest shapes.

MILLINERY. Our trimming department is kept busy these days, with Miss Benny in charge. We are prepared to show the newest and latest shapes.

Come to See Us.

## JAMES F. YEAGER.

LADIES' FURNISHINGS A SPECIALTY.

YOUNG CHARLOTTE. A corner in North Carolina where Years are Lightly Borne. Although News and Observer.

"I reckon you will come around to agree with me that the mountain country of North Carolina has a right to be called beautiful when I tell you about some of the folks that are alive and kicking down there yet," said B. W. Morton, of Burke county, North Carolina. "I at Cherry Mountain not long before I came North I stopped to chat a minute or so with Aunt Sallie Crowder as she was milking the cows, while her husband, Uncle Andy, was chopping wood nearby with a swing to his six as heavy as a wooden mallet. Aunt Sallie had passed her sixtieth year and Uncle Andy was 94."

"As I was driving one day to Rutherford county, I met ex-sheriff Andy Long going home. He was riding a frisky young mule. He stopped and I stopped.

"How old is that mule Sheriff?" I asked him.

"Well, suh," said he, "they say mules get to be powerful old, but if this mule lives to be as old as I am he'll have to live 93 years yet. He's just three years old, this mule is."

"Great Gabriel's horn!" I exclaimed. "You're not 96, are you Sheriff?"

"Ninety-six last Tuesday," he replied, and away he went as his 3-year-old mule, as chipper as a cricket."

"I met Uncle Billy Wade not long after that and I asked him if he had any idea how old Sheriff Andy Long was, for I thought the old fellow was stretching it a little. Uncle Billy was busy at his forge, for he is a worker in iron and brass as well as a carpenter and wagoner. He didn't answer me until he had finished a job of welding. Then he pondered a moment and said: "Well the Sheriff is either three or four years older than I am—three, I think, I am 93 past."

"John Long and his brother Preston were gathering their corn if I came along by their place. They are brothers of Sheriff Andy, I stopped and couldn't help referring to the amazing age and vigor of Andy, as well as to the balance and hardness of their neighbor, Uncle Billy Wade, at 93."

"Why, yes," said Preston Long they are doing quite well for men of their age, but I reckon me and John will be right smart ourselves when we get to be as old as they are. John'll live to live longer than I will though to get to be as old as Andy or Uncle Billy is, John is only 90 now. He's the baby of the family. I'll be 92 in a month from now."

"Then John Long wanted to know if I had heard about Aunt 'Bintha Covington. I said I hadn't."

"She sprained her ankle," said John, "and she says she's mighty glad she ain't so old as Granny Hollifield of Elmhurst, or she'd be lame for the rest of her life. She's only comin' 91, Aunt 'Bintha is."

"How old is Granny Hollifield, for goodness sake?" I said.

"Granny?" replied John. "Lemme see. Preston is 118 or 117 that Granny Hollifield is?"

"Hundred and seventeen past," said Preston. "And the record of it is down too."

"And I found out later that such was the case."

"And Aunt Charlotte Whitehead," continued John Long. "Did you hear about her?"

"I told him I had not."

"Aunt Charlotte is Aunt 'Bintha's young sister. She's only 89 I heard you speaking of Aunt Sallie Crowder. Well Aunt 'Bintha Covington and Aunt Charlotte Whitehead are both sisters of Aunt Sallie's. You know Bill Bruther's old billy goat, Captain Kidd, don't you?"

"I had often heard of that ugly old goat that everybody in its neighborhood was afraid of."

"Well sir," said John, "that goat has out-batted every dog they could get to go after him and run everybody out of the pasture but that dazed to try and go across it. Aunt Charlotte went out to gather mangel-worm and yams the other day and she took a short cut across the pasture lot. The Aggie's goat see her and went for her at once."

He batted her over before Aunt Charlotte knew what was comin'. When she got up and seen the goat standin' there ready to come again, she grabbed him by the whiskers and the horns and flopped him on his back so quick it almost made his eyes bulge, and before he could get over his surprise she scooped him all the way out with a fence rail. She went on her way and by and by the goat came to, but they say that whenever he sees Aunt Charlotte come into that field he goes 'way over to the other side of it."

"I found out elsewhere that it was a fact about Aunt Charlotte kicking that goat terror just as John Long had told me. Uncle Bob Lattimore confirmed the statement: Uncle Bob had just come in from a day's sick hunting when I saw him. He had a nice bag of birds, too."

"Yes, sir, said he, 'Aunt Charlotte fixed that pesky Captain Kidd, and mightly quick, too, she did. If I wasn't quite so young I'd jest try to get her to quit being a widow, but she'd only laugh at a youngster like me. I've only jest turned 52. If I was only Ben Hartman of King's Mountain, now, I'd be after her in less than no time, said Uncle Bob."

"How old is Ben Hartman?" I asked.

"Ben was 93 last June," said Uncle Bob, and he can chop wood in a day that any other man in the mountains."

"Uncle Bill Hooten, Uncle Bob's neighbor and rival in raising big water melons, corroborated this about Ben Hartman of King's Mountain. Uncle Bill ought to know, because he and Ben were boys together, although he admitted that Ben was three years older than he was."

"I tell you we are 'healthy down in that corner of the Tar Heel State! Dying is the last thing people think of down there!"

## Do Not Read This If You are in Love Or Engaged

These two ladies are not favorably disposed toward us, as we refused to employ them. We are showing the finest line of Solid and Plated Silverware Rich Cut Glass, Fancy Clocks, Art Goods, etc. Suitable for Wedding Presents. No old stock or high prices here. Only the newest and most artistic patterns at lowest prices.

TORRENCE, The Jeweler. The Old Reliable.

## Prepare For Thanksgiving

Yes, it is nearly here again—only three weeks off. Already you have been thinking of your needs. So have we. And we have tried to think them out ahead of you. Make all your preparations in advance so that it may truly be a day of rest in the middle of the week—a day filled with quiet, good cheer, and genuine thanksgiving.

CRANBERRIES and PRUNES. We have on hand now the cranberries—unusually fine ones, fresh and of racy flavor, and also the sweeter juice-laden prunes. Your turkey dinner will not be complete without them. Send us your order.

FOR YOUR CAKE. We have just opened a lot of cake ingredients, such as we like to receive—very fine, fresh and of highest quality—currants, seedless raisins, and citron. Order from us and get the best.

PICKLES. What zest and flavor they add to the feast, what an elegant edge to the eating! To be sure of the most delightful to be had, get our famous Heinz's in sour, sweet, or sweet mixture.

Stock of Staple Groceries Always Fresh and Complete. Send full List of Your Wants.

George Jenkins.

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