

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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

VOL. XXIII. W. F. MARRIAGE, Editor and Proprietor. GASTONIA, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1902. (SIX PAGES) NO. 10

THE SEMI-WEEKLY GAZETTE.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY GAZETTE is scheduled to appear the first week in April. Of course we are more or less dependent upon the type magnates for getting our new material to hand in time, but we know nothing at present to forbid the expectation that THE GAZETTE will meet its published schedule.

It will be printed with new type from head-rule to foot-slug. Its make-up will be somewhat changed and, as we believe, improved thereby. In contents and character it will be a little different from any other paper on earth.

Of course, in keeping with its motto which has so long stood just beneath the heading, THE GAZETTE will be devoted as heretofore to the protection of home and the interests of the county. It will be a paper fit to go into the home and welcome there because of what it brings of profitable information, of pleasing entertainment, and of helpful instruction. Devoted to the interests of the county with all its heart and strength, it will appear as never before to Gaston county people—to those who live in the towns, to those who live in the country, and to those who are dwellers abroad.

We are grateful for the substantial evidences of the hearty welcome with which our recent announcements have been received in the way of renewals and new subscriptions. "The only thing I have against THE GAZETTE," say our friends, "is that it doesn't come often enough for so good a paper. Welcome, Semi-Weekly! Hurry up with the daily!"

Oh, it is coming along.

PRICE OF THE SEMI-WEEKLY.

We wish to make ourselves quite clear about the subscription price of THE SEMI-WEEKLY GAZETTE. The price has not yet been fixed. Our subscribers will determine that. It costs more to publish a paper twice a week than once a week, and naturally its subscribers expect to pay more. A one dollar paper coming twice a week ought to cost two dollars a year. But in case of THE SEMI-WEEKLY GAZETTE it is our earnest desire to publish it at the present popular price of one dollar. We can easily do so if there are enough people in Gaston who want a semi-weekly at that price.

If, therefore, a sufficient number of those who want a one dollar semi-weekly will say so with the money before the first of April, we shall be able to let the present price stand and to give two papers a week for the price of one. Hence we announce that all who subscribe or renew for THE GAZETTE before April 1st, will get the semi-weekly for this year at the present price of one dollar.

Whether the price will be advanced when the semi-weekly starts depends upon what the people of the county say before that time. Meanwhile, until the first of April all who want it have an opportunity to get THE SEMI-WEEKLY GAZETTE at the rate of one dollar a year.

The place for everybody in Gaston county who wants a county paper twice a week for a dollar is on THE GAZETTE'S subscription list. Get your name written there at once. It will cover the county like a blanket. Already the people are coming.

We would thank our friends to keep the good word going. THE GASTONIA GAZETTE—prints the news and tells the truth—Gaston county's oldest, youngest, neatest, liveliest and most reliable newspaper—only one dollar a year—semi-weekly after first of April.

"OLD HOCK'S" STORY.

Bill App Writes About the Good Old Englishman.

Bill App in Atlanta Constitution.

Of course—of course it was Tom Moore. How came I to say that Burns wrote that pretty ballad beginning "And I know by the smoke that so graciously curled?" I knew better and the editor should have corrected it, for he knew better, too. What he did as an editor for if he does not correct a "lapses penman" like that? But I am glad I made the mistake for it has brought me three letters and a postal kindly correcting me, and proves that the people who read the old-time authors are not a dead. The last line of that verse always reminds me of a good old man, a comrade, Captain John Hookham, an Englishman by birth, but a Georgia rebel who used to write poetry for us around the camp fires in 1862 and 1863. We called him "Old Hock" and everybody loved him for he was a cutaway and dropped the h's where he should not, and vice versa. There is always a charm in broken English and to murder the King's English is no great offense. "Old Hock" knew a great deal of Tom Moore and Burns and Burns and Campbell and it was a treat to hear him say:

"The heart that is 'umble might hope for it 'ere."

He knew that other sweet ballad of Annie Crawford:

"Kathleen Mavourneen, the gray dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill."

And he always said "The 'orn of the 'unter is 'eard on the hill." The "Exile of Erin," which he called the "Exile of Erin," was another of his favorites. He learned these poems from his sweetheart while he was an apprentice in London—an orphan boy bound for several years to a hard master, a brewer, and his daily service was to carry the jars of malt from the cellar up a flight of stone steps to the floor above. He never had a kind word from his master, and one day he tripped and fell and broke a jar and was bitterly abused for it, and told that he had forfeited the £30 that he was to get when his term was out. He was then 18 and had just three years to go to his hard, monotonous work. That night he poured out his heart to the girl he loved and declared he would run away and go to America on the first sail that left the port. She said she would make some money here and send it to her if she would promise to come to him, and then they would marry and be so happy—and she promised. Within a week the opportunity came. He told one of the sailors his sad story and the sailor told the mate, and they took him aboard by night and hid him down in the hold of the vessel until the good ship had weighed anchor and was far out to sea. "Old Hock" told it to us one cold

night at Manassas and how sad and sweet was his last embrace, his last good bye. He choked up sometimes and the tears glistened in his eyes, but it was a pretty story and Dickens could have built upon it and made a tender romance. This was a way back in the forties when our state was building the Western and Atlantic railroad and wanted laborers and had sent a man to New York to hire immigrants who landed at Castle Garden. "Old Hock" did not have to wait a day, but was hired and shipped to Atlanta and from there to Atlanta, where he did his first work. He said he did not feel safe upon the ocean voyage or in New York harbor, for he feared he might in some way be caught as a fugitive and taken back, but when he got to Atlanta and saw the woods all around him and the high hills and deep ravines and mingled with good kind-hearted men and women, he felt safe and free. I never knew what freedom was before, and you Hammons' say no bidea w'at a blessing it is. The good woman w'ere I boarded and her daughter were so kind and gentle to me that I would 'ave 'ugged them if I dared, but I thought all of the time of the girl I had left behind me and it served me to good, 'onest wages, and six months I 'ad 'undred dollars in the bank and a good man to send it to another good man in New York, and he found the same captain I came over with and he took it to my sweetheart, and she came back with him, and while I was every day looking for a letter she took me by surprise one morning and brought the letter with her, and we just fell in to each other's arms like like-like—major become me now. I must go and look better w'om. He had named his son more Emma, I reckon. But we made him flesh the story afterwards and tell how one good friend volunteered to go after the license, and another after the preacher, and his landlady and her daughter baked some cake and got a extra supper and they were married that night at her 'ome, and all he said was "When God taketh his soul, let no man put hinder." "Old Hock" was a purtier, a good honest and true man. His neighbors at his home in Dawson county all loved and honored him, and there was not a man in his regiment (the Eleventh Georgia) more beloved by the man that he fed, for he was chosen their commissary early in the war, and you know it is so natural to love those who feed you well. When relations were short he would travel all night to secure supplies, and the boys knew that if "Old Hock" couldn't get what they wanted nobody could. But in course of time the old man got sick and wanted to go home. Other officers had got furloughs, but he had never asked for one. He went to bed and sent for me, and told me he was sick and if he didn't get a furlough he believed he would get

HYPOPHOSPHITE AND CRIME.

How a Greenville Policeman Induced a Thief to Make Confession, Greenville Mountaineer.

Hypnotism in the detection of crime is to become one of the developments of this remarkable age and while such means for the apprehension of criminals is in the embryo as yet, there are good reasons for believing that the science or whatever it may be called can be made useful in the detective system of towns.

Some months ago when the strange and unaccountable attack was made upon the railroad and express agent at Greenville, in which Mr. Hill came near losing his life, one of our policemen conceived the idea that he would hypnotize a negro boy and question him concerning the affair at Greenville to ascertain what he might learn from this source in addition to what he already knew. The negro was sent out under control by the policeman, and in response to questions he related the details of the occurrence, and vividly described the men engaged in it, entering into particulars of which he could hardly be cognizant as some of them had not been published in the newspaper. The story told by the negro while he was hypnotized agreed substantially with the facts developed by the detectives and the thread was broken in his narrative just where the officers met with a missing link in the chain of evidence.

Policeman Pat Tucker is one who believes in hypnotism as a detective agency, and it was he who made the experiment with the negro boy in the Greenville incident. Last week he was informed that the family of Mr. Maning League, an ex-Confederate soldier who died a few weeks ago, had missed some interesting relics of his service in the army, including his bayonet, scabbard, belt and cartridge box, which he had carefully preserved since the surrender of Lee, and that there was a chance of their being recovered. The family could not imagine what had become of these treasures, but Mr. Tucker began an investigation of the facts and circumstances, and reached the conclusion that a certain negro driver who had been in the house of Mr. Wm. Hoosh where the articles had been kept since the death of Mr. League, was either the guilty party or knew where the stolen relics were.

Tucker managed to engage the negro in a private conversation, and obtained his consent to being hypnotized. In which state he was told that the articles had been stolen and that he knew where they were, to which he readily gave assent. Tucker then commanded him, after the negro confessed that the articles were at his house on Oscar street, to go there immediately and bring them back, which without further ado he complied with when brought from under the hypnotic spell, and in a very short time the relics were delivered to the police authorities by whom they were transferred at once to their rightful owners.

Mr. Tucker says that he could have read the negro while hypnotized after the stolen goods, but concluded it was best not to do so, and when he came from under the influence Mr. Tucker explained the situation to him, reminding him of the confession and promise, when he straightway made a clean breast of it, with the result already stated. The negro does not seem to be convinced that Mr. Tucker was "a might" improper man to be fooling with," and he thought discretion was decidedly the better part of valor in this instance.

The family of Mr. League are satisfied with the return of his accoutrements, which were prized very highly on account of their association with his army experiences. Policeman Tucker is satisfied with his experience in hypnotism, and the darkey is satisfied that stealing is a risky business when Mr. Tucker is around. This general satisfaction with the result has kept the case off the police docket.

Pay Your Poll-Tax.

Newton Enterprise.

One section of the amendment, ratified by the people of North Carolina in the year 1900, provides that every voter who does not pay the poll tax by the first of May cannot vote at any election during the year. This is one of the best features of the amendment. It is intended to disqualify tax dodgers from voting. It imposes no new hardship on regular tax payers. It has long been the law that taxes must be paid by the first of May. It is required to sell on the first of May the lands of every tax-payer who has not settled with him by that time. Some may say that there are voters who have no land. That is so, but their personal property and their daily, weekly or monthly wages are liable for their taxes, and the sheriff's duty to force the payment of taxes from them is as imperative as it is from the land-owners. It is true that a good many men who have no land for the sheriff to levy on manage to evade the payment of tax beyond the first of May. But these are mainly tax-dodgers, and some manage to dodge the sheriff the whole year. The amendment says that these tax-dodgers must pay their taxes, just the same as people who cannot dodge, or stand aside on election day. What is wrong about this? It is as hard for a man who owns a little piece of land to pay his tax by a fixed time as it is for a man who does not own any land. But the land-owners have to come up to time, and why not all others? The first of May is the proper date for limiting the payment of a poll-tax. Any other date would be both illegal and unfair. This requirement is now part of our constitution, and we know that every good man will feel it his duty to obey it. This is written as a reminder to voters. Those who have not already received their receipts for their poll tax should get them during the next few months, March and April. And after getting the receipts, let them care of them, to prove your right to vote, should this question be raised on election day. This is an important matter and should not be overlooked.

Another Pig Story.

Yorkville Register.

Mr. W. G. Turner, who lives two miles east of Yorkville, has given The Register another pig story that is interesting as illustrating the profits that can be made of properly handled hogs in this country. "A little over two years ago," said Mr. Turner, "I bought a sow pig for \$1. Last fall a year ago, this sow brought a litter of five pigs. All of them were raised at a small cost until fattening time, and when killed last fall they netted me 1,000 pounds of pork. In September, the sow dropped another litter of seven pigs. Up until two weeks ago, I did not feed them a cent's worth of stuff that had value for any other purpose, all of them making their living on the range. About the time I began feeding, I sold two of the pigs for \$3.50 each. I still have the old sow and five pigs left and can get \$3.50 each for the pigs any day I agree to take the money."

SHALL-POX IN THE MAIL CAR.

Two Postal Clerks Down in Charlotte With the Disease, Charlotte Observer, Feb. 25th.

It can't be called a small pox case in time when the mere mention of small pox would have created a panic, but it is now. A man with the marks of mumps spreading on the streets might excite some passing interest, possibly bordering on excitement. The sight of a man with his face aglow with a collection of papules, or even of unblemished vesicles, would scarcely excite comment. Last week the paper told of a negro going into a saloon and sitting for a drink. The bar-tender saw that his face was a mass of small-pox scars and drove him into the street. The negro looked about for several hours. In the meantime, hundreds of people had been by him. A day or two ago, The Observer told of a postal clerk, whose room was between Charlotte and Washington, being sent to a hospital in the latter city with small-pox. Further incidents might have been expected and here they are:

Mr. J. H. Morwood, a postal clerk between Charlotte and Richmond, is confined to his home, No. 507 West Seventh street, with a well-developed case. Mr. McDavid, a postal clerk between Charlotte and Atlanta, is confined to a hut in Keaster's Row, in the southern part of the city, and the home of Mr. Ed. Howls, in the alley in the rear of Hooper's store, near Palmer street, is quarantined, one of Mr. Howls' children being ill with small pox.

Mr. McDavid came in from his room at Richmond two days ago, a sick man. He went direct to his home and yesterday the doctor diagnosed his case as small pox. The house, which is in one of the most thickly settled portions of Ward 4, was quarantined. Two of the men who ran with him are now sick in Richmond with the small pox.

Postal Clerk McDavid came in Monday night and slept in the rooms in the post-office building. Early last night he came up town, believing that he had small-pox and searching for assistance. The policeman to whom he applied very quickly saw the nature of the malady and set about hunting a house to send him to. McDavid was placed in the doorway of a store on West Trade street, and there he remained in the morning rain for two hours. The door-way was dark and not one of the hundreds of people who passed by suspected the danger. About 10 o'clock, Chief of Police Irwin succeeded in securing a hut in Keaster's Row. A mattress and bedding were sent there and the victim, following the advice of an officer, walked through the rain to the house that is to shelter him during his illness. McDavid is married. His family lives in Atlanta.

There are eight or ten cases of small pox in the post house, and there are about 70 inmates of the house of detention. One hundred and fifty postal clerks ran into Charlotte. The rest that are in Washington with small-pox, ten in Richmond and two in Charlotte, is not reassuring.

A New Salary Scale.

Atlanta Journal.

The average citizen probably does not know how much we pay the commissioners whom we have sent to the Philippines, who do not doubt to be governed by the same principles of liberality that "J. J." love of liberty of which we ourselves have been guilty.

Gov. Taft, the civil governor of the 10,000,000 people whom we bought from Spain receives a salary of \$30,000 and his fellow-commissioners have a scale along on \$15,000 a year.

This is a very good salary. The other commissioners receive much more than the chief justice of the United States, the president of the United States army, the presidents of our large Universities and three times as much as United States Senators and members of the House of Representatives are paid.

Gov. Taft, as has been stated, gets \$5,000 a year more than the other commissioners. But if we may believe American opinion, some in doubt about it is not doing the government a service. Gov. Taft has informed a Senate committee that his salary is hardly adequate, for the reason that he has a great deal of entertaining to do. He thinks that if he had more money to spend on baguets and other displays of the luxuries of office he would be able to carry on his work of reconstruction more hopefully. The other commissioners are not so sure that they could use an increase of salary to the benefit of the United States and the Philippines in a similar way.

What portion of their salaries they now use for the entertainment of the Philippines these politicians do not state but they leave us to infer that the work of pacification in the Philippines will be greatly promoted if their pay is increased.

It is costing us something like \$100,000,000 a year to hold the Philippines now and the addition of a petty \$25,000 or \$30,000 to this annual expense account would hardly be felt and would be very gratifying to Gov. Taft and the other commissioners. The propriety of cutting down their expense account would hardly be felt and would be very gratifying to Gov. Taft and the other commissioners. The propriety of cutting down their expense account would hardly be felt and would be very gratifying to Gov. Taft and the other commissioners. The propriety of cutting down their expense account would hardly be felt and would be very gratifying to Gov. Taft and the other commissioners.

MIN STONE'S CAPTIVITY.

The Story of Miss Laura Henry Minton in the Hands of the Brigands in the Mountains of Bulgaria, Charleston News and Courier.

Constantinople, March 1.—The following account of the captivity of Miss Stone has been obtained by Associated Press from reliable sources, some of the information having been received from accomplices of the brigands.

After the capture of the missionaries near Banskko, on September 3 last, the brigands hastened across the mountains and established themselves on the Mountain of Gastepe, in the Rhodope district, where the whole population lives in a constant state of terror. The brigands, after the capture, first fastened the hands to live comfortably and safely and to keep in touch with the outside world. While awaiting the result of their efforts to secure the ransom from the brigands, the members of the band used to show their contempt for the Bulgarian Government by advising the troops to the vicinity of Gastepe, forcing the brigands to break off negotiations, and the band changed its quarters to Kilo. The weather made travel in the mountains a dreadful ordeal for Miss Stone and Madame Talika, remembered as they were with the latter's infant. Every week the brigands disappeared to the mountains and were absent for several days, leaving Miss Stone and Madame Talika to their fate. The brigands treated their prisoners as kindly as the circumstances permitted, but the food supply was necessarily precarious though the ladies even given the best of the hospitable country afforded. The strain and suspense qualified the physical hardships.

The captives as to time knew their whereabouts, the brigands always telling them that they were in the vicinity of Bulgaria, and they were in constant fear of an attack by the troops when the friendship of the natives was not always able to prevent them coming close upon the trail of the band.

An equal cause of anxiety was the baby which, it was frequently feared, would die from exposure.

Not until November had the American commissaries come in touch with the band, which was then established in a cave near Dabits; but fear of the troops forced the brigands to another flight. This was made in a blinding snow storm, which covered the tracks of the outlaws, but caused bitter sufferings to the captives. After this the brigands succeeded in completely eluding the authorities.

At the end of November by a long circuit the brigands returned to their old haunts in the Rhodope district. They then ceased to circulate a report that the captives were dead and from that time managed to keep Miss Stone and Madame Talika safely under cover until the actual release of the captives took place.

St. Louis Republic.

Representative Minton of Mississippi was correct in his denunciation during the House debate on the Philippine tariff bill to the effect that the vital issue is not that of what may best be done in the interest of the Philippines, but rather what should be done for American welfare.

This has been the position of the Republic since the Philippine problem was first confronted. If we discuss that problem on a basis antagonistic to established American principles and to violation of the American Constitution, we do not the people of the Philippines, will suffer most gravely.

There is little occasion for American apprehension concerning the 8,000,000 Malays of the Philippines. There is the greatest cause for American apprehension of evil to this Government and people if we repudiate and abandon the American creed in dealing with these Malays.

Keep this fact clearly in mind and unfailingly consider the Philippine question from the standpoint of American interests. We are in the greatest danger in the event of wronging the Philippines. We must deal fairly with them, not for the sake of the Philippines, but for the sake of the preservation of American principles.

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The Hon. Kops Elias recently visited Ex-President Cleveland at Princeton (Kops and the Old Man are chums) and also attended the banquet of the Manhattan Club in New York city, where he had a chat with ex-Senator Dave Hill. Mr. Hill had been invited to deliver the address at Davidson College commencement this year and also to visit Charlotte, but Mr. Elias says Mr. Hill told him that he would be unable to accept the invitation on account of the pressure of legal business.

New Things to Wear.

THE season's new things the ladies read of in their fashion journals but have not yet seen are already taking their places upon our counters. Call and see our fresh arrival of

- The New Silks,
- The New Ribbons,
- The New White Goods.

EMBROIDERED COLLARS

In all the newest and latest designs. We have them ready embroidered and also the plain stamped lines so you can embroider them yourself.

JUST ARRIVED.

The newest designs in Back Combs, Belt Pins, Buckles, and Brooches, Appliques, Embroideries and Pearl Buttons

J. F. YEAGER,

LADIES' FURNISHINGS A SPECIALTY.

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