

THE GAZETTE
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THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

EVERY DAY
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W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor.

DEVOTED TO THE PROTECTION OF HOME AND THE INTERESTS OF THE COUNTY.

One Dollar a Year in Advance.

VOL. XXIII.

GASTONIA, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 20, 1902.

NO. 37.

"Re-Building and Reduction Sale."

It's another case of "we told you so." We are making great headway, cutting big holes in our stock, slashing things right and left, preparing to throw the doors of the big annex open some day in the near future with a big stock—but it's not tomorrow we want to talk about—it's the to-day—what we are doing to-day is cutting out all small lots, or lots, piles, stacks, or cases that will be in the way of the contractors first. So just to illustrate what we are doing, the New Idea Pattern department is occupying space to-day that will soon be turned into a large arch-way; so to make quick work of this lot to each customer Saturday while the lot lasts you can take ONE FREE. While we shall not give everything away still you'll find stacks and piles of the season's choicest fabrics at prices that border on the ridiculous.

Come see what's doing at the leaders to-day.

Kindley-Belk Bros.

...Company...

CHEAPEST STORE ON EARTH.

Mail orders receive prompt attention. Samples sent on request.

Why Not Give the Facts.

Washington Post.
Gen. Wood has entered an unqualified denial of the assertion of Mr. Charles M. Dodson, formerly a correspondent of the Associated Press, that he paid Maximo Gomez a large sum of money to keep out of the race for the Presidency of Cuba. Gen. Wood said to an interviewer in Boston, Saturday night, that there was not a word of truth in the story, that "nothing of the sort was ever done." Needless to say that, so far as The Post is concerned, Gen. Wood's disclaimer is enough. Even if the statement in question were sustained by circumstantial evidence—which is not the case—Gen. Wood's deliberate assertion would be final with us.

It appears, however, upon a careful perusal of Mr. Dodson's statement as telegraphed to The Post, that the allegation denied by Gen. Wood is not the only one or by any means the most important in the list. On the contrary the assertion disposed of by the general seems to be a sort of afterthought tacked on to the end of the dispatch in two lines, while the rest of it is devoted to a matter of far greater significance, which apparently has escaped the general's notice altogether. What Mr. Dodson says is that Gomez was paid \$25,000 to keep his bushwhackers quiet during 1899 and 1900, so as to insure the Republican national campaign against embarrassments which might be troublesome if not fatal. This is the real burden of Mr. Dodson's utterance, and to this we have had, thus far at least, no word of protest or repudiation. We are told that Gomez was not paid to withdraw in favor of Estrada-Palma, but we felt pretty sure of that from the beginning. As to the question of real consequence—whether Gomez was bribed to quiet his cutthroats and marauders in the interests of a political campaign in the United States—we are left in a painful state of darkness.

Now, for our part, we assume that the government's policy in Cuba during the past three years or so has been animated by the purest motives. No other assumption is possible to one who believes in the integrity of his country and the virtue of its in-

stitutions. But surely it would be better to brush all these mysteries away and take the American people into confidence. No desirable end can be served by evasions and concealments. Gen. Wood declares that Gomez was not bribed to make way for Estrada-Palma. We were sure of that without his word for it. But what has this to do with the specific statement that Gomez was bribed to suppress his brigades during our political campaign in 1900? If a man be accused of assassinating three men and shooting a dog, is it a valid defense if he proves that he didn't kill the dog? We do not, we cannot, imagine that the administration has anything to hide. As a matter of fact, we are confident that everything is as it should be. But why not remove these questions from the province of speculation and suspicion? There seems to be no doubt that Gomez has been paid large sums of money. We have reason to believe that, between May 23, 1899, and February 23, 1900, he received \$19,000. How much he has had since, we have no means of knowing. But what harm can it do to tell the country why he was paid these sums, and to explain the consideration upon which they were awarded?

Cord Wood in Catawba.

Newton Enterprise.
On account of the dry weather and good roads many of the farmers are turning their attention to cord wood. All the mills are stocking up to an extent never equalled before. Wood is coming to Newton from a radius of eight or nine miles, and such loads were never seen here before. A cord and a half for a two horse team is a common thing, and some have brought as much as a cord and three fourths. A load brings from \$2.25 to \$2.50.

They Are Sewing the Wind.

Boston Globe.
Those who are forcing high prices of living and yet refusing to pay wages to correspond, will yet find themselves face to face with the whole American people. Congress will be forced, as things are now drifting, to adopt drastic measures. No tariff traditions will be allowed to stand in the way. The people will not endure the strain forever.

ARP ON SICK BED.

DOCTOR SAYS HIS HEART IS AFFECTED.

He is Given Some Morphine—Then Bill Goes to Sleep, has Fictitious Dreams and Quotes "Turn Angelina" All the Night Long.

Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

If anyone else was concerned I would not write this sick letter, but it may benefit others who are similarly affected. I have been a very sick man and hardly expected to see my next birthday, which is to-day, the 15th, but I have scuffled through and am now on the up grade. One of my far-away boys wired me to work on my stomach and I would get well. He might as well have wired: "Keep on living and you will keep living on."

No it wasn't the stomach. It was high up where the left ventricle of the heart had got walled up in and the trouble was what the doctor calls the angina pectoris, and my left arm was helpless. For two days and nights I suffered more of real agony than I ever suffered in all my life. Our doctor boy was here from Florida, and knew exactly what was the matter, and I took all his medicine, but got little relief, and I was willing to die to get out of pain. Finally he gave me morphine in both arms and I went off to sleep and rest. Those morphine dreams and visions are always a miracle to me. I thought that in his talk about my trouble he called it angelina pectoris, for I don't hear well now, and I got the refrain on my mind, that pretty verse from Goldsmith's "Hermit":

"Turn Angelina—ever dear—
My charming turn to see,
Thine own, thine long-lost William
here
Restored to heaven and thee."

Ever and anon I could hear it raining on the tin roof, but it didn't rain a drop. All night long I was murmuring "Turn, Angelina, ever dear." I couldn't stop it nor think of anything else to say, but I wasn't restored—next day I got some better and as I hadn't taken any nourishment for three or four days I craved something acid, and like a foolish boy eat a small piece of huckleberry pie for supper, which they told me not to do. That set the dogs barking about midnight and set me back just where I had been, and the doctor's work all had to be done over again. Emetics and hot baths and hot water bags and more morphine finally brought relief. That night after supper the young people had the dining table cleared off and were playing that pretty little childish game called ping pong or ding dong or sing song or Hong Kong, or some outlandish name with its tinkling balls, and so I got up another refrain and was murmuring ping pong, ding dong and ding dong bell all night. One of my boys, who is always punning, told his mother that huckleberry pie business was simply a case of too much pie-eat, and they tried to make me smile, but they couldn't. I was past all wit and humor and puns and jokes. But I am done with huckleberry cordial and huckleberry Finn and any other huckleberry. Only last Saturday my only brother died suddenly of heart failure away off from home. His time was not out, for he was nearly twenty years younger than I am, and now, alas! I have no brother, and he was always a good brother to me. But almost everybody is threatened with heart failure now, and so I am looking out for it, but don't want it to come along the Angelina line. The heart is the most wonderful and mysterious organ of our anatomy. It is called the seat of affections, the desires, the emotions. The organ of love and hate and joy, but it is not. It is mentioned in the Bible more than six hundred times, and always in connection with our good or bad traits, but it has nothing to do with feeling or emotion or character. It is nothing but a fleshy, pulpy organism, a mechanical contrivance, and has to be carefully nursed or it will rebel. It is the engine that drives the whole anatomical machine. If overworked or overfed with ice or tobacco or anything else it will work on faithfully until it can't work any longer then gets discouraged and dies suddenly at its post. The book says that but little was known to medical science concerning the heart until the eighteenth century, and that within

THREE DESIRABLE PREMIUMS

More Prizes to be Awarded for Largest Lists of New Subscribers Brought in by July 5th.

Our friends are still kind enough to be sending us constantly new subscribers for the TWICE-A-WEEK GAZETTE at one dollar a year. We do not ask them to work for us for nothing, hence we offer three handsome prizes during the month of June. They are worth working for, and as it is but little trouble to get subscribers for THE GAZETTE (twice-a-week for one dollar a year), we trust that they will see what they can do for the next four weeks.

One dollar gets THE GAZETTE a whole year; 50 cents six months; and 25 cents three months. Send the subscribers as you get them, but if you do not send them before, bring them when you come to the 4th of July celebration. Here is what we offer:

1. For the largest club of new subscribers brought in by July 5, we will give as a prize a \$5 hammock or fountain pen at the Gastonia Book Store.

and the love and devotion of wife and children with fame and power and wealth and ambition and the very thought of them sickened me. I wouldn't give a good shower of rain just now for Roosevelt and all he has got or ever expects to be. But I love Roosevelt because he hates Miles, and I love Miles because he hates Roosevelt and I despise them both—"Turn Angelina"—ping pong. And last of all came Satan. They are for war. They kill a thousand negroes to our one. They make a land desolate and call it peace. They have trampled the love of liberty in the dust and all for lust of power and place. A woman from Kansas City sends me a paper with a speech of a Grand Army of the Republic orator on Decoration day in which he says that he wishes every confederate monument was buried in the bottomless ocean and other vindictive things, and she wants me to answer it. No, it is no use. That Grand Army of the Republic is full of such contemptible creatures and I can't answer them all. It is a standing curse to the peace of the land. Let the ball roll on. Turn Angelina—ping pong, ding dong, ding dong bell. We will survive the wreck of matter and the crush of words. And so I went off to sleep murmuring, there is no Grand Army. It is a two for a nickle or four to one concern. If I couldn't fight better than that I'd apologize and hide out. Some of them down here in Atlanta would like to make friends, but they have never apologized and the way they do reminds me of the old couplet:

"I know that you say that you love me, But why did you kick me down stairs?"
Ping—pong—ding—don—
Turn, Angelina—Wish I was well enough to work in my garden.

A splendid silver punch bowl is to be presented to Charles Emory Smith, formerly Postmaster General. The gift is to be made on account of Mr. Smith's work in connection with the establishment of rural free delivery of mail, and the testimonial comes, according to a small pamphlet which has been printed, "from those benefited by and friendly to the service."

We old-fashioned people have but little patience with a generation that is trying to reform the world with new methods—abolishing the ways of their forefathers—raising children on love instead of discipline and filling all the schools in the land with athletic sports and intercollegiate contests. What honor, what manliness, is there in kicking a ball or batting one or wrestling or rowing a boat? These sports have gotten to be the most important part of the curriculum and fill the daily papers with pictures and thrilling reports of the games. It is all an "ignis fatuus" that fools the boys and makes them think they have acquired an education. When they went to college their parents had fond hopes of them—when they come out that hope is gone, for they are unfit for business or the duties of life.

While I was half recovering from the morphine state I got to ruminating about the value of things and I compared good health and domestic happiness

2. For second largest, a pair of \$3 shoes, for lady or gentleman, at Robinson Brothers' store.

3. For third largest a \$2 guaranteed hat or \$2 picture at Heath's One Price Department Store.

We have made the date Saturday, July 5th, in order to give you the full week, including the Fourth, to round up your work in. The awards will be announced in the paper of Tuesday following.

The unparalleled popularity of THE GAZETTE is unabated. Twice a week for a dollar a year. Prints the news and tells the truth. First in the mails, first on the streets, first in the homes, first with the news, first in the hearts of the people, first everywhere, first always.

Mention it to your neighbor, get up a club by the fifth of July, and be first yourself when the prizes are awarded.

See Our Line

of 50c Summer Corsets in Gauze and Batiste.



Face shirts still in the lead, \$1.00 \$1.25, \$1.50, each, the best values on the market for the money.

Comfort for Children.
Ideal Waists the best things for summer wear. Price 25 cents.
Juby Trimmings.
Another lot just arrived. The very thing for this goods.
Embroideries and Laces.
Don't forget our Embroideries, Laces and White Goods. We have them that will please the eye.

MILLINERY

still going and we are prepared to serve the trade, though it be late in the season.

J. F. YEAGER,
LADIES' FURNISHINGS A SPECIALTY.

FIRST!

First in the mails
First on the streets
First in the homes
First with the news
First in the hearts of the people

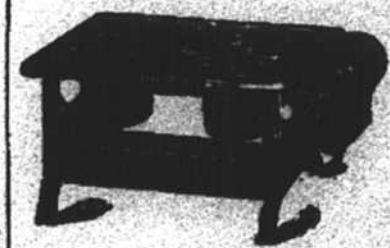
FIRST EVERYWHERE
FIRST ALWAYS

**THE
GASTONIA
GAZETTE**

Twice a week
One dollar a year

Perfection

Wickless
Oil Stoves



are the best. Indispensable for ironing, boiling, and baking.

You can do all your cooking with one of these stoves and not know they are in the house as far as the heat is concerned. See them at

Long Brothers,
Wholesale Agents,
GASTONIA, N. C.

McCormick Harvesters.

The Prosperous Farmer always has a



For the season of 1902 the McCORMICK HARVESTING MACHINE COMPANY offers to the world's agriculturists a new up-to-date binder for harvesting their grain crops. This new binder possesses many novel and distinct features. It represents all that is newest and best in binder manufacture, while our celebrated right hand open elevator binder has been the most successful machine that has ever entered the harvest field and we contend that it will give any farmer perfect satisfaction.

Yours for business,

Craig and Wilson.

ROYAL Baking Powder

Makes the bread more healthful.

Safeguards the food against alkali.

Alkali baking powder is the greatest menace to health of the present day.