

W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor.

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

VOL. XXIII.

GASTONIA, N. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1902.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES.

State Ticket.
For Chief Justice of the Supreme Court: **WALTER CLARK**, of Wake.
For Associate Justices of Supreme Court: **HENRY GROVER CONNOR**, of Wilson.
PLATT D. WALKER, of Mecklenburg.
For Corporation Commissioner: **RUGEN C. BRIDGINGER**, of Wake.
For Superintendent of Public Instruction: **JAMES V. JOYNER**, of Guilford.

Not Judges of Superior Court:
2nd District: **R. P. FRENCH**, of Rutherford.
4th " **C. M. COOK**, of Rutherford.
6th " **W. H. ALLEN**, of Rutherford.
8th " **W. H. NEAL**, of Rutherford.
10th " **F. LONG**, of Rutherford.
11th " **B. B. JONES**, of Rutherford.
12th " **W. B. COUNCIL**, of Rutherford.
14th " **J. H. JUSTICE**, of Rutherford.
16th " **F. S. FERGUSON**, of Rutherford.

Congressional Ticket.
For House of Representatives 9th Congressional District: **RDWIN YATES WEBB**, of Cleveland.

12th Judicial District.
For Solicitor 12th Judicial District: **JAMES L. WEBB**, of Cleveland.

County Ticket.
For State Senate 32d District: **STONEWALL JACKSON DURHAM**, of Gastonia.
For House of Representatives: **WILLIAM THOMAS LOVE**, of Gastonia.
JOHN P. LEEPER, of Gastonia.
For Clerk of Superior Court: **CHARLES C. CORNWELL**, of Gastonia.
For Sheriff: **CHARLES B. ARMSTRONG**, of Gastonia.
For Register of Deeds: **MILNS A. CARPENTER**, of Gastonia.
For Treasurer: **JAMES H. LEWIS**, of Gastonia.
For Coroner: **W. MIEK ADAMS**, of Gastonia.
For Surveyor: **JACOB KISER**, of Gastonia.
For County Commissioners: **J. D. HOLLAND**, of Gastonia.
J. R. CONNELL, of Gastonia.
JOHN M. GASTON, of Gastonia.
JOHN D. B. McLEAN, of Gastonia.
R. A. WHITE, of Gastonia.

ARP TALKS ON ASTRONOMY.

He Then Gives President Roosevelt a Roast for His Conceit.

Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

Dog days! So many of the young people write to me about dog days that I will answer briefly that there are no dog days. It's nothing but a superstition that has come down to us from the ancients. The Dog star, or Sirius, has its time to appear in the heavens and rise and set like other stars, but it is a very irregular time, and so what we call dog days may begin the first of July or many days later. The rising of Sirius in a line with the sun begins now on the third of July and will continue until the 11th of August. Those forty days were believed by the ancients to bring very hot and sultry weather and many malignant diseases; but this has been disproved by modern astronomy, for the appearance of Sirius is very uncertain, and in the course of time it will rise in the winter. Now a little more about this wonderful star. You know that we have eight planets that belong to our solar system. They all revolve around the sun just as the earth does, and the nearer planet is to the sun the faster it travels. Neptune is 16,000,000,000 miles distant, and it takes 165 years to get around. But Sirius is away outside of our solar system and is 120,000,000,000 miles from us, and gives 400 times more light than our sun. It is the largest and brightest star in the heavens. It is called the Dog star because it appears to be in the tail of the constellation that the ancients named Major Canis, or the Big Dog. They were a smart people, and we still keep their map of the heavens and their names of the stars, but they had no telescopes and did not know that there were any stars or suns except those we see with the naked eye.

But now, young people, listen! It is now established and proven that there are millions of stars and solar systems afar off in space, and that ours is the smallest and most insignificant of them all. We are nothing and less than nothing in the scale of existence. It has always been a mystery to me why the Creator of the boundless universe, that has no limit, should have chosen this little world of ours for His greatest work: the creation of man in His own image, a little lower than the angels—man who sinned and fell and was redeemed by the sacrifice of the Son of God. I don't understand it. I cannot comprehend it. This little world is not bigger than a cannon ball, compared with some of the planets and stars afar out in space. It has but one little moon, that does not condescend to show us but one side of its anatomy. The other night we went out to Mr. Grainger's beautiful home to look at the full moon through his great telescope—that cost \$5,000, and is mounted in a high observatory with a dome that revolves as the earth revolves. It was a magnificent spectacle; but the view of Jupiter with four moons, and Saturn with his rain bow ring and seven moons, was much more beautiful and impressive. Of course those planets must be inhabited, for the Creator would not have surrounded a dead world with such luminous and beautiful satellites. We don't know anything hardly, and it fills me with disgust to see young men strutting around like peacocks—acting like they made themselves and knew everything and expected to live always—when the truth is, they don't know where they came from nor where they are going, and can't add an hour or a day to their existence. I have but little hope for a vain or a conceited man, and a vain woman is no better. A conceited man is close kin to an idiot; and a vain woman of her beauty should sometimes remember that she had no hand in creating it, for it was God-given or inherited. "Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" Of all the faults of which humanity is guilty, that of conceit is the last to be forgiven and the hardest to reform.

I ruminated on this yesterday when I read what Roosevelt said in his speech at West Point. The editor who publishes it speaks of him as our well meaning but impulsive president. He should have said our "conceited and erratic president." In speaking of the great men whom West Point had graduated, he said: "I claim to be a historian, and I speak what I know to be true, that West Point has turned out more great men and more statesmen than any other institution

in the United States." It was self conceit and ignorance that provoked such a monstrous absurdity, for Colonel Sprague of Yale College has recently challenged him to the proof, has shown beyond all cavil that Yale can number ten times the great men that West Point can number. Among them 1,383 ministers of the gospel, 78 justices of supreme courts, 17 chief justices of states and 38 United States senators—besides these, Yale has sent forth an army of educators established 480 colleges (160 for women), and 8,000 high schools, West Point has sent out none but soldiers. Teddy ought to be ashamed of himself, but he will not be. He is not yet ashamed that in his so called history he called Mr. Davis an arch traitor and repudiator and told what he did when governor of Mississippi, etc. His attention has been called to these malignant calumnies against a great statesman and whose curriculum at West Point that he ordained when secretary of war is still in force and who never was a member of the legislature nor governor of Mississippi. No he is too conceited to take back anything or to apologize for his mistakes. The man he slandered was dead when he published those lies, but his widow lives and there are thousands of veterans all over the south who cherish his memory and who now hold his slanderer in supreme contempt. Yet he claims to be a historian! When a gentleman finds that he has unwittingly wronged another he hastens to apologize, but a conceited idiot rolls the morsel under his tongue and chews it as a cow chews and swallows her cud. He feeds on his conceit. B. A.

HOW TICKLEFOOT GOT ITS NAME

The Queer Origin of the Designation of a Texas Postoffice.

Dallas Morning News

Many years ago I heard of Ticklefoot, a small postoffice situated in the east corner of Grimes county. Having some timber land to look after out there I visited the place. None of the resident farmers near the postoffice could give me any information until I met a veteran of some 84 years of age, who had in early days lived around that vicinity, and he related to me the following story:

Many years ago there lived in the vicinity of Ticklefoot a man who came there a stranger from whence no one knew. He was a very non-communicative man about his early history. Being pleasant and agreeable in manner and speech, he soon won the confidence of his neighbors. There were at the time he settled there, several good-looking widows who were in good circumstances.

The new-comer bought a small piece of land and prepared to farm. During the time he was fixing up his place he commenced to pay marked attention to one of the widows and after a short courtship they were married. For more than a year their married life appeared to be a happy one as far as the neighbors could see. Shortly after this period the wife was found dead in bed. There was no sign of violence and the neighbors and friends who came to the funeral supposed that the wife had died of heart disease. After she was buried her husband administered on her separate estate and acquired the property that she owned before her marriage to him.

In the course of eighteen months he married again. His second wife was also a widow with considerable property. After about sixteen months of married life the second wife was found dead in bed without any symptoms of violence. The physician who practiced nearby was called to make an examination of the corpse, and after viewing the remains, gave it as his opinion that the woman died of heart disease. Both the friends of the man and the dead woman, after the burial of the second wife, became suspicious and avoided his place. None of the neighbors called upon him for a long time; and when the time for mourning had passed and the twice widower in three years attempted to pay court to another widow, his attentions were received coldly. He was also shunned by the young ladies in the settlement.

Shortly after these experiences in attempting to get a third wife he disappeared from the settlement and returned in about three months with a big, buxom woman, whom he claimed as his wife. They did not live so happily together as he and his previous wives had done, and stories were frequently circulated in the settlement that they had serious quarrels. One night about 12 o'clock the third wife of the man, awoke the nearest neighbor, who lived about a mile distant, and when admitted to the house, her hair was disheveled and her garments torn, and she had a wild, scared look on her face.

After being quieted down and asked to explain her unnatural appearance and looks, she stated that her husband had of late frequently attempted to tickle her to death, and last night had almost succeeded. She further said that she believed that his two previous wives had been tickled to death. When asked to explain she told the following:

Her husband was very devoted and kind for a year after their marriage, but after that began to find fault with everything she did around the house, and within the last two weeks, after retiring, he would commence to tickle her. He continued this nearly every night until she became so nervous that she would laugh if he would point his finger at her, and that night she went to bed before him, tired out, and was soon asleep.

About 11 o'clock she awoke and found herself tied down in bed and her husband sitting at the foot of the bed tickling the bottom of her feet. She attempted to rise and could not, and implored him to leave her, but he continued his hellish work till she could stand it no longer. With almost superhuman effort she broke the bonds with which she was tied and rushed out of the house.

The next morning the whole settlement was aroused and went to the house to find it deserted.

The man had fled. Although search parties were sent out in every direction, he was never seen again. From this story arose the name of Ticklefoot postoffice.

York County Items.

Yorkville Register, 6th.

The S. C. & Ga. Extension depot at Blacksburg has been practically abandoned, and trains over this division stop at the Southern depot in the heart of town.

Mr. James Gardner, who has been living on the J. R. Witherspoon place for several years past, died last Sunday morning after a long illness, aged 82 years. He was buried at Allison Creek on Monday. Rev. W. G. Neville conducted the funeral services. Mr. Gardner carried the mail between Yorkville and Charlotte for many years.

Captain W. B. Smith, of Clover an unconquered rebel, thinks the women made better Confederates during the war than the men. In a pretty little speech delivered at Mt. Gallant re-union he said: "We soldiers surrendered at Appomattox; but you ladies did not surrender there, have not surrendered since, and I do not believe that you will ever surrender."

A letter from Norfolk, Va., tells of the recent marriage of daughters of the late Major J. W. Avery, at the home of their mother, Mrs. L. A. Avery, at 372 Boush street, Norfolk. Miss Myrtle was married on July 22, by Rev. E. R. Miner, of St. Luke's Episcopal church, to Mr. Ashby B. Greene, of West Point, and Miss Pearl, on July 29, by Rev. Dr. Barr, of St. Luke's church, to Dr. Edward T. Hargrave, of the U. S. M. S. Dr. and Mrs. Hargrave will live, for the present, at Progresso, Mexico, where the doctor is stationed.

From Volume V, of the 12th census reports, we gather some interesting information about the dairy interests of York county during the year 1899. The total number of farms reporting dairy products was 3,229 and the total value of the products reported was \$147,603 of which amount products to the value of \$130,652 were consumed on the farm. The total number of gallons of milk produced was 2,475,931, of which 30,552 gallons were sold. The butter production amounted to 533,675 pounds and of this 82,286 pounds were sold.

The Micah Jenkins Camp of United Confederate veterans held its annual reunion in the court house last Monday. Captain W. B. Smith was re-elected commander; Captain E. A. Crawford, 1st lieutenant commander; W. H. McConnell, 2nd lieutenant commander; J. A. Watson, adjutant. Captain W. B. Smith and Mr. S. A. McElwee were chosen as delegates to the Greenville re-union, and Messrs. R. W. Whitesides and E. W. Falls as alternates. Miss Daisy Glenn, daughter of Mr. S. A. Glenn, of Bethel, and one of the prettiest young ladies of the county, was chosen as sponsor for the camp.

Our Trade in Cuba.
News and Observer, 30th.

- During the past year Cuba bought \$6,064,000 of cotton goods. How much did she buy from the United States, her "nearest neighbor"? It would naturally be presumed that the bulk of its cotton goods would be purchased in this country. As a matter of fact, however, it bought only \$464,000 from the United States and \$5,600,000 worth from Europe. This was during the year, too, when the American flag waved from Morro. These cold figures dispose of the theory that "trade follows the flag."

The Southern Cotton Spinners' Association ought to remedy this state of affairs, for there is no reason why we should spend a hundred million dollars and sacrifice seven thousand lives in the hope of selling goods to the naked Filipinos and neglect the Cuban market at our very door.

EVANGELIST SCHOOLFIELD IS DEAD.

Succumbed to Typhoid Fever—Held a Meeting in Gastonia.

There are many in Gastonia and Gaston county who will learn with grief of the death of Rvangelist Schoolfield, which occurred early Wednesday morning at his home in Danville, Va. Four or five years ago he conducted a meeting in the opera house here, and all who attended will remember with what fervor and zeal he was devoted to the evangelistic work. An Associated Press dispatch, dated Aug. 6, to the Charlotte Observer gives the following particulars:

Mr. James E. Schoolfield, widely known as an evangelist, died here at 12:30 o'clock this morning. He had been ill for some weeks with typhoid fever, which became complicated with other ailments. He was prominent in this city, where he was identified with important industrial developments and enjoyed the esteem and unbounded confidence of all classes. He was a prominent Mason and was at one time an officer of the grand commandery, Knights of Templar, of Virginia. He was the founder of the Riverside Cotton Mills, of this city, and was for years engaged in the hardware business. He was 52 years of age.

Moody Re-nominated in 10th.

Asheville, Aug. 5.—Congressman Moody was to-day re-nominated to succeed himself by the Republicans of the tenth district. The convention was held at Waynesville, and the old line Republicans claim that it was the largest they ever held in the district. All the Republicans of Haywood, Major Moody's home county, were admitted as delegates and perhaps fifty Asheville Republicans attended.

Thomas Settle presided and his address, which was of more than two hours' duration, was the notable feature of the convention. Locke Craig, who yesterday inaugurated his senatorial campaign at Waynesville, was directly attacked. Mr. Craig had referred to the negro question in his speech, which prompted Settle to say he had too much respect for his audience and too much self-respect to engage in a controversy with Mr. Craig on this subject. C. J. Harris placed Moody in nomination, after which the Congressman addressed the convention briefly. The resolutions strongly endorsed the candidacy of Senator Pritchard.

The Charlotte News learns that the old A. R. P. church at Huntersville was torn down this week by Mr. L. C. McCoy, who sawed the lumber and built the church 27 years ago for \$1,200.

In Norfolk, Va., coal jumped to eight dollars a ton Monday and owing to a great scarcity only half-ton orders were filled.

Looked Death in the Face.

Yorkville Register.

Mr. Frank M. Harrison, a prominent citizen of the Walnut Grove neighborhood, of Spartanburg county, had a horrible experience while driving to his home from Spartanburg last Friday afternoon. The public highway crosses the railroad down a steep incline, and on one side the track is sunk in a deep cut. Just as Mr. Harrison, who was accompanied by a little girl named Lillie Veagey, approached, a freight train passed, and he considered the crossing safe. As his horse's head reached the centre of the track, however, he heard a shout and looking up saw a material train backing down upon him at tremendous speed. The shout had come from the engineer a hundred yards away, and the nearest car was within 20 feet. With a powerful effort Mr. Harrison jerked the horse to its haunches; but the hill behind was too steep to admit of retreat backing. The first car struck the horse's head, and the passing cars rubbed the animal's bent neck until a projecting bolt head caught in a hame, bending and breaking it. With remarkable intelligence the horse stood firm. Because of the little girl, Mr. Harrison did not jump, and in this horrible position they sat until the entire train passed. Aside from the nervous shock, which was terrible, the only damage on account of the experience was the broken hame and an ugly stab in the horse's throat.

Auto on the Rampage.

Portland Oregonian.

An automobile belonging to Dr. R. H. Dallas got on the rampage yesterday in the blacksmith shop on the corner of Grand Avenue and East Stark Street. It had been taken into the shop for repairs. While the blacksmith was at work the auto decided it was too hot inside, and made a dash for the open air. First it made a plunge for the side of the building over the slough, but the blacksmith managed to reverse the motive power, when it started in opposite direction. This time the auto went through to the street, tearing the door down and running over it. On the outside in the fresh air it became docile and was caught. No damage was done the carriage.

Mr. John A. Byars has succeeded Mr. A. B. Reinhart as manager of the Cherokee Inn at Blacksburg.

Golden Opportunity.

This week we give our customers and the buying public a waist silk opportunity that is golden with price-economy.

WAIST SILKS
That sold for \$1, \$1.25, and \$1.50 per yard now go while they last for only **69c per yard.**

This is a marked down clearance sale of these goods. They are all elegant fabrics. Why should they not be yours? They may be yours, if you call soon enough at

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

STAR LAUNDRY.

WE DO NOT TAKE NEGRO LAUNDRY.

Charlotte, North Carolina.

NOTICE.

I have this day given Mr. J. B. Boyd, of this city, the entire agency of Gastonia and McAdenville. He will run a wagon and have an office just as a laundry. He will take your work and return it to you the same day. Will give you the same accommodation as any up-to-date laundry. I am making this arrangement to everybody can send their goods to the laundry. I am going to give the best work that can be had in the Southern States and at the cheapest prices. Guarantee the goods to be satisfactory in every respect. I will be glad to have your patronage. All orders left in the office will have prompt attention. If you have any laundry send it or 'phone 166.

Do not forget the Star Laundry, J. B. Boyd, Gastonia Agent.
H. B. McDOWELL, Proprietor.

A WONDERFUL MACHINE.

DEAR SIR:—

All of our neighbors who have seen our Corn Shredder and Corn Binder work are well pleased with it. As for ourselves, we will say, it is one of the best saving machines a man can have on his place. As to what it can do, we will say, you can run it six hundred revolutions per minute and it will thresh peas from vines, get your peas separate and shred up your vines, making excellent feed for stock. It will thresh oats at regular speed. Thus you see there are three machines in one. Our Horses and Mules eat the corn, fodder, stalk, and all after it is shredded. We have tried it only one season and we are highly pleased with the machines and their work.

You cannot make a mistake when you come in and buy our Mowers and Rakes as the McCormick machines are made of the very best material and they have every guarantee that can be made with any machine. Further, we carry a line of repairs. We are headquarters for the best machines on the market to-day.

Yours for business,
CRAIG & WILSON.

Fall in Hammocks.

Summer is going and with it our splendid stock of hammocks. We do not wish to carry a single hammock over to next season and so not only a part of summer has gone but a big lump out of hammock prices has gone with it. We are cutting to cost and have only these left:

- Two \$2.00 Hammocks to go at \$1.60
- One \$1.75 Hammock to go at \$1.35
- Two \$1.25 Hammocks to go at \$1.00
- Three 90c Hammocks to go at 80c

Buy quick, bring the cash, and enjoy the comfort of a good hammock the rest of the summer. Sooner you buy, the more service you'll get this summer.

Marshall's Book Store,
ON THE CORNER.

ROYAL
Baking Powder

Makes the bread more healthful.

Safeguards the food against alum.

Always holding powder in the greatest readiness to batch of the present day.