

### ROOSEVELT'S DUEL.

Failed to Materialize; But Teddy Was Game.

New York Herald.

In the crowd of from 30,000 to 50,000 persons who, it is predicted, will be present at Maplewood park when President Roosevelt attends the Bangor fair, late in August, there will be one man at least whom the president will be delighted to see and greet with the most cordial Roosevelt greeting.

This man is "Bill" Sewall of Island Falls. Bill tramped the Maine woods and rode over the western prairies with Roosevelt long before the latter was dreamed of as a presidential possibility; but even in those days "Bill" was heard to predict that "Teddy" would some day be the foremost man in the United States.

"Bill" was a sort of father to Roosevelt when the latter was in his teens, and as a pale and sickly youth he came every year to Aroostock woods to shoot and fish under the guidance of the veteran woods-man. It is said the president has always kept a warm corner in his heart for the old guide, and that never a year has gone by without some substantial token of his regard.

It is now more than 25 years since the two first met, but they have kept up with each other through correspondence ever since.

Sewall lives in one of the most comfortable cottages in Island Falls and owns a fine farm, some woodland and a camp at Mattawamkeag Lake, a few miles away. He is 65 years old, tall, spare, blue-eyed and fair-haired, with a fine cast of countenance, athletic and very intelligent.

"Roosevelt, is first of all, an honest man," said Bill speaking of his acquaintance with the president, "an one of the plainest men I ever met. He don't judge a man by the clothes he wears or by his position in life. He takes a man at his true worth and he's been so ever since I can remember which was when I met him as a boy here 25 years ago.

"I know him for I have eaten with him and slept under the same blanket with him. They say to know a man you must know him in that way.

"He'll never be a wealthy man. Why, I have known him to financially aid his political opponents when they got in a tight place, and he often told me the only pleasure he got from money was in the good he could do with it. "I always said he'd be president some day. I told him when he was only 18 years old that he'd sit in the White House some day. Something told me he would, and you see it has turned out true.

"He used to laugh at me. He never wanted to be in public life then. He wanted to be a naturalist. He loved to study trees and animals and expected to devote his life to that sort of thing.

"One day when we were out hunting he said to me in a sober way: "Bill, I've been thinking about what I shall do in life, and feel that if I were to follow, my natural bent and be a naturalist, I would be robbing my fellow-men of more useful service. Consequently, I have decided, much against my natural inclination, to go into public life, and for that I shall fit myself by study and training."

"I'm confident of one thing," continued Bill, "and that is that unless some of those tricksters get him tangled up they'll never be able to get the better of him and they'll find him the hardest man to corrupt they ever tackled. I know this as well as I know that I'm alive. I know his every trait, for I spent the happiest years of my life with him, both here and on the ranch in Dakota where for three years I was his foreman.

"How did I come to meet Roosevelt? Dr. J. West Roosevelt and W. E. Roosevelt, the latter a wealthy banker of New York, used to come here to hunt in the fall. Once they told me they were going to invite a young relative of theirs up here. They said his name was Teddy Roosevelt, and that he was a college student.

"They cautioned me about him saying he was a gritty, headstrong youngster who had more sand in his crop than he had strength, and they wanted me to take the best of care of him.

"Well, he came. He was a pale delicate youth of 18, but the toughest boy physically that I ever met. I gave him the room right over this one we're sitting in, and we went out hunting. He took the greatest interest in

the woods, and never complained of being tired, although he was hardly able to drag himself home after a long tramp.

"That boy would never give up. He'd always take the biggest end of the stick, too, and many a time I was afraid he'd collapse on me, but he would cheer right up and say he was as fresh as a daisy. Talk about grit. He was all right.

"He came year after year, and we went out into the woods. Among others he met Bill Dow, the fairest and squarest man that ever lived and the best shot in Aroostock county. That's Bill's picture over there on the wall. When he died I lost a good friend. We were together on Roosevelt's ranch, out in the Bad Lands, and it was a toss-up who was the foreman—Bill or myself. When Roosevelt started out on his new career he didn't forget us, and asked Bill and me to go out on his ranch in Dakota. This was along in '84, and Bill and I went to New York to meet him.

"We found him in the Fifth Avenue hotel, surrounded by politicians, and when he spied us he rushed with both hands held out. He was glad to see us, for a fact. We engaged to go out to Dakota. Neither of us knew anything about ranches or bucking bronchos, but Col. Roosevelt said we were all right, and that he wanted some Maine men to look out for his interests. The ranch was on the Little Missouri, about 30 miles from Medora, on the Northern Pacific.

"Medora was named for the wife of the Marquis de Mores, and the Marquis owned the lands on both sides of the Roosevelt ranch. He had in his employ the toughest lot of cowboys in that part of the country and there was trouble in the air all the time. This gang seemed to think they could run the whole country and threw a lot of bluffs our way.

"Two men named Reilly and O'Donnell were told by the Marquis that they were encroaching on his land, and that if they didn't get out they would be shot on sight. One day these two men were fired on from ambush. Reilly was killed and O'Donnell crippled for life. The Marquis was arrested, but was acquitted.

"Soon after this Bill and I were notified that if we didn't get east where we belonged our bones would be found on the ranch, and the life of Col. Roosevelt also was threatened. The De Moors crowd claimed that we were on their land and threatened to shoot Roosevelt on sight.

"Roosevelt was in New York at the time, but the day he got back and heard what had been going on he mounted his horse and rode straight over to the De Moors ranch. He hunted up Paddock, who was in charge, and said to him:

"I understand you have threatened to kill me on sight. Now, I have come over to see when you want to begin the killing, and to inform you that if you have anything to say against me now is the time to say it."

"Paddock turned pale and stuttered out something about it being all a mistake. He made all sorts of apologies and Col. Roosevelt rode back to his ranch.

"Next came a challenge from the marquis to Col. Roosevelt. The marquis sent a letter saying the colonel had influenced one of the witnesses against him in the murder trial, and declaring that between gentlemen such differences could be settled in only one way, meaning, of course, by a duel. Col. Roosevelt said to me:

"Bill, I don't want to disgrace my family by fighting a duel, but I won't be bullied by a Frenchman. Now, as I am the challenged party I have the privilege of naming the weapons. I'm no swordsman and pistols are too uncertain and Frenchy for me; so what do you say if I make it Winchester's, I'll just write to the marquis, saying that I have not done anything to injure him, but that if his letter is meant as a challenge, and he insists on having satisfaction, I will meet him with Winchester rifles at ten paces, both to fire until one drops."

"I was horrified and said such a fight meant certain death for one or both, but I couldn't stop it and the colonel sat down on a log and wrote to De Mores, stating his terms of duelling.

The answer came by the very next post to the effect that the marquis had no intention of challenging Roosevelt—that what he meant by his letter was that differences between gentlemen could be settled without trouble. The marquis and his wife came

over to our ranch the next day and called on Col. Roosevelt and always after that were very friendly.

Sewall relates many incidents of life in the Bad Lands to show the pluck and persistency of Roosevelt, as when he chased the two river pirates who had stolen his boat a distance of 400 miles down the Little Missouri and captured them with a lot of plunder stolen from the ranches along the way, afterwards having the satisfaction of seeing the pirates sent to Mandan jail for two years each.

"I don't think Roosevelt ever made a dollar out there," said Bill, "but he seemed to enjoy the ranch life, and the cowboys thought a lot of him. He was a good shot for a man who couldn't see a foot without glasses, and we had a good many hunting trips together. After three years of ranching we decided to come back east, as Roosevelt was being constantly called to New York, and had little time to devote to the cattle business anyway."

### Our Bill Against Turkey.

Richmond News.

Grandfathers of the children of the present generation were familiar in their youth with the claims this country had against the Sultan of Turkey. From the present outlook grandchildren of the boys and girls of today will be equally familiar with the same financial negotiation. We are not entirely sure that the Porte could not plead the statute of limitation against most of its indebtedness to us. His Sublime Majesty, the Sultan, ought to wear the medal as the champion bluffer of bills. We cannot recollect that he has ever paid anybody anything, and it is very certain that he owes everybody. He is the world's most wonderful and supreme dead beat and smooth article. His ingenuity in finding excuses for not paying apparently his inexhaustible. Long lines of diplomats and ministers have beaten their official lives out vainly against his invincible power of resistance, and have exhausted themselves in their efforts to corner him to a settlement. He has been argued with, begged, and threatened. A few years ago a formidable demonstration was made and there was some talk of taking it out of his hide by battering down some section of Constantinople. He side-stepped effectively, however, and managed to wriggle out with some smooth excuse or solemn assurance, and came from under the guns untouched and undisturbed.

His security is in his insecurity. All Europe is afraid to disturb him because all Europe wants slices of his dominions, and there is a general fear that the process of partition would shake the entire situation and bring on a general war. If we gave the Turks a drubbing, probably we would find ourselves embarrassed as we were by the results of the Spanish war, and wind up with a lot of undeveloped territory and half-civilized savages on our hands without any very clear idea what to do with them. A man who cannot fight, and won't pay, and has no assets to be levied on is a difficult problem in private life, and the Porte is in the same position among the nations. About all that seems possible for us to do is to continue to present our little bill any worry the reigning Sultan as much as possible. That is not very much satisfaction to the private citizens of this country whose claims remain unpaid, but it appears to be the limit of our power.

### Temporary Insanity.

Philadelphia Telegraph.

The youthful attorney secured a verdict in favor of the Irishman charged with murder on the ground of temporary insanity. He did not meet his client again for several months, when the following remarks were exchanged between them:

"Well, Pat, isn't it about time you gave me that extra \$200?"

"Faith, an' what two hundred is 'bot?"

"The \$200 you promised if I saved that worthless neck of yours."

"Sure, an' did Oi promise that? Oi don't remember."

"Why, Pat, you promised it to me."

Pat scratched his head for a minute, and then with a smile outlaid the claim with the remark:

"Oh, well, but ye know Oi was crazy then."

Forepaugh and Sells Brothers will bring their big three-ring circus this way in October.

### WHISKEY GOT THE BETTER OF SMALL.

Tried to Speak in Vermont For Local Option Candidate, But Couldn't.

Ashville Citizen.

Brattleboro, Vt., Aug. 28.—Whiskey taken on an empty stomach was what caused the collapse of the Rev. Sam Small, the Georgia evangelist and temperance lecturer, at a big rally held here Tuesday night in the interest of Percival W. Clement, local option candidate for governor.

At Montpelier several days ago Mr. Small publicly said that the prohibitory law was "a damnable farce." Tuesday evening, when he was introduced as the chief speaker here, Mr. Small made a few incoherent remarks and had to be led from the platform, collapsing as he reached the floor of the hall. The rally was abruptly ended.

Mr. Small, when interviewed yesterday morning, after admitting that whiskey caused his collapse, he added that he had no explanation to offer and no excuse to make.

He spoke at Putney, Vt., Monday afternoon, being driven there from Brattleboro. The driver of the carriage says that Mr. Small had a quart of whiskey and that he took three drinks from the bottle going up to Putney and two when coming back. Only about one-third of the whiskey was gone from the bottle when some of the local option people examined it at the Brooks house after the Brattleboro fiasco.

While Mr. Small declined to give any explanation to newspaper men, it is known that his explanation to his friends is as follows:

That he has been under a nervous strain, making sometimes two and three speeches a day; that he had used more or less liquor and brought a quart with him to town Monday afternoon; that he was met at the station and driven at once to Putney; that he had no opportunity to eat dinner; that he delivered an address at Putney and then started for Brattleboro without supper; that he had no opportunity to eat before going on the platform at the auditorium; that he was sober when he went into the hall, but that with the heat and no food in his stomach the drink of whiskey which he took just before entering overcame him.

Mr. Small is greatly mortified. He stomped the state five years ago for prohibition.

### A Candidate's Expenses.

Below is given an expense account of a Hall county candidate who favored a late primary, says the Gainesville, Ga., News.

From this time on he says he will always be in favor of an early primary, although he will never be a candidate again. Here is the way he put it down:

"Lost 4 months and 33 days canvassing; 1,548 hours of thinking about the election; 5 acres of cotton; 22 acres of corn; a whole sweet potato crop; 4 sheep; 5 shoats and one beef given to barbecues; 2 front teeth and a considerable quantity of hair in a personal skirmish. Gave 97 plugs of tobacco; 70 Sunday school books; 2 pair of suspenders; 4 calico dresses; 7 dolls and 13 baby rattlers.

"Told 2,889 lies; shook hands 83,475 times; talked enough to have made in print 1,000 large volumes size of patent office reports; kissed 1,226 babies; kindled 14 kitchen fires; cut 3 cords of wood; pulled 474 bundles of fodder; picked 774 pounds of cotton; helped pull 7 wagon loads of corn; dug 14 bushels of potatoes; toted 27 buckets of water; put up seven stoves; was dog-bit four times; watch broken by baby, cost \$3 to have repaired.

"Loaned out 3 barrels of flour, 50 bushels of meal, 150 pounds of bacon, 37 pounds of butter, 12 dozen eggs, 3 umbrellas, 13 lead pencils, 1 Bible dictionary, 1 mowblade, 2 hoes, 1 overcoat, 5 boxes paper collars, none of which have been returned.

"Called my opponent a perambulating liar—doctor's bill \$10. Had five arguments with my wife—result: One flower vase smashed, 1 dish of hash knocked off the table, 1 shirt bosom ruined, 1 broom handle broken, 2 handfuls of whiskers pulled out, 10c worth of sticking plaster bought. Besides spending \$1,798."

An old colored woman named Mary Sampson was found dead in bed at Dilworth a few days ago. She had turned the key to the gas jet too far and after cutting off the gas had turned it on again.

### Mr. Small and the Demon Rum.

Richmond News.

We do not extravagantly admire the Rev. Sam Small. As a general proposition, we have no objections at all to the reformed drunkard. In fact, nothing in human nature is more worthy of admiration and encouragement than the man who is man enough to conquer that terrific appetite and to vindicate his strength against the craving for liquor. The professional reformed or converted person, however, is an offense usually, a nuisance occasionally, and a fraud frequently. People have the right to change their habits of living and their religious beliefs, but when they undertake to make the change the source of profit they are to be regarded with some suspicion. We always think that the man whose delight it is to rise in public meeting and tell what a fearful sinner he has been is secretly smacking his lips over the recollection. When the reformed drunkard or the reformed gambler or reformed or converted anything else takes the lecture platform to tell how bad he has been it is too much like a beggar exhibiting his scores for bounty.

Mr. Small used to be a newspaper man in Atlanta. At that time he was quite an able drunkard. He reformed between suns and has set forth the facts and details attending his reformation copiously and frequently in various publications. Of a sudden he became a violent prohibitionist and he has figured in that capacity these many years. It is ill to judge or assail the motives of any man, but we have never been able to avoid the thought in re the Rev. Sam Small that a little modesty and humility and moderation would have become him as well sober as in the days of his bibulosity.

It appears, however, from the newspaper reports that his boasts of his conquest have been ill founded. He has tried another fall with the Demon Rum, and the latest reports represented the Demon Rum as distinctly on top. He appeared at Brattleboro, Vermont, last night as the stars of a great prohibition rally. The accounts diplomatically state that he appeared before the audience and indulged in some incoherent observation, presumably at the head of the Demon Rum. The audience appears to have been sympathetic and ready to applaud because Mr. Small had been heralded as an orator of brilliancy and ability. There is some provocation to merriment in the thought of this staid and rigid Vermont gathering listening eagerly in an effort to extract some coherence and meaning from the remarks of the largely advertised stranger. It is not at all impossible that a large part of the brethren there present began to suspect their own sobriety when they found they could not make head nor tail of what was being said. The Demon Rum seems to have coaxed Mr. Small forward to the footlights and, after fiddling with him a brief interval, as the sporting reporters put it, landed the knock-out blow. We are told that the orator collapsed suddenly and sank in a heap and are left to surmise that he was ingloriously dragged off like a conquered prize-fighter or the slain villain in a melodrama, with his senseless heels dismally scraping along the floor.

Of course this is not the end of Mr. Small. We may with confidence expect him to reform again and to come before the public with descriptions of how he did it, at so much per head. We are inclined to think that if he retired from public view and devoted himself to some steady and more obscure labor he would have better success in his conflict with the Demon Rum and would command more of the confidence and goodwill of those who know him.

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